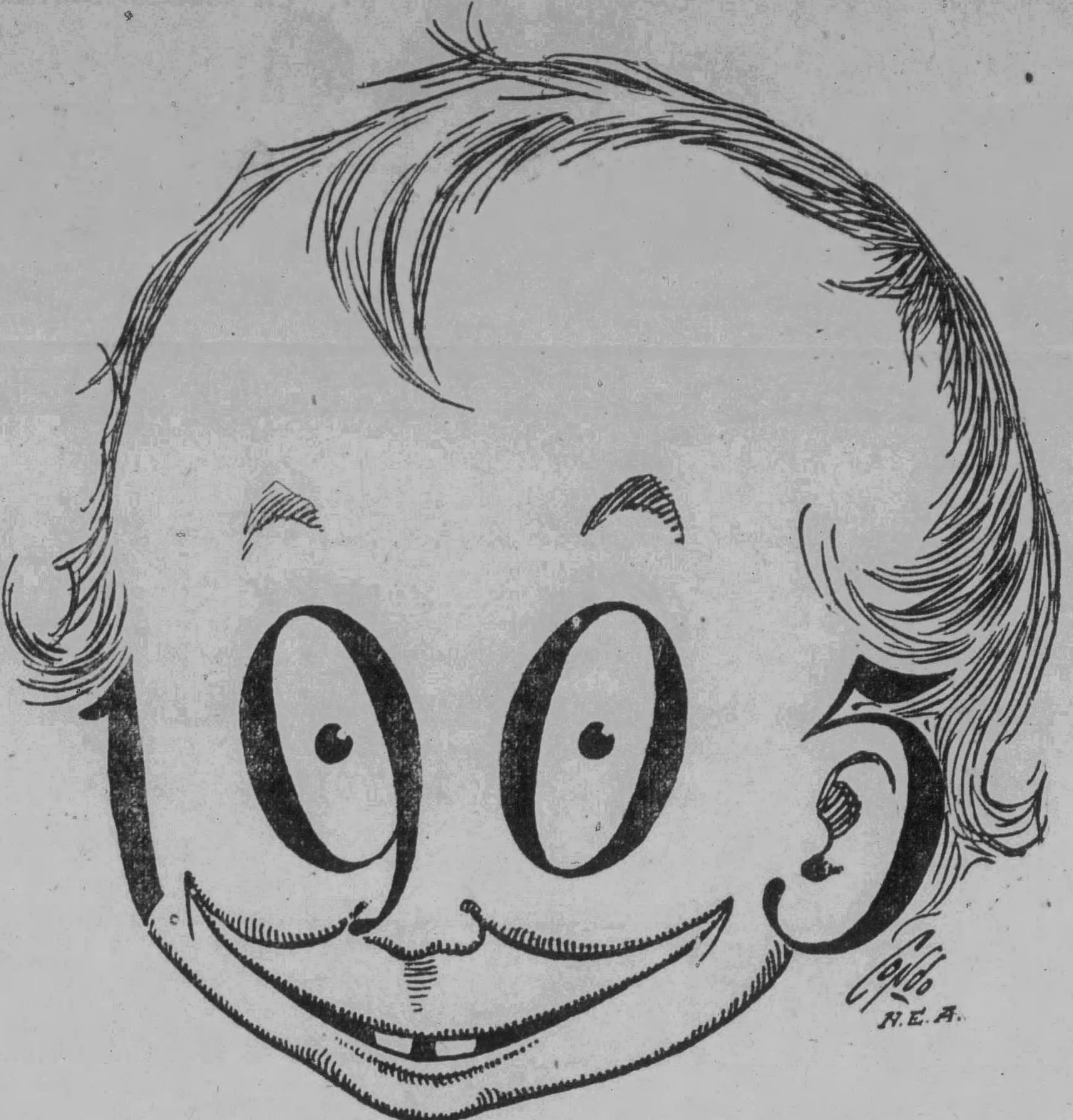
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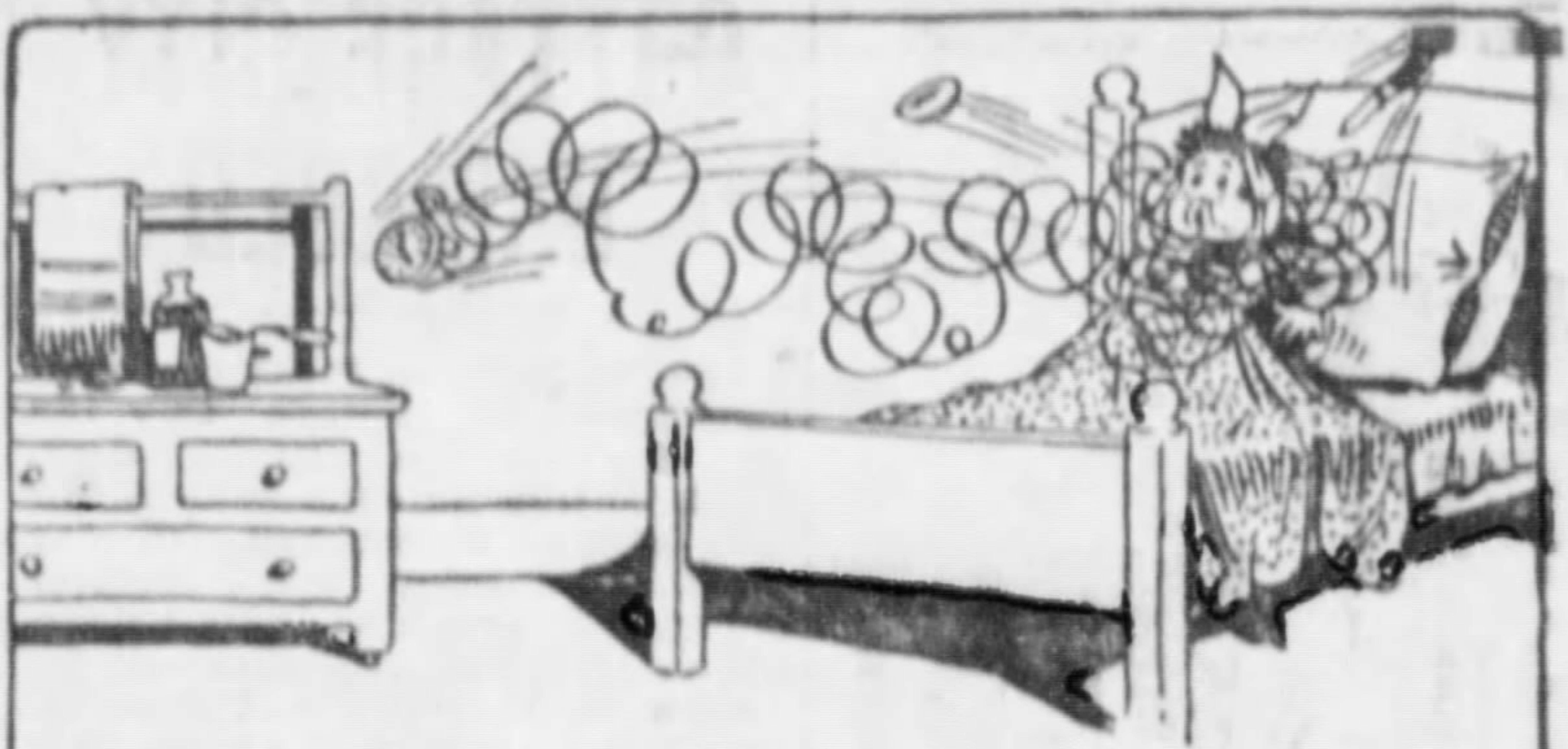
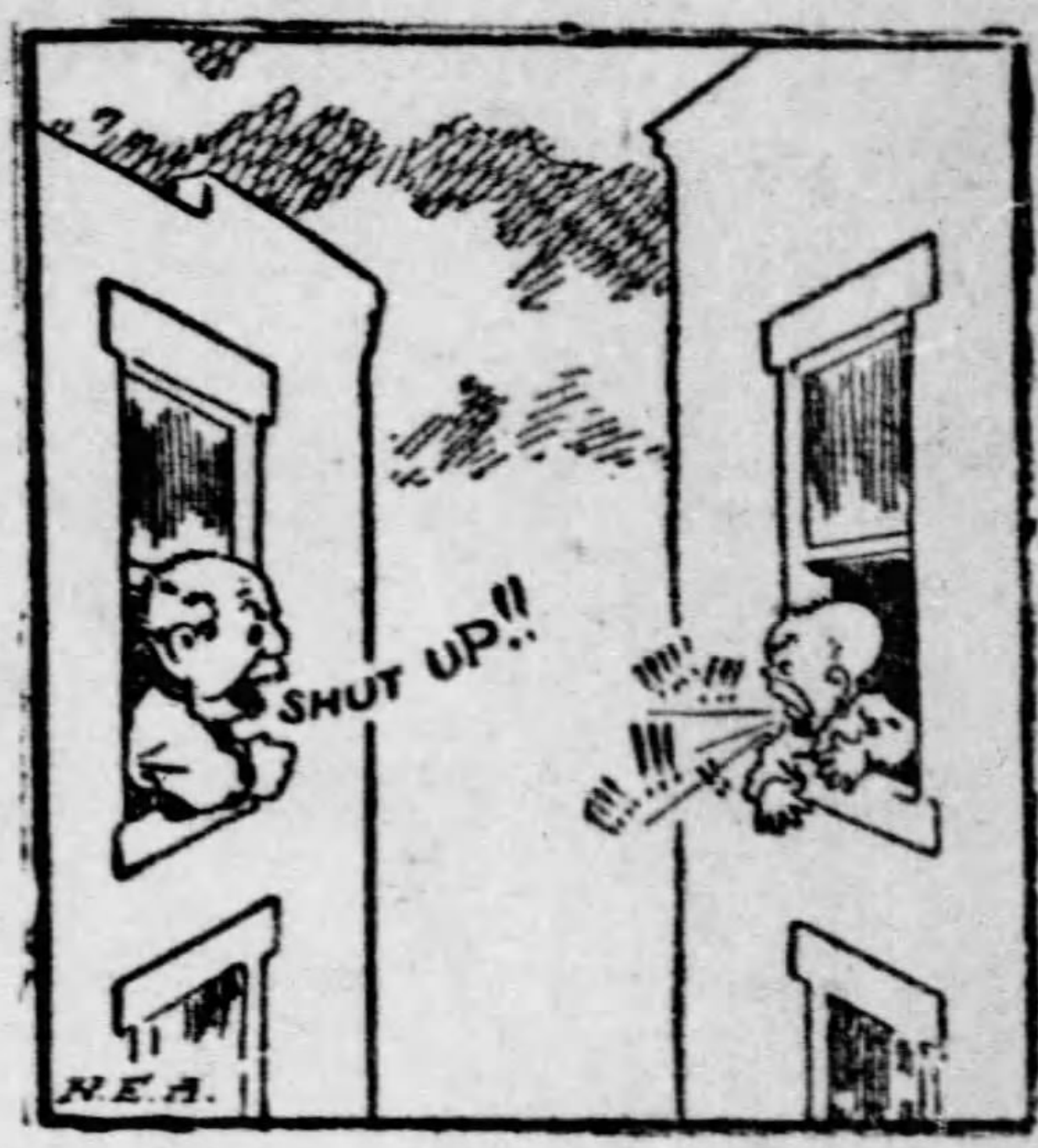


FREDDIE GREEN'S FATHER GIVE HIM A DOLLAR WATCH FOR ONLY GETTIN' ONE LICKIN' IN TWO DAYS FOR BEIN' GOOD AN' THEN HE GOT THE MUMPS AN' ONE DAY IT STOPPED 'CAUSE IT WASN'T GUARANTEED AN' HE GOT HIS KNIFE AN' TOOKED OFF THE BACK LID AN' THE MAIN-SPRING IST POPPED RIGHT OUT QUICK AN' WOUND AROUND HIS NECK AN' EVERYTHING AN' HE WAS SCAR'T TO DEATH MIGHTY NEAR! PA SAYS FREDDIE GREEN'S MAYBE GOIN' TO BE A INVENTOR WHEN HE GITS GROWED—'AN' AT'S THE REASON.

NEA



HARRIS' CROSS-ALLEY BALL WAS A HUMMER.

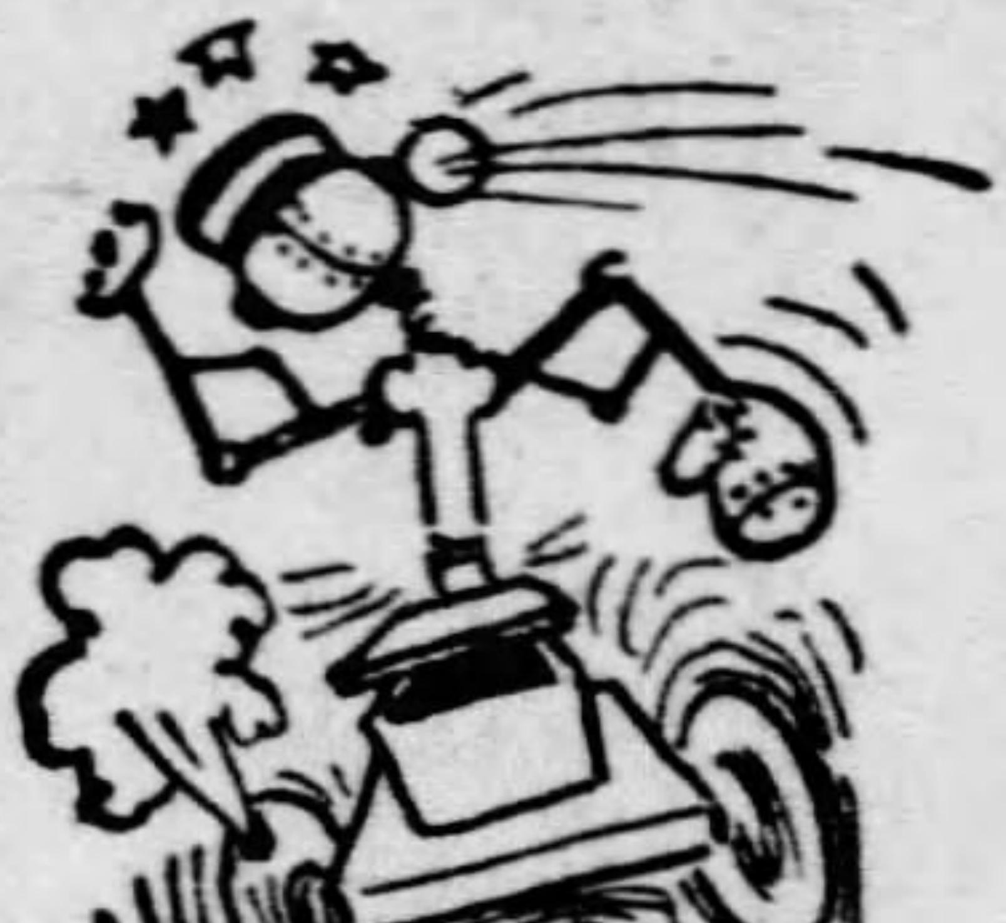
# LONDON WINS GREAT GAME

## Crowd Witnessed a Contest Replete With Exciting Features--Chicago's Auto-Pitcher in the Sulks

By Hypnotic Suggestion Co. (Ltd.)

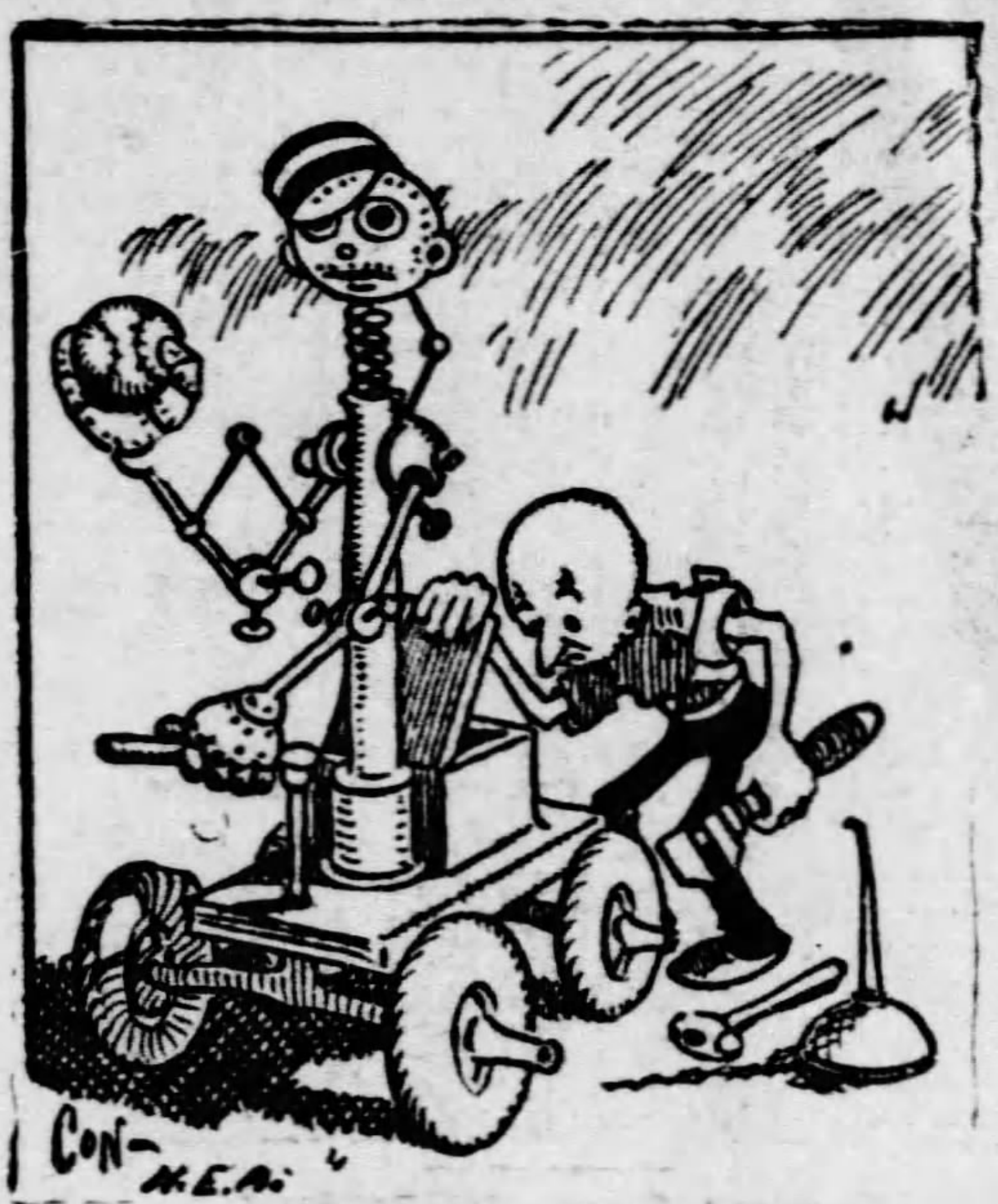
Chicago, January 1, 2005.—It is estimated that 100,000 spectators witnessed the second game of the series between the Chicago and London teams of the International Baseball League. London won, 2 to 0.

The victory was due chiefly to the superiority of the new pitching device invented by T. A. Edisonon, the greatest inventive genius of the century. The Chicago automatoms could not decipher the riddles propelled by the machine.



L. Lahoay, who manages the Chicago team, was unable to make his pitcher work. The auto seemed to be in the sulks, and although the other autos fielded well, their inability to solve the London delivery caused their downfall.

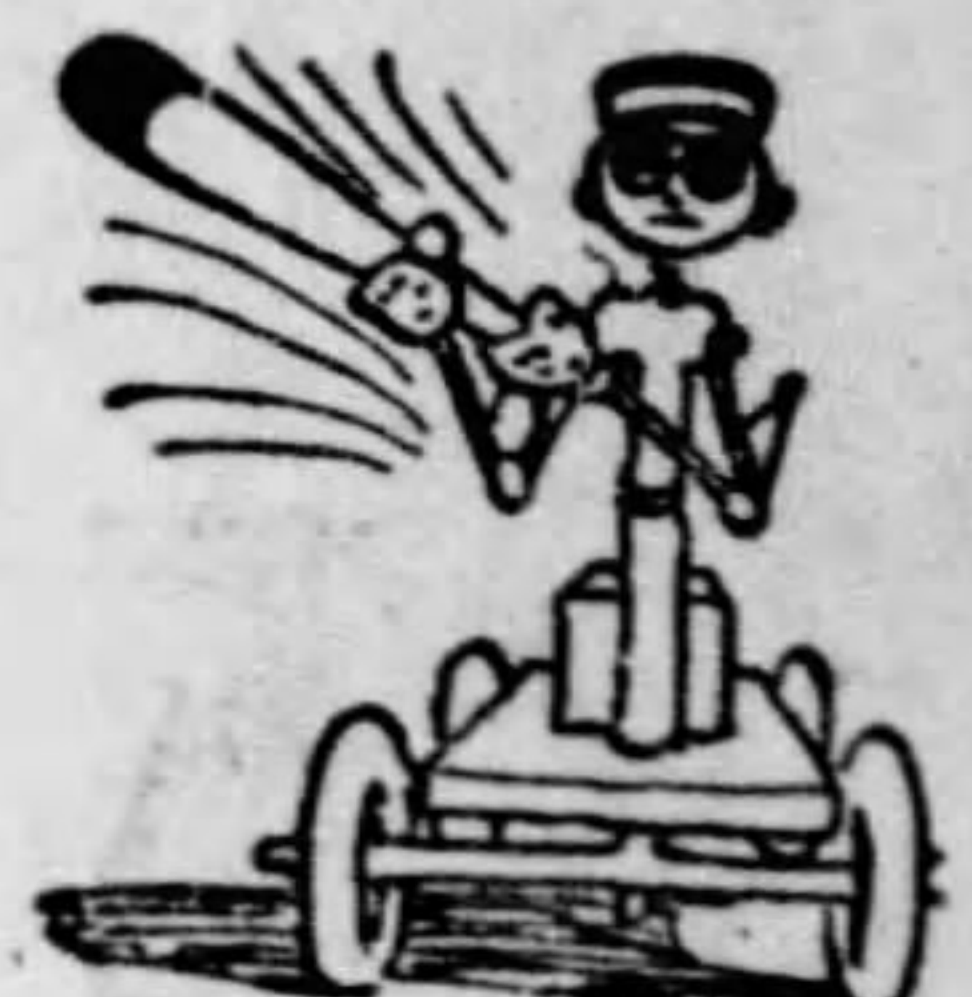
When the rival managers wound up their respective automatoms at the beginning of the game, the bookmakers were offering odds on the visitors, pinning their faith on the Edisonon invention. They evidently had an inside tip on the effectiveness of the new pitching auto.



THE BALKY PITCHER.

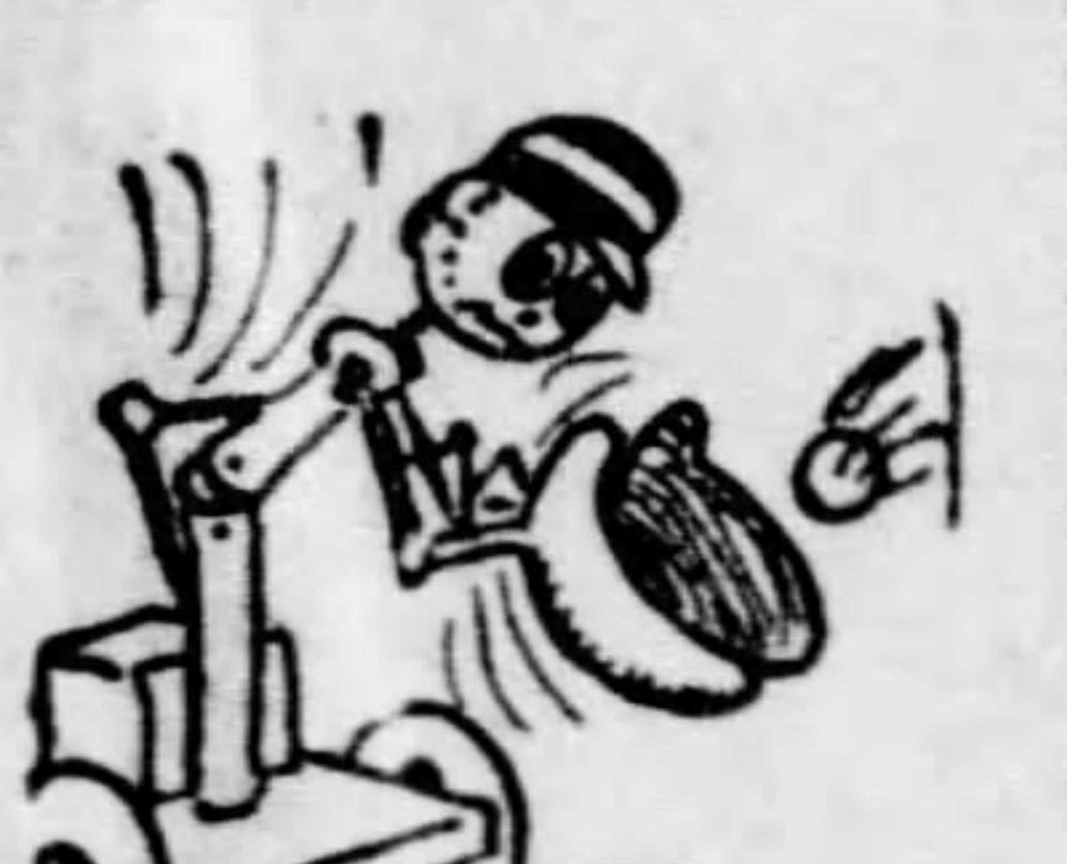
The Londoners batted hard and bunched their wallops when hits were worth money. The fielding of A-Z, which played short field for the Chicagos, was phenomenal. With almost human intelligence the auto seemed to be in the right place at the right time, and not a ball hit between second and third base went past it.

The Londoners bunched their hits in the second inning and made their runs. B-Q, the first batter, connected with one of the Chicago auto's fast ones and reached first before M-B in center field could head it off. L-D which followed sacrificed. C-D doubled to left and both machines scored a moment later when K-V ripped off a hard three-bagger over M-B's upper mechanism.



This ended the scoring, the next two batters up being retired by the wonderful fielding ability displayed by A-Z.

The teams will be shipped from Chicago Wednesday night via the Chicago and New York Pneumatic Tube Transit Co., and to London via the New York and London, Atlantic Tube Co., beginning a series of three games in the English metropolis Thursday afternoon.



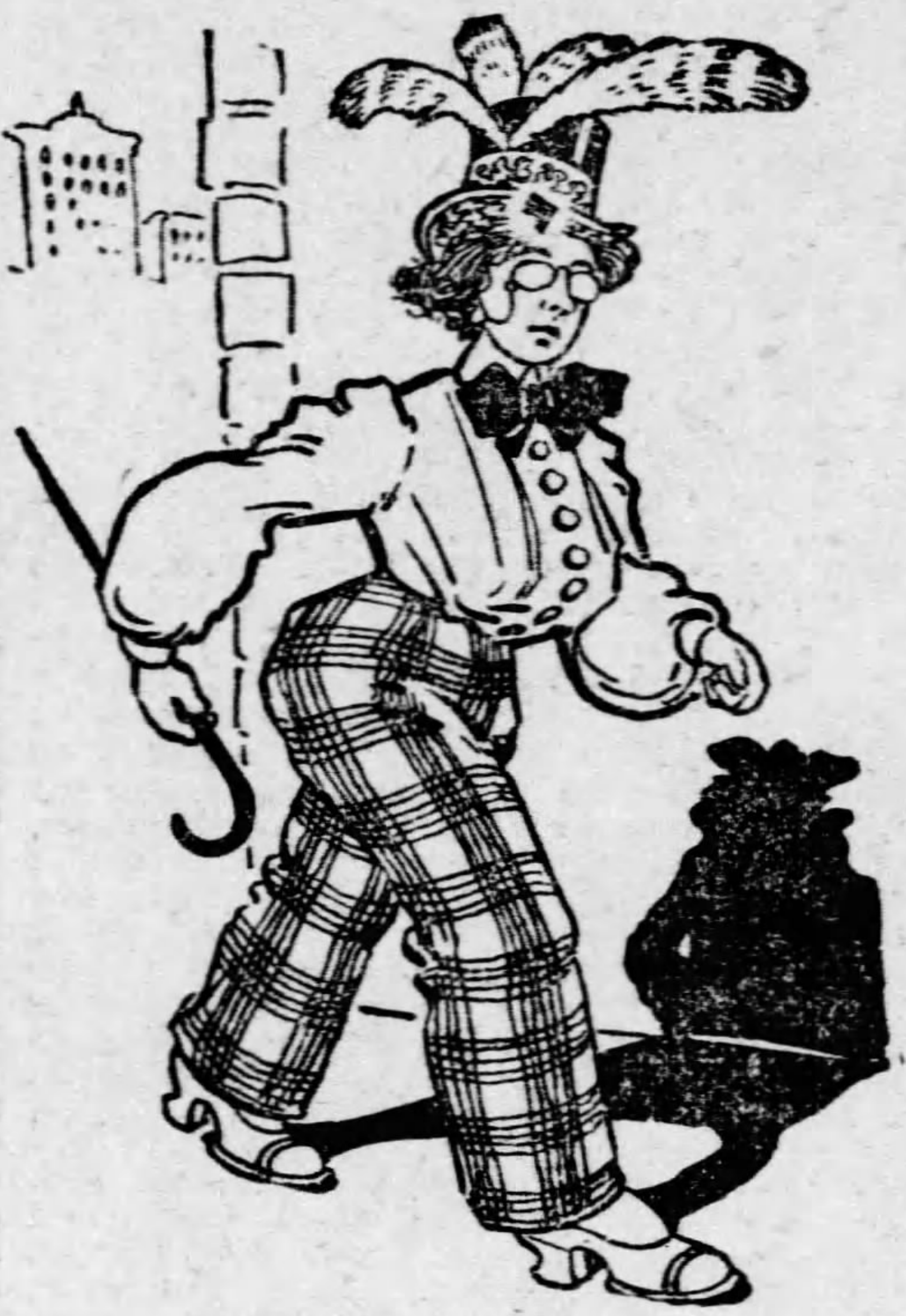
In view of the interest now taken in what was once the national game of this country, when played by human beings instead of electrically controlled outomatoms, it is probable that this year will be extremely prosperous. The cost of maintaining the automatoms is not excessive, and although L. Lahoay and the other managers are paid munificent salaries, the backers of the league are expected to clear several million dollars.

# PLUG HATS IN VOGUE AGAIN

## Many New Dress Styles Adopted by the Womens' Dressmakers' Congress

New York, January 1, 2005, 8:10 a. m.—The Amalgamated Women's Garment Makers and Millinery Association is now in session. Over 30,000 women, prominent in this field of work, are present. The meeting is being held at the Dressotorium. The chief of police has assigned 300 policemen to maintain order.

The proceedings, so far as they have gone, have been carried out amicably, although there was much growling on the part of the Western American delegates as to the adoption of the plug hat. They claimed that the plug hat was discarded by men nearly a century ago, with the exception of a few antediluvian lawyers; that it was never resurrected by men until 1950, and immediately went into abeyance during the snowball season of the same year.



THE 2005 MODEL.

Then modistes, especially those of Paris, and the new fashion center, Tahiti, took up the idea of supplanting toques and the ancient picture hats by decreeing that women were beautifully decorated by the wearing of plug hats, supplemented by gazook feathers, gracefully protruding from the hat bands.

The objection from the Western ladies was principally based on their great preference for wearing sombreros; but they were overwhelmingly outvoted.

As voted for by the Congress women who wish to be a la mode for 2005 will wear apparel along the lines adopted by the convention. I will begin at the top and go down, as the convention, or congress, as one desires to call it, decreed:

Headgear: Plug hat, preferably plain, but for evening dress with gazook feathers in the band and passementerie trimmings on the rear top.

Trousers: The same as worn in 2004, but no creases and somewhat wider.

For this bust: The old-time shirt waist, with any kind of filigree on the outside and interior extensions as desired.

Hosiery: Red, white and blue colors, with no monograms.

The convention will adjourn tomorrow, probably without any disturbance, but the authorities have taken every precaution to be on hand in an emergency. Madame Harvard's lecture on female beauty has been proscribed by the authorities.

ERASTUS CASEY SHIN-SHANG.

# TRIUMPHED OVER SPACE

## Prof. Ho-Wong Kelly Perfects the System of Electro-Etheral Messages Between Mars and Earth

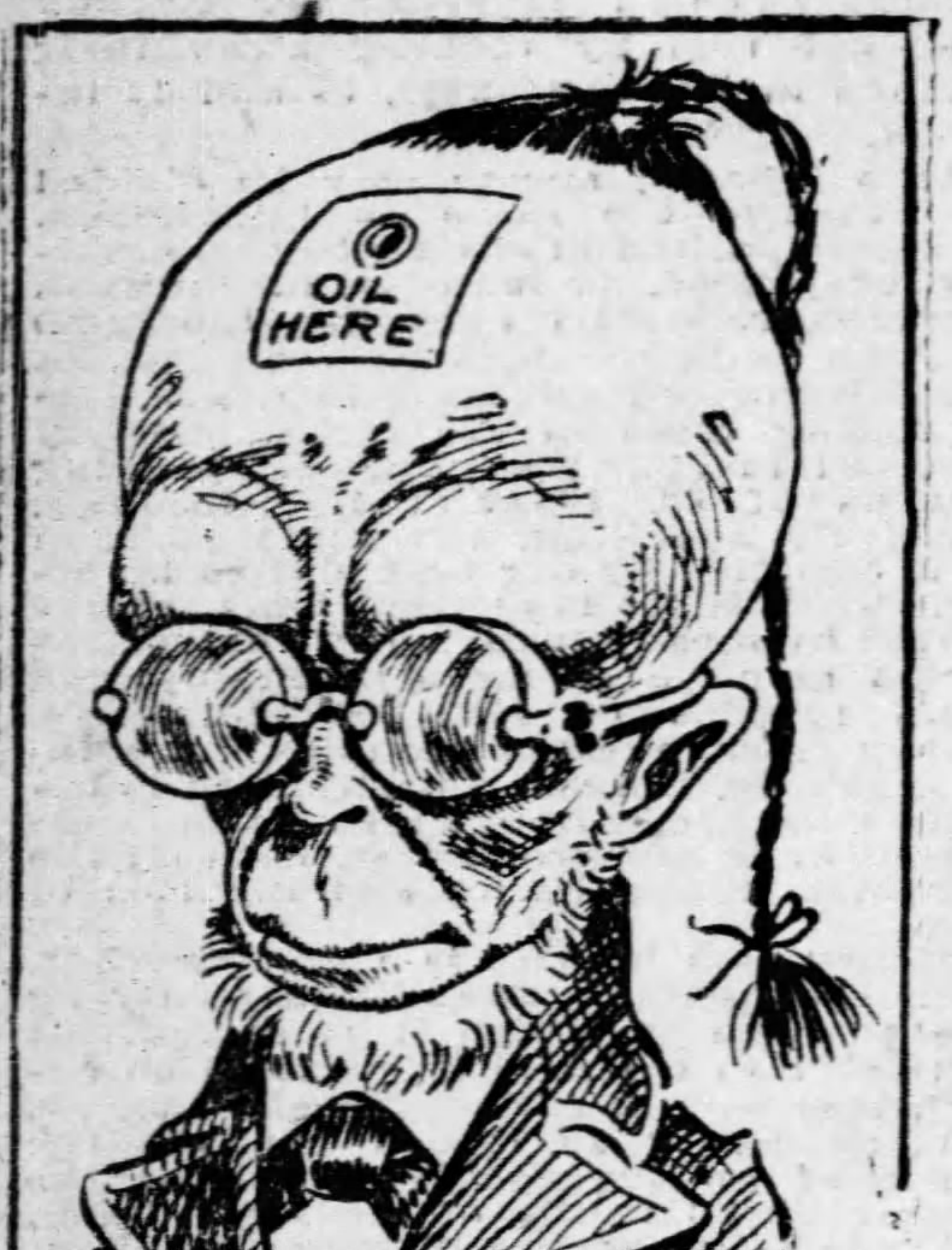
**BY JOSSEFY HIGGINS MENDOZO**

(Special Talkless Telephone Service.)

Tooraloo, Ireland, January 1, 2005—2:30 p. m.—The Trans-Planetary electro-etheral system of communication between Mars and the Earth is now an entire reality, owing principally to the genius of Prof. Ho-Wong Kelly and his able assistants, prominent among whom may be mentioned Prof. Brian Boru Schwartz and Engineer Spartacus Smith.

The great difficulty of overcoming the atmospheric disturbances on either planet, which necessarily interfered with the transmission of electro-etheral messages, has been entirely overcome.

It was only after immense expenditure of mental energy on the part of the scientists of both planets that a mastery of the situation was effected. Prof. Ho-Wong Kelly and his assistants first designed an immense magnetic dispensator which was erected on Achill Island according to their designs.



PROF. HO WONG KELLY.

This, it was found, could easily clear a perfect etheral atmospheric plane between the two planets providing the points of receiving on both planets were cleared of electric atmospheric disturbances, i. e., if an electric storm were occurring on Mars the message from the Earth would be unintelligible. As, for instance, a message sent from Achill was so forwarded: "Ron D. Jockerfeller has a new crop of hair and is encouraged in the continuation of his Sunday school work."

As received by Prof. Calph Shaughnessy, of the Mars Inter-World observatory, it read: "Jeron Dockefeller's new crop of hair has discontinued his Sunday school work.". Obviously such an error published in the Martian press created an unfavorable impression regarding the great Earth philanthropist.

An electric storm occurring around Achill no communications could be received from Mars for two days and the Martians were unable to communicate with the Earth.

But the clearing up of the atmospheric plane allowed the scientists of both worlds to explain matters, and it was resolved that tremendous efforts should be made to offset the effects of electric atmospheric disturbances that interfered with the proper transmission of the interplanetary messages.

Prof. Ho-Wong Kelly ascertained that by using an alterating current from his immense dispensator on Achill, that he could dissipate a storm area at the receptive point on Mars, and make his message clear to the Martian observatory. Prof. Maladry Chop-Chink, of Mars, answering for Prof. Shaughnessy, who was ill with canal fever, replied that he would try the alternating current on the Earth and see if it could dissipate an Earth storm. An Earth storm was forewarned by the Earth observatories at both the North and South poles that would hit Achill at 4:15 p. m. yesterday. Mars was promptly notified.

At 4:15 p. m. exactly, along came the storm. It was enormous in its scope. Huge bellowing, black clouds, transversed with forked streaks of vivid, flashing lightning, followed by crashes and roars of thunderous cloud contact, a deluge of rain, the whole appalling to mind, and appealing to superstitious terror, if there is any such thing now left in the world.

But what did it amount to? Nothing, before the path of modern scientific process. On the earth, on Achill island, stood Prof. Ho-Wong Kelly and his myriad scientific assistants tranquilly awaiting. Could Mars do as the earth had done? It was a supreme moment. A whirling sound was heard above the tumult of the elements. Clouds seemed to fold up and vanish into nothing. The rain ceased the blue flashes of the lightning turned to yellow fizzles in the sky and spluttered out. The azure tints of boundless space appeared in streaks, and then the whole spacial expanse became clear and serene. The dripping leaves of the trees hung limp. The sun shone bright. All was calm where before had reigned convulsion.

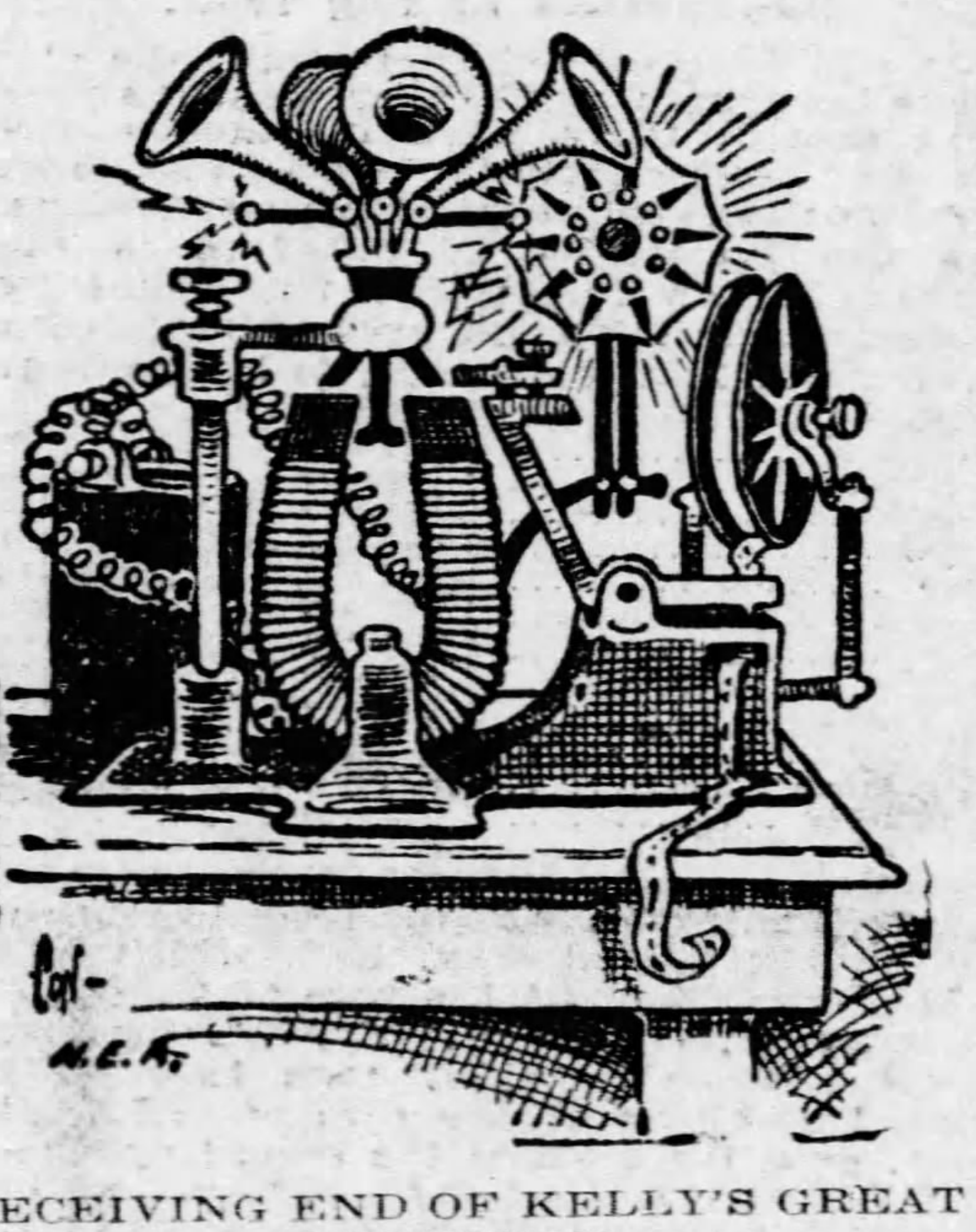
And then, clear and distinct, came to the Achill Observatory's Inter-Planetary receiver the message:

"Did we do it?"

And back to them went the joyful tidings of the Earth operator, O'Snyder Brown:

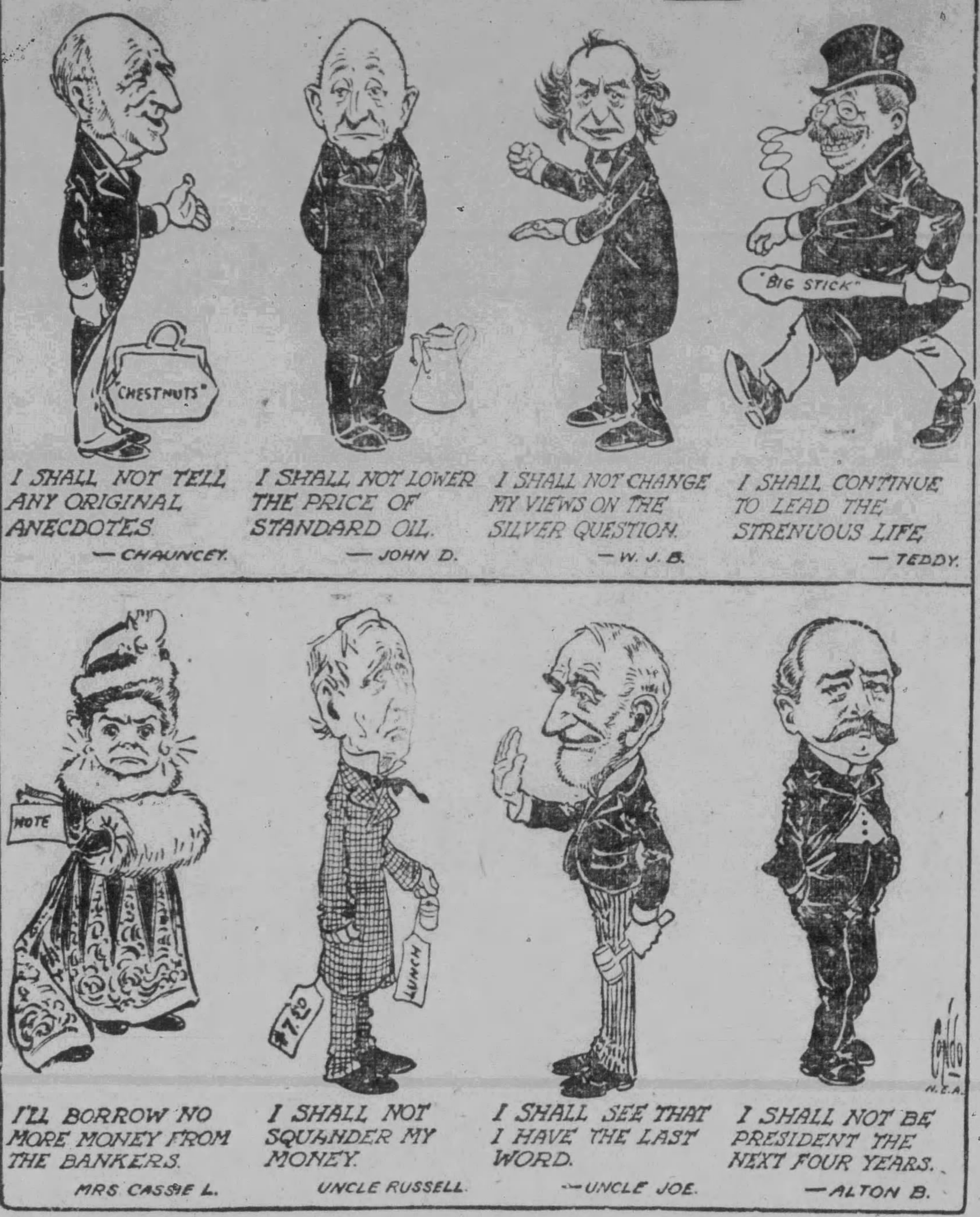
"you did it."

From now on Prof. Ho Wong Kelly assures your talkospondent messages to and from Mars will be received regularly, without possible interference. Moreover, it will be possible, by the extension of dispensation of both planets, to control the storms of each. A direct current from a dispensator on the Earth will produce rain on an objective point on Mars, and vice versa. If there is too much storm anywhere, an alternating surrent will stop it. We are certainly getting there now.



RECEIVING END OF KELLY'S GREAT INVENTION.

# Some New Years Resolutions that *won't* be Broken!



I SHALL NOT TELL ANY ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.
—CHAUNCEY.

I SHALL NOT LOWER THE PRICE OF STANDARD OIL.
—JOHN D.

I SHALL NOT CHANGE MY VIEWS ON THE SILVER QUESTION.
—W. J. B.

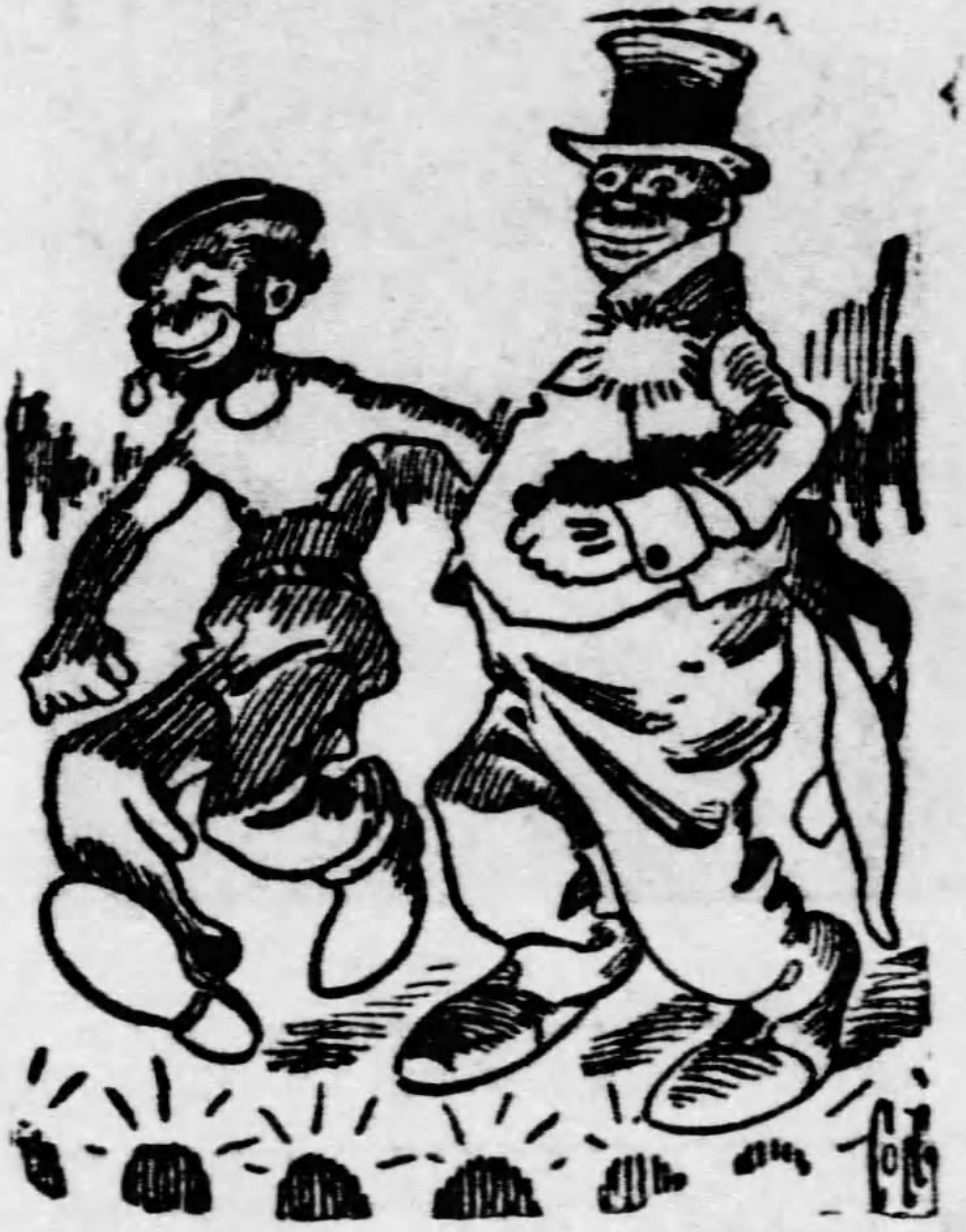
I SHALL CONTINUE TO LEAD THE STRENUOUS LIFE.
—TEDDY.

I'LL BORROW NO MORE MONEY FROM THE BANKERS.
MRS. CASSIE L.

I SHALL NOT SQUANDER MY MONEY.
UNCLE RUSSELL.

I SHALL SEE THAT I HAVE THE LAST WORD.
—UNCLE JOE.

I SHALL NOT BE PRESIDENT THE NEXT FOUR YEARS.
—ALTON B.



THE TEAM WORK OF THE BRUNSWICKS WON THE SERIES FOR THEM.

# WAGNER GOT BACK AT HIM

A little game of poker was almost continually in progress in the drawing room of the Pittsburg team's sleeper on one of the trips last summer, four or five of the players being willing to pass away the time in a friendly game.

Down near St. Louis a stranger with a remarkably deft little finger that would have made Jesse Burkett jealous, squeezed into the game. So artistically did he deal himself aces,

kings and fillers from the bottom of the deck that he soon had nearly all the cash in sight.

The "first call for luncheon" took him out of the game for half an hour. When he came back Wagner dealt him an ace-full-on-kings, pat. Wagner stayed when the pot was opened and drew one card.

After all the money he had won and about $20 besides was on the table, the stranger called.

"Four deuces," said Wagner.

"That's just good,' the outsider remarked; "but what kind of a deal do you call that?"

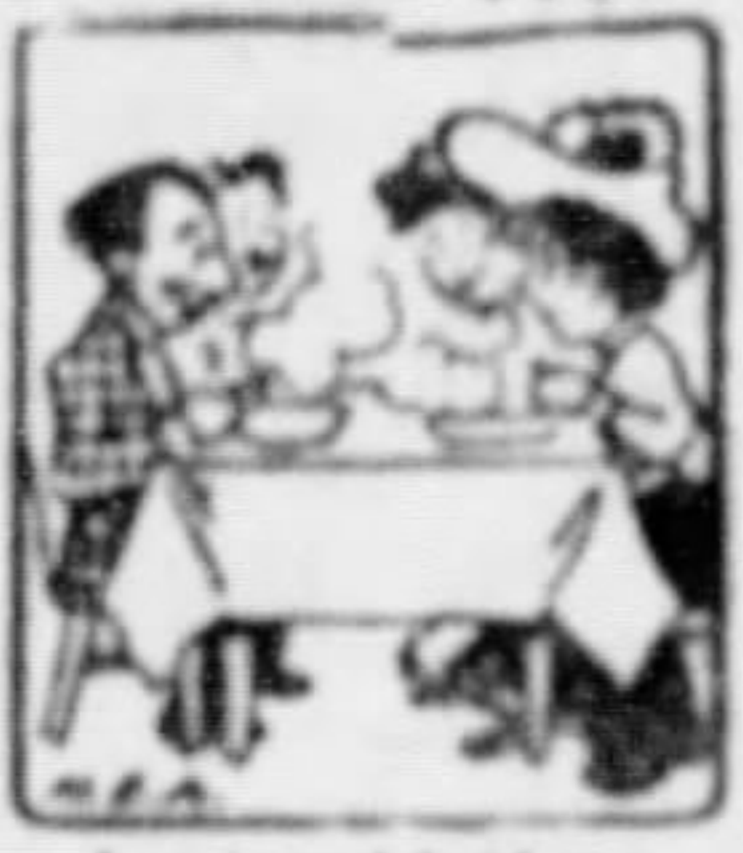
"Oh," said Wagner, as he shoved the cards over to Leach, "that's an invention of a man from Podunk to circumvent men with crooked little fingers."

# HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT

"In company with John Clarkson, both of us in our ordinary street attire, I stepped into Shanley's restaurant one evening about 10 or 12 years ago," said Stanley Robinson, reminiscently. "Just as we went in Della Fox, then at the zenith of her popularity, and another stage favorite, came in the ladies' entrance. Instantly a dozen young men in faultless dinner clothes made their way toward the actresses and began talking. I could hear one of the women say: 'You are all extremely kind, but if you will excuse us tonight we will have our dinners by ourselves.'

" 'Shall we have those girls as our guests at dinner?' Clarkson asked.

" 'I should be happy,' I said, but they have just told those young men that they prefer to dine alone.'



" 'Oh, that don't count,' said Clarkson. 'So would we rather be by ourselves than with those nobodies.' Then he walked over and lifting his hat, said: 'Miss Fox, will you and your friend have dinner with Mr. Robinson and myself?'

" 'We will be pleased to, Mr. Clarkson,' Della replied, and we were soon seated at a table.

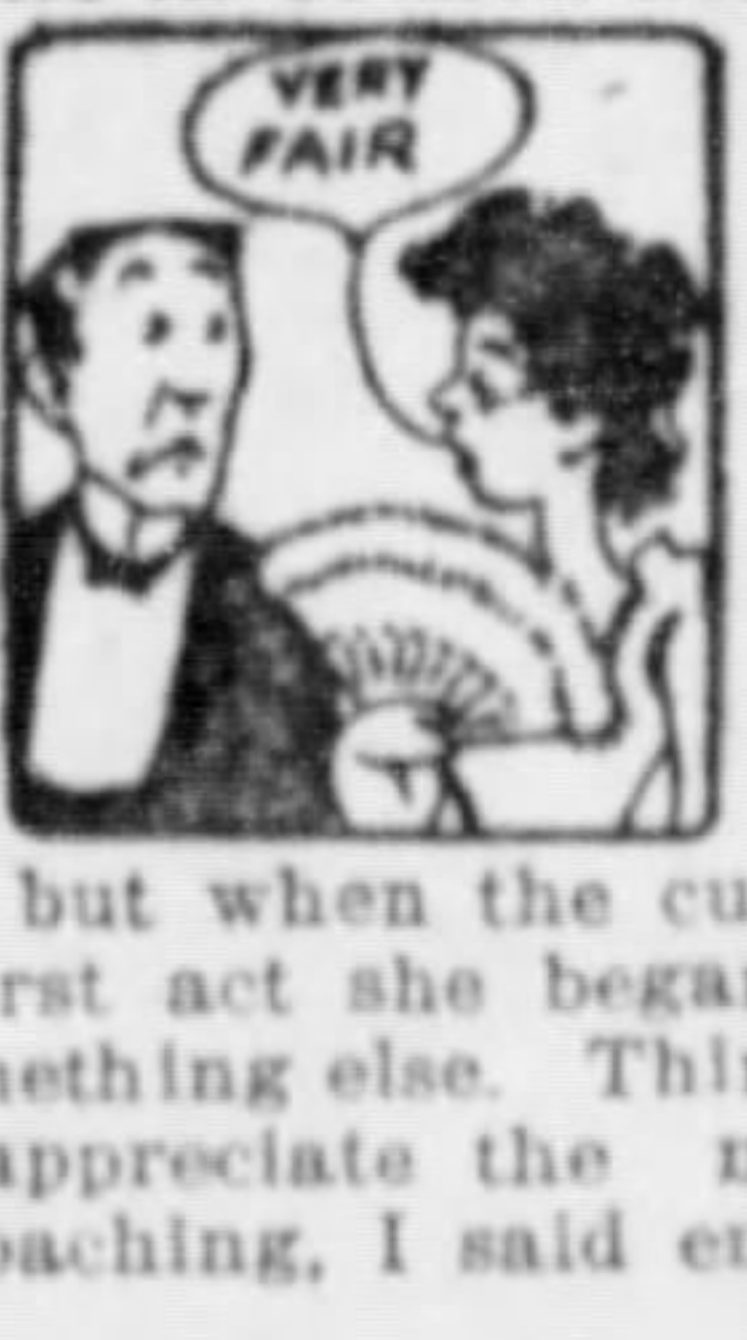
" 'How did you happen to know them?' I asked Clarkson after we were back at our hotel.

" 'Know them?' repeated John. 'I never spoke to them before. It's the way you approach them. If you are going to have a star to supper face her just as a successful pitcher faces a Delehanty, with a sort of I'm-going-to-get-you-anyway air, and the rest is easy.' "

— ——

"A few years ago I made the acquaintance of a delightful little girl whose home is in Council Bluffs, Ia.," says Cheerful Hickman, Detroit's big first base guardian. "One day when the team I was with happened to be in Omaha, I went across the Missouri to the Iowa city and invited the young woman to attend a performance of 'Lohengrin' in Omaha.

"I wanted to show her a ball player's familiarity with grand opera, great singers and things in general, in contradistinction with her uneventful life in Council Bluffs. She accepted, but when the curtain fell on the first act she began talking about something else. Thinking she did not appreciate the music or needed coaching, I said enthusiastically:

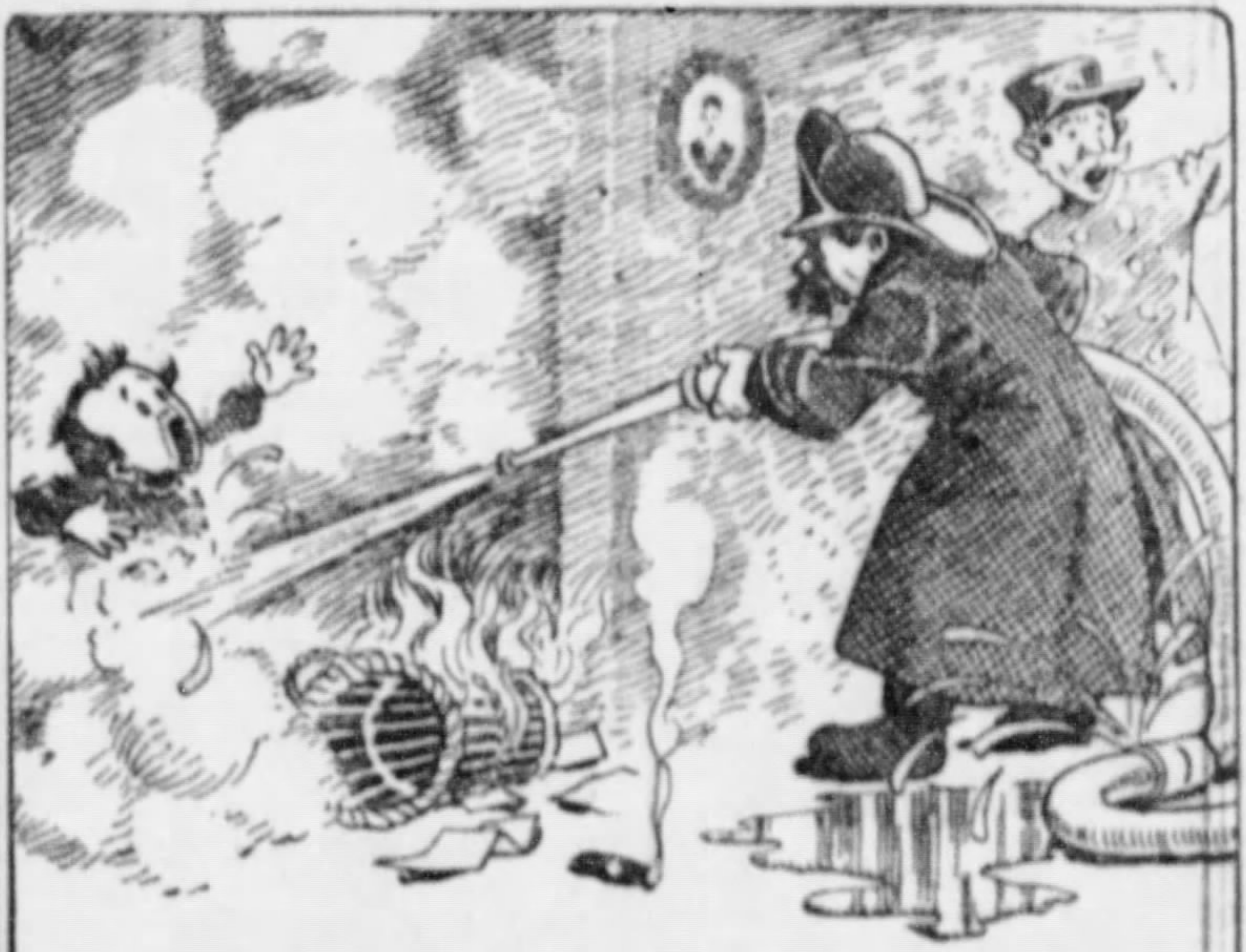


" 'Isn't it great? Isn't it grand?'

" 'It's a very fair production,' she answered, quietly, 'considering the quality of the performers.'

"I was out at first by half a mile. 'Did you ever see anything like it before?' I asked her.

" 'Yes,' she said, 'when mamma and I were traveling in Germany I saw "Lohengrin" produced at Beyreuth by the original company and conducted by Wagner in person.' "



FREDDIE GREEN FOUND HIS FATHER'S CIGAR BOX AN' HE BEGIN TO SMOKE ONE WHEN EVERYBODY WAS ALL GONE AN' WHEN HE SMOKED PRETTY NEAR A INCH OF IT HE GOT ALL DIZZY INSIDE AN' THROWED IT IN THE WASTE BASKET AN' SOT THE ROOM ON FIRE AN' THE FIRE APARTMENT HAD TO COME AN' PUT IT OUT AN' WHEN THEY FOUND HIM HE WAS ALL SICK AN' SOPPED UP WITH WATER AN' ASHES AN' EVERYTHING. PA SAYS THEY'S NICKELTEEN IN CIGARS—AN' AT'S THE REASON.

N.E.A.

# GOOD TALES OF BASEBALL

### How Tommie Leach Won the Coin From the Pirates

### TOLD THE BIGGEST STORY.

### CHICAGO LASS MADE REPLY THAT TURNED LAUGH ON BOB EWING.

### GEORGE CUPPY'S TELEGRAM.

As the Cincinnati club's bus swung close to the curb on Michigan avenue, en route from the Chicago ball park to the hotel one afternoon last season, it brought the Reds within about 30 feet of a porch on which a dozen young women were engaged in animated conversation.

"Oh, yes, I see," spoke up Bob Ewing, "talking about your neighbors!"

"We ain't, either," was the quick reply of one of the young women. "We are trying to find out how old was Ann. Do you know?"

—

"When Frank Isbell, Comiskey's big first baseman, went to Chicago as a pitcher for the Chicago Nationals, he was fresh from the tall timbers," said Billy Phelan. "He kept shy of the bright lights and the jolly people, being afraid that the first man he met would take away his wallet and then sandbag him.

"Well, it got along to the Fourth of July. The night of the 3rd Izzy was entertained in the lobby of the hotel where he lived with thrilling tales of Chicago's lawlessness and the dangers a man underwent from thugs and murderers. He was waked up a little after midnight by terrific explosions, sound of firearms and the whirr of rockets.

"When morning came Izzy didn't show up for breakfast. This, in a ball player, was considered something terrifying, and an expedition was sent to his room. Izzy was under the bed.

" 'I tell you what,' said Izzy, 'this town is too lawless for me. Why, ever since midnight they've been doing nothing but shooting, and there must be 500 dead men outdoors right now. Me back to the pine woods again.'

"And it was a hard job to make Izzy look at the calendar."

—

A pompous youth with a head only a little larger than a fall pippin pestered Patsy Tebeau nearly to death during the practice season at Hot Springs back in the '90s. The pompous youth, who said he would work for $50 a month, wanted a trial in the outfield, where he could show McAleer how to catch fly balls. His chance came one day when the regulars were complaining of sore muscles and stiff joints.

The game—with the Hot Springs team—was a close one. The smart young man was passed to first when another Tebeauite was on third.

The signal for a double steal on the next ball pitched was immediately given. The man on third legged it for home only to find the ball in the catcher's hands. McAleer's prospective successor was still firmly anchored at first base. This play lost the game and Teabeau was in a frenzy.

YOU DIDN'T THINK ?!!

"Why didn't you go to second when I told you?" he demanded of the youth with the fall-pippin cranium.

"I didn't think I could make it, that's why," was the self-satisfied reply.

"You didn't think?" roared Patsey. "You didn't think? The Lord knows if I was engaging men to think you wouldn't be here."

George Cuppy, then a member of the old Cleveland club, was siting in the grand stand at League park one afternoon, his best girl at his side. Along about the fourth inning a messengar boy came down the aisles with a telegram for Cuppy. His erstwhile radiant companion at once showed a grave interest in the dispatch and those siting near by heard her ask a trifle petulantly "What girl is that from?"

As a masterpiece of bluffing Cuppy tossed the message into her lap and said in a careless sort of way

"Open it yourself and see."

A moment later the young woman, the torn envelope in her hand, her face as white as her bright new shirt waist, was hurrying up the aisle with the dark-faced pitcher a step or two behind, making a vain effort to explain. The message, which was lost in the flight read this way:

"Logansport, Ind., July 17, 18—

"Geo. Cuppy, care Cleaveland Base Ball Club:

"Why didn't you come? We bought dynamite and a complete kit of tools. Waited for you till 3 a. m. Saf, contained $39,000 Was a cinch.

"Committee."

It was quite three weeks before Cuppy

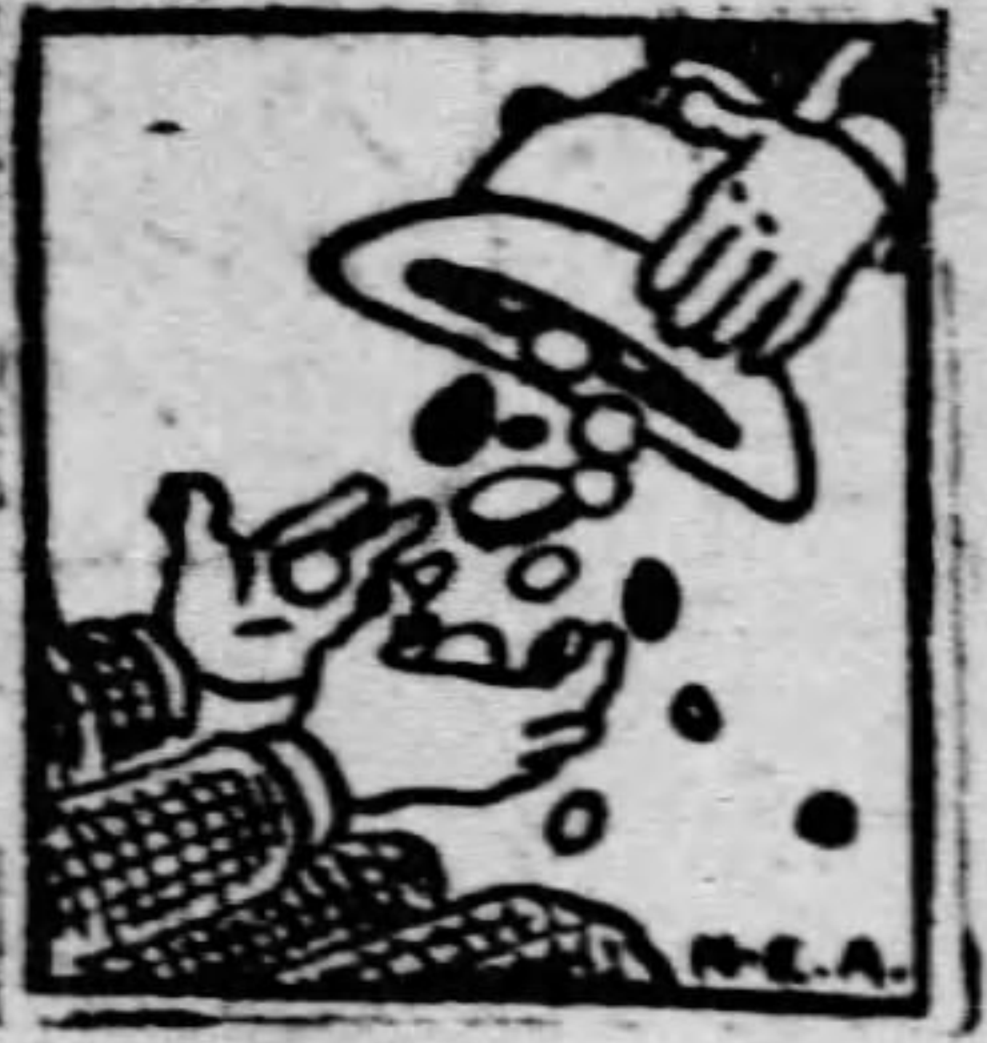
could convice the young woman that telegrams about burgliaries were generally sent in cipher and that the "committee" was the crowd of young men who ate at the same table with him at the Hawley.

Sitting out in front of the Gibson House in Boston one night last summer the Pirates fell into a yarn-telling mood, and at someone's suggestion a pool was formed, each player putting a dollar into the captain's hat, with the understanding that all the money was to go to the player who told the biggest story.

"You begin it, Leach," said Clarke

"Well, sir," began Tommy, "I once saw an honest race between two professional sprinters. It was——"

"Hold on," shouted Clarke, emptying the money into Leach's lap. No use going on with this. Tommy wins."



—

"Down in the Southern League three years ago I saw a home run made on a hit to the pitcher," says Fred Abbott. "The pitcher was a big lumbering fellow about as fat as Lundbloom and about as graceful as Ed Walker.

"He tossed up a slow one to a Montgomery player and the batter landed on it squarely. The ball struck the pitcher on the knee-cap and he fell forward, burying the ball in the soft earth under him. All the infielders ran to the center of the diamond and tried to roll the pitcher off the ball, but they couldn't budge him. In the meantime the batter had gone all the way around and was sitting on the bench when the massive twirler was finally bowled over and the ball recovered."

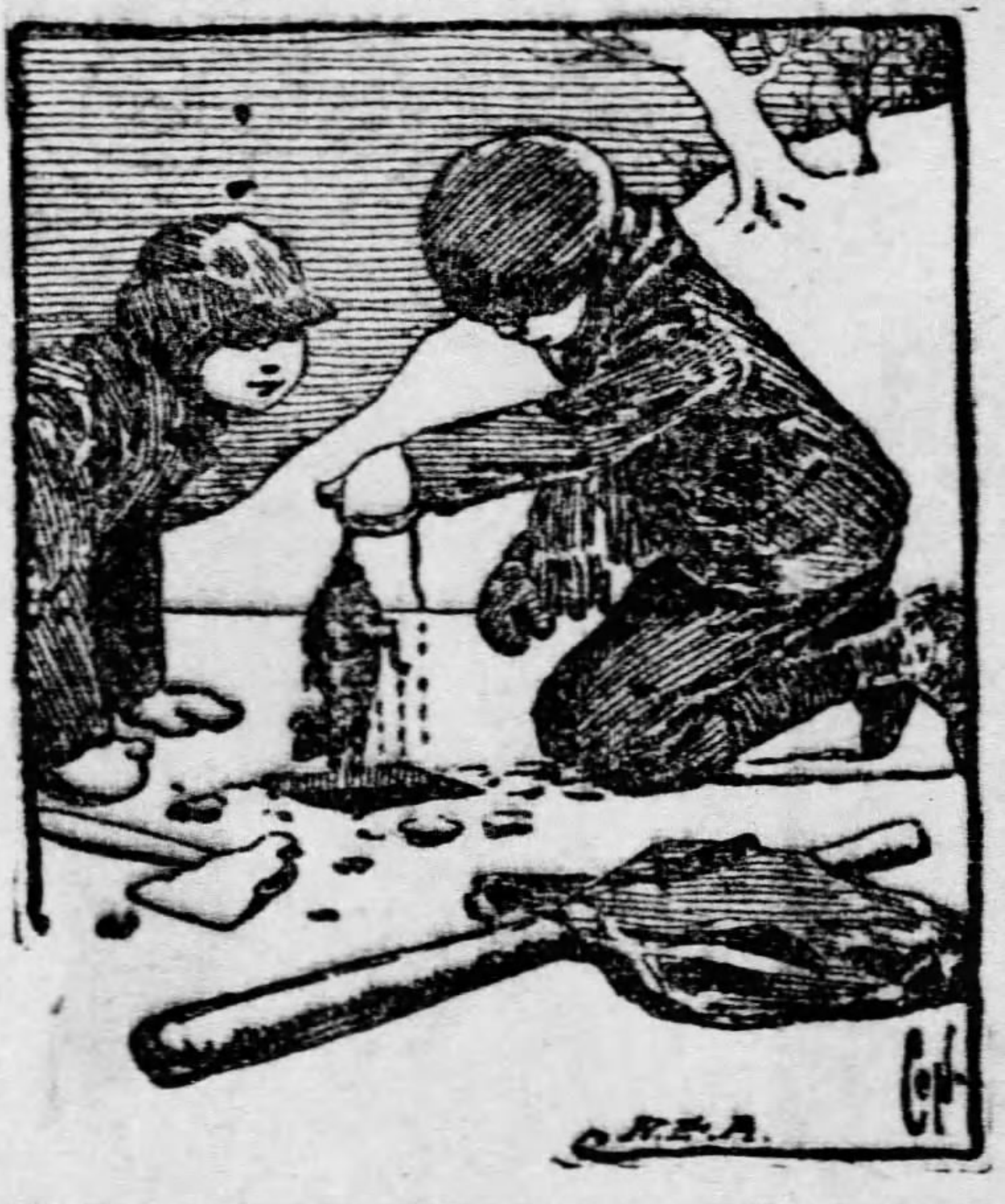
# STUNNING MUSKRATS ON THE ICE.

Boys who live in localities where muskrats are numerous can have plenty of sport stunning them. The stunning process does not injure the rat, and if the boys desire they may transform them into pets, or by killing them secure money from the sale of the pelt, and also from the sales of the carcass, for, contrary to general belief, few dishes are more savory than a "rat supper."

In northwestern Ohio and Michigan, where muskrats are thick, great "rat suppers" are held weekly by those epicures who appreciate the qualities of the luscious dish. Chicken and opossum must take back seats when quality is considered, say these lovers of the water rat.

While the ice is transparent, the boys, armed with a heavy club, locate the holes in the bank where the rat lives, and by pounding vigorously are able to scare the inhabitants into the water.

Swimming along close to the surface, the muskrat is plainly seen by the skaters, and a sharp rap on the ice over its head will stun Mr. Rat. An ax or hatchet will then cleave the way towards capture, although a hole must be cut quickly or the rat will return to consciousness and then his teeth are sharp. A handy bag in which to chuck the captive is necessary. The rats bring a good price alive or dead and an active boy may pick up pocket money any afternoon during the skating season.

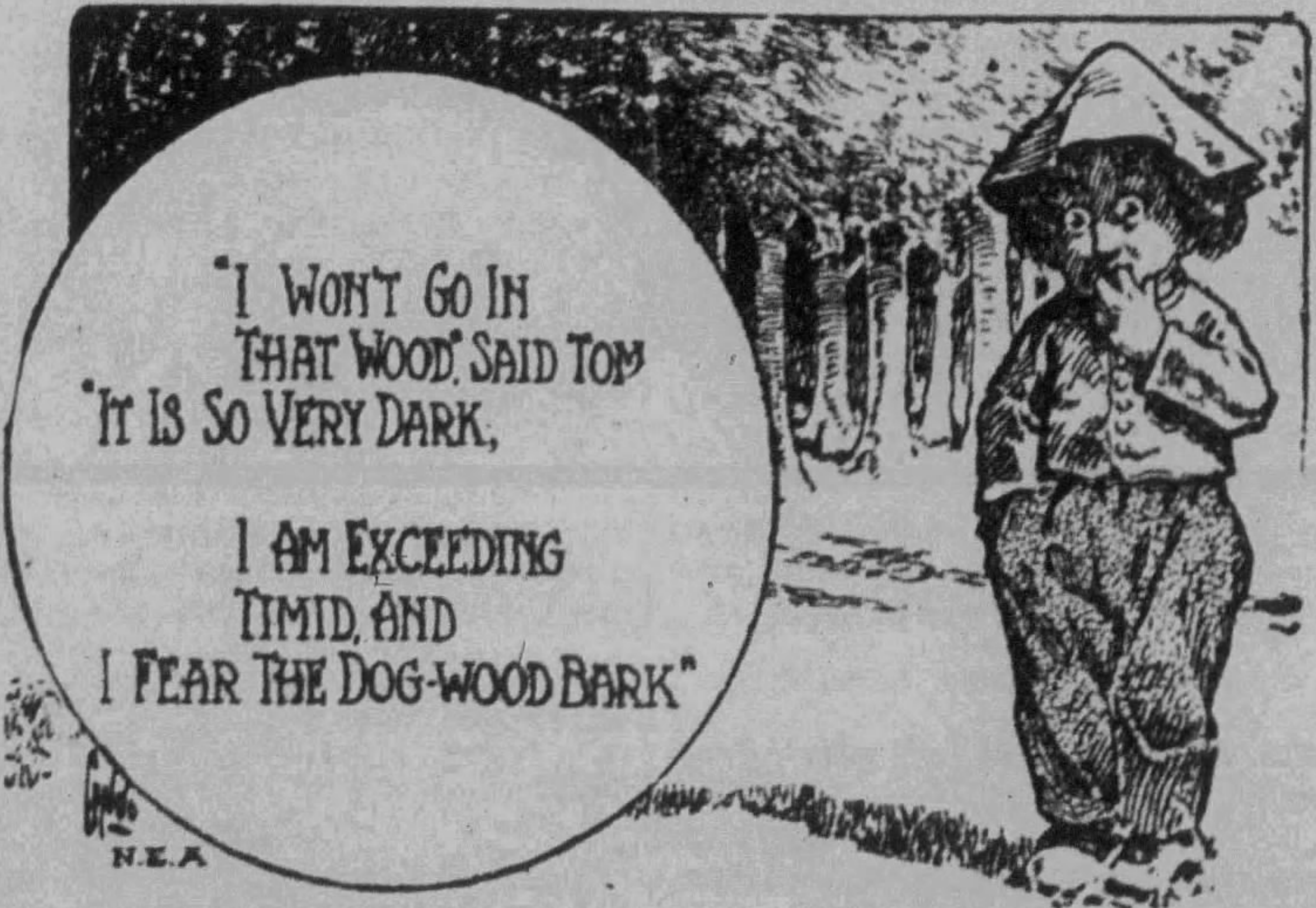


Stunning catfish is often resorted to by boys who live where these fish are found. Before the ice becomes too thick, when it will bear your weight without breaking, but is of that nature that sends little cracks snorting out to the ears of the nervous, then is the time to get a mess of cats.

Armed with a stout club or heavy stone, the skater can easily see the catfish as he lies on the bottom of the shallow stream or pond. Dropping a heavy stone directly over the head of the fish, or rapping the ice hard, will cause the white vest of the cat to turn upward, when it is easy to break the ice and lift the capture from the water.

# THE TIMID BOY.

By Carolyn Wells


"I WON'T GO IN
THAT WOOD" SAID TOM
"IT IS SO VERY DARK,
I AM EXCEEDING
TIMID, AND
I FEAR THE DOG-WOOD BARK"
N.E.A.

# DE PURSUIT OB HAPPINESS

BY SI U. COLLINS

Uncle Ike, who makes his living at ash-hauling, chimney sweeping and whitewashing, being the proud owner of a spavined mare and an old wagon, had recently taken to reading all the literature that he could find in the ash barrels, where the careless housewives often send pieces of half-burned newspapers and magazines and even good story books. Uncle Ike's nephew, known as the Black Stump, because of his very shortness and his very blackness, and called Stumpy for short, was very fearful of the consequences of being obliged to read to Uncle Ike this literature of the ash barrels, for, not being well educated, he was not sure that he always read things right, and he knew well the terrorizing disposition of his dear old uncle.

One day Uncle Ike found in an ash barrel the page of a book which contained the preamble of the constitution of the United States. He stowed it away in his pocket and took it home for Stumpy to read to him. He thought deeply on it and said nothing for several days, while he studied its meaning Finally, one evening he came home and he was in unusually deep thought while he and Stumpy unhitched the spavined nag and took her into the shed and bedded her down for the night. Then he said to Stumpy: "Ah reckon we bettah read dat pre-amble ob de constitushun agin'."

Going into the hut, they sat down beside the kitchen stove on which the "old mammy" was cooking some pork chops—Uncle Ike had been rather fortunate in a job of ash-hauling the day before and had money with which to buy the chops—and over the anticipation of the savory feast, Uncle Ike became so good-natured that, after reading the preamble once, Stumpy made bold to ask, "Uncle Ike, whut do dat mean—dat preamble?"

"Dat pre-amble," said Uncle Ike very thoughtfully. "I reckon dat mean dat it amble ahead ob de rest of de constitushun—dat kind ob drag it erlong like de ole mahr done drag de ash wagon. I spect dat am de fundementation of dis hyar whole kentry. Dat whut am de preamble."

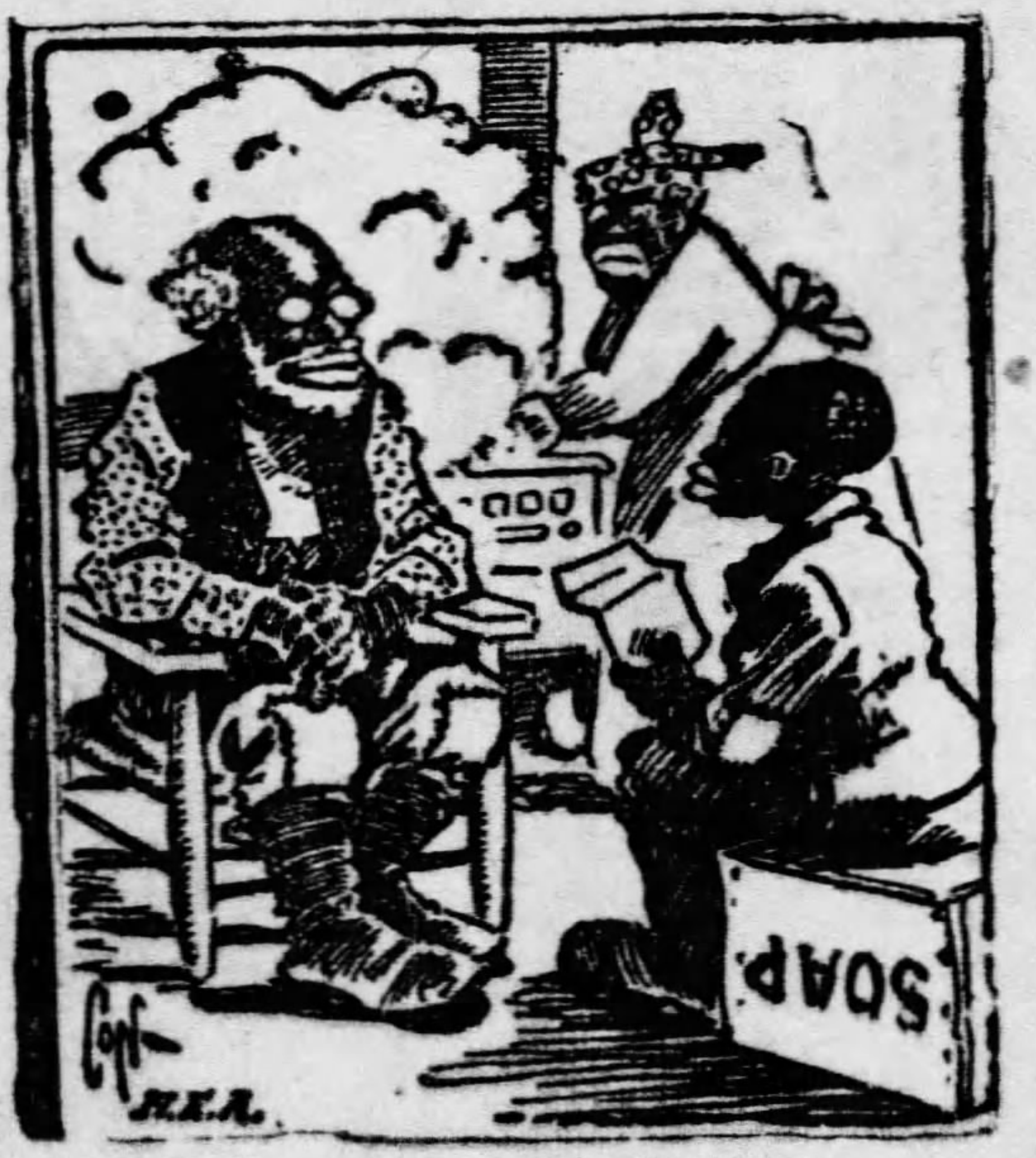
"But look hyar," continued Uncle Ike, "did you done read dat preamble right?"

"Yaas, sah," said Stumpy.

"Yo' shore yo' done read it right?" asked Uncle Ike, with a tremor of doubt.

"Yaas, sah," declared Stumpy.

Uncle Ike thought a moment and then he half soliloquized and half spoke to Stumpy: "Dat preamble guarantee to de people de right ob life?"



"Yaas, sah," said Stumpy.

"It done guarantee to de people de irght ob liberty."

"Yaas, sah," said Stumpy.

"I reckon dat is sense: Mistah Lincoln done freed de cullud folks," mumbled Uncle Ike.

"I spect dat am true," said Stumpy.

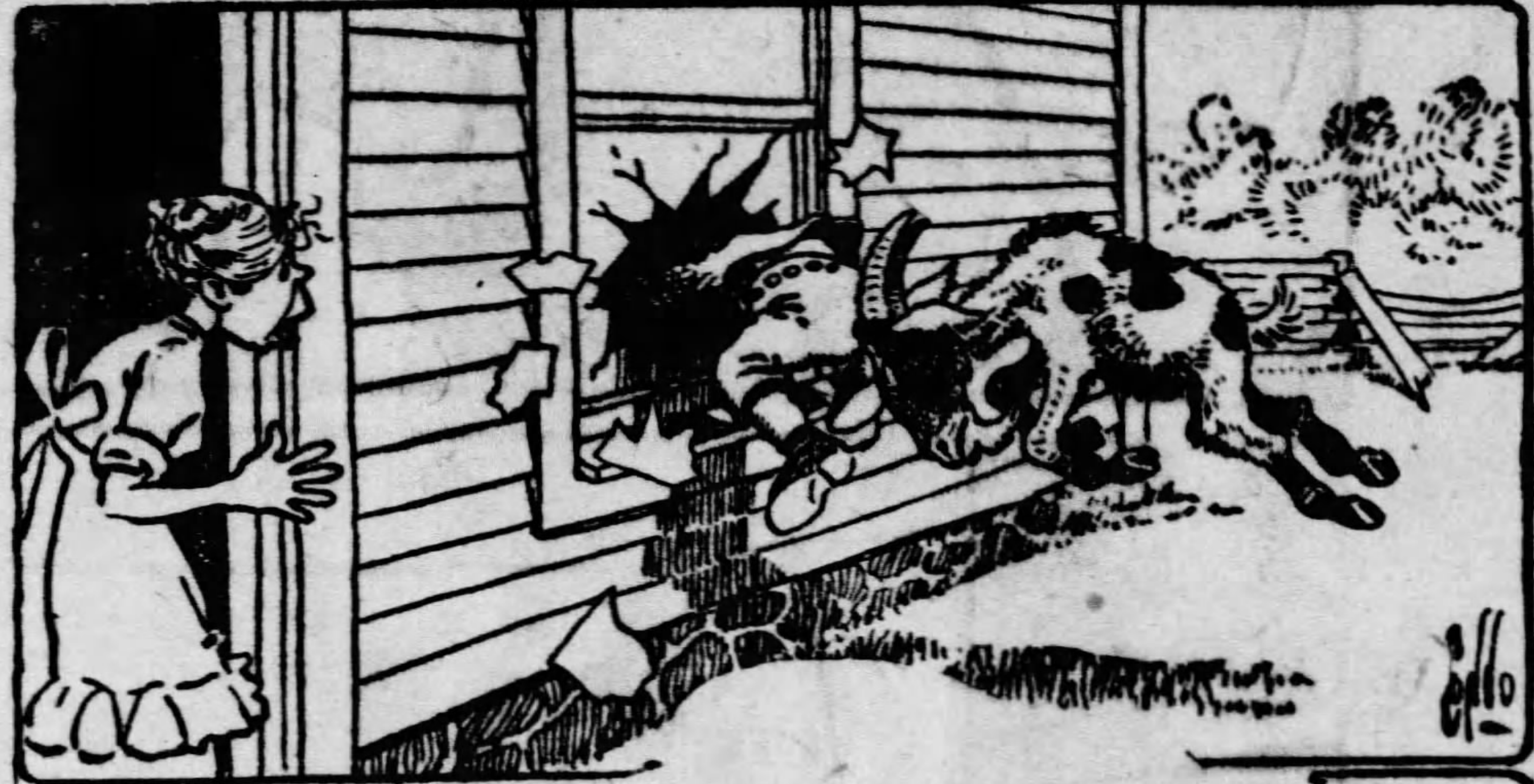
"But look hyar,' ' said Uncle Ike, growing strenuous, "ah yo' shore dat it done say dat dey only guarantee de p-u-r-s-u-i-t ob happiness?"

"Dat whut it says," affirmed Stumpy.

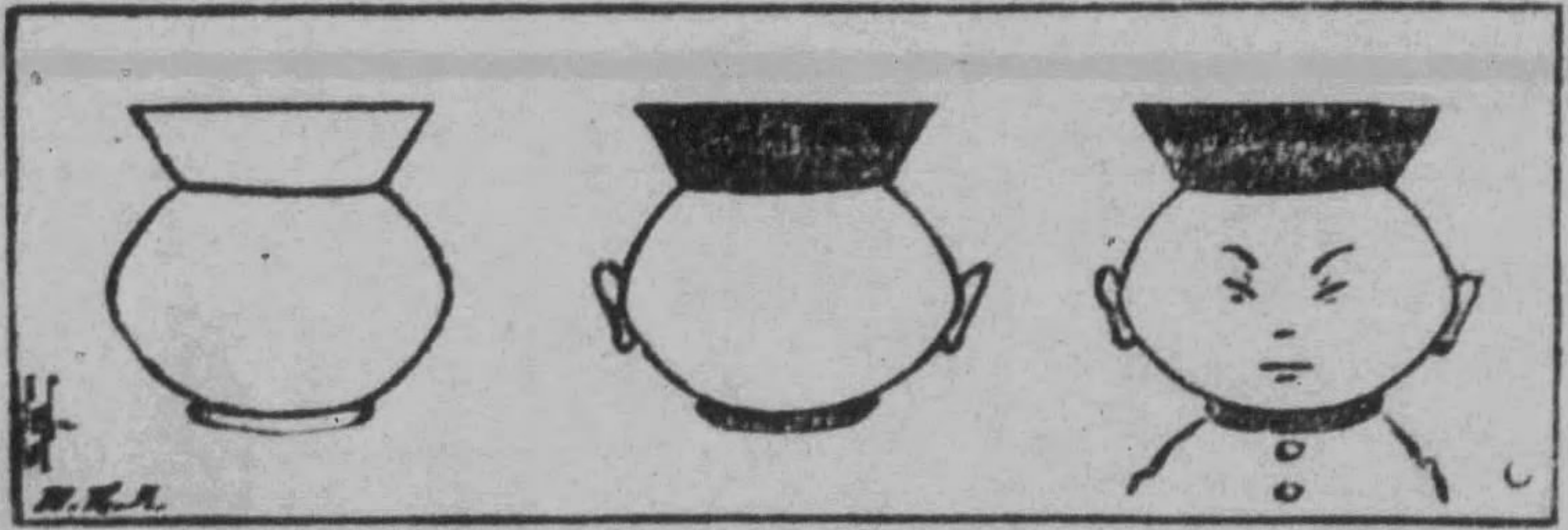
"It don't guarantee dat yo' gwine fo' to ketch dat happiness?" asked Uncle Ike.

"No, sah,' 'replied Stumpy.

"Dat whut dem politishuns done," emphatically declared Uncle Ike.



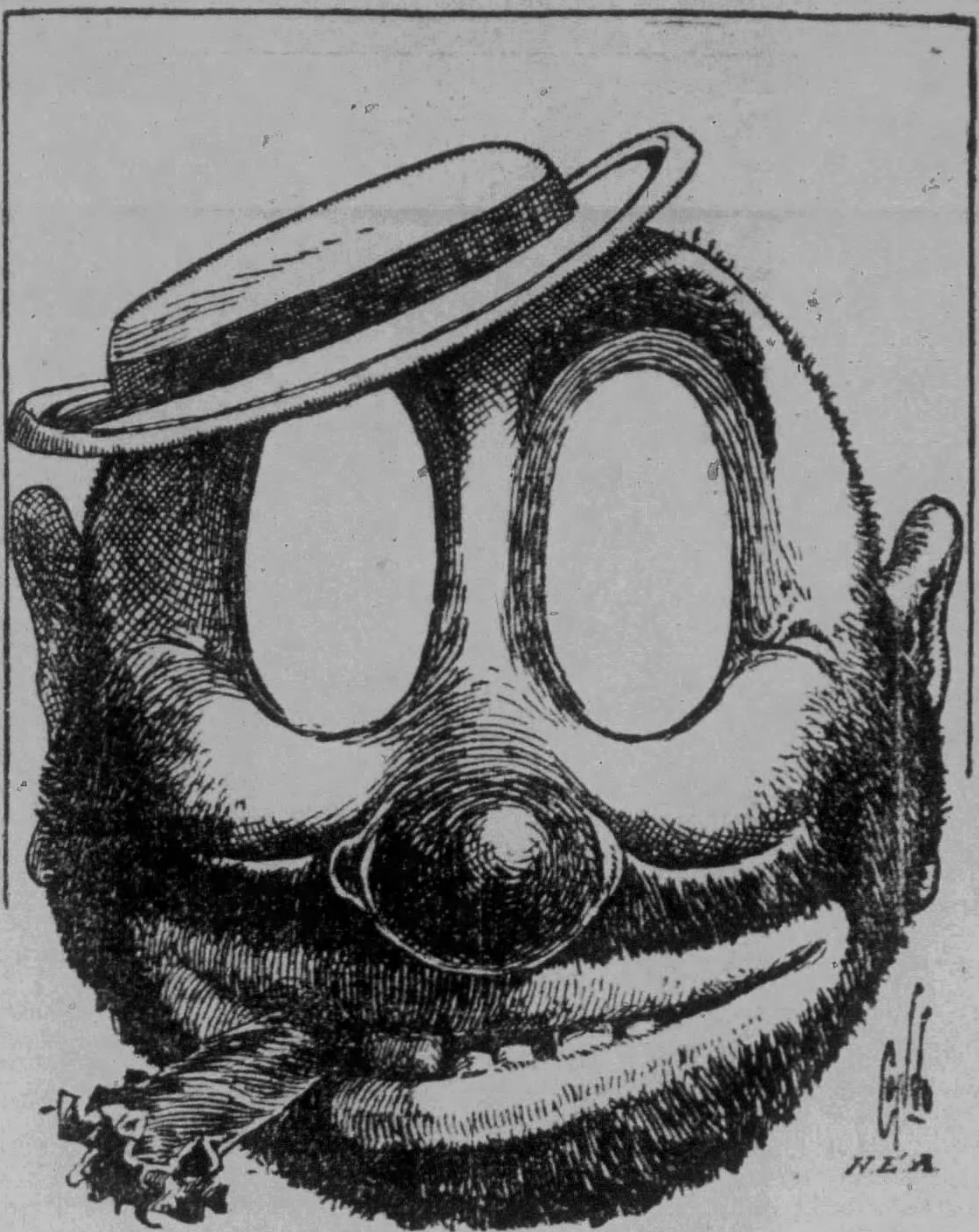
FREDDIE GREEN WAS TEASING MISTER KELLY'S BILLY GOAT YESTERDAY AN' HOLLERIN' BUT-IN-SKI AT HIM AN' THE GOAT IST GOT SO MAD HE BROKED RIGHT THROUGH THE FENCE WHERE HE WAS EATIN' GRASS AN' THINGS AN' RUN FREDDIE GREEN CLEAN 'ROUND THE HOUSE AN' BUMPED HIM SO QUICK BEHIND THE PANTS HE IST SMASHED RIGHT THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW AN' NOW WHEN FREDDIE GREEN EATS AT THE TABLE HE HAS TO SET DOWN STANDIN' UP. PA SAYS GOATS'S HEADS IS AWFUL HARD—AN' AT'S THE REASON.



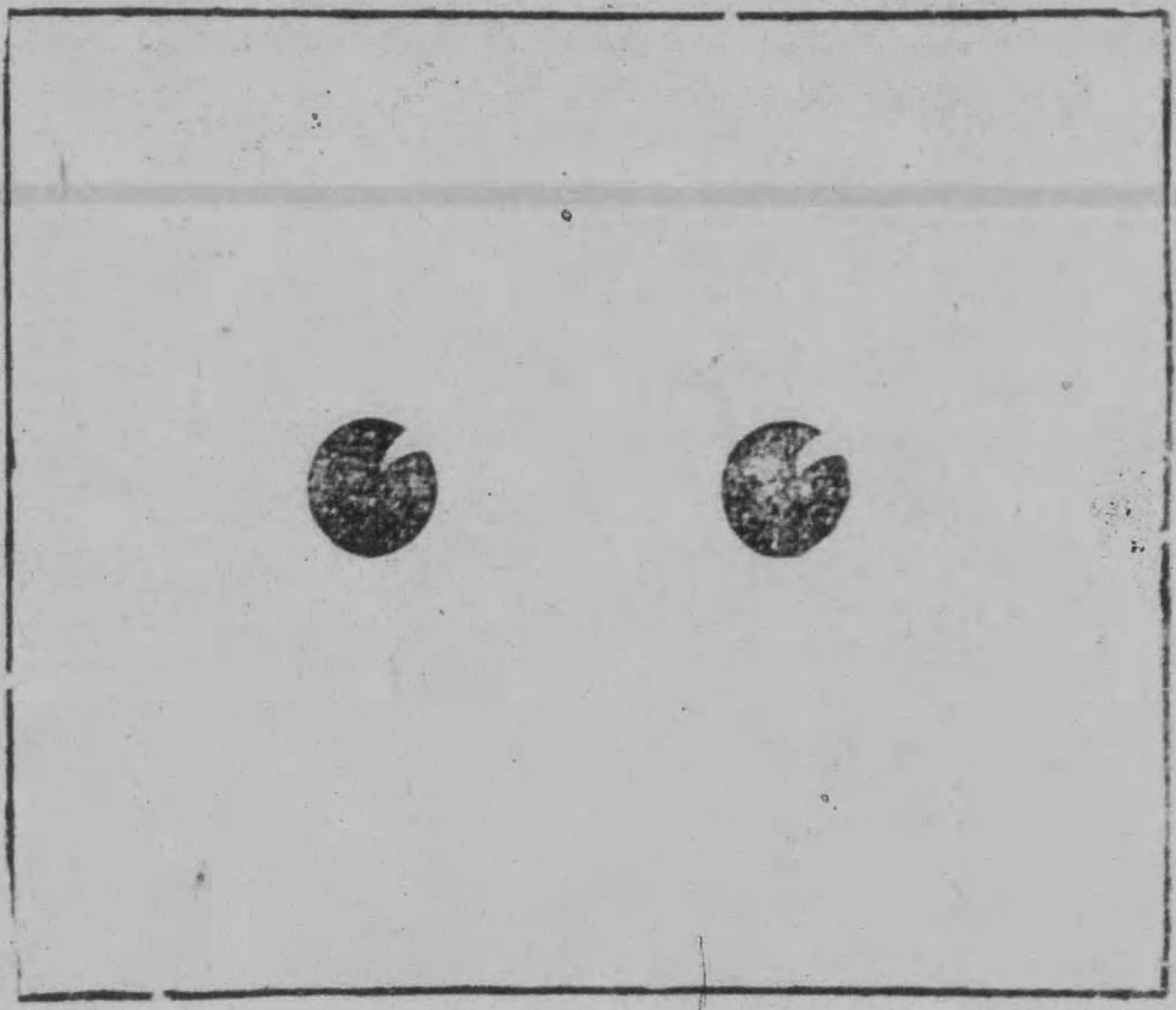
From Cuspidor to Chinaman.

Uncle Ned promised last week to show how a picture of a cuspidor could be transformed by a few strokes of a pencil into a picture of a Chinaman You see it isn't very hard to do—after you know how.

# HAROLD, THE HOBO

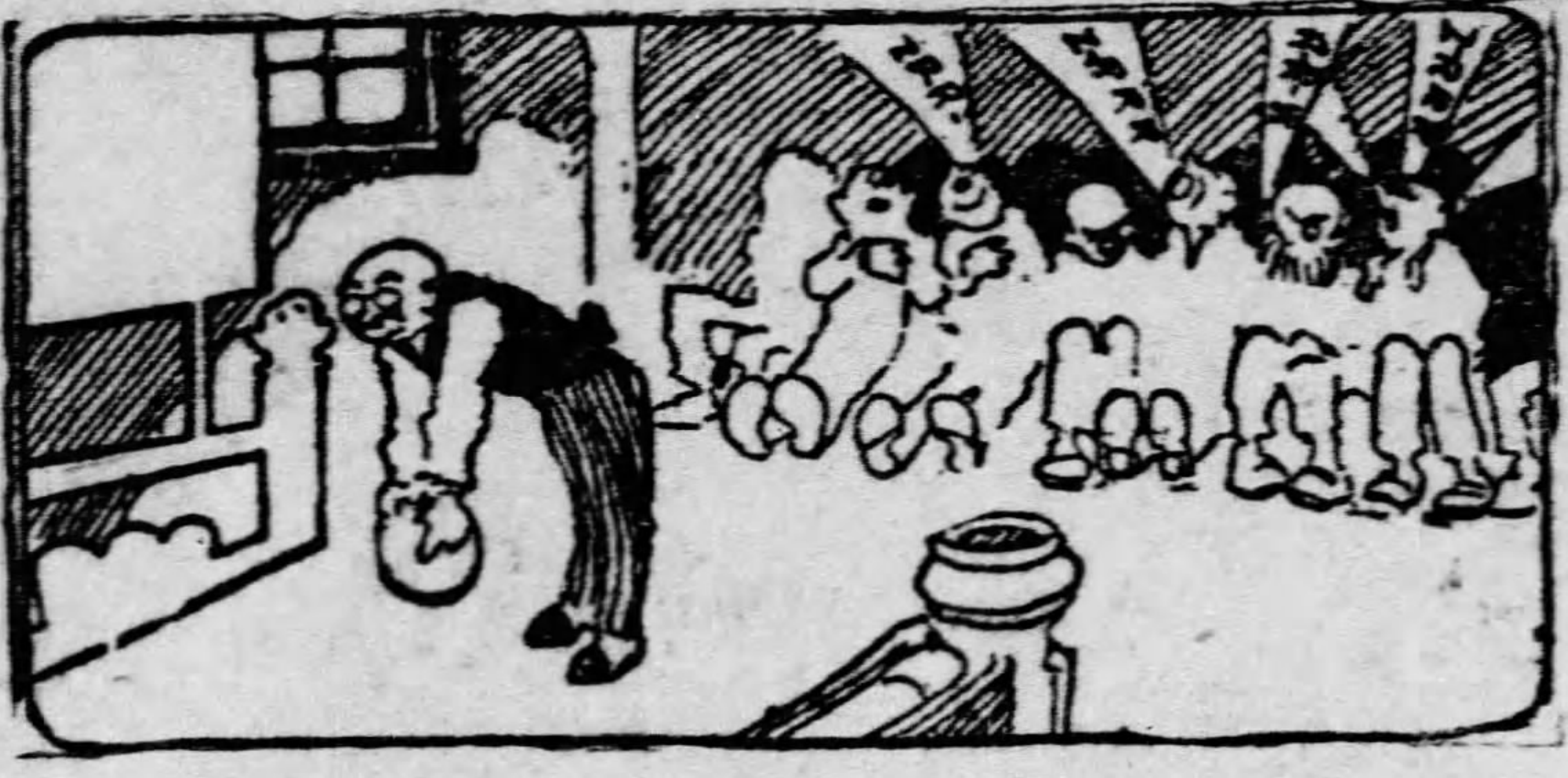


This is Harold the Hobo, who frequently sojourns on Uncle Ned's farm. To see what a very comical individual he is, cut out his picture and paste it on cardboard. Then cut out the ovals for his eyes with a sharp penknife.

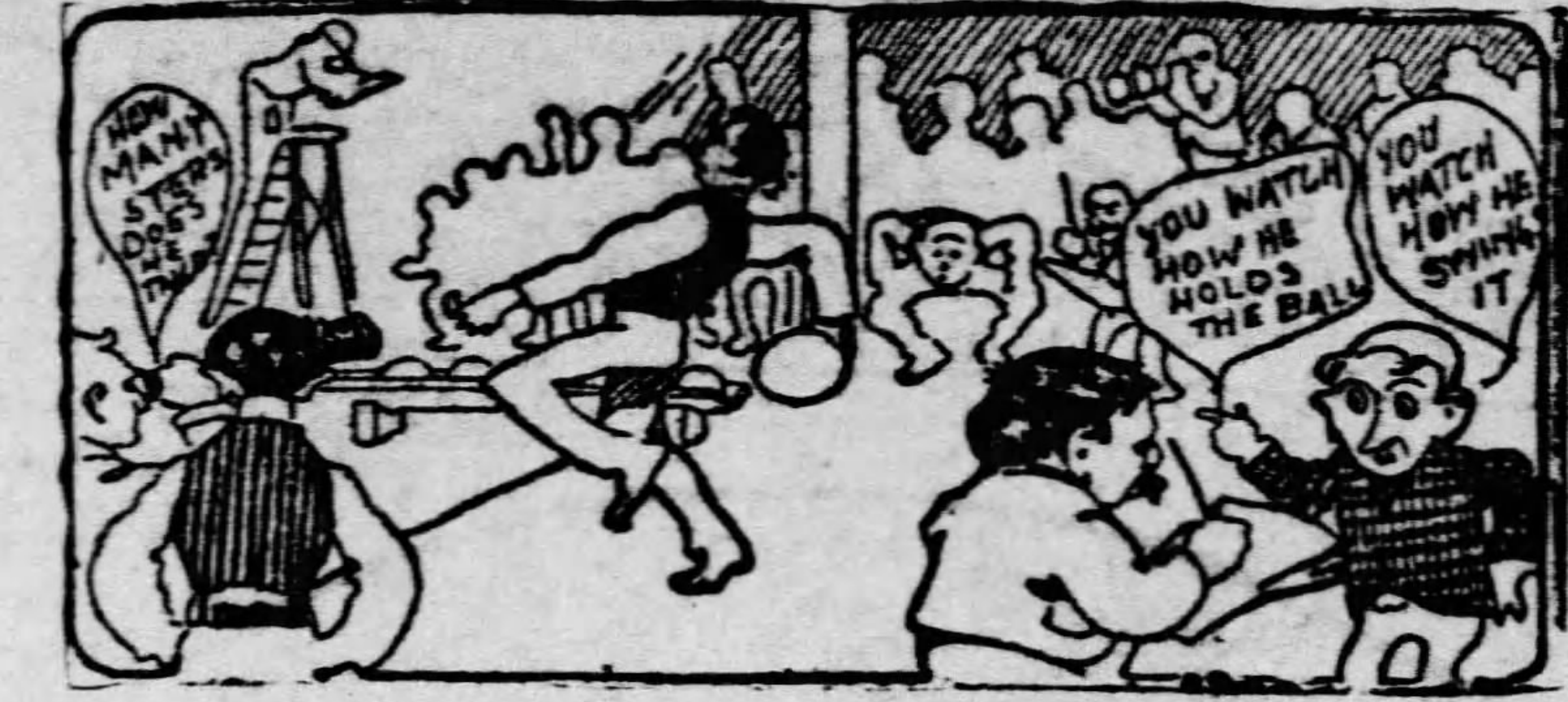


The eye-spots are in the second picture. Cut around the lines inclosing them and paste on cardboard. By moving the eye-spots in different positions behind the open eye-ovals, you can make Harold look at you in the funniest kinds of ways.

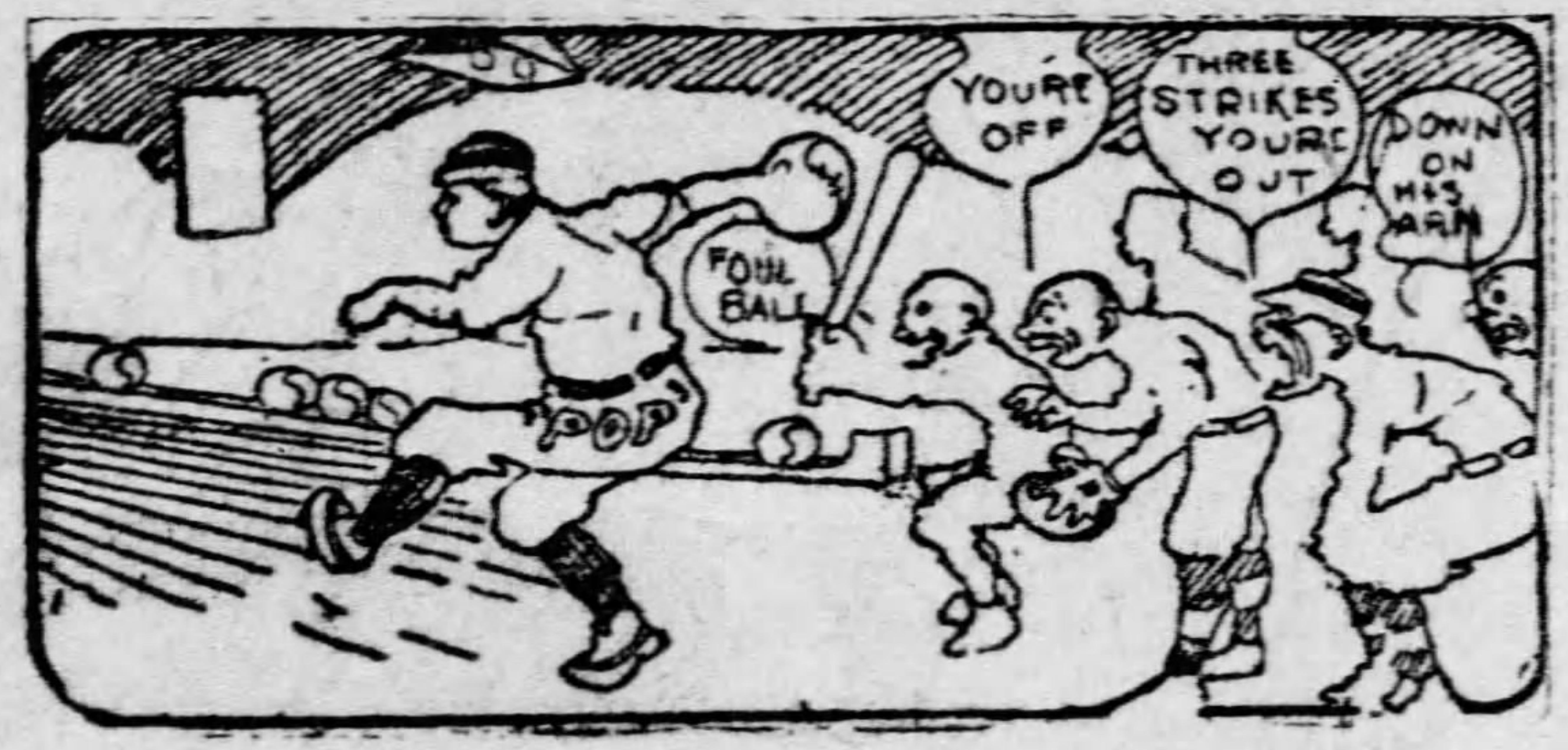
# SOME BOWLING SKETCHES


ZRR-
ZRRR
ZRR

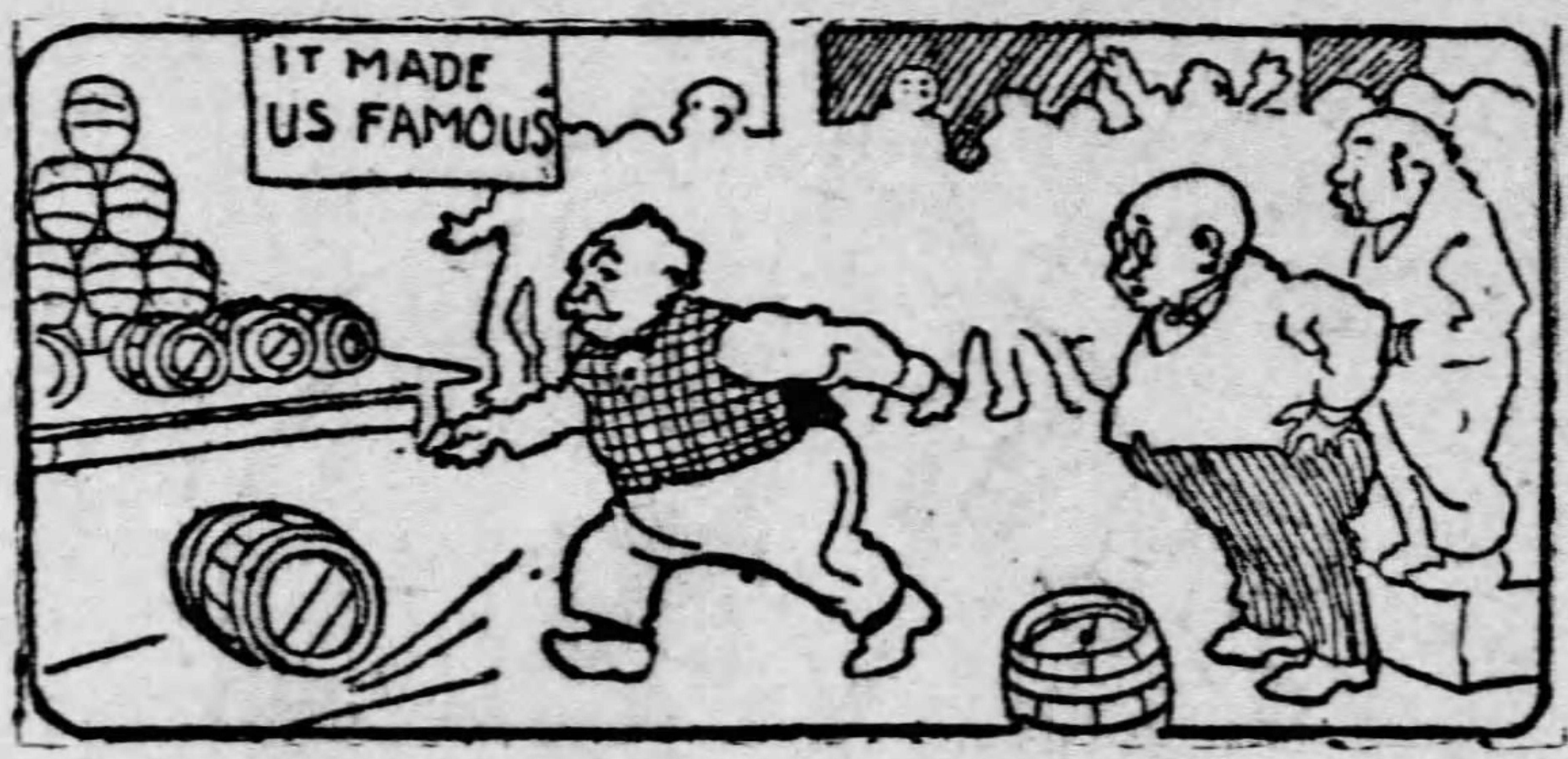
WHEN ANDY YOCKUM BOWLS.


HOW MANY STEPS DOES HE TAKE
YOU WATCH HOW HE HOLDS THE BALL
YOU WATCH HOW HE SWINGS IT

WHEN GRIFFITH GETS BUSY.

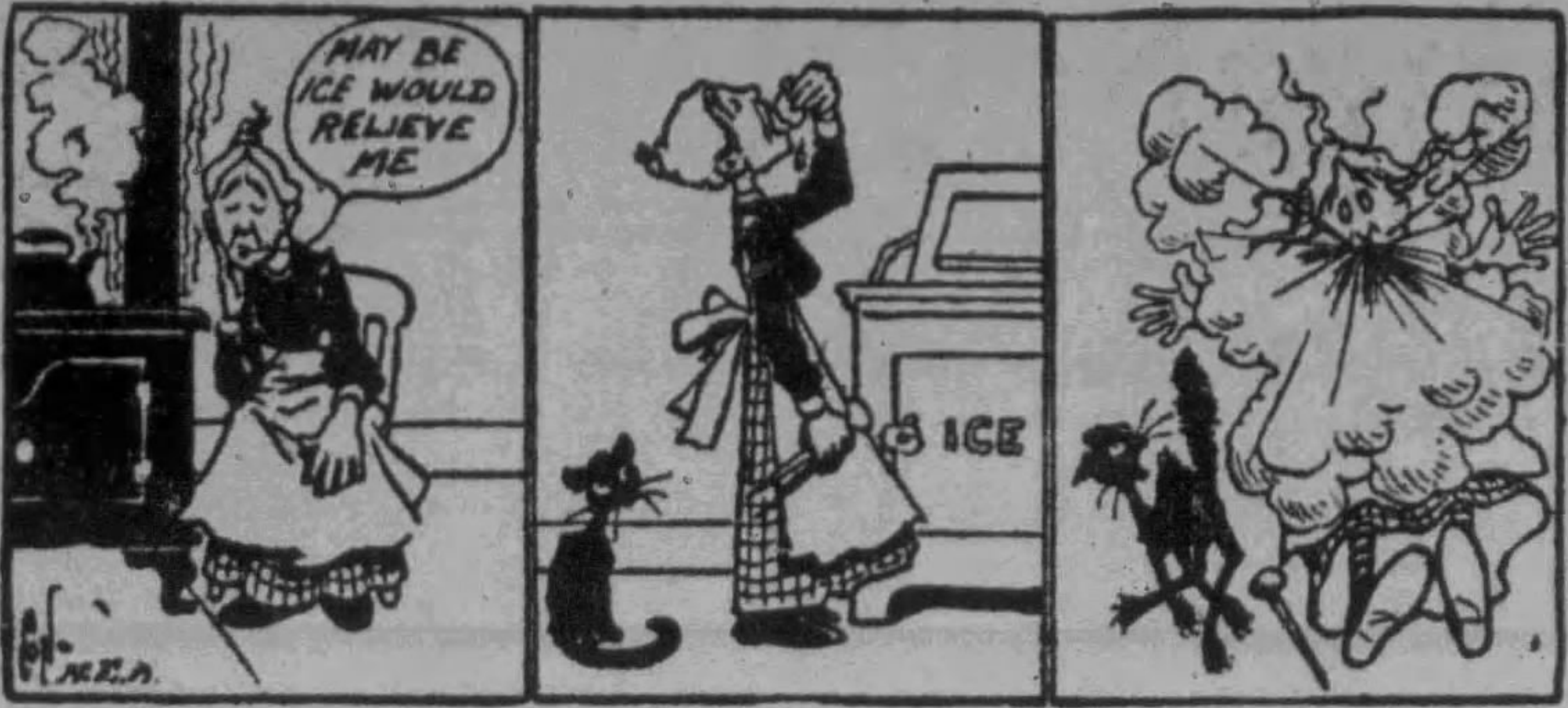

FOUL BALL
YOU'RE OFF
THREE STRIKES YOU'RE OUT
DOWN ON HIS ARM
POP

IN CHICAGO WHEN ANSON BOWLS.


IT MADE US FAMOUS

WHEN MILWAUKEE BOWLS.

# HER FACE EXPLODED


MAY BE ICE WOULD RELIEVE ME
ICE

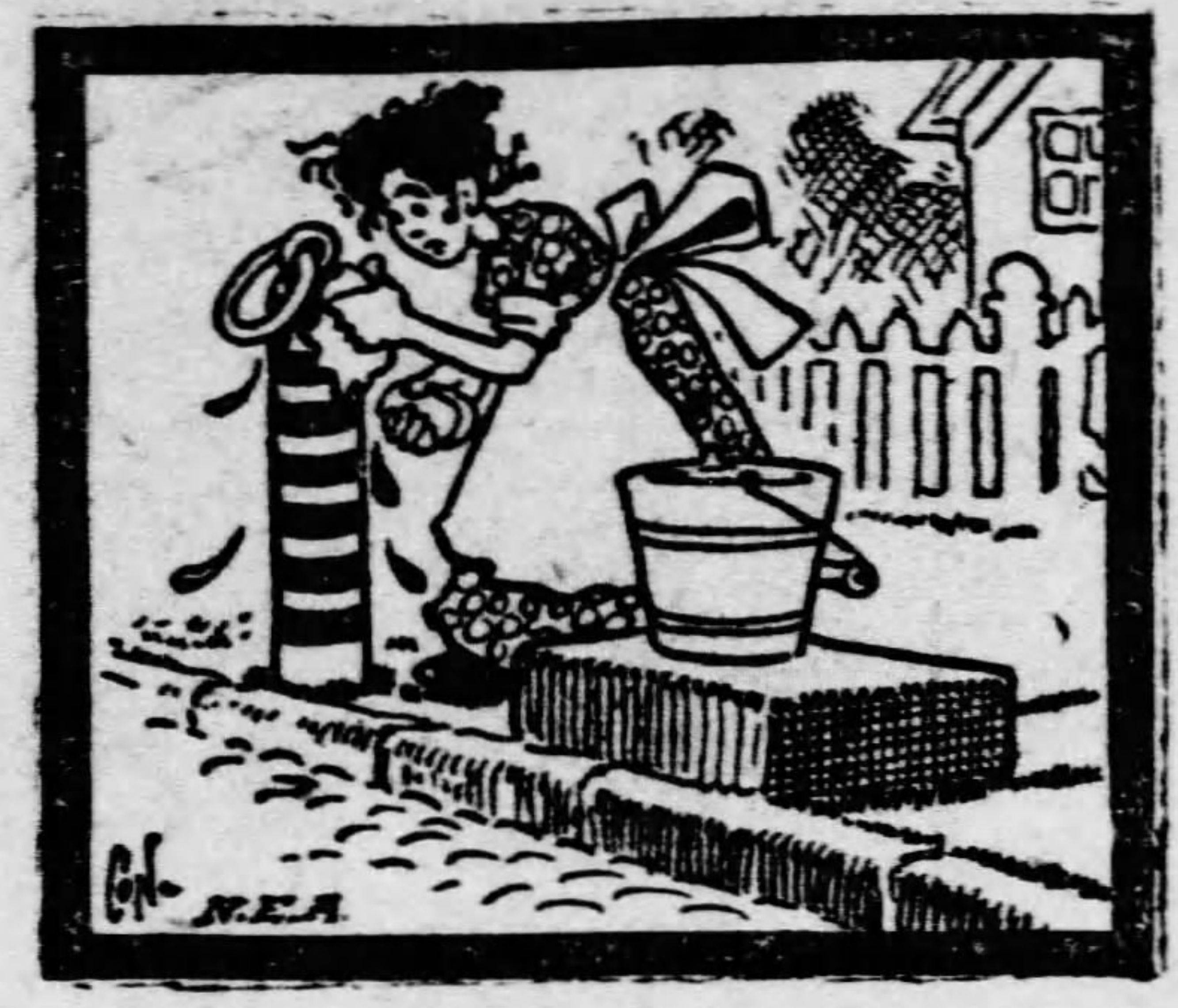
Galveston, Tex.—Mrs. Loren Atwater of this city suffered a serious lacerated mouth and tongue recently from the explosion of her false teeth. She heated her face to relieve neuralgia and then suddenly placed a piece of ice in her mouth. A physician says the sudden change of temperature caused the accident.

# QUEER WILL OF AN OLD LAKE AINSLIE WIDOWER

## Graves of Seven Former Wives Must Be Decorated Each Week and the Hitching Post, With Seven Black Bands, Must Be Kept Clean

Port Hood, C. B. I., January 18—John MacFarlane, the "Lake Ainslie widower," has painted one more room of his house in mourning and has married again. Several neighbors who have seen the room say it is a duplicate of six other rooms, and that the sight of them gives one the creeps.

The new Mrs. MacFarlane, who was Ruth McDonald, daughter of Donald McDonald, is the eighth mistress that has ruled over the house of MacFarlane in the last 40 years.

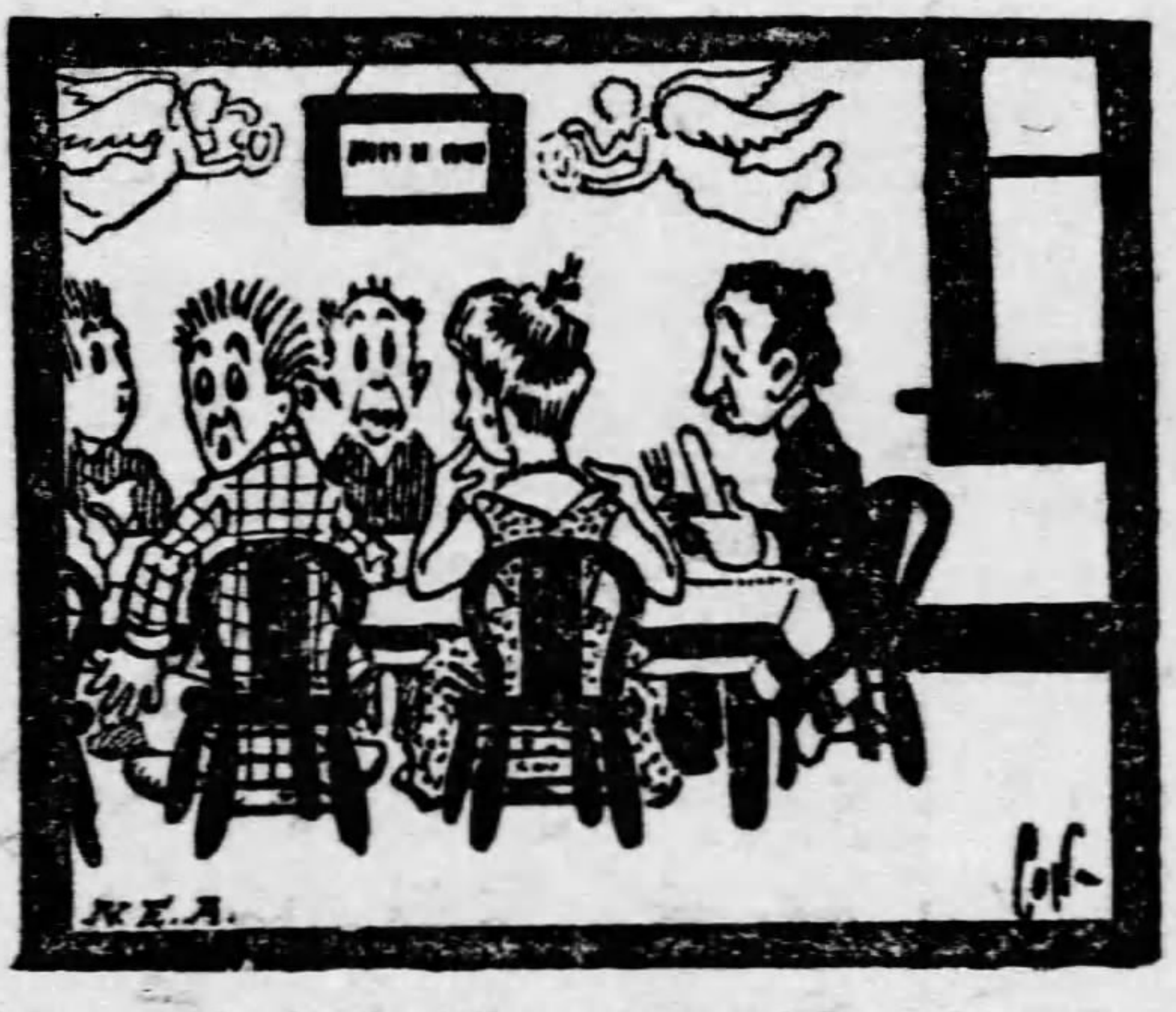


She is 20 years old and pretty. MacFarlane is 61 years old, and handsome only in the size of the check he can sign his name to. The disparity in ages seems to have no dampening effect upon their happiness.

MacFarlane is the oddest character in the Lake Ainslie district, a settlement made up of Scotch Presbyterians. He is rich as riches are accounted there, and has made a good husband to his successive wives, whom he dressed and bonneted to the envy of the rest of the community feminine.

He was married at the age of 20 to Mary McLean and lived happily until the first heir to the house of MacFarlane was born, coincident with the mother's death. He immediately went into deep mourning and remained a recluse until a year from the day his wife died. He celebrated his return to society by inviting all his neighbors to a banquet.

Dinner was served in the death chamber. The walls were papered in pure white and the ceiling was white also. But every bit of woodwork was painted deep black. Six epitaphs adorned the walls and all about were pictures of flying angels. The host attempted to dispel the gloom cast by these surroundings by reciting anecdotes of his departed wife and otherwise making himself entertaining. He made no allusion to or explanation of the decorations.

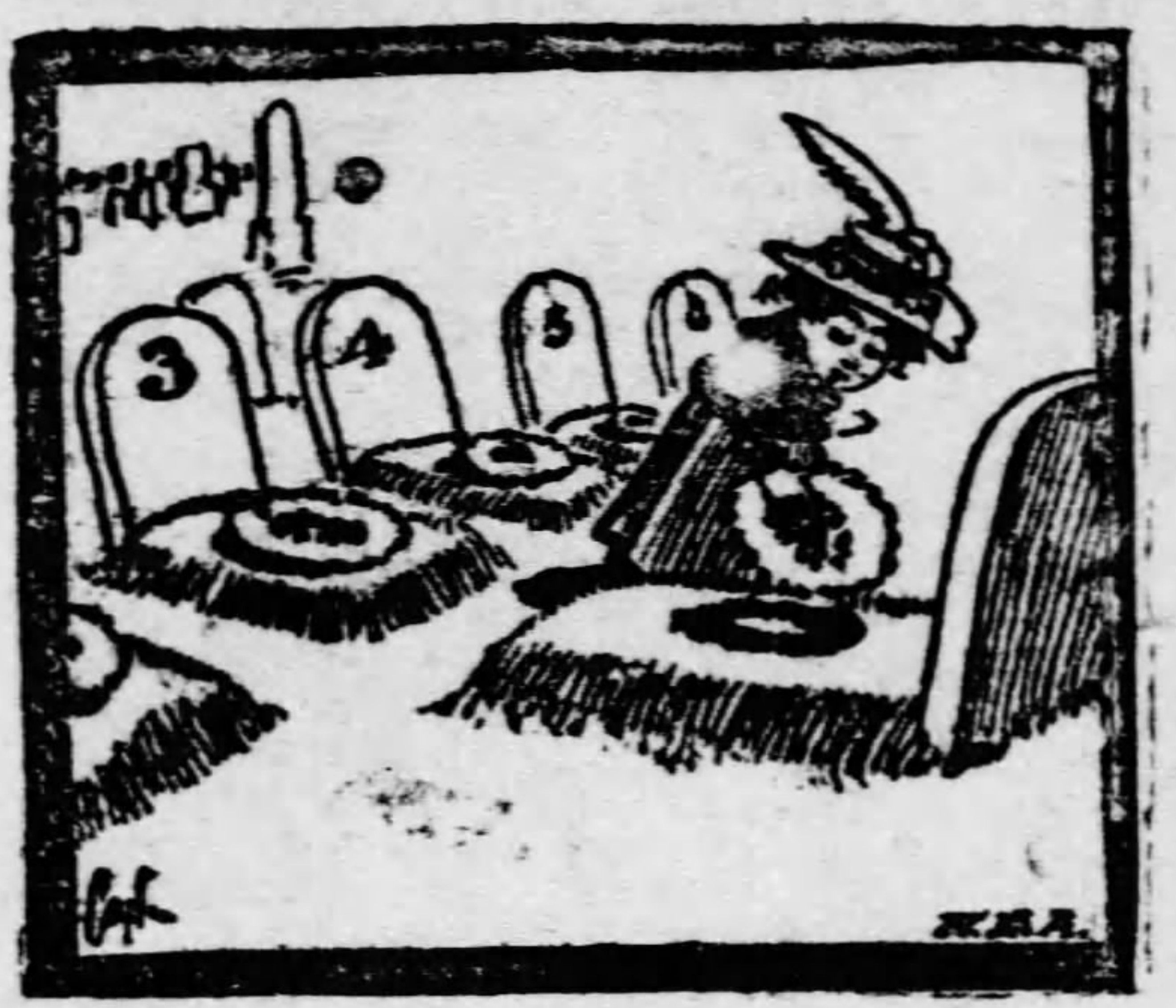


Shortly afterward MacFarlane married Margaret Elfatrick. Prior to the wedding he inquired her to make an oath before a notary public that she never would go into the room his first wife had occupied or refer to her in any way. He took a similar vow. Two months later the second Mrs. MacFarlane met death by trying to row across the lake in a storm.

Again the widower went into seclusion but this time only for six months. Then he gave a second banquet, and his guests were served in a second room decorated after the manner of the first. In addition, however, were menu cards with black borders and bearing hand-sketched tombstones, upon which epitaphs were inscribed. When the guests left the house, after listening to witty stories relating to Mrs. MacFarlane No. 2, they observed that two black stripes had been painted on a white hitching post in front.

MacFarlane married a third time, and for three years his life was commonplace. The third mistress of the house was not required to make oath she would not enter the rooms her predecessors had occupied, but she made a verbal promise to this effect before the wedding. When on a visit in Halifax she died of diphtheria. MacFarlane was so upset he took to his bed.

When he got well he decorated another room in mourning and invited his friends to a strawberry festival. As usual, he ushered his guests into the chamber occupied by the most recently departed. He delivered a funeral oration before a morsel of the dinner was served, and then tried to enliven the evening with more anecdotes. The whole affair was depressing in its tendencies, but the dinner was excellent and the guests, who now had become accustomed to MacFarlane's ways, took things as a matter of course, and when the left looked to see another stripe on the hitching post. They were not disappointed. They were not even jarred when the host offered to marry any of the single women present.



While none accepted the offer then and there, it was not long before MacFarlane was hitched up again. The bride was a girl from Sydney, who hadn't heard of the previous wives. When she reached the house and found three chambers locked, her curiosity got the better of her. She broke into one, and the sight so shocked her that she went home to her mother. While she was taking steps to procure a legal separation she died of pneumonia, and another room in MacFarlane's house was decorated. This was half in black and half in brilliant red, as MacFarlane said the young woman had made but half a wife.

Three other wives followed in fairly rapid succession. Two died natural deaths and the third committed suicide. The memorial room for the latter was decorated with crude pictures of Dante's "Inferno."

This tragedy occurred four years ago. Recently MacFarlane met Miss McDonald at a funeral. Their wedding followed.

Before the ceremony the bride-elect had to make several agreements. She promised:

To decorate each week the graves of her seven predecessors.

To make no reference in conversation to the dead wives.

To see that the hitching post with its seven black hands was kept clean.

To visit once a year some relative of some one of the deceased.

On his part MacFarline promised:

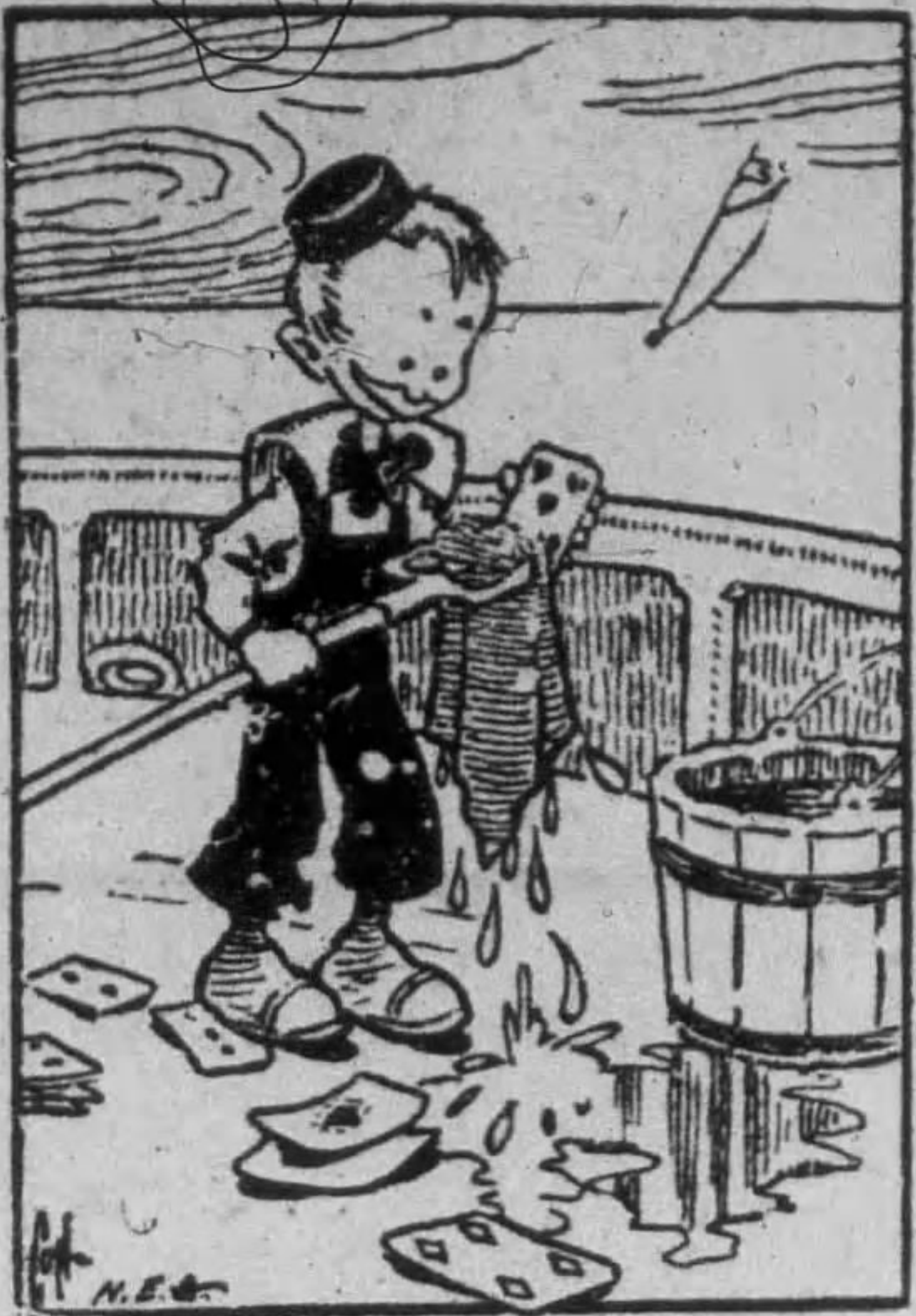
To make his wife his sole heir.

To take her to Boston once a year.

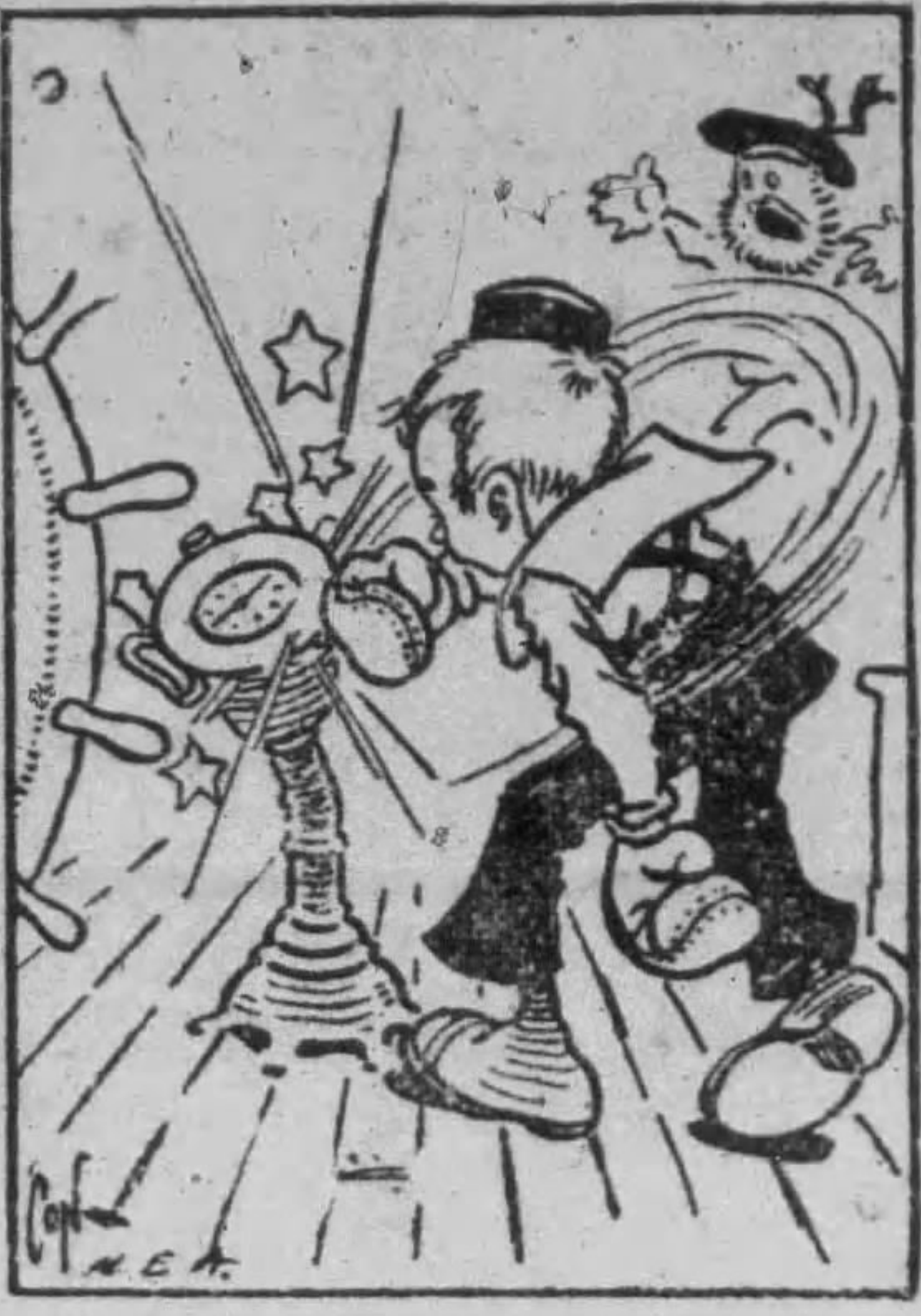
To give up smoking a pipe and to smoke cigars.

To build a seven-room addition to the house.

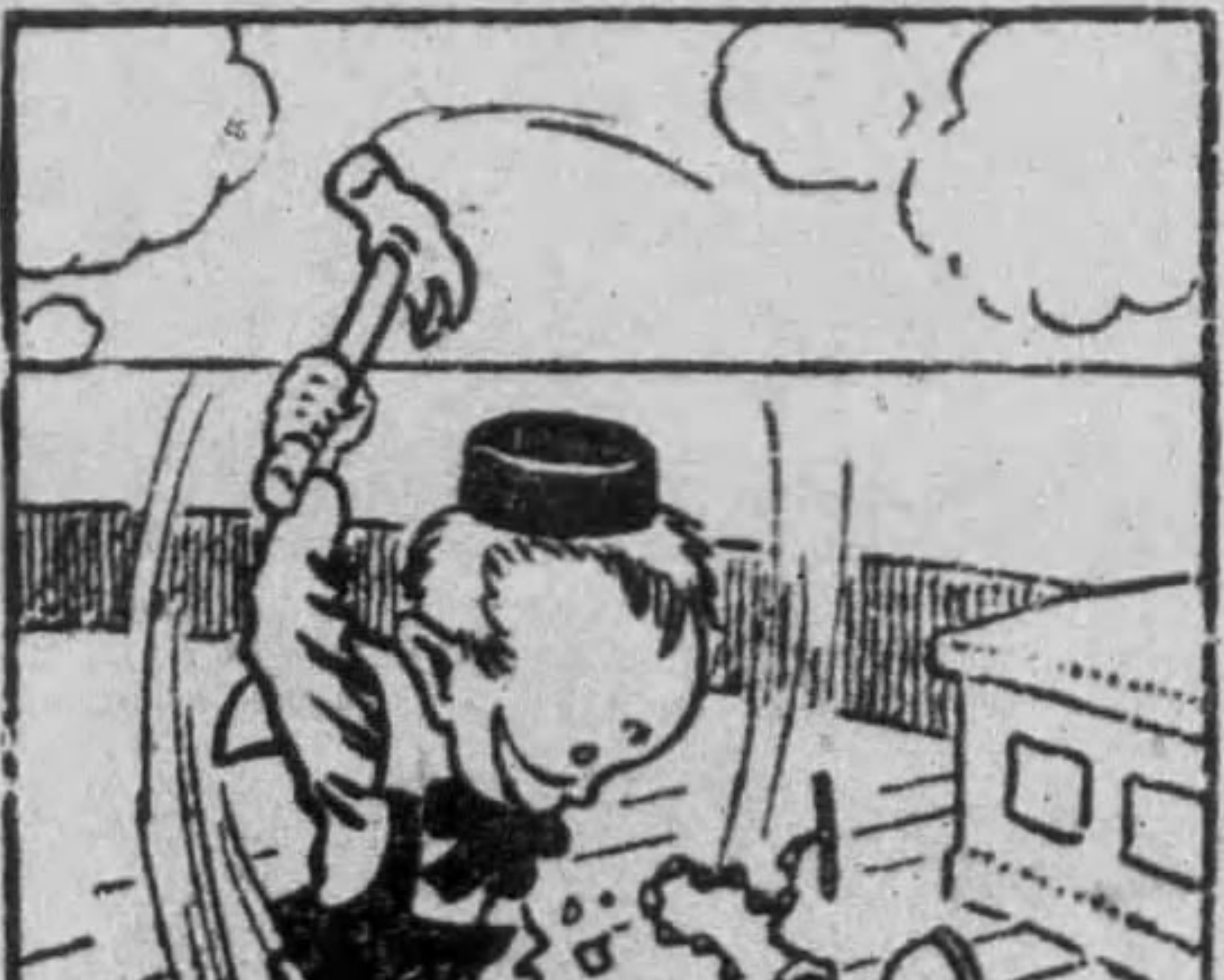
# DUKE MURPHY GOES TO SEA



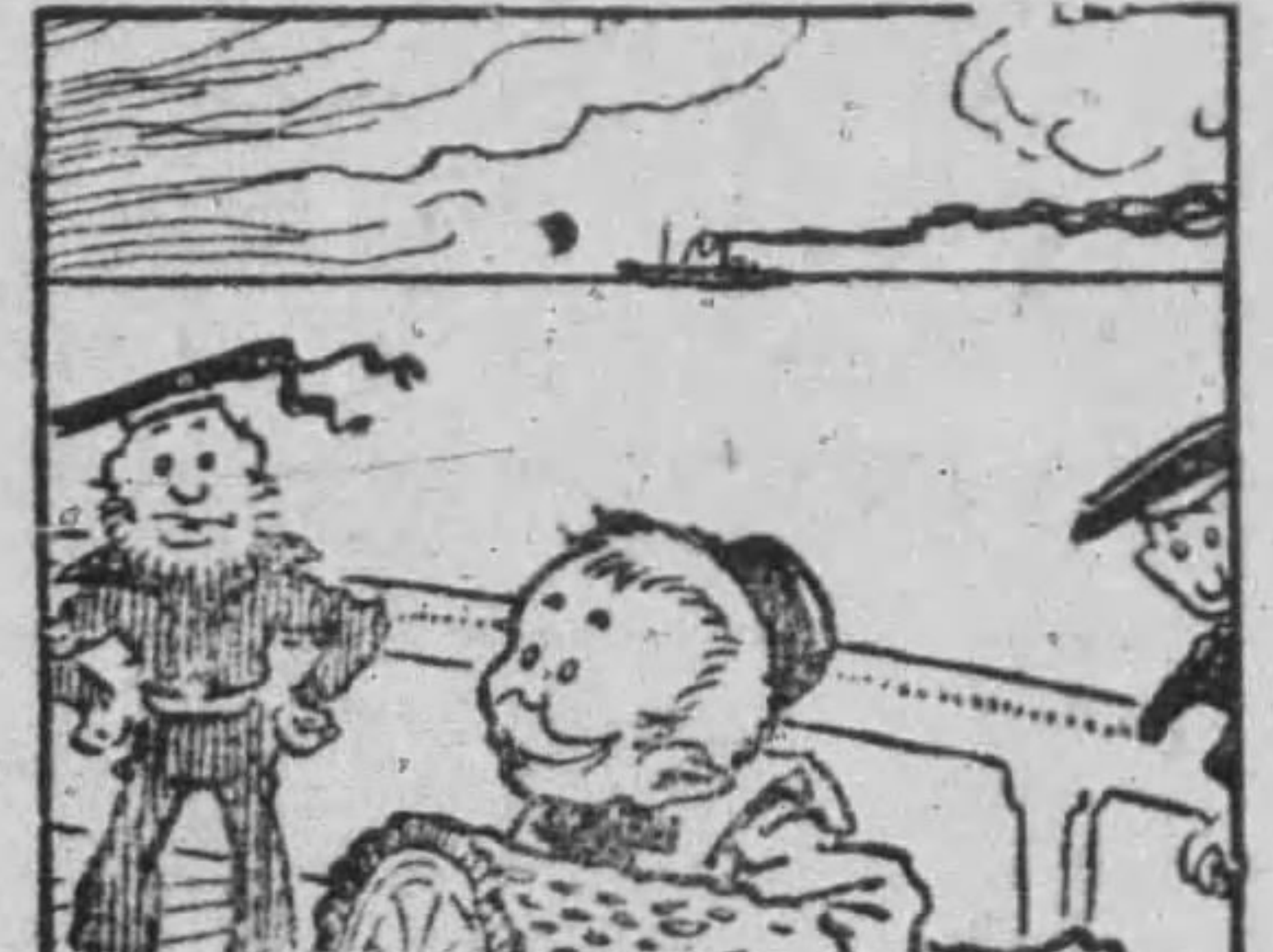
Duke Scrubbed the Decks.



He Liked to Box the Compass.



He Was Busy on the Second Mate's Watch.



The Captain Had Said, "Duke, Bring Me the Log."

# Adventures of the SNOW MAN

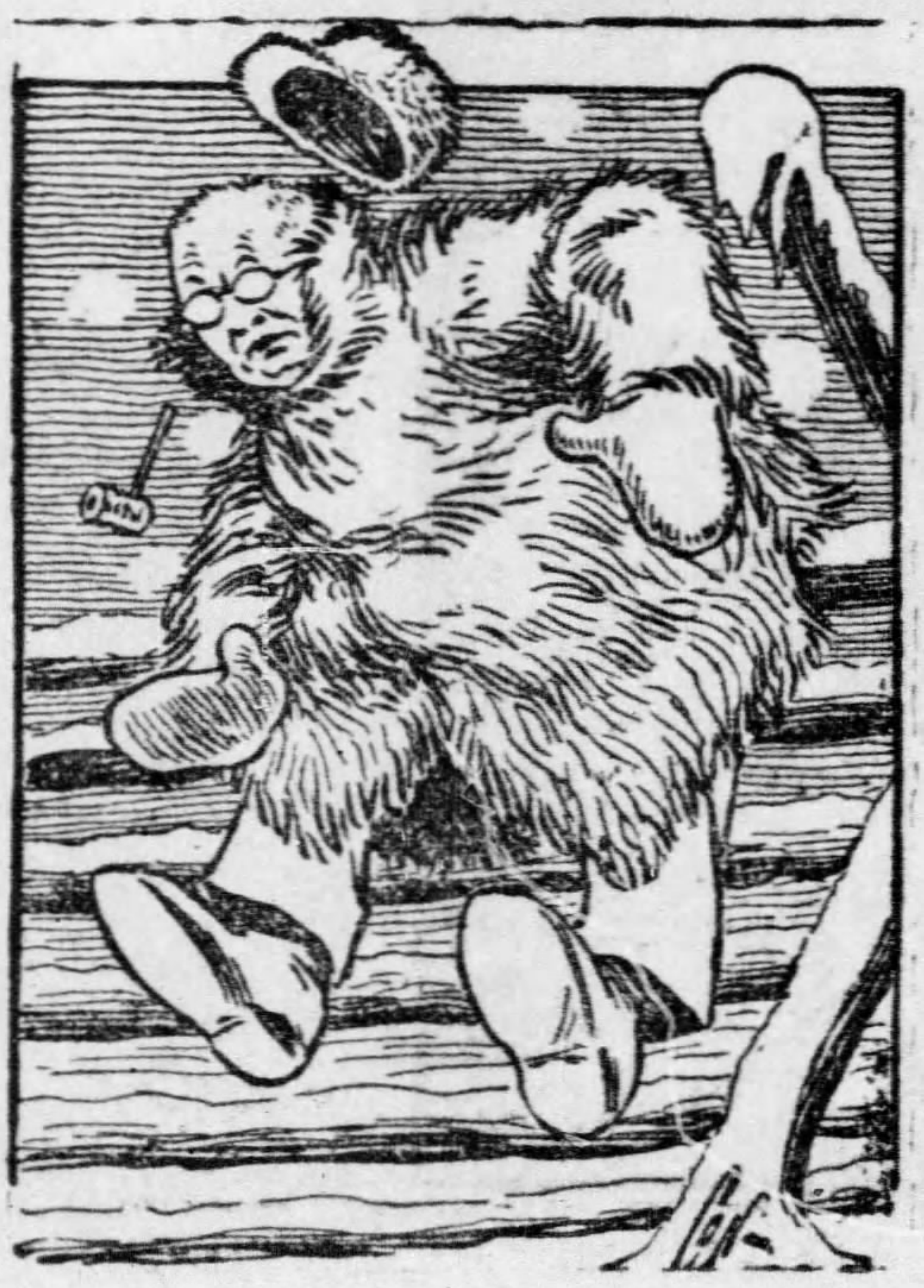
Uncle Ned, on this evening, although the weather conditions did not look opportune, thought he needed a little exercise, and went out strolling in quest of his old friend the Moon.

Of course Uncle Ned put on his overcoat—a real buffalo skin at that—a very rare article to obtain in these days—but an ordinary article of apparel when Uncle Ned was a young man.

At any rate Uncle Ned strolled down the snowy road, and as he strolled, the clouds kept strolling overhead.

"I guess," said Uncle Ned, "that I will not be able to talk with my old friend tonight." And he climbed up and sat on a fence rail and re-lit his old pipe.

Hardly had he been there a minute until he was toppled over as if a catapult had struck him. Poor old Uncle Ned came up from the snowdrift in front of the rail fence, all gasping, and wondering what had happened to him. He couldn't see a thing in the surroundings.



HE WAS TOPPLED OVER.

"I'd like to know," he said, "who put my pipe out?"

"I did," said a voice, which sounded feeble because a wind had come up, "but I never intended it."

So Uncle Ned looked around, but he didn't see a thing.

Eventually—which is a big word, but big words sometimes suit the occasion of a story—but not often—eventually Uncle Ned asked: "Who are you, anyway, and where are you?"

"Oh," said the voice. "I'm the Snow Man that your nephews and nieces put up on the hill today."

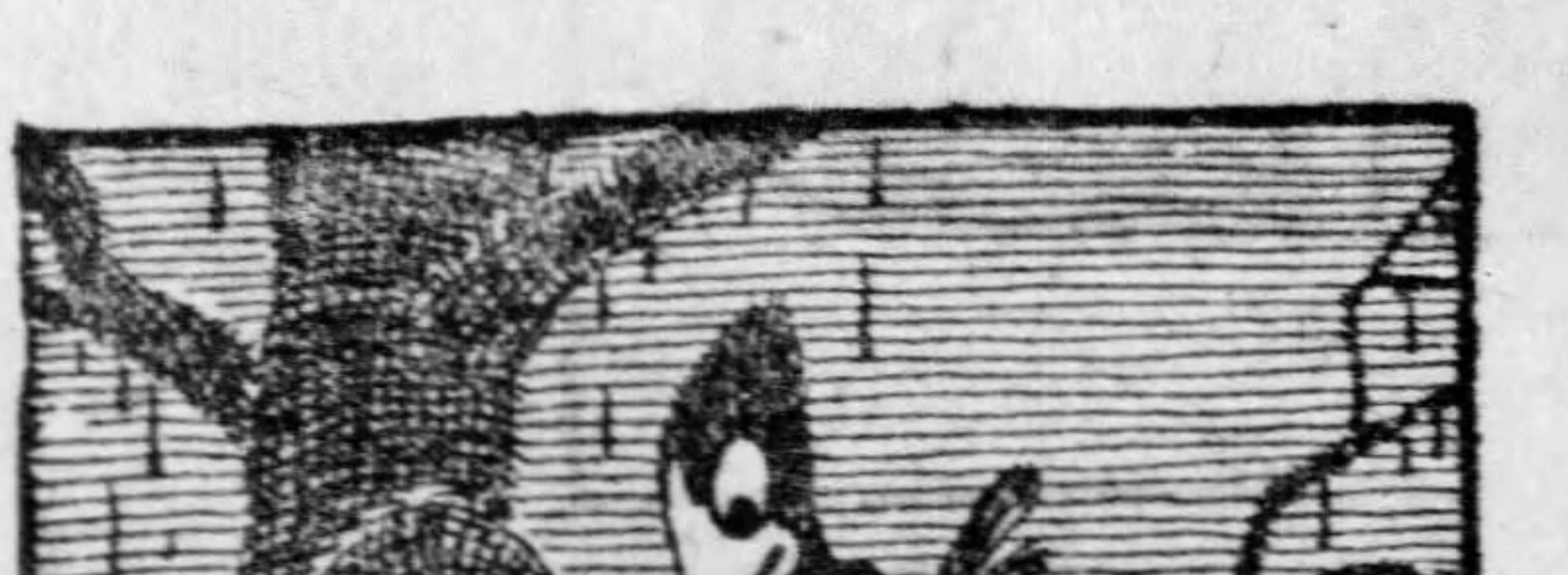
"And what did you come tumbling down on me for?" asked Uncle.

"It wasn't my fault, Uncle," said the Snow Man, "it happened this way: Early this morning the snow stole down from the sky in small particles as pure as the wings of angels. Of course, the particles accumulated, and then came Mary the Oldest, and Jane the Wise, and Johnny the Mathematical, and even Dottie the Littlest, and all their friends, and they rolled me up into one mass of snow, and called me a Snow Man.

"I was kind of proud because I was bigger and whiter and cleaner than any Earth man ever created—but what did they do! They took two pieces of coal and stuck 'em in me for eyes and then they all threw snowballs at me until I was full of warts. Then they all went home to dinner, leaving me such a sight! Wasn't that awful?

"Well, in the afternoon, the Sun came out. It thawed out one my legs. I could not get any shade anywhere. Why those little miscreants didn't come around and build me up again I don't know, but they didn't.

"I had only two weak icicles to stand on, Uncle, when you came along, but they both melted, and, despite my desire, I rolled down the hill and knocked you off the fence. I know you will accept my apologies."



YOU'RE HAVING YOUR TROUBLES.

"Certainly," responded Uncle, "I do accept; it is no fault of yours, and I will see to it that my Nephews and Nieces will reconstruct you and then I'll come out and see you once in a while to keep you from getting lonesome."

Thereupon Uncle Ned refilled his pipe and went home, while the Snow Man complacently went to sleep in a drift.

It was about midnight when the Snow Man woke up with a start. He felt an awful queer sensation, just as if he were fading into nothingness. Splash! splash! splash! distinctly he heard the sound. What was it? In terror he suddenly realized that it was raining!

The drift in which he had slept had almost disappeared, and he was fast going the same way, but being packed so much more solidly he still retained his shape, minus the legs, of course, which the sun had melted.

"What am I going to do now?" groaned the poor Snow Man. "If this keeps up I will soon be all gone and Uncle Ned will never be able to have me put together again. Oh, if I only had an umbrella I might save myself."

The rain kept falling and the Snow Man managed to huddle up to the fence corner, which afforded him some protection, but still he got so wet that when the rain finally ceased, one of his coal eyes had been washed out and the other was pretty loose. The Snow Man was certainly near to the vanishing point.

But as it happened, the rain was really a blessing in disguise, as the night soon grew cold and froze an icy surface over what was left of the Snow Man, and securely attached his remaining coal eye. And then when a wind came up it rolled him under the fence and way down the road until he came to a stop under a tree at the roadside. It was lucky he didn't break.

"You're having your troubles like me," said a voice up in the tree.

The Snow Man looked up with his one eye and saw perched on the icy branches a shivering Tid-Bit Bird. "Yes," continued the Tid-Bit Bird, "I've been frozen and soaked and I'm nearly starved, and if you were anything else but ice and snow I'd have to take a peck at you."

Just then another voice came from the bare bushes at the side. "Yes, and if you come down from the tree I'll take a peck at you."

"Oh, ho!" said the Tid-Bit Bird, laughing dismally, "that's old Reddy the Fox, but he can't catch me."

"Seeing that we are all in trouble," said the Snow Man, "I think it would be a good idea for us to try and help each other, and Mr. Fox, if you will kindly push me away from this tree which is digging into my side, I would appreciate it."

So the Fox pushed the Snow Man out in the road, although he sniffed at him to see if there was anything possible to eat inside of him.

The Snow Man rested easier in the center of the road, but it would have been much better had he remained near the tree, for just then came a sound down the road of horses' hoofs and a rumbling vehicle.

"Oh, mercy me!" exclaimed the Snow Man. "I'm done for now for sure. That's Uncle Ned's man coming home from town, and he'll run right over me. Please, Mr. Fox, roll me back to the tree!"

But the Fox had gone far away.

On came the horses, closer and closer and closer, until the beat of their hoofs were only a few feet from the Snow Man. There seemed to be no hope for him at all, but just as everything appeared to be at a finish for him the Tid-Bit Bird called out from the tree: "Don't move and I will save you!"

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## WE AIN'T A-SCARIT O' PA.

Us boys ain't scairt o' pa so much,
He only makes a noise,
An' says he never did see such
Onmanageable boys.
But when ma looks around I see
Just somethin' long an' flat,
An' always make a point to be
Some better after that.

Pa promises an' promises,
But never does a thing:
But what ma says she does she does,
An' when I go to bring
Her slipper or her hair brush when
She says she'll dust my pants,
I think I could be better then
If I had one more chance.

Pa always says nex' time 'at he
Will have a word to say,
But ma she is more apt to be
A-doin' right away;
Pa turns around at us an' glares
As fierce as he can look,
But when we're out of sight, upstairs,
He goes back to his book.

Ma doesn't glare as much as pa,
Or make as big a fuss,
But what she says is law is law,
And when she speaks to us
She's lookin' carelessly around
F'r somethin' long an' flat,
And when we notice it, we're bound
To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' pa at all,
Although he thinks we are;
But when we hear ma come an' call,
No difference how far
We are away, we answer quick,
An' tell her where we're at,
When she stoops down an' starts to pick
Up somethin' long an' flat!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

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## A NIGHT SHADOW.

Sing low in the night, sing low,
Sweet bird of the folded wing!
On thy far-off hill where the black pines grow
And mountains their shadows fling,
While the night dews fall and the dim stars shine,
Thou in thy shadow and I in mine.

It was flaming dawn of a day,
And the face of my love was fair,
And her kiss like the nectarous dew that lay
In the heart of the bellrose rare;
And the skies were blue and the days were long,
And we loved and lingered and knew no wrong.

That ever the heart should cry
Or the moon grow dark in the West!
For they that are fair in the face must die,
And those we love most and best.
There is dust in the urn and the skies are lead,
And I cannot hear the voice of my dead.

Sing low on thy far-off hill,
Sad bird of the slumbrous note!
Sing soft thy song, till my spirit thrill
Like the plaint in thy crooning throat.
There are left but the stars on us both to shine,
Thou in thy shadow and I in mine.

—W. C. Stiles in Criterion.

# CORBETT GAVE FITZ HIS START

## "Gentleman Jim" Secured Cornishman His First Bout in This Country

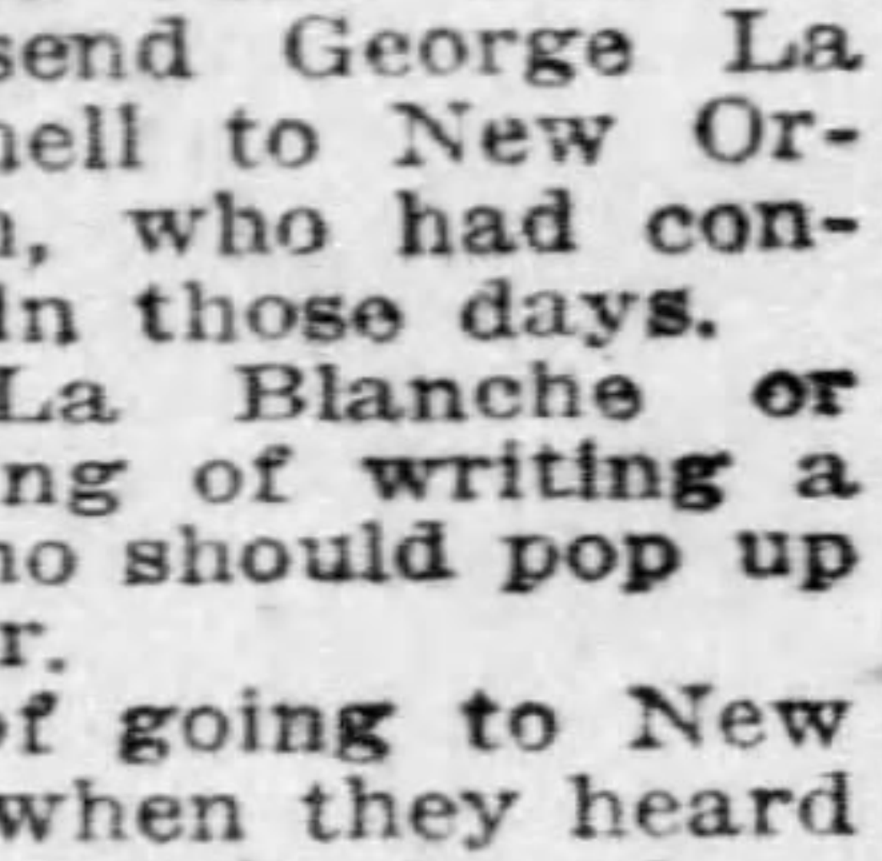
## RUBY ROBERT SHOWED REMARKABLE POWERS.

### CORBETT ALSO GAVE CHAMPION JIM JEFFRIES HIS INITIAL CHANCE.

## COLORED MEN FADING AWAY.

### BY JAMES J. CORBETT.

I see by reports in the daily papers that Fitz is on the warpath and must have a fight. Every time I read anything about the great Cornishman I think of the day he arrived in this country from Australia.



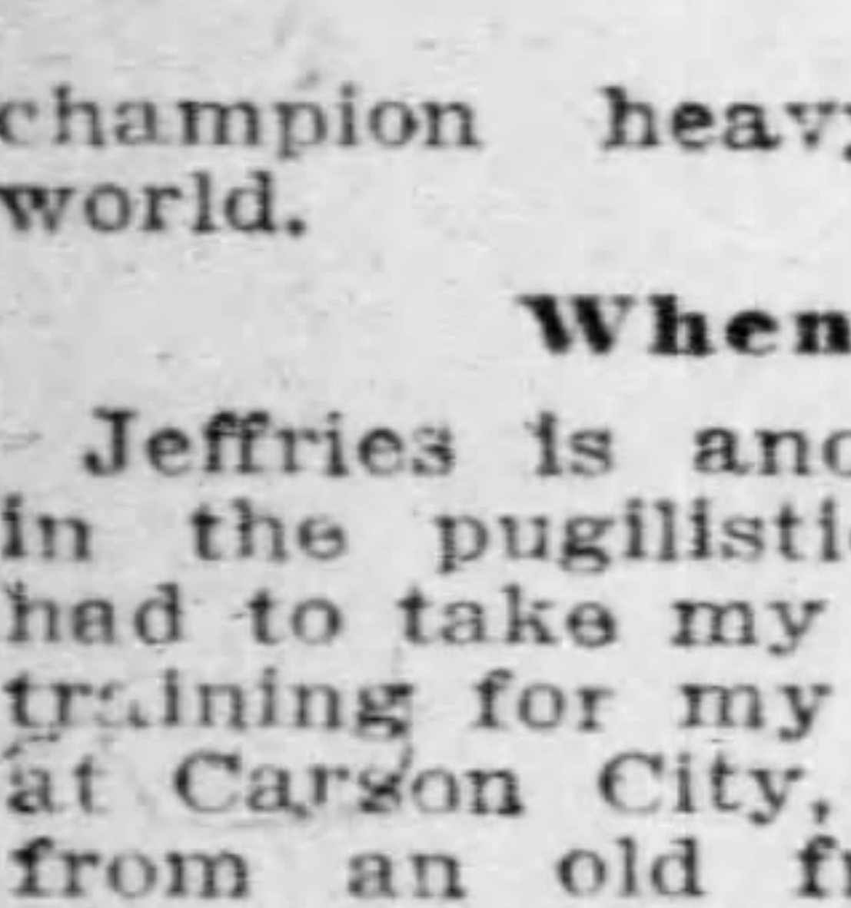
I happened to be one of the first men Bob ran across in the fighting game, and his pleasant manners interested me in his future really more than his looks did.

Shortly after our first meeting I received a letter from Bat Galvin, a New Orleans promoter whom I had met when in the Louisiana metropolis preparing for my six-round battle with Jake Kilrain. Galvin wanted me to send George La Blanche or Young Mitchell to New Orleans to fight Art Upton, who had considerable of a following in those days.

I cared littlo about La Blanche or Mitchell, and was thinking of writing a letter to Galvin, when who should pop up but Fitz and his manager.

I put the proposition of going to New Orleans up to them, and when they heard that a $2,000 purse was in it for them they immediately said they would accept.

I wired. Galvin that neither Young Mitchell or La Blanche were available, but that I had discovered another middleweight who would surely give his man Upton a good battle. I received a telegram at once saying for Fitz and his manager to leave for New Orleans on the first train.

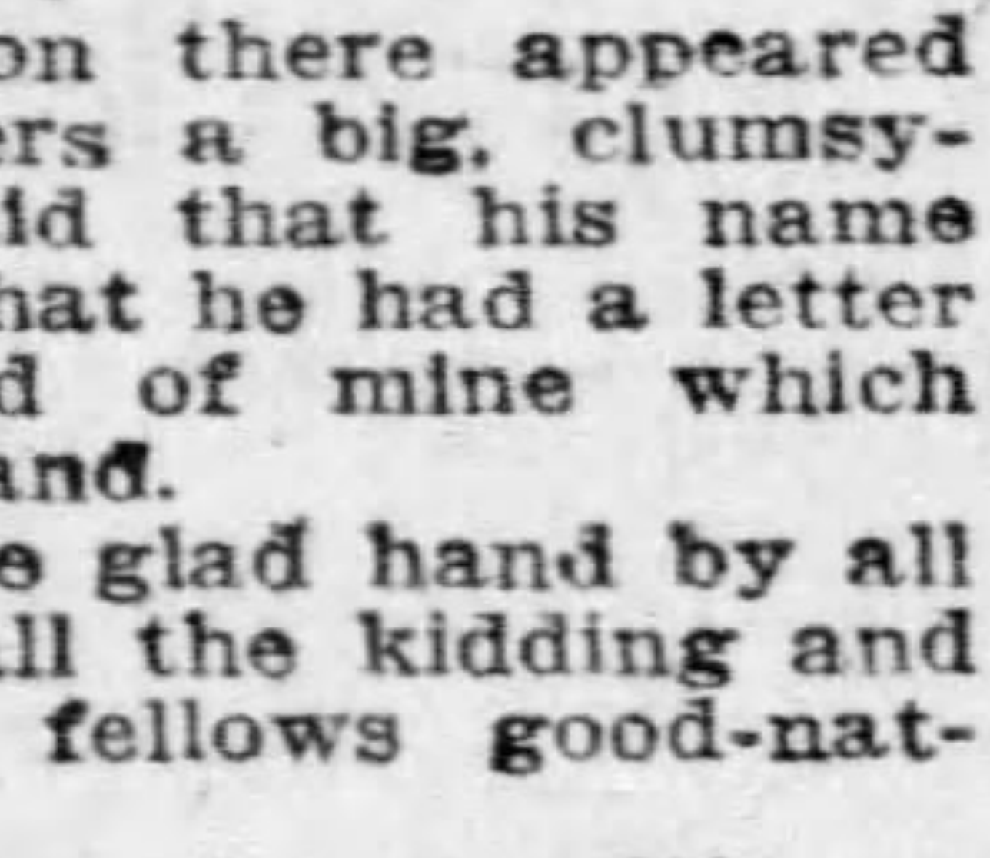


There were a lot of men in New Orleans who liked the looks of the lanky Cornishman, and when he stepped into the ring with Upton he carried a lot of money. Fitz proved at once that he was a great fighter, and to this day I guess no one has doubted it.

This start I gave the Cornishman was the beginning of the ending of myself as the champion heavyweight fighter of the world.

**When Jeff Started.**

Jeffries is another man I started out in the pugilistic game and afterwards had to take my hat off to. It was while training for my battle with Fitzsimmons at Carson City, that I received a letter from an old friend at San Francisco, De Witt Van Court, asking me if I needed a sparring partner. I didn't, but the recommendation of Van Court was enough to assure me that I could not make a mistake by bringing on the big fellow.

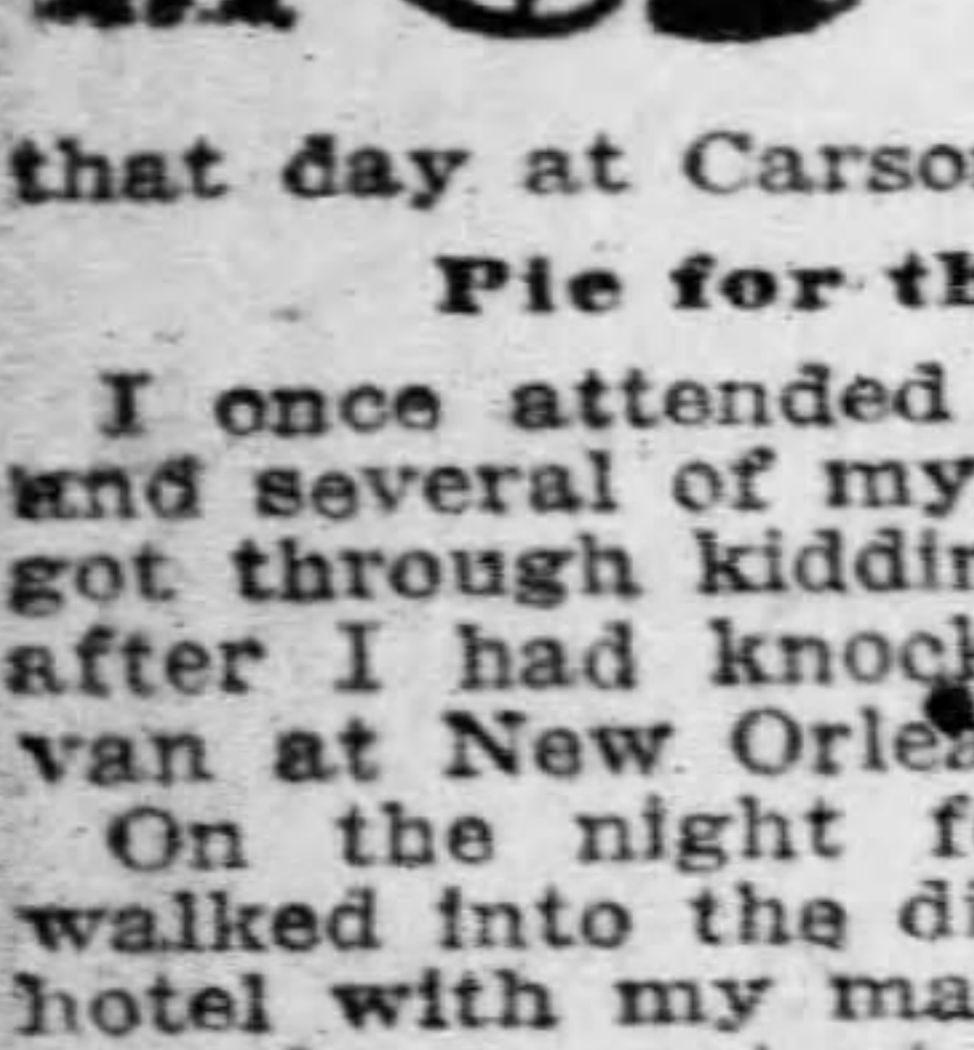


One Sunday afternoon there appeared at my training quarters a big, clumsy-looking chap, who said that his name was Jim Jeffries and that he had a letter from a 'Frisco friend of mine which would explain his errand.

Jeffries was given the glad hand by all my friends and took all the kidding and joshing of the other fellows good-naturedly.

He would put on the gloves with me any time I wanted to, and always took all the punching that I could give him in an ordinary workout without flinching a particle.

When I faced Fitz Jeff was behind me, and you can bet he was getting pointers from Fitz that afterwards meant a lot to him. The sporting world knows well the outcome of that battle, but few at that time thought the big clumsy fellow in my corner would develop so rapidly into the great ring champion he is today.

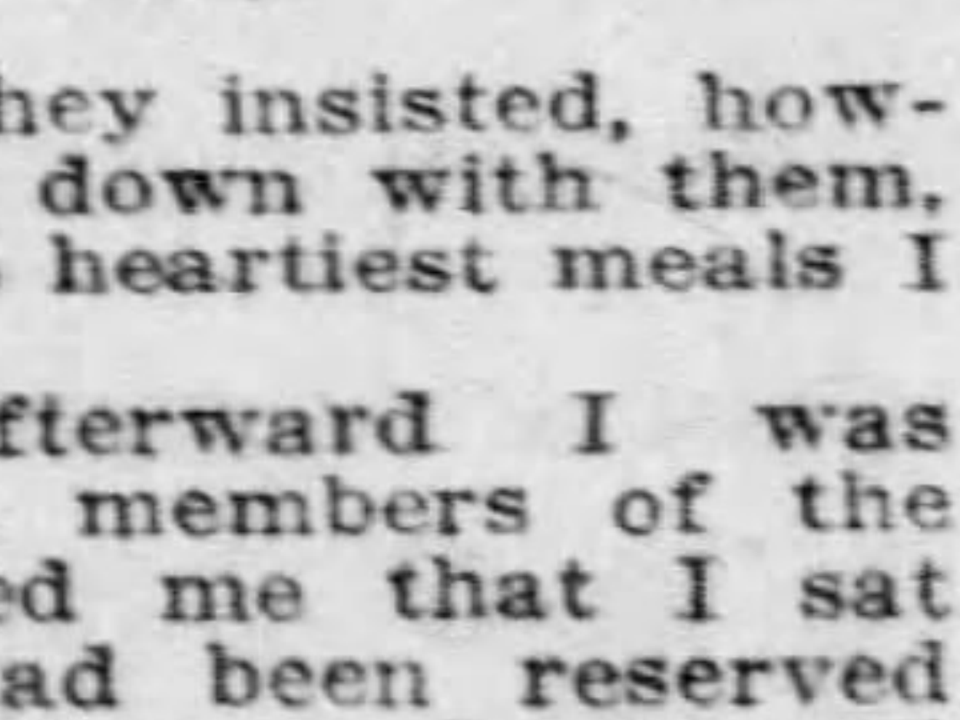


The resolution made and expressed openly that night, that he would some day take the honor that Fitz had taken from me, was realized at New York a few years later. I sat not an inch farther away from him when he did it than he sat from that day at Carson City.

**Pie for the Conqueror.**

I once attended a banquet by mistake and several of my intimate friends never got through kidding me about it. It was after I had knocked out John L. Sullivan at New Orleans.

On the night following the battle I walked into the dining room of a leading hotel with my manager. We were going to take a seat at a small table and talk over plans, when I noticed a group of famous sporting men at a big table in the other corner of the room. They called me over and wanted to know if I would take a seat at their table. I informed them that I had my manager with me and that we were going to talk over plans while dining. They insisted, however, and finally I sat down with them, and enjoyed one of the heartiest meals I ever partook of.



About two weeks afterward I was talking to one of the members of the party, and he informed me that I sat in the chair that had been reserved for John . Sullivan. They had figured that he couldn't lose the battle to me and wanted to give him a feast. But the unexpected happened and Sullivan didn't show up. Had I known at that time that I was occupying the chair that had been intended for Sullivan I might not have felt so welcome.

**Dusky Boys Scarce.**

Colored fighters are slowly fading away in the face of race prejudice and it now seems to be only a question of time until the dark-skinned ring exponent will be a thing of the past. Father Time is grabbing them one by one, and they are scarcer each year.

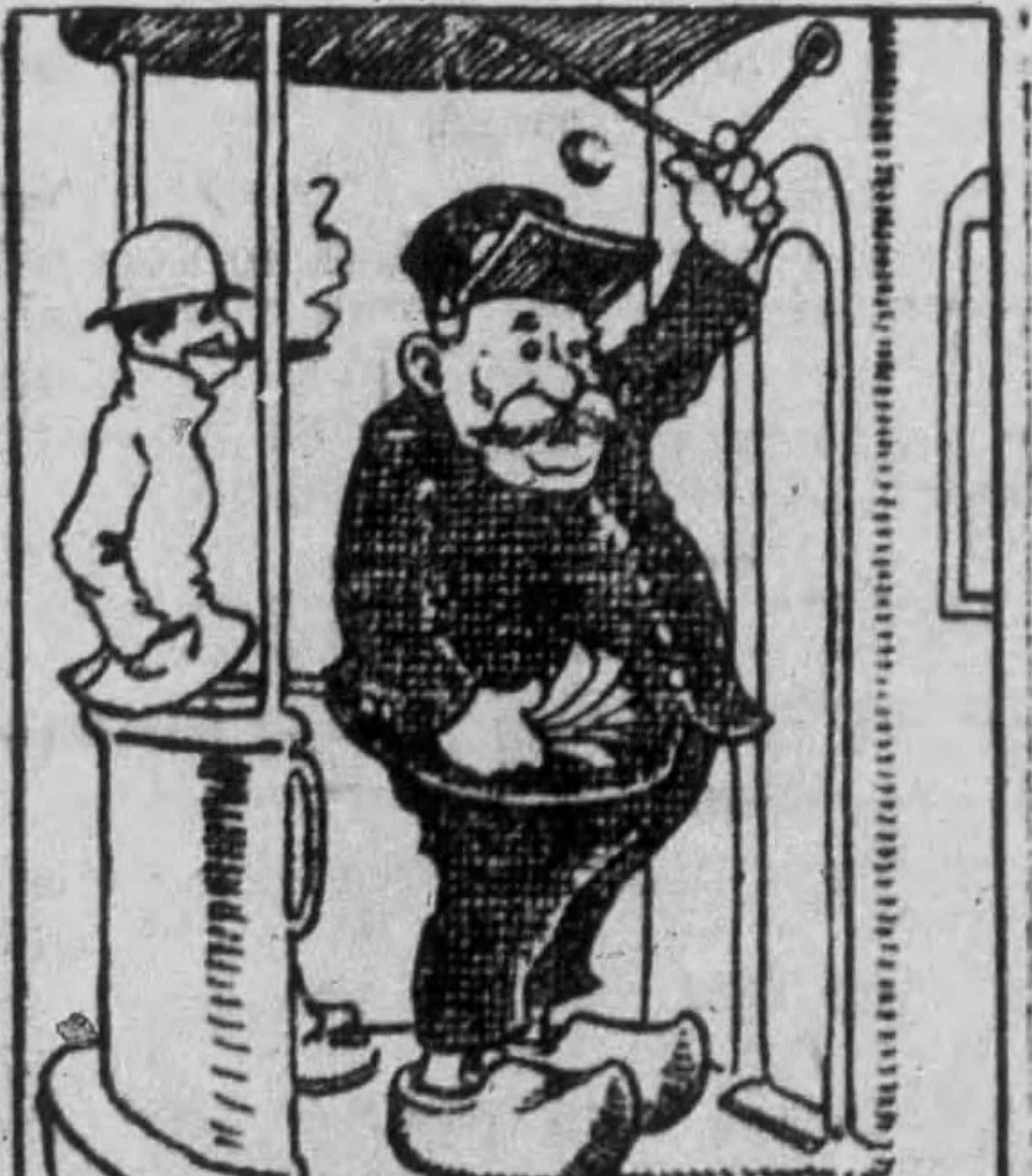
Go back a decade and you will find the colored man very much in evidence. There were Peter Jackson, Joe Wolott and the great little George Dixon, all top-notchers. Then Godfrey and Gans could hold their own with the best of them. The color line was scarcely talked of, and ability was recognized above everything else. The colored men were given a chance.

The fact that at present there are so few places where fighting is permitted, may also be partially responsible for the lack of colored fighters.

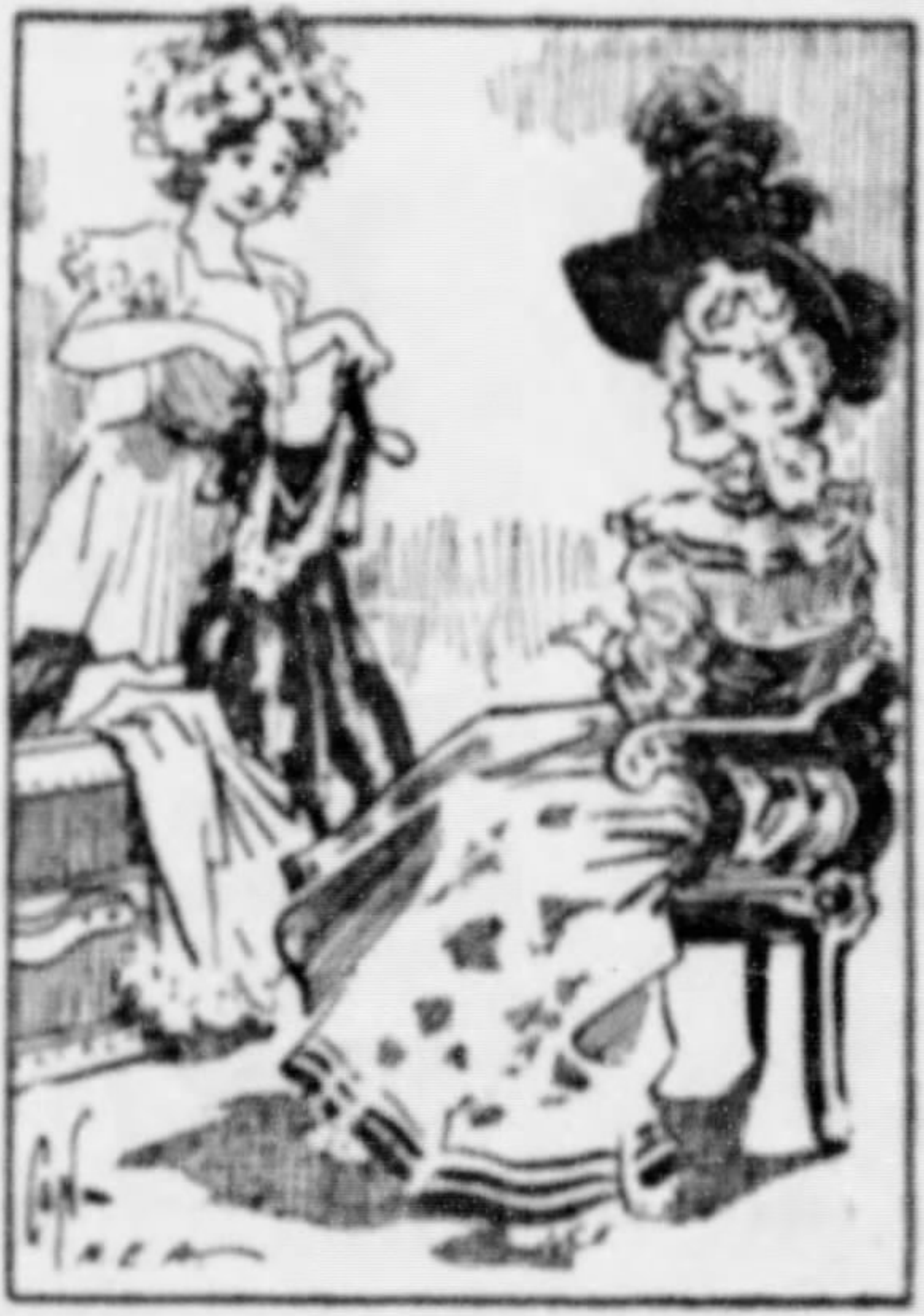
Fewer are developed, and those that [illegible] attained prominence and are being forced into the background are offering little encouragement to their brothers.

Joe Wolcott is the last of the dark-skinned champions to pass into oblivion. Gans is practically down and out as the result of his battle with Britt. With the exception of Johnson, there is not a colored sail on the pugilistic horizon. Jeff draws the color line, and the only colored man in the world who has even a chance to try for the title is denied the right.

## Musical Note.



MANY OF OUR CONDUCTORS ARE FROM EUROPE.



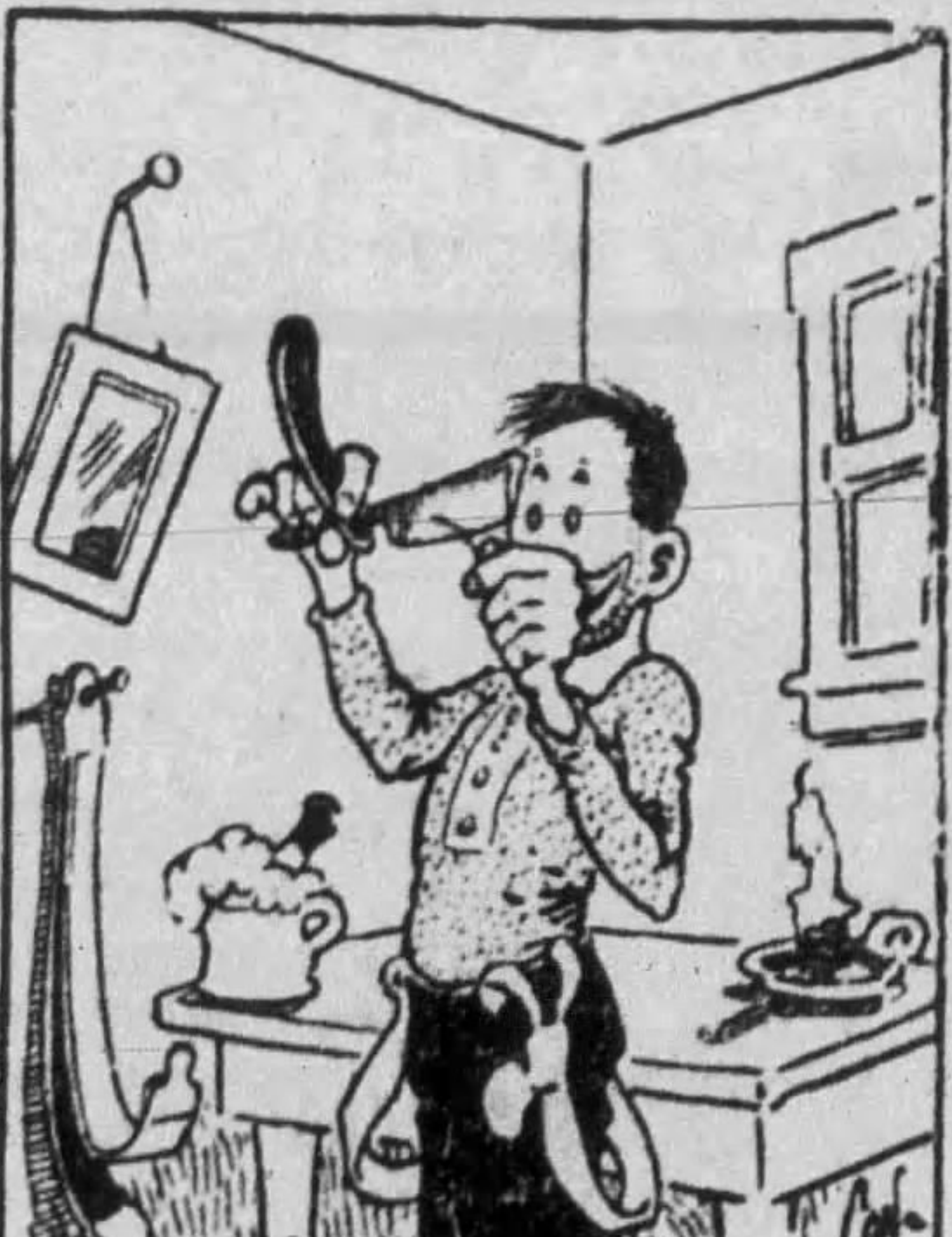
"Why—how—have you ever had the courage to wear that one in public?"

"Of course, I have. It's by far the handsomest gown of all."

"But didn't the people think it was immodest?"

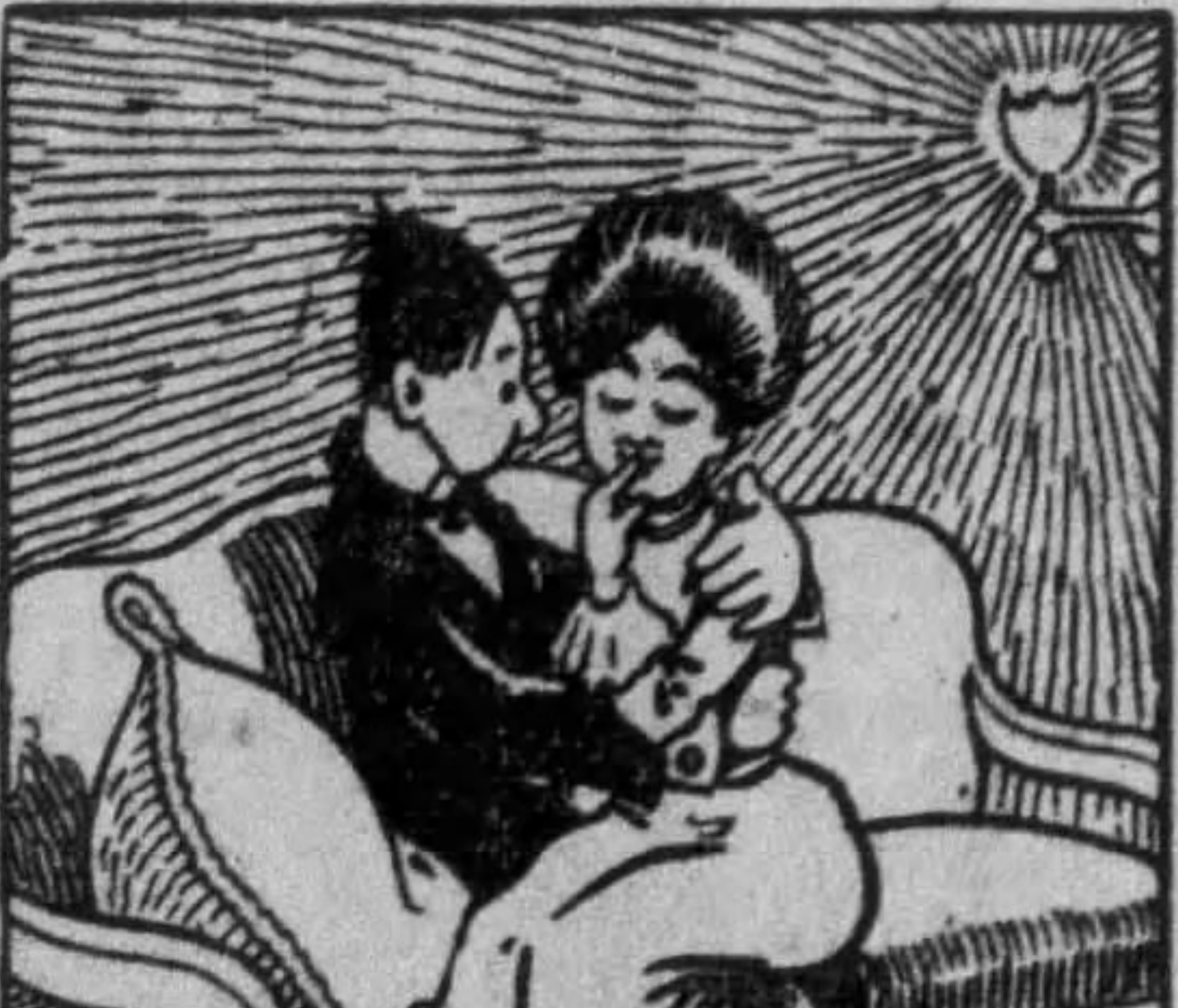
"No, they didn't seem to. But then I must admit I never wore it except to a charity ball."

# A New Cutter.



Charles Birney sports a fine new cutter.—Cadiz (O.) Democrat.

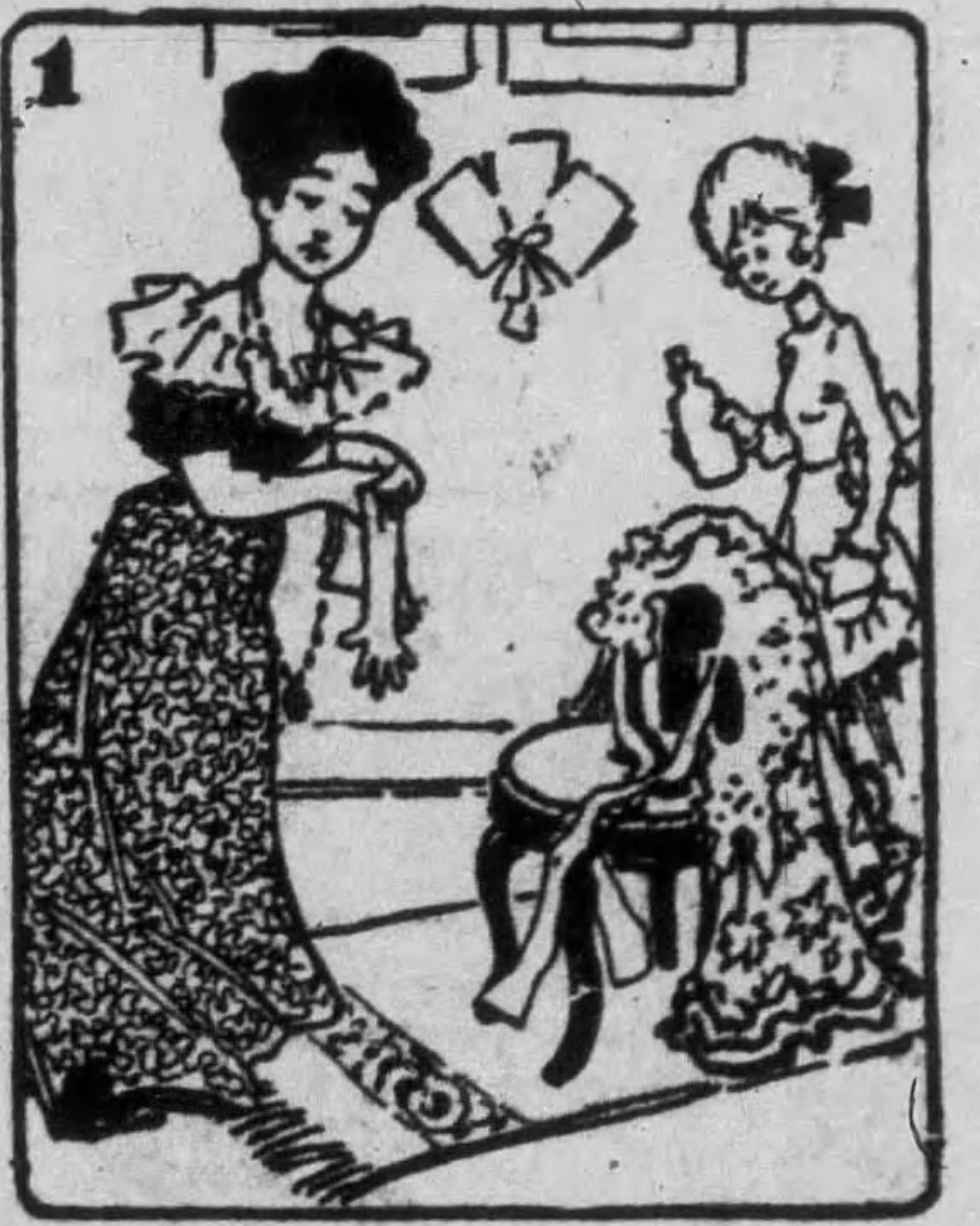
# NO DOUBT ABOUT IT



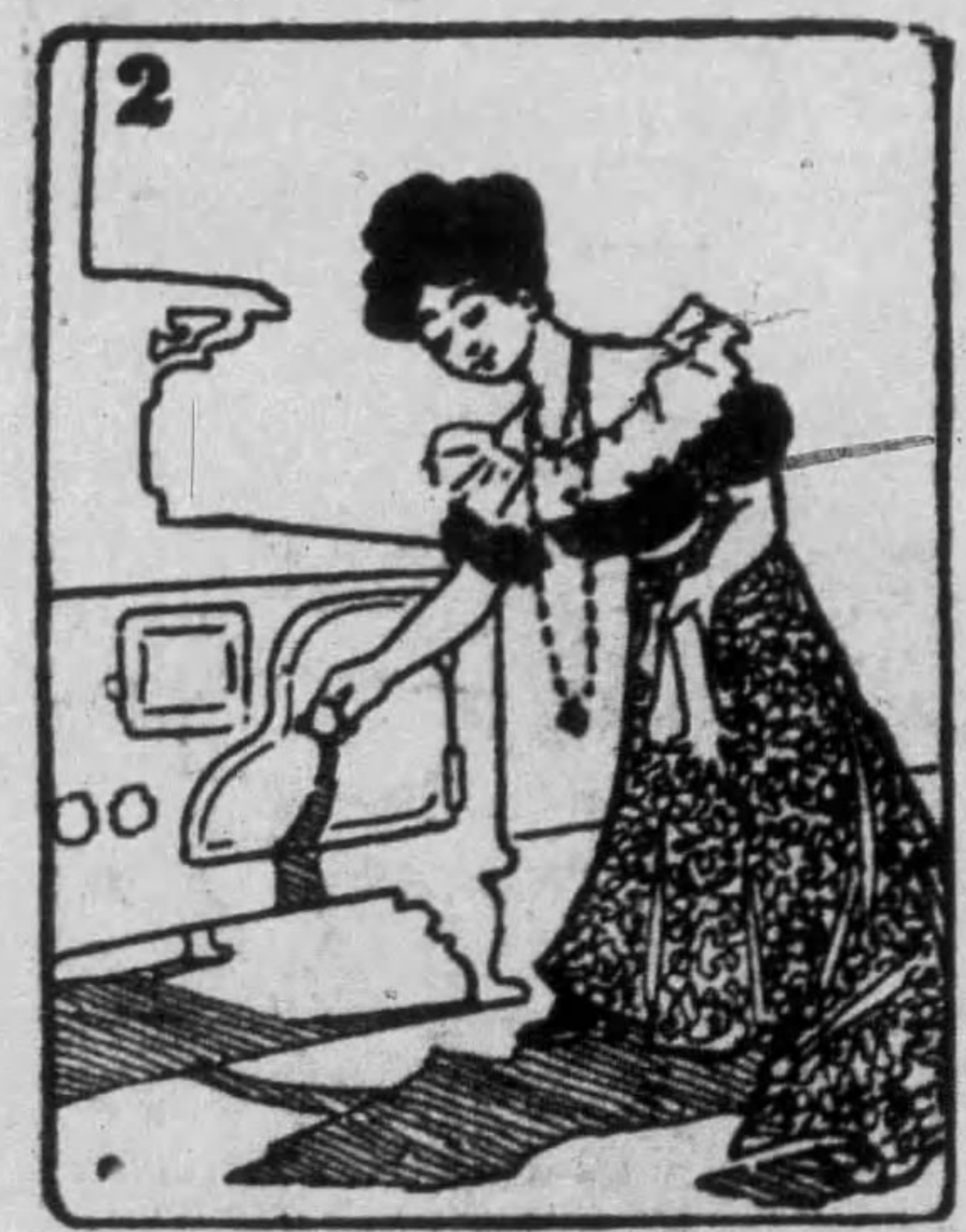
"The first thing father will ask you is about your prospects."

"If he does I'll tell him I feel able to support you in the manner to which you have been accustomed."

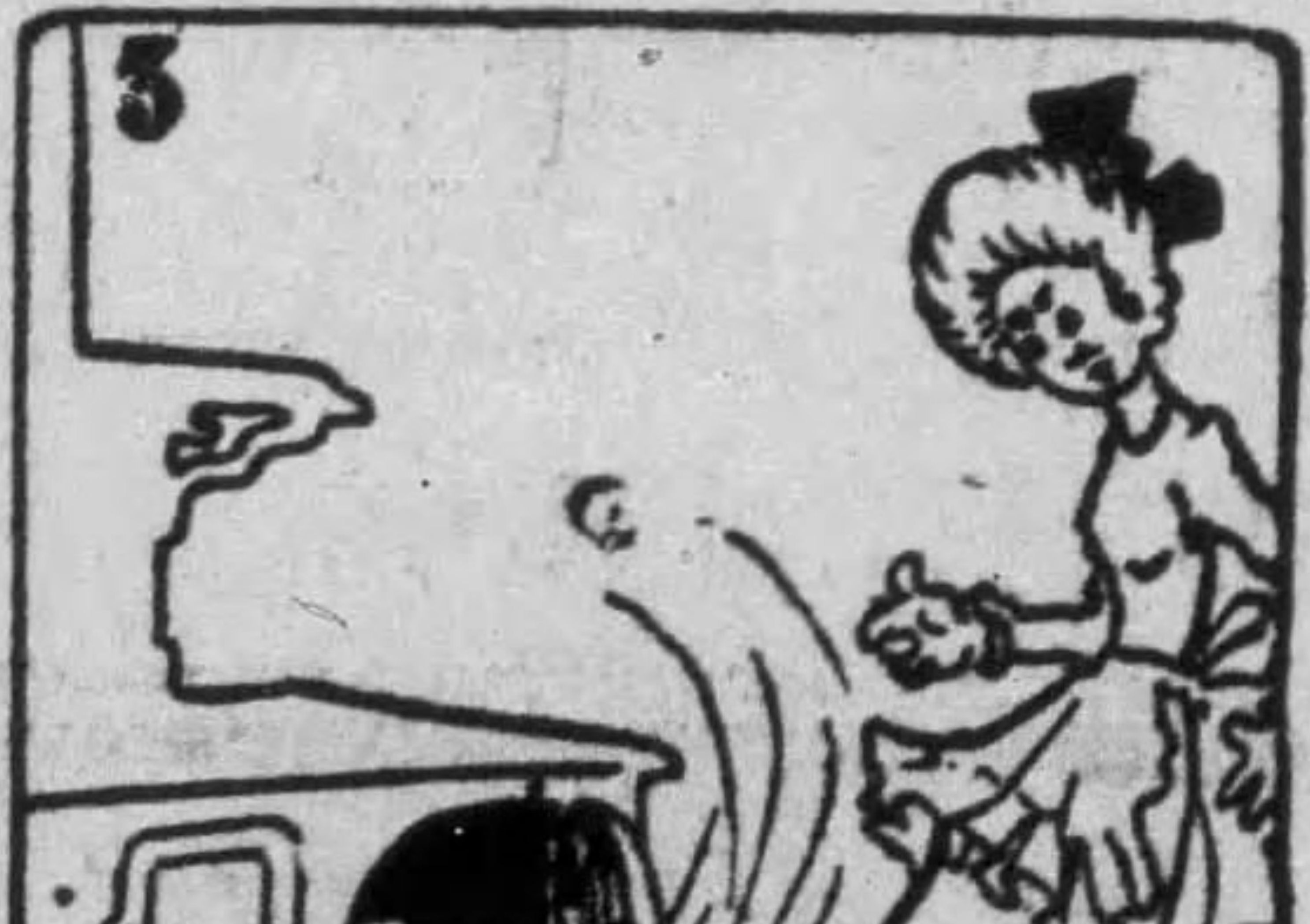
# SOMETIMES SEX IS A HANDICAP



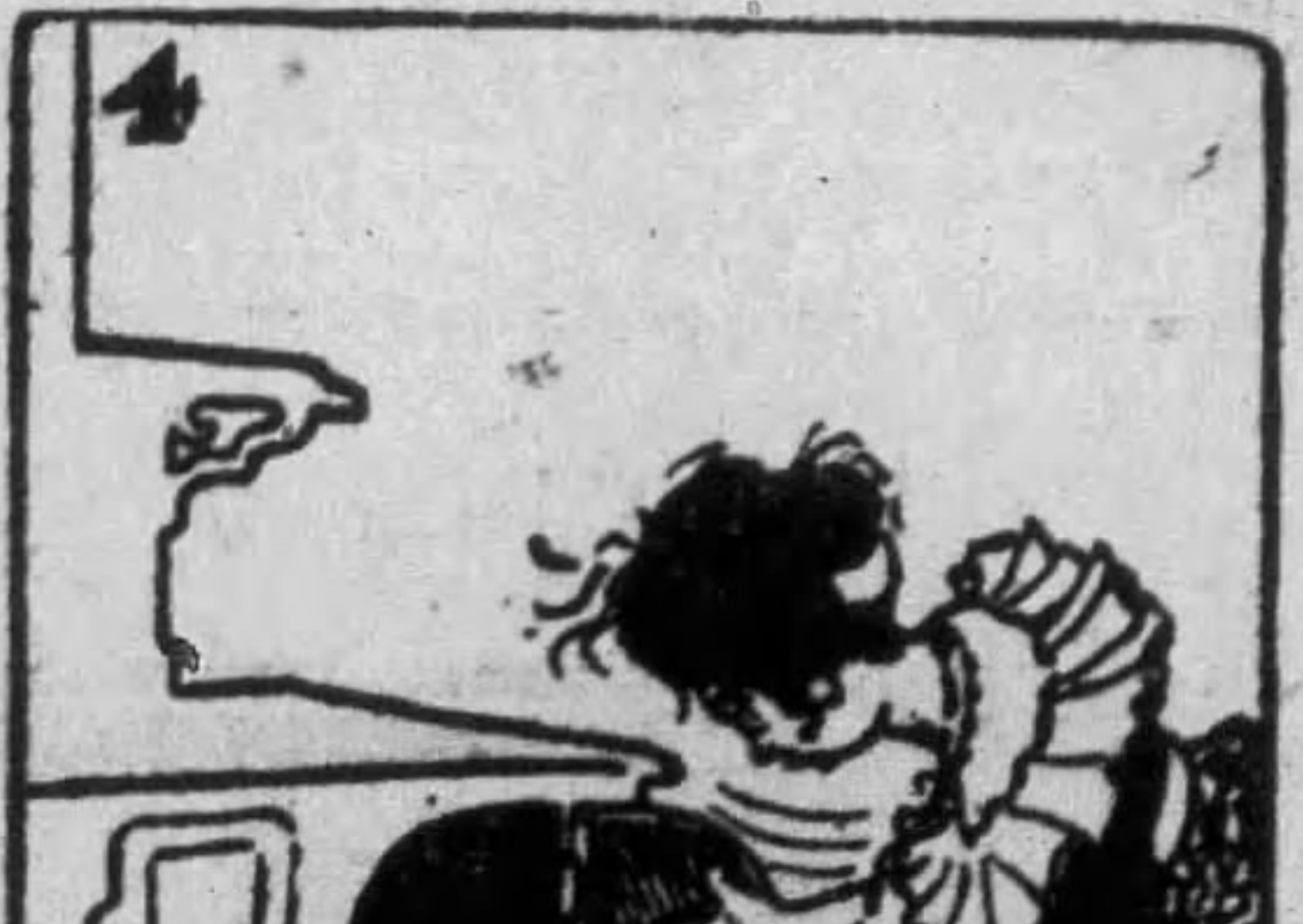
"Goodness, I never thought about these gloves being dirty. Hurry up with the gasoline, Carrie."



"They'll never dry in time and we'll miss the first act. Happy thought! I'll put them in the oven!"

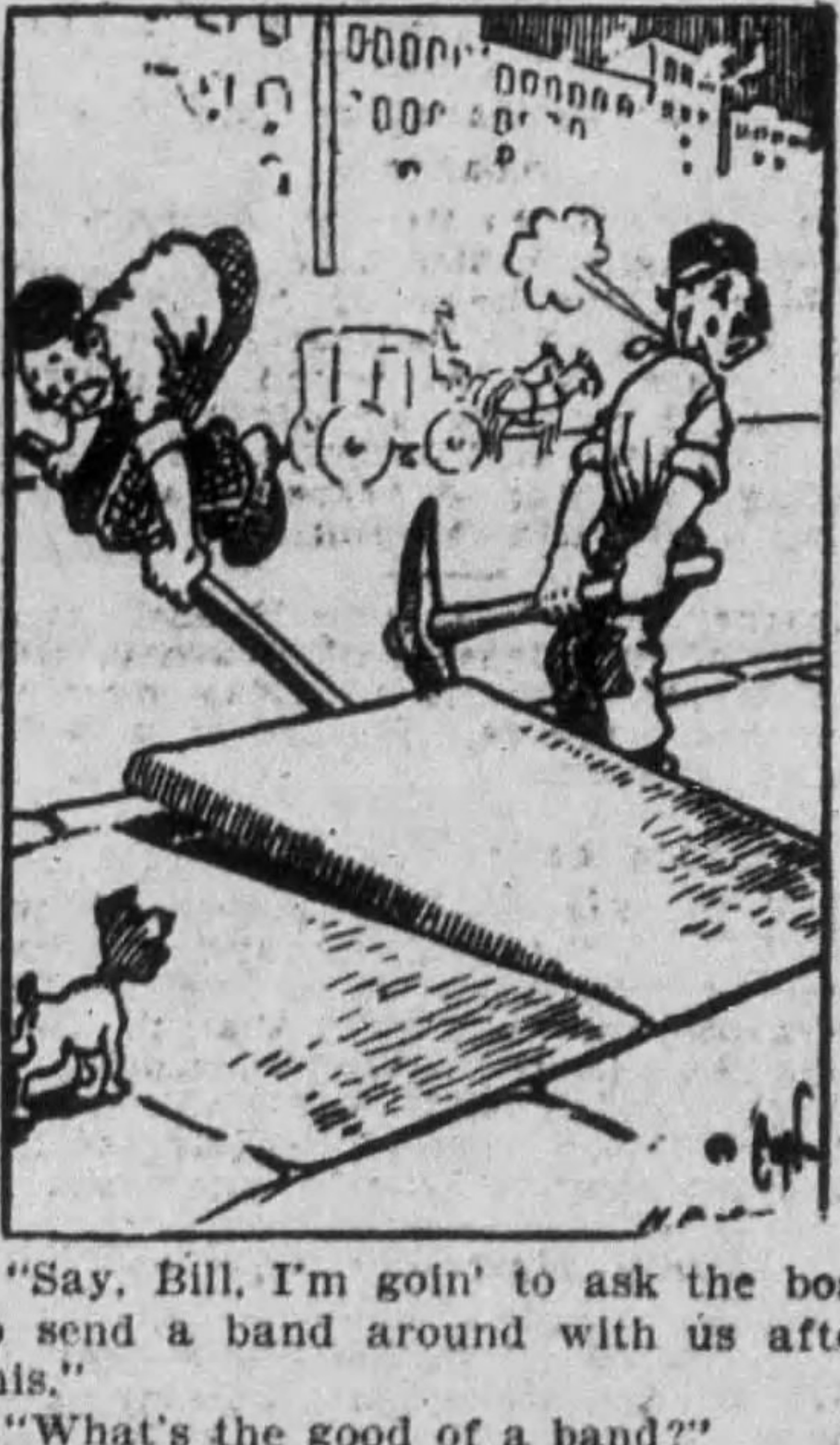


"I wonder who could have left that oven door open!"



"Oh, but wouldn't I like to be a man for a few minutes!!!"

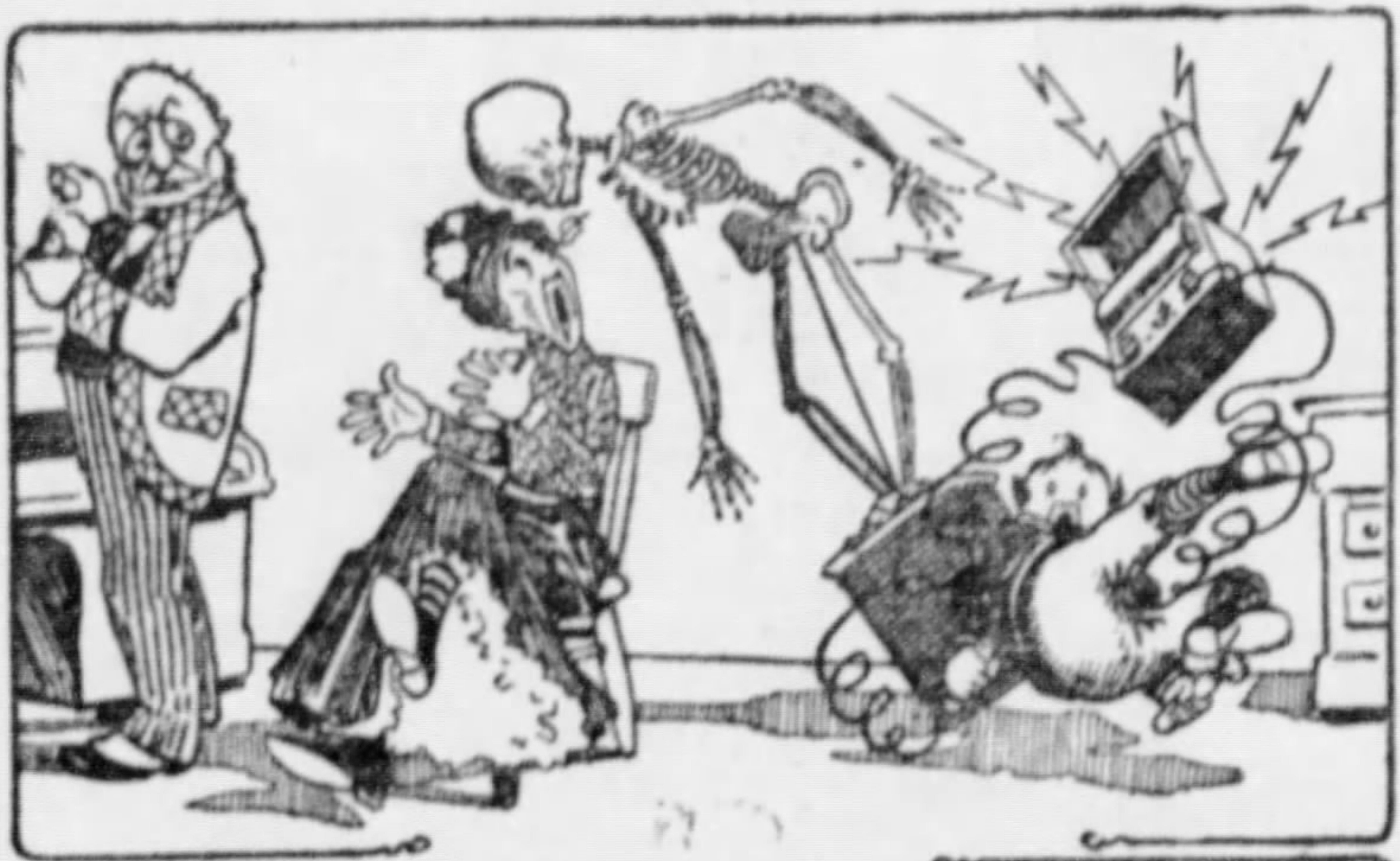
# A SIDEWALK JOKE



"Say, Bill, I'm goin' to ask the boss to send a band around with us after this."

"What's the good of a band?"

"I always like music at a flag raisin'."



FREDDIE GREEN WENT WITH HIS MA TO THE DOCTOR'S 'CAUSE SHE WAS FEELIN' KIND OF SICK LIKE AN' WHEN HER AN' THE DOCTOR WAS TALKING 'BOUT PILLS AN HER ROMANTIC PAINS FREDDIE GREEN SEEN A LECTERIC BATTERY OVER IN THE CORNER AN' WHEN HE WAS MONKEYIN' WITH IT IT BEGIN TO BUZZ AN' HE COULDN'T LET GO ON IT AN IT IST TWISTED HIM UP AN' THROWED HIM ALL OF A SUDDENT AGAINST THE DOCTOR'S SKELEKON AN' IT FELLED OVER ON HIS MA AN' SHE SCREAMED OUT LOUD AN' THE LECTERIC BATTERY COME OVER ON HIS HEAD AN' SKINT HIS FACE TILL HE SEEN STARS. PA SAYS LECTERIC BATTERIES IS FULL OF CURRENT JUICE —— AN' AT'S THE REASON.

N.E.A.

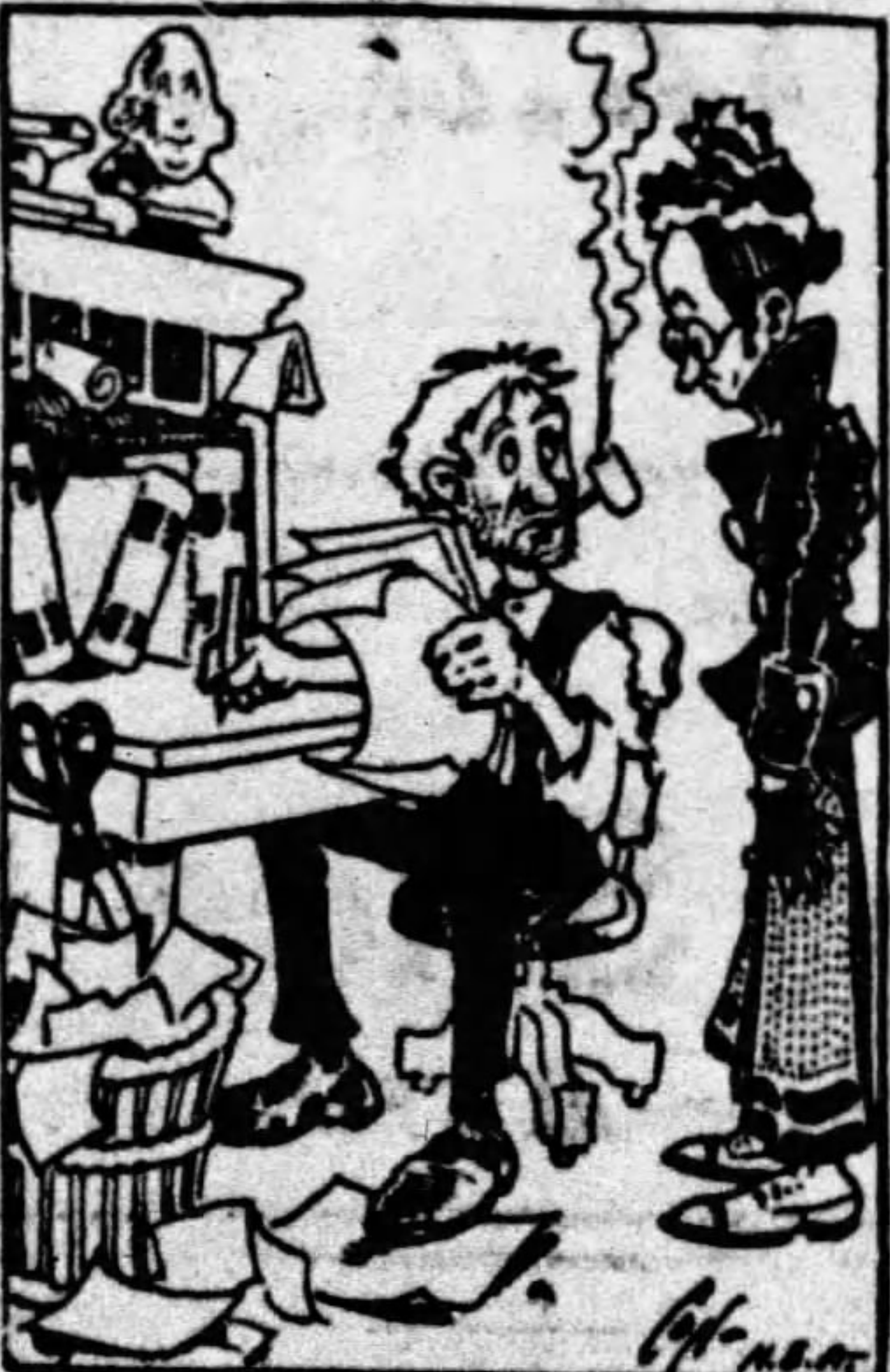
# JIU-JITSU JOKELETS----SPASM 2

GEE. DIS BOOK DAT FREDDIE LENT ME BEATS JOGGERFY ALL HOLLER 'CAUSE IT TELLS A FELLER HOW TO SCRAP
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
I'M COMPELLED TO WHIP YOU FOR WASTING YOUR TIME IN SCHOOL.
HERE'S ME CHANCT
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
YOU KNOW DIS HURTS ME A HULL LOT MORE'N IT DOES YOU, BUT IT'S ME DOOTY
CONDO
N.E.A.

# JIU-JITSU JOKELETS----SPASM 3

I'M TIRED OF BEING AN OLD MAID, BUT THIS BOOK HAS GIVEN ME A MOST BRILLIANT IDEA.
JIU-JITSU
INSTRUCTOR
IV'E HAD A DELIGHTFUL CALL AND NOW I MUST GO
JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE
NOW YOU PROPOSE, YOU NAUGHTY BOY, OR I'LL CRIPPLE YOU!!
JIU-JITSU
INSTRUCTOR
CONDO
N.E.A.

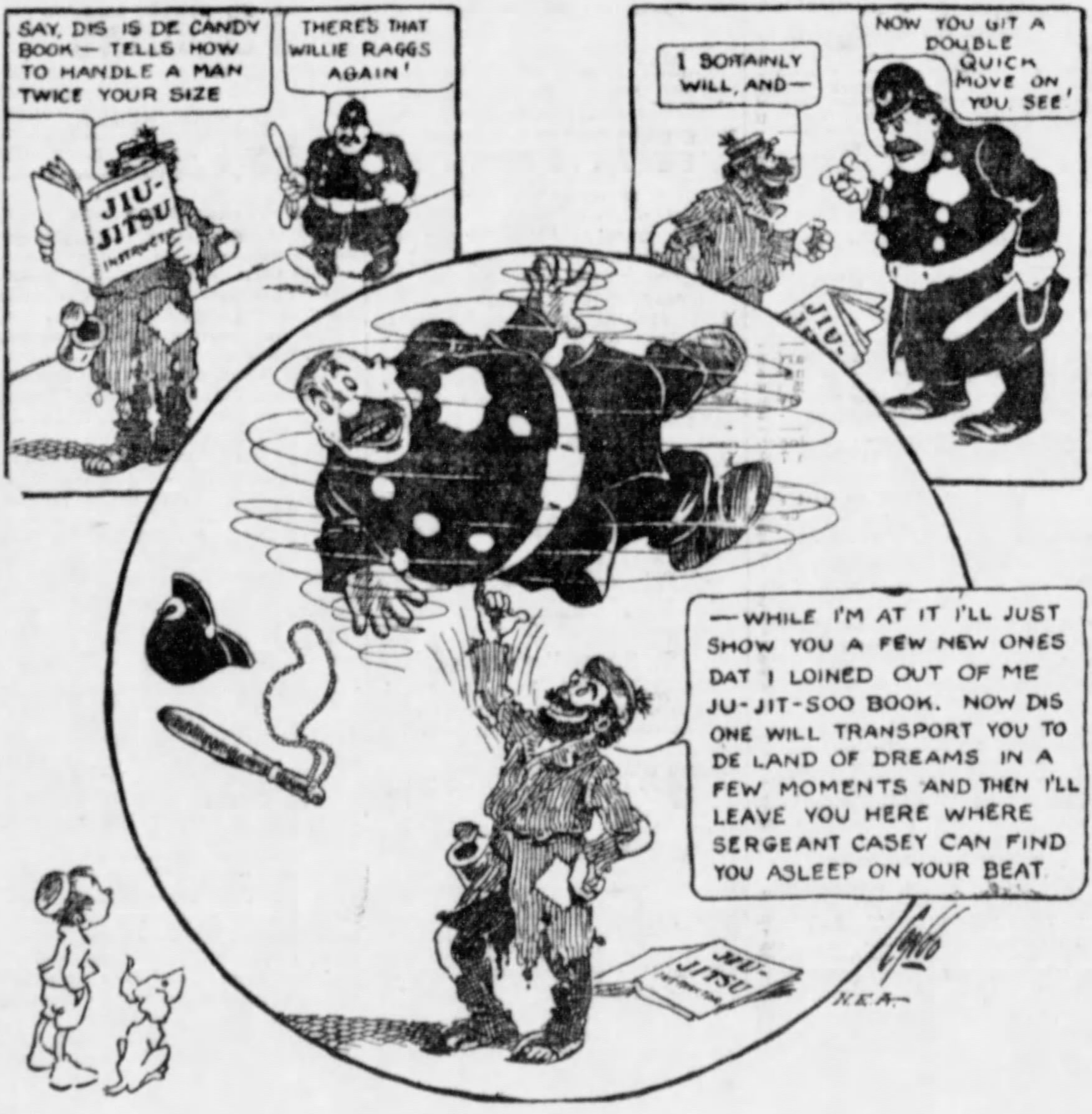
## There's the Floor, for Instance.



"Occasionally I drop into poetry."

"Humph! Well, that's generally a soft thing to drop into."

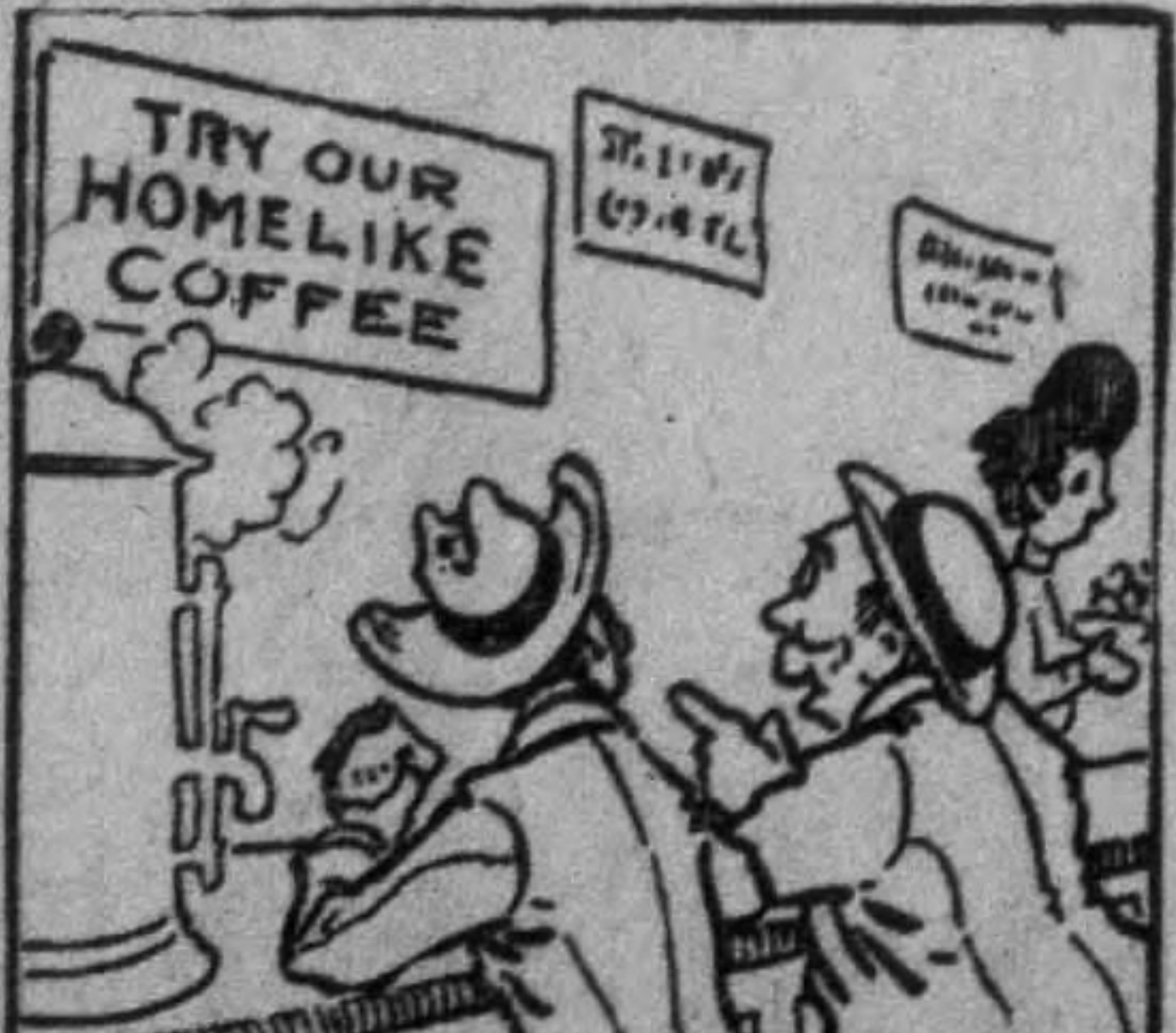
# JIU JITSU JOKELETS---SPASM I.


SAY, DIS IS DE CANDY BOOK — TELLS HOW TO HANDLE A MAN TWICE YOUR SIZE
THERE'S THAT WILLIE RAGGS AGAIN!
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
I SOITAINLY WILL, AND—
NOW YOU GIT A DOUBLE QUICK MOVE ON, YOU SEE!
JIU-
—WHILE I'M AT IT I'LL JUST SHOW YOU A FEW NEW ONES DAT I LOINED OUT OF ME JU-JIT-SOO BOOK. NOW DIS ONE WILL TRANSPORT YOU TO DE LAND OF DREAMS IN A FEW MOMENTS AND THEN I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE WHERE SERGEANT CASEY CAN FIND YOU ASLEEP ON YOUR BEAT.
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
Condo
N.E.A.

# JIU-JITSU JOKELETS----SPASM 4

TWO A.M.—NOT HOME YET! I'LL QUIT THIS MEEK GAG AND TRY A FEW OF THESE HEROICS ON HIM!
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
O, JUST AN IDEA I GOT FROM RANDOM READING
WHATSH ZHE MEANING OF ALL THISH?
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
CONDO
N.E.A.

# THE MEAN THING


TRY OUR HOMELIKE COFFEE
N.E.A.

"This coffee is just about the worst I ever drank."

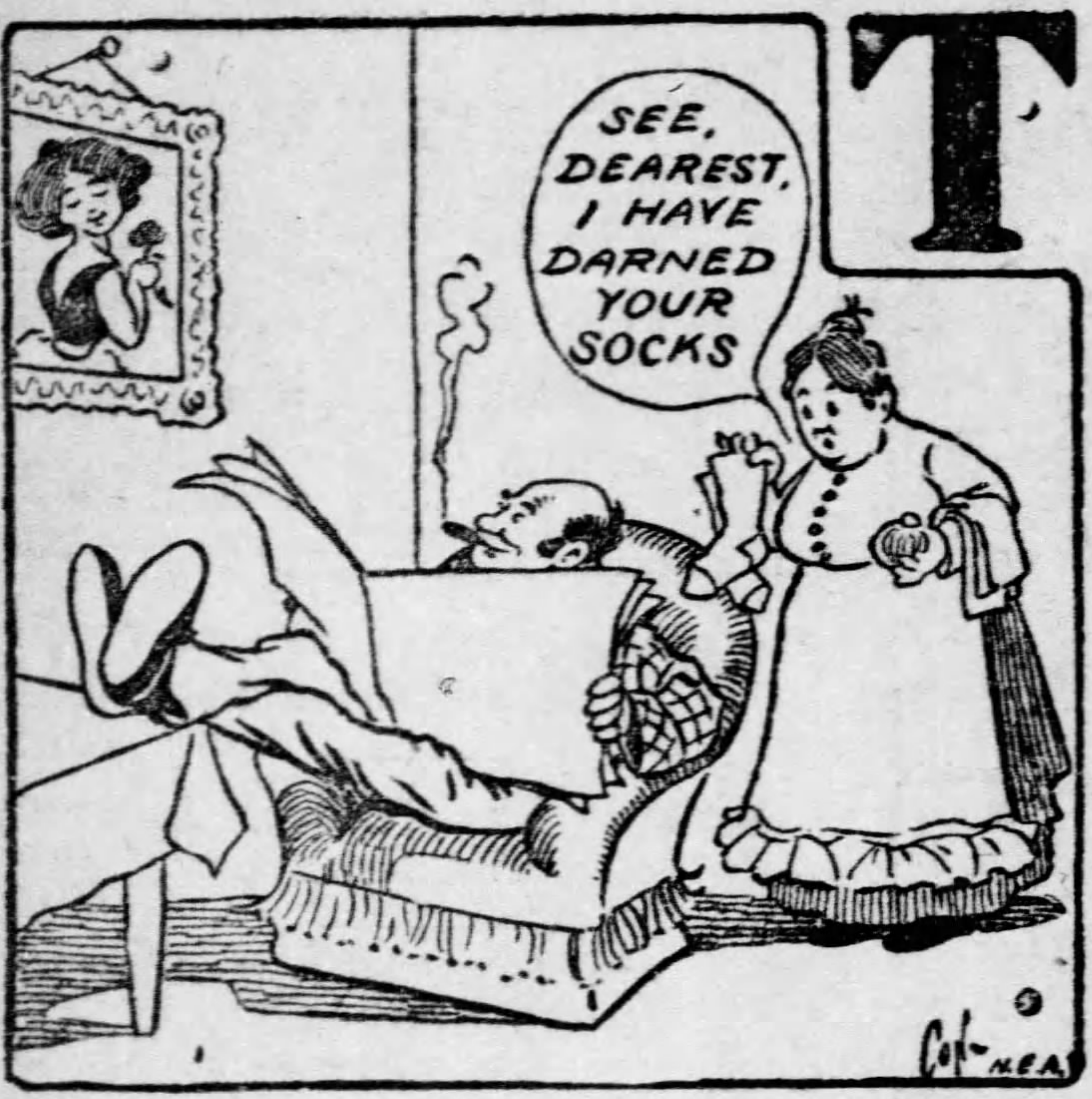
"It's fierce. I think this restaurant must have been established especially for newly married men."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, that signs says, 'Try our homelike coffee.'"

# The Other Woman

## BY CYNTHIA GREY.


SEE, DEAREST, I HAVE DARNED YOUR SOCKS
Cof — NEA

THE other woman—there always is another one—ought to be photographed and hung up in every man's family sitting room. She would act very like a balance wheel to the woman.

How a man's wife can so soon forget the other woman, whose devotion to the young lover kept her awake nights and kept her eyes red with weeping, surpasses understanding.

If the other woman were kept in mind during the days of married life, man would have a much easier time of it.

The other woman is so full of possibilities that it is a wonder why the average man fails to appreciate her power.

That other woman could keep his house clean, his meals hot, his stockings darned, if he only cared to use her for that purpose.

For is there a woman under the sun who wouldn't scrub and broil and darn if she had the faintest idea that her husband was occasionally wondering if the other woman would not have managed his household wiser and better than the woman he married?

It will be easier for a wife to do her duty by her husband and family if she remembers the other woman occasionally, and admits to herself the possibility of her husband comparing the two.

Let the wife remember that while she gets old and stout, the other woman always appears to the man's mind's eye in the freshness and slenderness of youth.

When the wife loses her temper, let her remember that the other woman remains in the man's memory always as smiling and as sweet-tempered as in the days of his courtship.

In fact, the other woman remains always young, always beautiful, always charming, while the wife yields to the changes of time, hard work and the care of a family.

It is a good thing for a wife to keep this other woman before her and live up and beyond her if she is eager to keep the devotion, the loyalty and attention of her husband.

# A QUIET WEEK FOR BOWLERS

## One or Two of the Teams May Quit the City League

## "KNOCKERS" HURTING GAME.

## SCHEDULES IN BOTH BIG LEAGUES FOR THE COMING WEEK.

## SOME INTERESTING GOSSIP.

### BY FRANK W. DOUGHERTY.

The past week was a very quiet one in the City League, and there was nothing extraordinary in the way of scores. Four matches were played and all resulted pretty much as expected. The only surprise was the feat of the Millvale team in taking one game from the Brunswicks on the South Side alleys Friday night. The Millvale boys showed some of their old-time form and the champions had to work hard to take the odd game.

Arlington, with a strong line-up, easily took the odd from Captain Crymble's Rough Riders, the latter presenting a weak front. Mt. Troy again dropped the series to Castle 211. These two teams are now through with each other, the series standing 5 to 1 in favor of Captain Bert's boys. Tuxedo and Federal also met for the last time this season and Captain Seyd's boys duplicated their former feat of taking two out of three.

Rumors are rife that one and possibly two teams will give up the ghost in a short time. The continual squabbling in local bowling circles has disgusted many of the players, who have announced their intentions of quitting league bowling. For this reason, several of the teams have been weakened by the resignations of reliable players, and this, of course, does not tend to disperse the general feeling of dissatisfaction which now exists. Both the City and County Leagues have learned a lesson, however, and next season will witness a general reduction in the circuits.

There were no changes in the positions of the teams in the City League last week, as will be seen by the following table:

| | W. | L. | Pct. | | W. | L. | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brunswick.. | 25 | 5 | .833 | Tuxedo...... | 17 | 16 | .515 |
| Unity...... | 20 | 12 | .667 | Birm'ham... | 14 | 19 | .424 |
| R. Riders... | 17 | 12 | .586 | Castle 211... | 15 | 21 | .417 |
| Millvale.... | 21 | 15 | .583 | Arlington... | 12 | 21 | .364 |
| Herron Hill. | 17 | 13 | .567 | Mt. Troy.... | 9 | 24 | .273 |
| Federal.... | 19 | 16 | .543 | Glenwood... | 8 | 22 | .267 |

The Braddock team carried off all the honors in the County League last week and are several pegs higher in the race because of their fine work against the South Sides on Friday night. The Braddock boys took all three games and incidentally rung up the first 1,000 score of the season in the County League and the fourth this season in the county. Captain Higgins' aggregation also put up the fine average of 939⅔ for the series.

The Blooms, who were selected to take the place of the Mammoth team, made their debut Thursday night by losing all three games to the Liberty boys. The Lawrencevillians were a trifle nervous and improved their scores with each game. They promise to make some noise before the season is over.

The Troy Hill team showed its class Monday night by taking all three games from the Socials on the latter's alleys. As a result of their fine work, Captain Kappeler's boys are now tied with the Unity bunch for first place. The race is becoming a very close one, three teams having excellent chances of winning the championship.

The wise ones generally pick the Brunswicks to finish in the lead, and on form they certainly should do so. They have one decided advantage, inasmuch as they have played together for several years and have been through several gruelling races. Unity and Troy Hill will undoubtedly be factors to the end, and it is a hard task to pick the champion team.

The Duquesnes won their fifth victory of the season Wednesday night at the expense of the St. Boniface boys. Brunswick took all three from Captain Hahn's Federals Tuesday night and rang up an average of 929 flat on the Federal alleys.

East Pittsburg had to be satisfied with the odd from the Cecilias, while Birmingham made a clean sweep against Glenwood, as did North Braddock against Millvale. The standing of the teams is as follows:

| | W. | L. | Pct. | | W. | L. | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Unity....... | 38 | 10 | .792 | N. Braddock | 24 | 24 | .500 |
| Troy Till... | 38 | 10 | .792 | Allegheny... | 20 | 25 | .444 |
| Brunswick.. | 36 | 12 | .750 | Southside... | 19 | 26 | .422 |
| Liberty..... | 33 | 15 | .688 | Cecilia...... | 19 | 29 | .396 |
| Braddock... | 29 | 16 | .644 | Blooms...... | 14 | 25 | .359 |
| Social...... | 27 | 18 | [illegible] | Birm'ham... | 16 | 29 | .356 |
| E. Pgh...... | 28 | 20 | .583 | Glenwood.... | 15 | 30 | .333 |
| Federal..... | 25 | 23 | .521 | St. Boniface. | 10 | 38 | .208 |
| Millvale.... | 24 | 24 | .500 | Duquesne.... | 5 | 40 | .111 |

The schedules of the two big leagues for this week are as follows:

City League—Monday, Glenwood vs. Federal and Mt Troy vs. Unity; Tuesday, Brunswick vs. Castle 211; Wednesday, Herron Hill vs. Tuxedo; Thursday, Rough Riders vs. Millvale; Friday, Arlington vs. Birmingham.

County League—Monday, St. Boniface vs. Blooms and Duquesne vs. South Side; Nesday, North Braddock vs. Troy Hill and Millvale vs. Birmingham; Wednesday, Cecilia vs. Liberty and East Pittsburg vs. Allegheny; Thursday, Unity vs. Glenwood and Federal vs. Braddock; Friday, Brunswick vs. Social.

The second week's play in the Central League was brimful of excitement and stirring incidents. The greatest interest centered in the American Bridge Co. and Sterling match, in which the former took the odd game. The games were hard fought. Captain Bell, of No. 40, did the best work of the night, making an average of 191 and tieing with Captain Goodrich, of the Sterlings, for high score of 219. Others who reached the double century mark were Mohr 200, Haymaker 203, Cornwell 210 and Shakley 202. The standing of the teams is as follows:

| | W. | L. | Pct. | | W. | L. | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Am. B. Co... | 5 | 1 | .833 | Melvin....... | 3 | 3 | .500 |
| Savoy....... | 4 | 2 | .667 | Pirates....... | 2 | 4 | .333 |
| H. & P...... | 4 | 2 | .667 | Winona...... | 2 | 4 | .333 |
| Sterling..... | 3 | 3 | .500 | No. 40....... | 1 | 5 | .167 |

The Farmers lost their first game in the Bankers' League Wednesday night, the Germans being the victors by the narrow margin of 7 pins. The Mellons sprung a surprise by taking the odd from the Lincolns, the Diamonds doing the same thing to the Seconds. McLean again made high score of 200, the only one of the night, and also had best average. The standing of the teams:

| | W. | L. | Pct. | | W. | L. | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Farmers..... | 8 | 1 | .887 | Lincoln...... | 4 | 5 | .444 |
| Germans.... | 5 | 4 | .556 | Diamond..... | 3 | 6 | .333 |
| Second...... | 5 | 4 | .556 | Mellons...... | 2 | 7 | .222 |

The Mercantile League opened its season Thursday night in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The games as a rule were close. The Bennetts witewashed the McCreerys and the Heerens did the same thing to the Johnsons. Hardy & Hayes took the odd from Jenkins & Co. Carney did the best all-around work, getting high score of 196 and best average of 190 2-3. The standing of the teams:

| | W. | L. | Pct. | | W. | L. | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bennett&Co. | 3 | 0 | 1.000 | Jenkins&Co.. | 1 | 2 | .333 |
| Heeren Bros. | 3 | 0 | 1.000 | McCreery.... | 0 | 3 | .000 |
| H. & H Co... | 2 | 1 | .667 | Johnson..... | 0 | 3 | .000 |

Andy Kramer, of the champion Brunswicks, was given the seat of honor at the weekly meeting of the Double Century Club last night. This was for his fine work against Federals Tuesday night when he ran up 255 in the last game.

Those who joined the select circle during the week were: Servatius 244, Schwer 235, Kleppick 222, Devore 200, 201, Kappeler 207, H. Bert 209, Hartman 205 and 203, Hergenroeder 210 and 213, Dienstbier 200, Lemaster 201 and 201, Higgins 212, Myers 204, Votel 213, Seyd 200, Nicolet 204, Tessner 230, Reilly 213, Stock 200, Fassold 203, Wright 223, Loberg 307 and Thomas 203.

Captain Higgins, of the Braddock team, certainly extended himself in the practice game between the Braddock and North Braddock teams, Thursday night. He made scores of 204, 224 and 245, an average of 224⅓.

Servatius, of the Millvale City League team, rolled one of the best series of the season Friday night against the Brunswicks. He made scores of 181, 244 and 195, or an average of 206⅔.

The St. Joseph Casino team, of the Diocesan League, is doing some great bowling on the St. Joseph alleys these days. Last Monday night they put up three 900 scores, Meyers being the boss bowler with scores of 235, 192 and 234, an average of 220⅓.

Johnny Hartman, of the champion Brunswicks, celebrated his return to the game after a spell of sickness, by putting up 155, 205 and 203 against the Federals, Tuesday night.

The news that A. J. Nicolet had resigned the managership of the Wylie avenue alleys came as a severe shock to those of his many friends who were not acquainted with the inside history of the matter. Mr. Nicolet, during his stay here, made a host of friends and a few enemies, the latter because of the fact that he is a good bowler and a gentleman all the way through. He will return to his home in Chicago on Tuesday of this week, carrying with him the heartiest wishes of those who are proud to be called his friends.

From present indications the Pittsburg Two-man Team League will not inaugurate its season until after the schedules of the city and county leagues are finished. This is as it should be, because the majority of the players in the Two-man Team League are also members of teams in the other organizations and already have as much bowling to do as they can well attend to.

Henry Bert continues his excellent work for the Castle 211 City League team and is rapidly forging to the front. Monday night he rolled 162, 209 and 140 against the Mt. Troy team.

Clark Devore shows no sign of a let-up in his recent magnificent work and will soon lead in the averages of both leagues. On the social alleys last Monday he rang up 200, 169 and 201, an average of 190. His average in the City League to date is 189 4-12, a gain of 9 points in the last two weeks.

Johnny Voorhees, the popjular little New York bowler, is in a very unpleasant mixup at present and according to all indications will be expelled from the New York Bowling Association. The trouble began on January 17, the night on which the Metropolitans and Algonquins met in the match which was to decide the championship of the American National tournament. The Mets won the odd game, giving them the coveted honor.

After the match had been rolled, the weight of the ball which Voorhees, rolling for the Mets, had used was questioned and upon being placed upon the scales was found to be three ounces overweight. It was furthermore found to be one-quarter of an inch oversize. Upon ascertaining these facts the Algonquins protested the games and the executive committee at a meeting last week declared all three games forfeited to the Algonquins.

The Metropolitans thereupon held a meeting and decided to ask Voorhees for his resignation, which practically amounted to his expulsion. The matter is now in the hands of the New York Bowling Association, which has full and final power to take action on the matter. It was at the request of Captain Fisher of the Mets that the games were declared forfeited, he stating that he would not stand for any crookedness in his team. He refused even to listen to a proposition to have the games rolled over.

Voorhees in an open letter explains his side of the case and declares that he was innocent of any intentional wrong-doing. He states that he ordered the ball on or about December 15, and stipulated that it be enough oversize and overweight to allow for shrinkage reducing it to the correct specifications. He declares that he weighed the ball on Tuesday, January 17, the same day the match was rolled, and found it to be exactly 16 pounds in weight. He concludes by saying that he thinks the action of the Metropolitan Club was "mean," and that he is anxious to state his case before the New York Bowling Association.

Voorhees is well-known in Pittsburg, as he is throughout the country. He was in this city last April as a member of the New York National Bowling League team and made a number of friends here.

Blaney's Colts showed their class at Washington Friday afternoon by taking two out of three games from the Old Guard. They will play the Greenfields on the Federal alleys Wednesday night and the Greensburg team on Thursday and Friday night. They will play a return match at Greensburg some day next week. They wish to arrange games with all out-of-town teams and can be addressed in care of the bowling editor of this paper.

The Harvey House Colts wish to book games with all amateur teams in this section for any night except Tuesday. They would like to hear from the Old Guard, Coraopolis, McKees Rocks, Schiller's-Glocke, Tarentum, Greensburg and Latrobe teams. Address the manager, care of this office.

The following members of the Winona team of the Central League are requested to report at the club alleys at 7:30 sharp Tuesday night: Mohr, Pfeiffer, Pefferman, Wright, Green, Coss, Boehler and Pyle.

Captain J. K. Cooper and his band of Married Men succeeded in giving Captain Clarence A. Whiteside and his band of Single Men a severe beating on Thursday evening on the club alleys. The Single Men had won the opening series and had been throwing out their chests that defeat was impossible. Now there is a hush in the ranks of the Single Men, and by the time of the next match the chances are some of C. A. Whiteside's Colts will be benedicts, all on account of their downfall. The tale of woe:

| MARRIED MEN. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. A. Cooper ............ | 162 | 147 | 125 |
| L. Miller ................ | 150 | 126 | 149 |
| C. E. Koerbel ........... | 126 | 126 | 134 |
| F. Loeffier .............. | 93 | 183 | 96 |
| R. Myers ................ | 101 | 84 | 78 |
| Totals .................. | 632 | 616 | 582 |
| **SINGLE MEN.** | | | |
| C. A. Whiteside ........ | 146 | 168 | 140 |
| E. M. Peters ............ | 116 | 133 | 135 |
| C. T. Ray ............... | 111 | 129 | 100 |
| E. J. Scott .............. | 115 | 76 | 85 |
| H. Myers ................ | 43 | 52 | 60 |
| Totals .................. | 531 | 558 | 520 |

L. E. Waterman, of New York City, referee.

The Bankers' League will open its season on the Wylie avenue alleys next Thursday evening. The games scheduled for that evening are: Leader vs. Langs, Jeffreys vs. Avenue. Some high scores are looked for, as all the bowlers have been practicing assiduously for a week.

Charley Trucks, the former Pittsburger, and now located in Philadelphia, is doing some remarkable work in the individual championship tournament now in progress in the Quaker City. Getting off badly he has forged his way steadily to the front and at the last report stood in fourth place. In his match with Starr last Tuesday he averaged 227 1-3 for the three games. Both players made over 200 in each game. The scares follow:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Starr ................ | 202 | 214 | 223 | 639 |
| Trucks ............... | 235 | 226 | 221 | 682 |

Trucks would have won the last game, had he not gotten a railroad in the last frame. In company with M. J. Costa and Jack George, Trucks will be in Pittsburg next Friday, and the trio wishes to play any three men in Pittsburg for $25 a side. The Quaker City trio is certainly a formidable one, and it remains to be seen if any of the local cracks will take up the gauntlet.

## AMATEUR BASEBALL.

The Brushton Athletic Club has organized its baseball team for the year 1905 by electing the following officers: Harry Jeffries, president; W. K. Gamble, secretary and treasurer; A. E. McClintock, manager; R. B. Jeffries, assistant manager, and Gohmer Davis, captain. Dates for gomes can be arranged by addressing the manager at No. 7617 Susquehanna street. A gold watch will be raffled on February 22 for the benefit of the club.

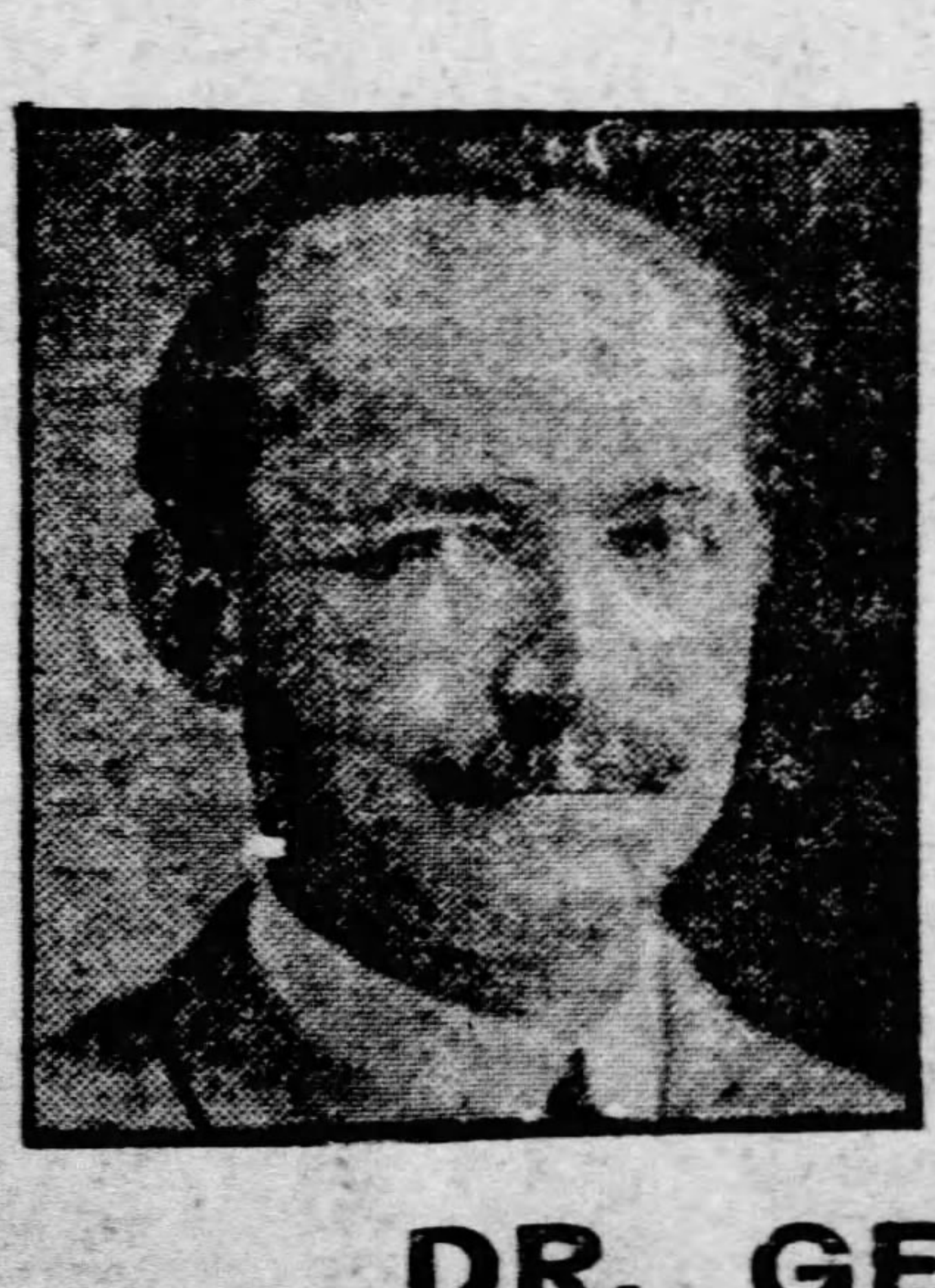
* * *

The Adlakes, of Allegheny will hold a meeting Tuesday evening, January 31, at 1320 James street. The following players will please attend: Shoemaker, Wise, Krouse, Watson, Winsling, Schaefer, Keough, Karney, Shankey and Jenkins, at 7:30 sharp.

* * *

The annual meeting of the McKinley Athletic Club was held on last Thursday evening, and officers for the ensuing year elected as follows: President, William McKinley, Jr.; vice president, Arthur Airey; captain, Claver McKinley. The following were elected to membership: Howard Thoma, Edward Hilger, Mike Welch, George Dittman, Frank Elk, Elmer Wurzell, Jeany Dugan, Stanley Bennett and William Steven. All 9 and 19-year-old teams desiring dates will please communicate with S. H. Bennett, Manager, sheriff's office, court house.

Removal Sale.
Men's $4.00 Walk Over Shoes for....$3.20
Men's $3.50 Walk Over Shoes for....$2.70
403 Fifth Ave.



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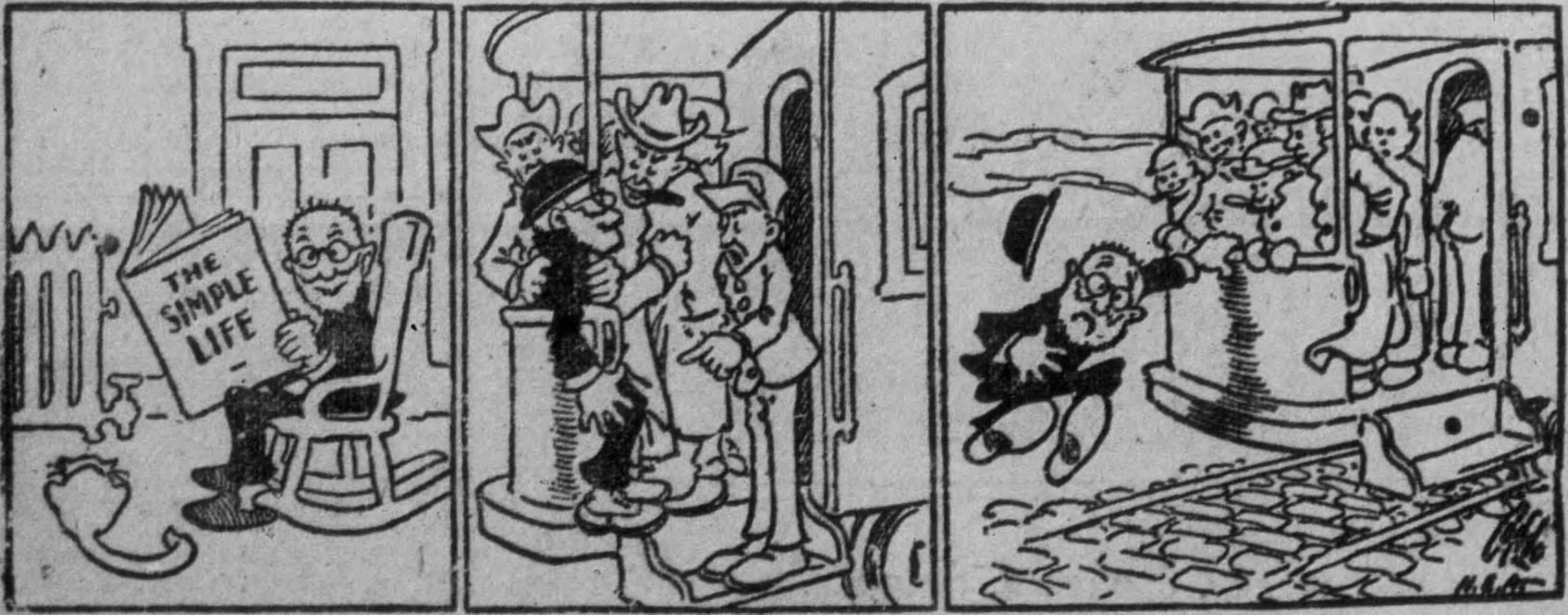
# A STUDY OF THE SIMPLE LIFE



This man is right. No more strenuosity for me."

"Pardon me for taking up so much room."

"Theer's nothing in this talk of the simple life. Me for No. 1 after this!"

# Adventures of the Snow Man

The Snow Man stood erect on top of the hill, all splendidly proportioned, with a beautiful smile on his new-made face, and adorned with an old plug hat, once worn on "state" occasions by Uncle Ned.

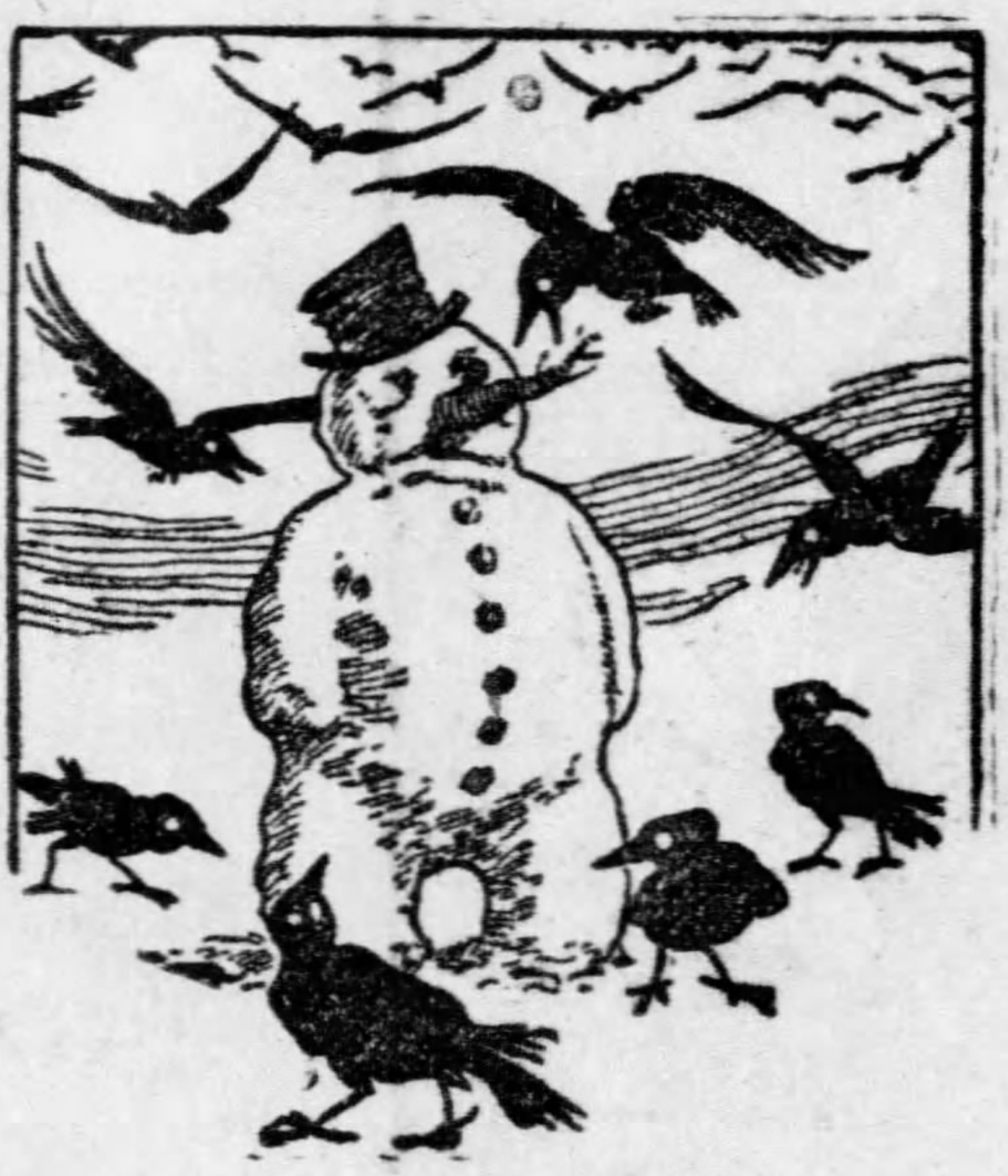
He even had a nice double row of hickory nut buttons down his front.

"My, but you are looking fine today," remarked Uncle Ned, as he came out of the house and looked the Snow Man over; "how did it happen?"

"Mathematical John fixed me all up," replied the Snow Man, jubilantly, "and I feel as if I am all myself again and considerable more."

"I understand you had a narrow escape last night," said Uncle Ned, "after I left you."

"Several narrow ones," responded the Snow Man. "The rain nearly melted me, the tree nearly broke me, Reddy the Fox would have eaten me if I hadn't been snow, and I was only saved from being smashed into smithereens by your man with his horse and wagon by the very prompt action of the Tid-Bit Bird."



HE SPIED THE SNOW MAN'S CARROT NOSE.

"How was that?" asked Uncle.

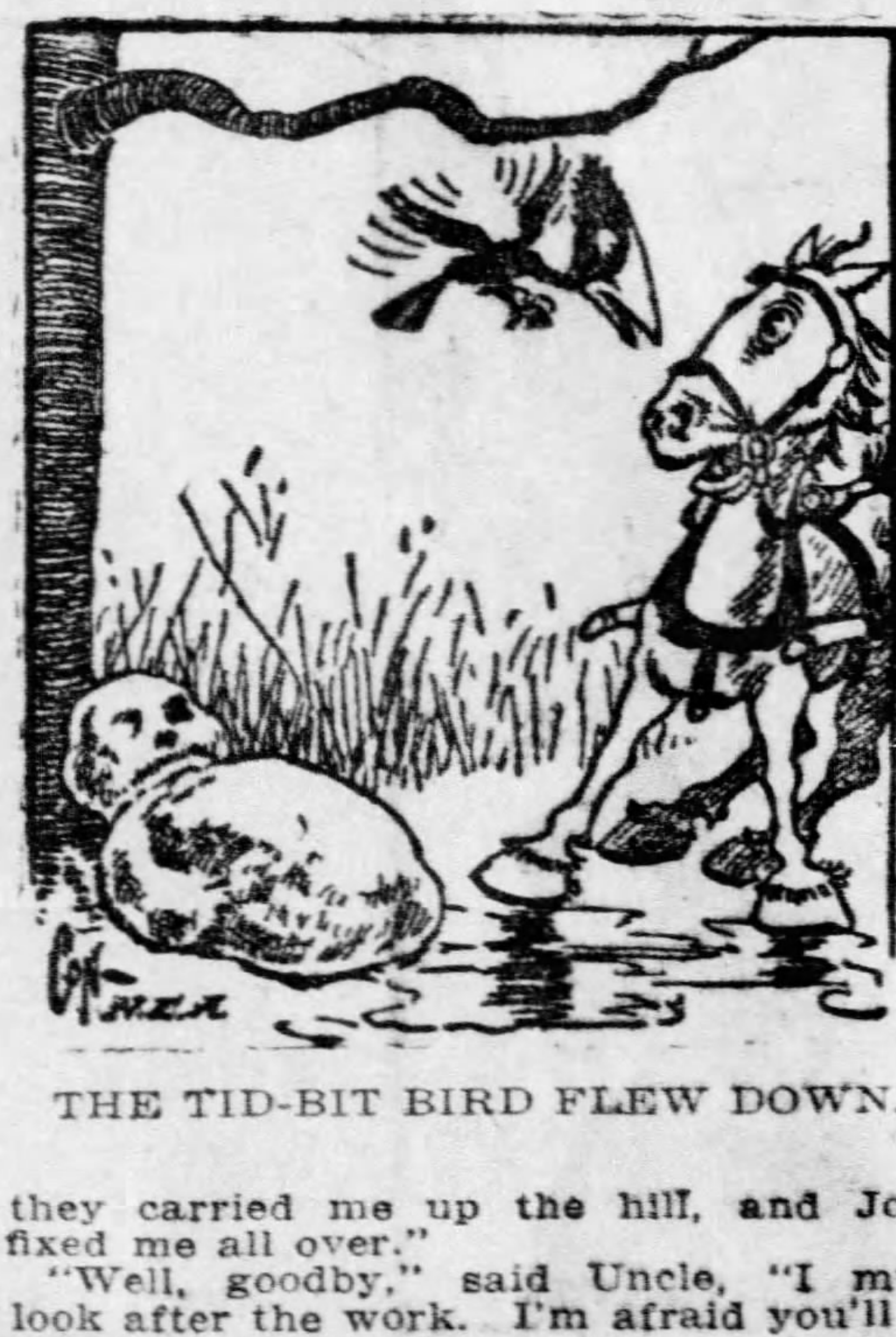
"I was lying in the road," said the Snow Man, "and the horse and wagon were coming along, sure to crush me, when the Tid-Bit Bird in the tree, calling on me not to move, flew down and pecked the horse in the nose. That made the horse swerve, and he and the wagon passed me by without touching me."

"That was a good turn," said Uncle, "and you should be grateful to the Tid-Bit."

"Indeed I am," replied the Snow Man, "and if it ever happens that there isn't any water around, or snow, except myself, I'd let the Tid-Bit Bird peck a whole leg off me."

"How did you get back here?" asked Uncle.

"Oh, Mary the Oldest found me in the road, and called Mathematical John, and they carried me up the hill, and John fixed me all over."



THE TID-BIT BIRD FLEW DOWN.

"Well, goodby," said Uncle, "I must look after the work. I'm afraid you'll be lonesome as all the nephews and nieces are at school, but they will soon be home."

And soon they all came trooping along — Mathematical John, Ungrammatical Ann, Mary the Oldest, Dot the Littlest and all the others, and the Snow Man was mighty glad to see them. John further embellished the Snow Man's beauty by sticking a carrot in his head between the coal eyes in such a way that it made a splendid nose. For a long time they all frolicked until it became dark and the nephews and nieces were obliged to go home.

Then came the dreary hours for the Snow Man. The wind whispered around him, the bare-leaved trees sighed as if their hearts were breaking, dark clouds obscured the twinkling light of the sky and the radiance of the moon. There were no sounds of animal nature.

To make matters worse a nasty sleet came up, spoiled the Snow Man's smile, and made his nice carrot nose tilt up so that it criss-crossed one of his coal eyes, and he could hardly see what little there was to be seen. "My, my, but I wish there were no nights," said the poor Snow Man.

Indeed he had reason for his lamentations, for his troubles were by no means ended, for scarcely had he uttered his plaint when he felt a weakness in his right leg, and looking down as well as he could with his one unobstructed coal eye, what did he see but Loppy the Rabbit nibbling at his leg as hard as he could.

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed the Snow Man.

At the sound of the voice Loppy jumped a few feet away. "Excuse me," he said, "but I thought you was snow and I was thirsty."

"I am snow," said the Snow Man, "but that's no reason for you to try and eat me when you see I am made into a Snow Man. You, yourself, are about 85 per cent water, and if you were to die and melt and be frozen you'd be mostly all ice, and ice isn't any better than snow."

"That's so," said Loppy, apologetically, "I'm sorry, Mr. Snow Man, but have you seen Reddy, the Fox around? I'm afraid he is looking for me."

"He was here just after dark, snuffing at me to see if I was good to eat," replied the Snow Man.

"Then," said Loppy, "I guess I must be off, for I don't want to make him a meal." And off hopped Loppy.

The hours went on and daylight was dawning. The Snow Man was congratulating himself that no further woes would happen him until daytime would bring Nephews and Nieces to fix him up right again, when a dreadful thing happened.

A great flock of hungry, ugly black crows, all "cawing," swooped down on him. "Caw! Caw!" grunted a great big one as he spied the Snow Man's carrot nose, and a second more a dozen of them had grabbed the nose and it disappeared into their rapacious stomachs in a jiffy.

And then all the crows began pecking at the poor Snow Man. It looked at this time that there would be nothing left of him, but just then Towser Bill, Uncle Ned's big Newfoundland dog, came rushing out of his kennel.

## RIDDLES.

Which fruit is found in the sea? The currant.

Who is it that can marry, yet live single? A clergyman.

Why did the lobster blush? Because he saw the salad dressing.

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn? Because it is a great composer.

Why is roast veal like the letter "f?" Because it is the end of "calf."

What is it that is bought by the yard and worn by the foot? A carpet.

On which tree has fire no effect? The ash, because even if burned it is "ash" still.

If ladies were cast adrift on the sea where would they steer for? The Isle of Man.

When does a son not take after his father? When his father leaves him nothing to take.

Why is a naughty boy like an old chair? Because a good caning would do them both good.

Why should a bee know how to make itself comfortable? Because it is two-thirds made from ease (e's).

Why is a postage stomp a most unfortunate thing? Though it sticks to its duties to the very letter, it gets its head punched, its face disfigured and a good licking.

## LITTLE JOHNNY'S FIND.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Johnny, bursting into the room, his eyes big with excitement, "you remember that time I lost your purse out of my pocket with $10 in it?"

"Yes, Johnny. What of it?"

"Well, you know, I put away that old coat I was wearing and I've never worn it since?"

"Well?"

"And just now I was up in the attic and saw it hanging there, so I went through the pockets, and"—

"Well? Well?"

"I went through the pockets, and what do you think I found in the very identical pocket I had put your purse in?"

"You found the purse! How lucky!"

"No, I didn't find the purse. I found—I'll give you three guesses."

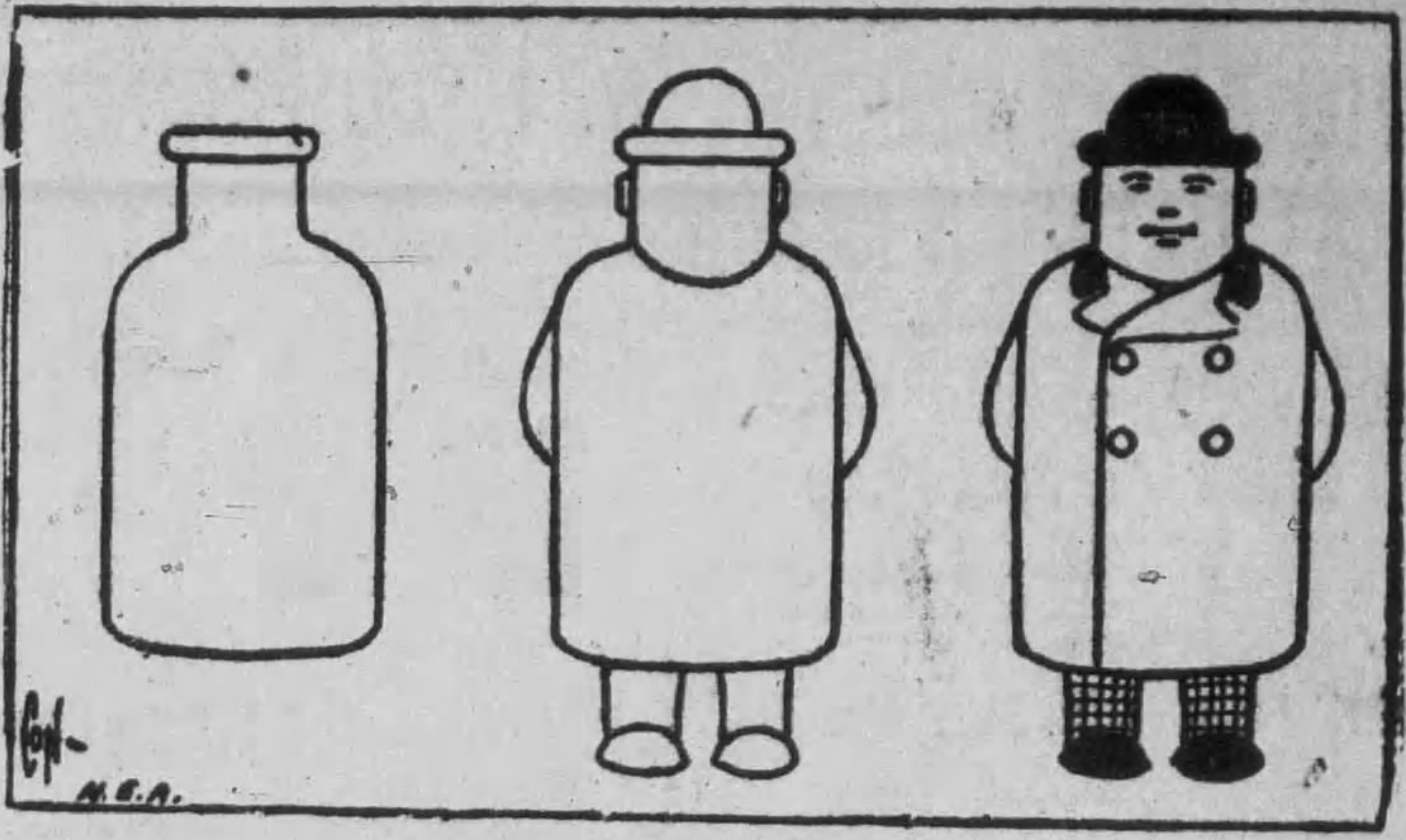
"You bad boy, to keep me in such suspense. What did you find?"

"Well, I found a hole—so it was all your fault, after all, that the purse was lost."

## ENDEAVOR.

Aspire, break bounds! I say!
And best! Success is naught, endeavor's all.
Endeavor to be good, and better still.
—Robert Browning.

# DRAWING LESSONS MADE EASY

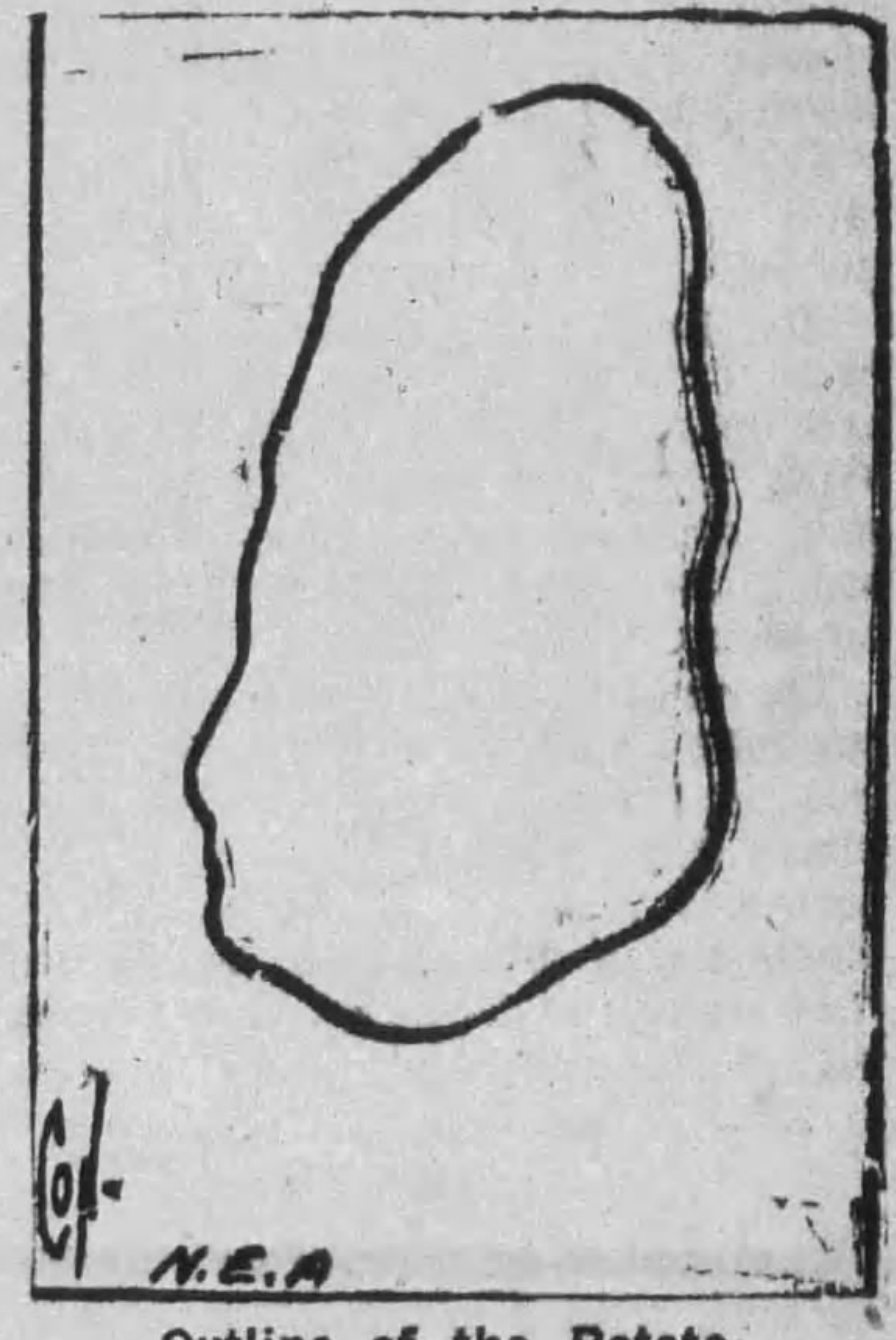


From Bottle to Man.

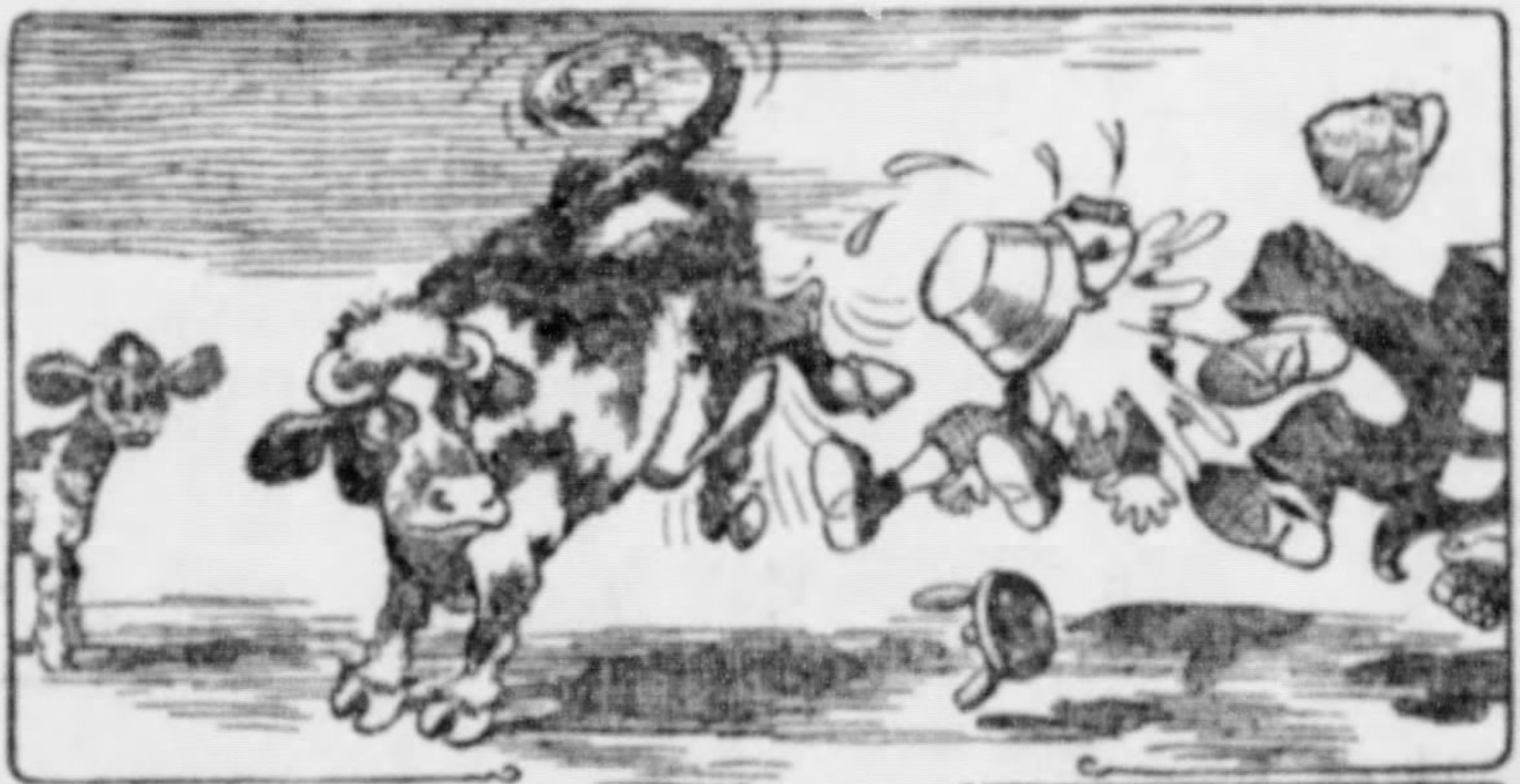
In a previous lesson Uncle Ned's drawing class was instructed how to transform a cuspidor into a Chinaman. These transformations of simple objects, merely outlined, into other objects more detailed, but preserving the original outlines, are very amusing, and, from the standpoint of drawing, are equally, if not more, instructive than the "straightaway" pictures furnished in the drawing books.

The artist this time has taken two funny subjects to follow. In the upper picture the first object to the left is, of course, a plain bottle. A few strokes of the pencil give a good idea of what the bottle is to be, a few more, and behold! we have a very contented-looking, well-fed gentleman, who looks as if he had just got up from a sumptuous dinner that fully satisfied his innerman.

The second picture shows a potato. Now try and see, after succeeding in copying the first picture, if you cannot transform this potato into an old gentleman, smoking a corn-cob pipe and wearing a kind of fez cap—that is, the cap has no peak. Next week you will see how near you came to doing it.



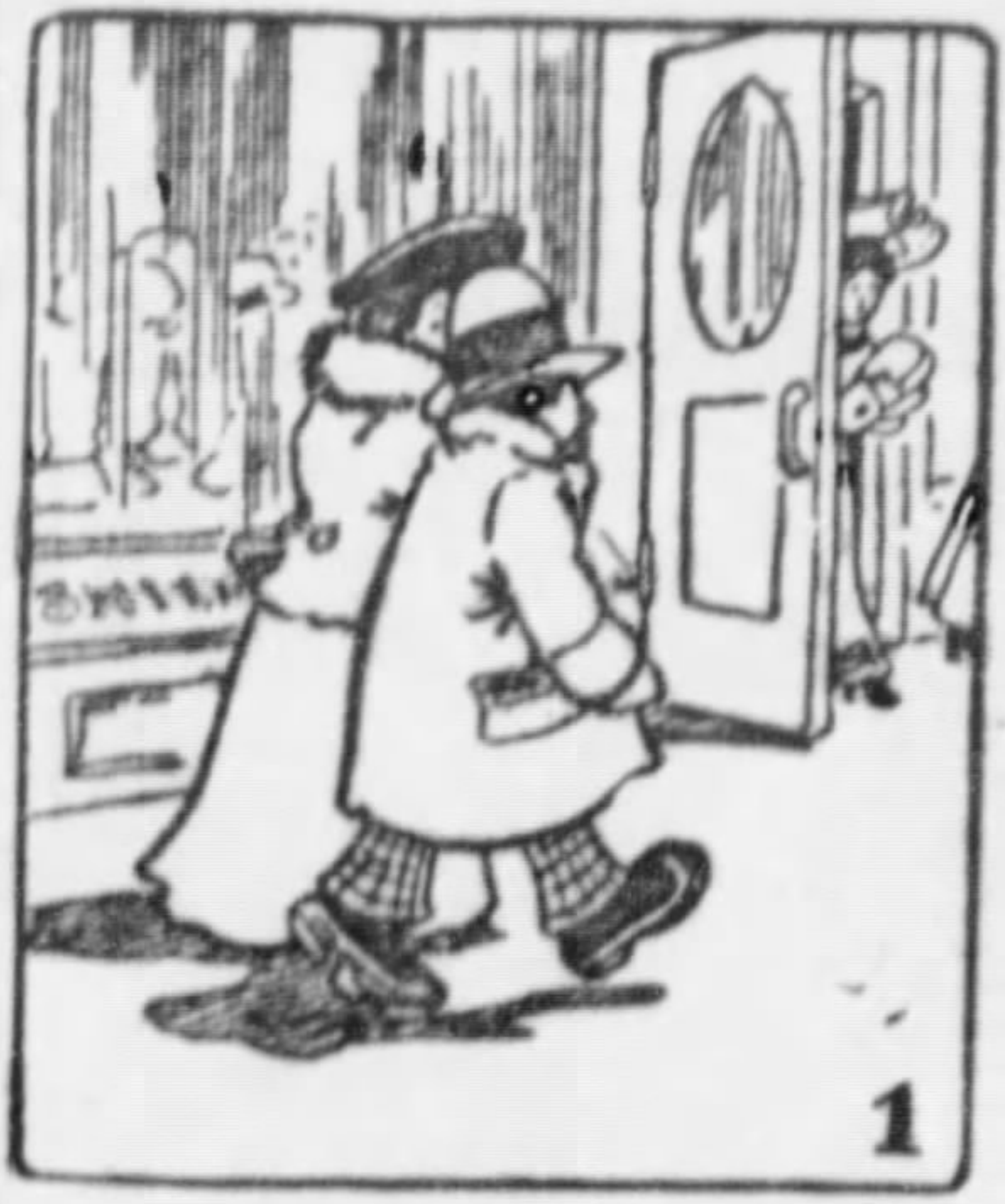
Outline of the Potato.



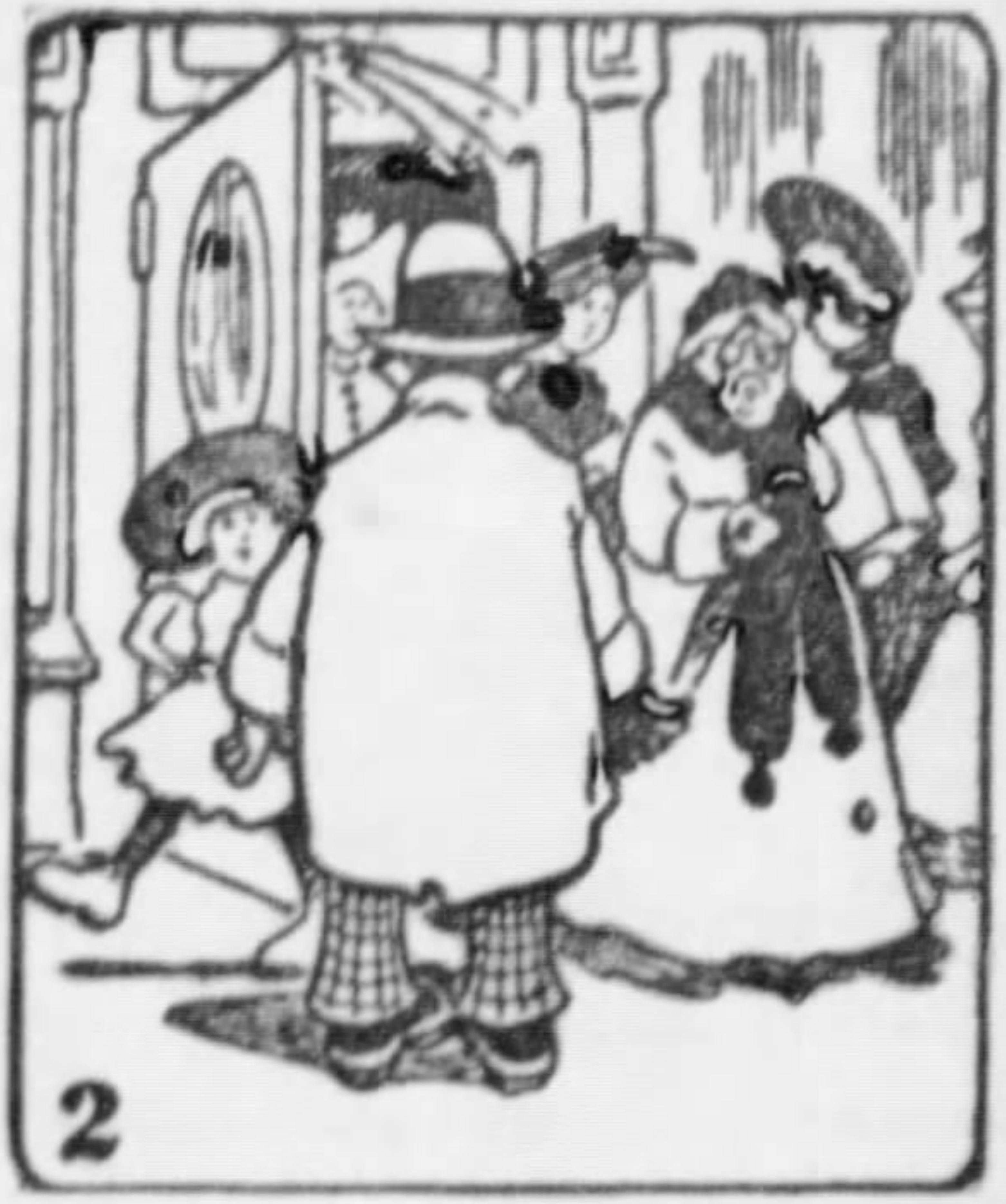
FREDDIE GREEN HE WENT OUT VISITING TO HIS UNCLE'S FARM WHEN THEY WAS A VACATION FOR THE HOLLERDAYS AN' IN THE EVENING HE SEEN THE HIRED MAN MILKIN' A BOSSY COW AN' HE AST THE HIRED MAN TO LET HIM SQUEEZE SOME MILK OUT OF HER, TOO, 'CAUSE IT LOOKED SO EASY AN' THE HIRED MAN SAID HE COULD TRY IT AN' FREDDIE GREEN SET ON THE STOOL AN' BEGIN TO PULL ON THE COW LIKE SIXTY AN' THE COW IST RAISED HER HIND PAWS AN' KICKED FREDDIE GREEN AN' THE STOOL AN' THE BUCKET AN' THE HIRED MAN IN A BUNCH AGIN THE FENCT AN' THEY WAS ALL OVER MILK AN' STUFF. PA SAYS SOME COWS IS AWFUL TICKLISH — AN' AT'S THE REASON.

N.E.A.

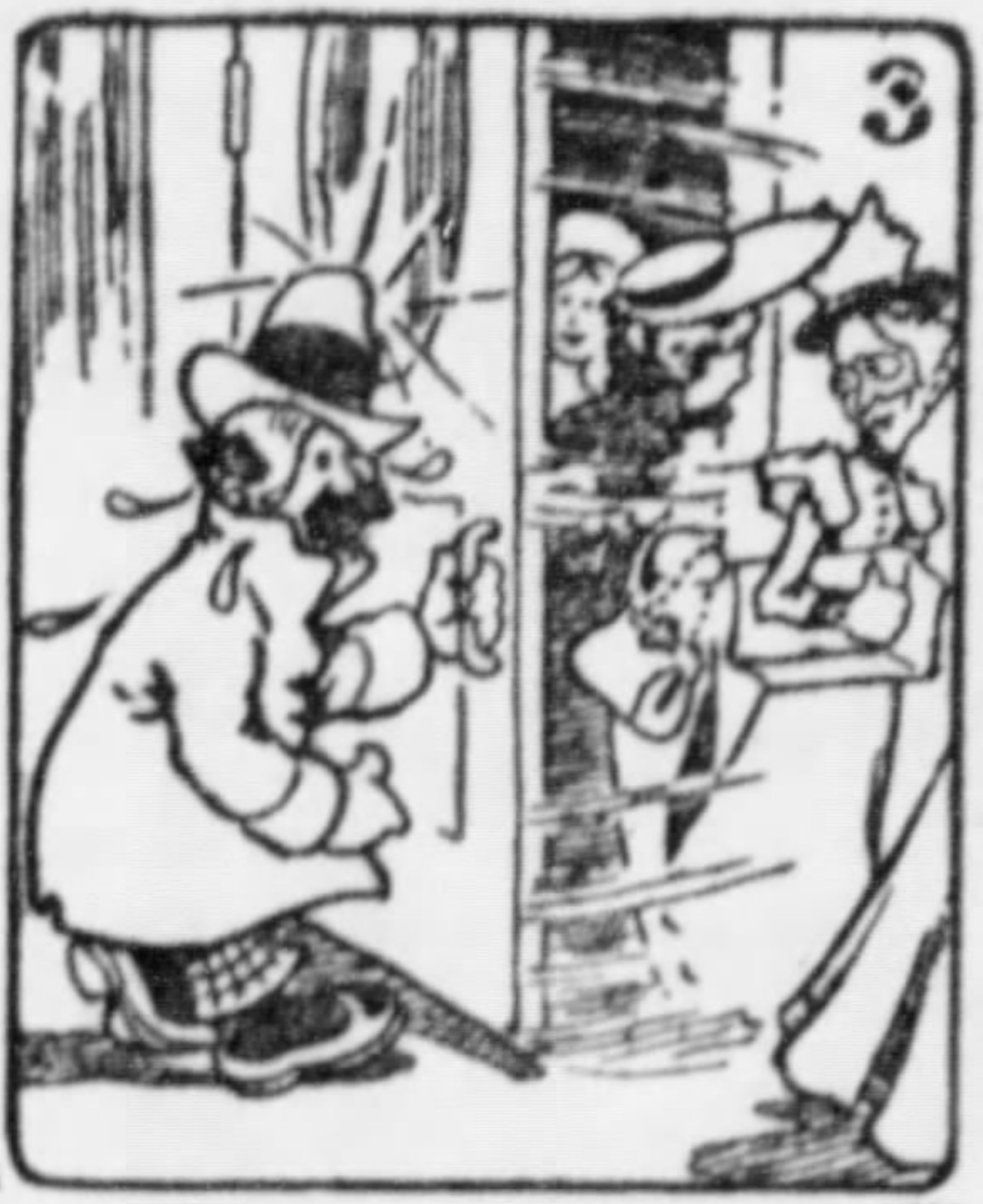
# SOMETIMES SEX IS A HANDICAP



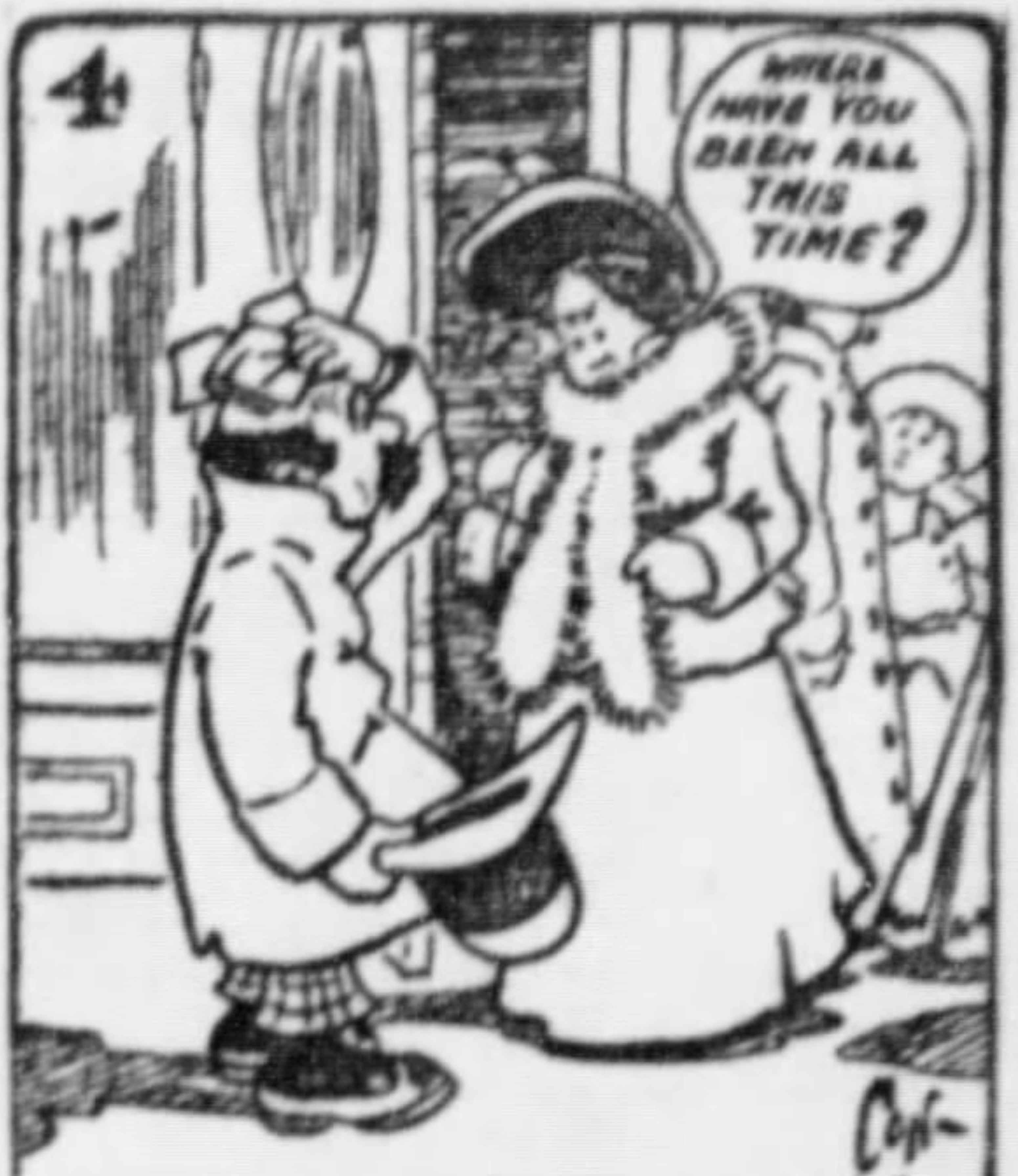
Smithers is out shopping with his wife and expects to enter the store with her.



Being polite he stands aside for a moment to allow a few women to leave.



While waiting for his opportunity to slip in his politeness forces him to open the door.

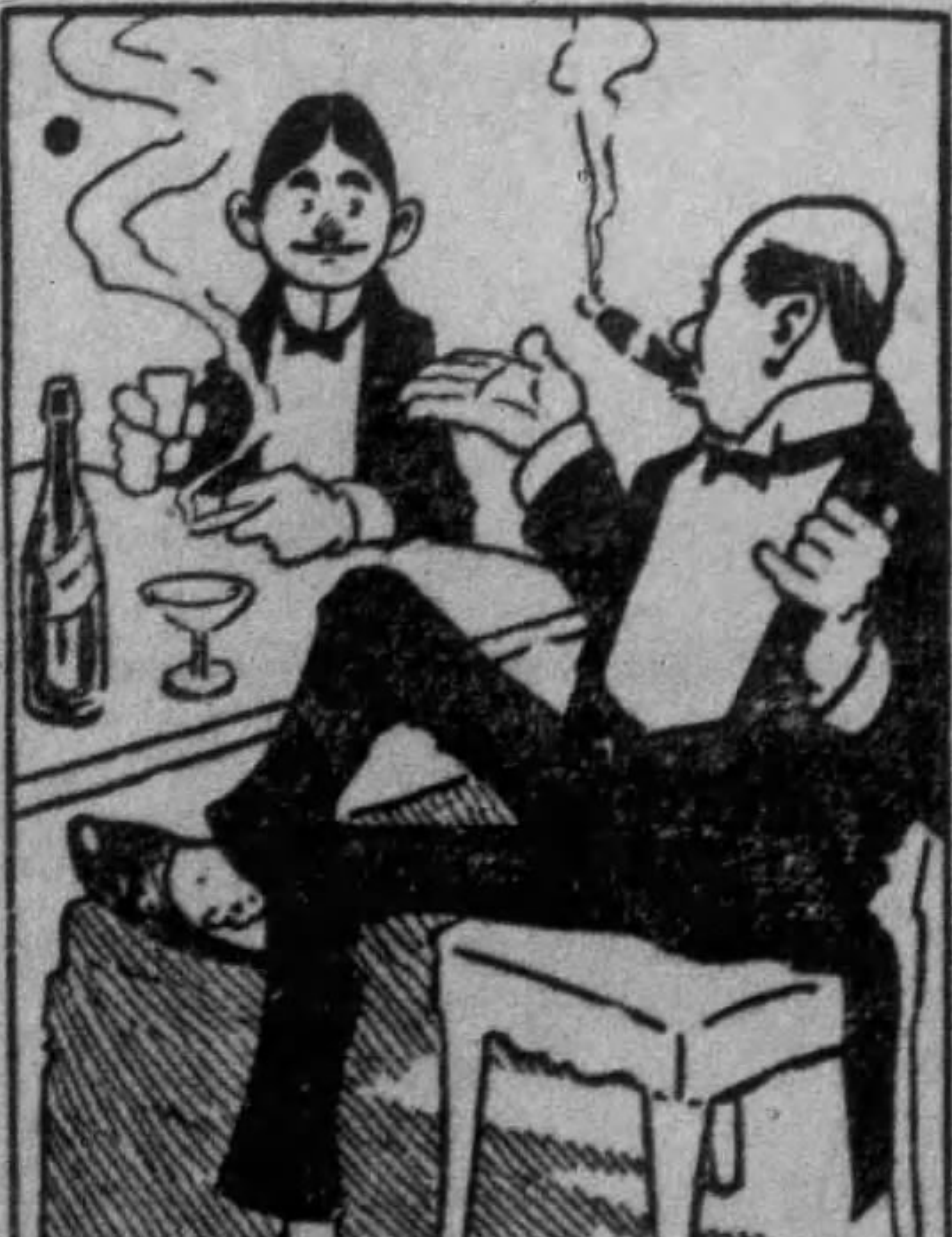


WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?
Con
N.E.A.

Which he continues to do until his wife makes her purchases and rescues him when she leaves the store.

"The prize fighters are better ed-

# WHAT THE BANK LOST



"Did you break the bank in your stay at Monte Carlo?"

"No, but I did the next best thing. I didn't play."

# ARE YOU RIDING IN THIS WAGON TO HAPPINESS AND LOVE?

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

CYNTHIA GREY'S
BEAUTY WAGON

Will you walk or will you ride? Only the women who will make up their minds to love one another, to stop short the saying of spiteful things, to forgive as they wish to be forgiven, to be happy, to be charitable and peaceable can ride on this wagon.

On the wagon are Love, Peace, Joy, Forgiveness, Charity, Rest. The others must walk.

Look at the faces of those others. Poor HATRED, how wrinkled she is! Then there is ENVY, look at the color of her skin! And down in the edge of the crowd is MADAME NERVES. One could almost tie the corners of her mouth under her chin. Perhaps she is to be pitied most of all, for she thinks she can't help it. How she would like to ride on the Beauty Wagon, but she really believes she must walk for the rest of her life. She is mistaken. She could rid herself of her name if she rested enough.

But give a blance at GOSSIP. Her teeth have fallen out and her eyes are a mere squint. Then there is TEMPER, all mouth and no chin. It is easy to see that there is no room on the wagon for such as these.

SORROW? Why, SORROW wouldn't ride if she could. Her chief pleasure in life is her doleful face. But no one wants her in the Beauty crowd, so everyone is satisfied. GREED is hungry for a seat in the tallyho, but there is no room for her. She would give anything she possesses, except her greed itself, to get aboard. But she is so greedy that she eats everything she sees. She eats other people's happiness, she feeds upon their grief and revels in their misfortunes. She picks the very bones of their peace and nibbles at their weaknesses. But what she eats won't do her any good; she only ruins her digestion and spoils her complexion.

And there is HASTE, poor creature! Long ago, she lost the grace of her figure and found the puckers in her forehead.

Only the dust from the wheels of the great chariot for these who willfully plod by the roadside.

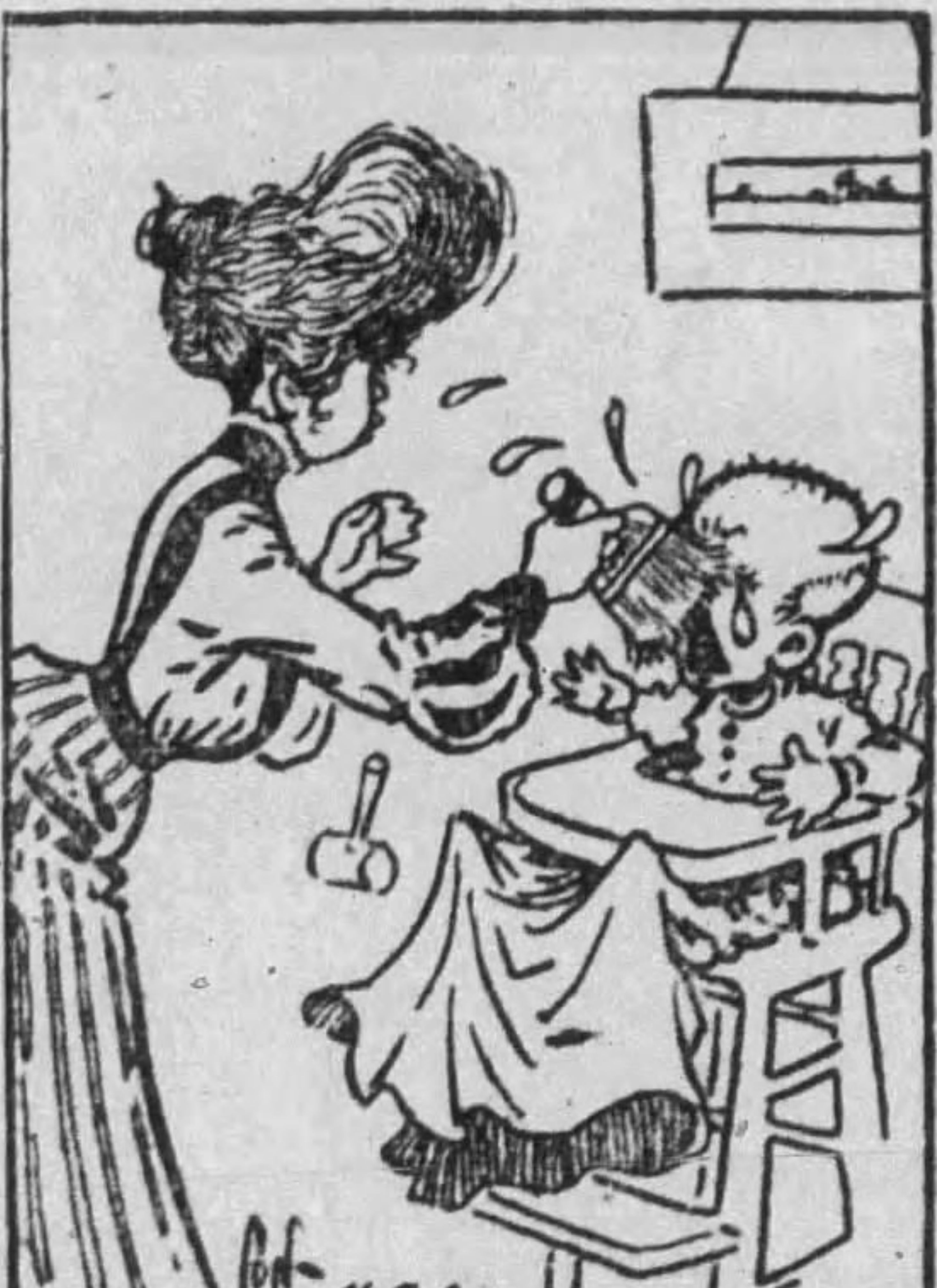
They could ride if they would. All they have to do is to give up a few of their cherished faults and be born again into the kingdom of Beauty.

When they give up these faults, these weaknesses, these dearly loved discomforts of theirs, the wrinkles will disappear, the hair will blow light and free as the wagon rolls away with them; their mouths will laugh and their eyes will forget to weep; their cheeks will glow with health; their figures will swell into roundness and their awkwardness will give place to grace—for in their hearts will be GENTLENESS and GOOD-WILL and they will have found PEACE. And PEACE brings BEAUTY.

Then all these women will ride in the Beauty Wagon to HAPPINESS and LOVE.

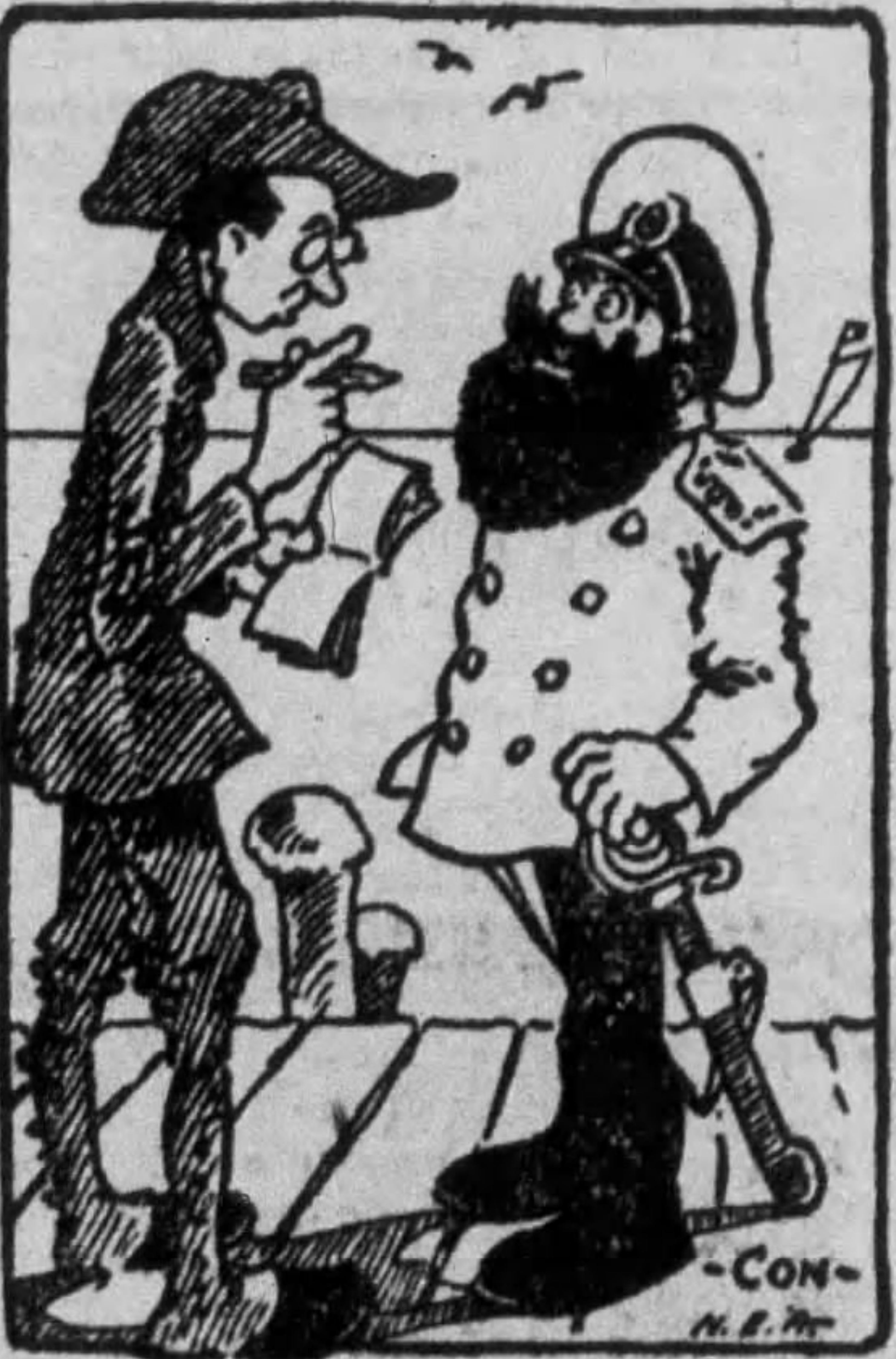
# JIU-JITSU JOKELETS---SPASM V

HURRAY! HURRAY!! A FEW OF THESE HOLDS DEFTLY DONE OUGHT TO SOLVE THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM'
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
YEEZ'LL GIT YER MEALS WHIN OI WANTS YEEZ TO HAVE 'EM. BEGORRA.
BRIDGET
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
DO I GET THEM WHEN I WANT THEM?
SURE!!
NEA



She Brushed Away His Tears.

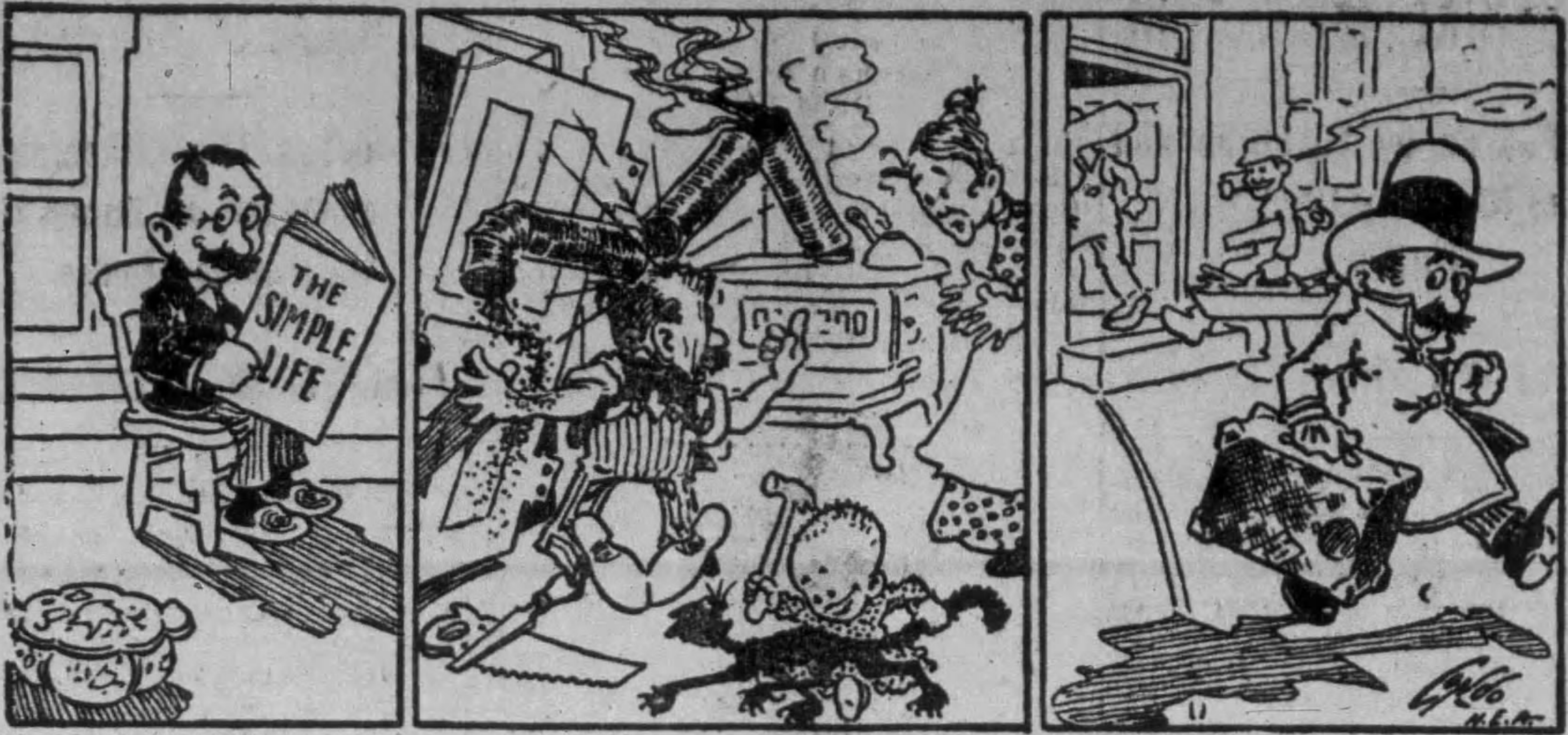
# AND IN A HURRY, TOO



"I suppose, admiral, you were greatly stirred when the Japanese ships came in sight," said the war correspondent.

"I was, indeed," responded the Russian admiral. "In fact, the whole fleet was moved."

# A STUDY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE

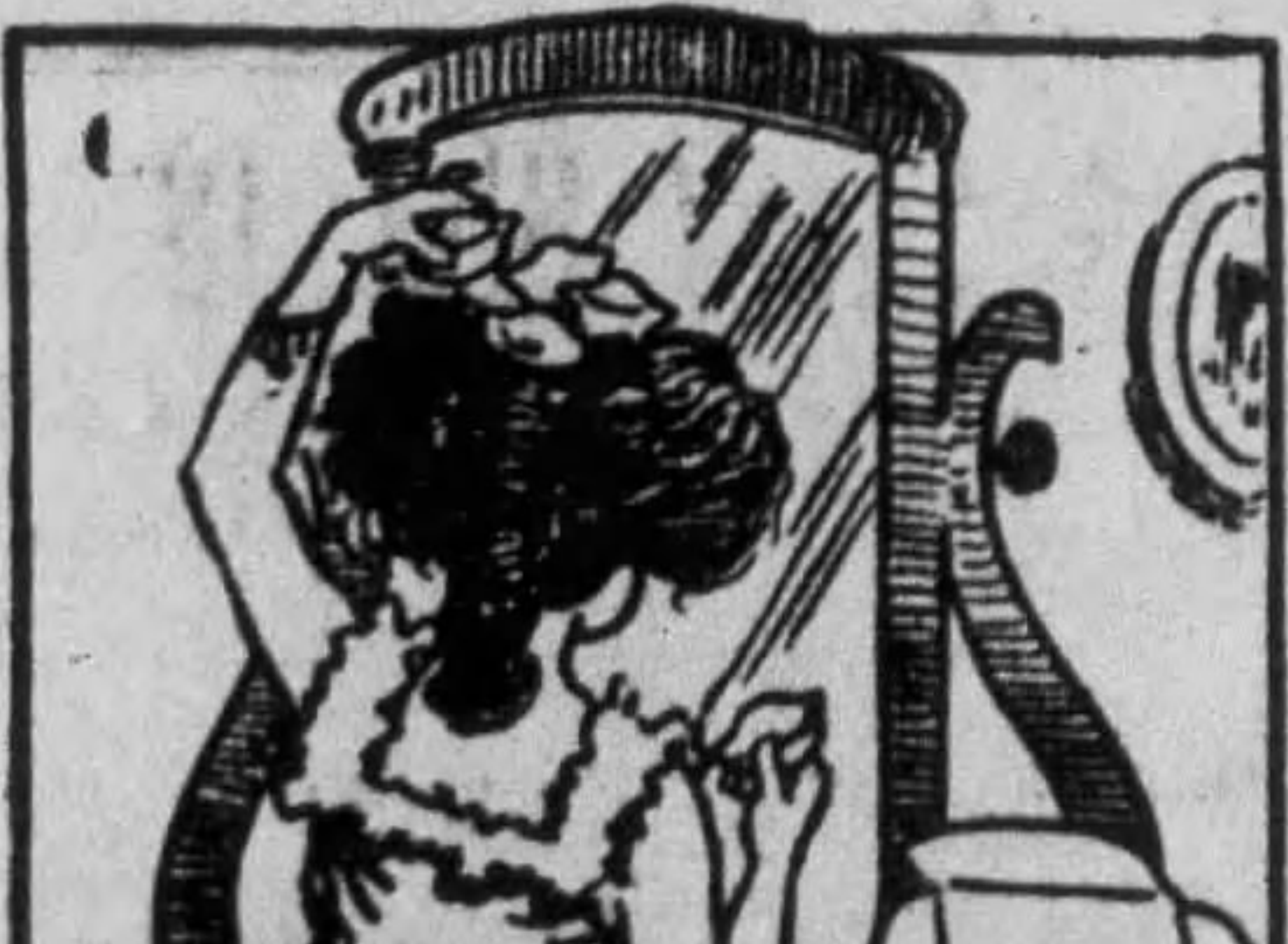


No trip south for me this winter. I'll stay home and enjoy the simple life.

Hand me that hammer, ma! Who took those nails? Get me the screw driver. Where in thunder's the wrench?

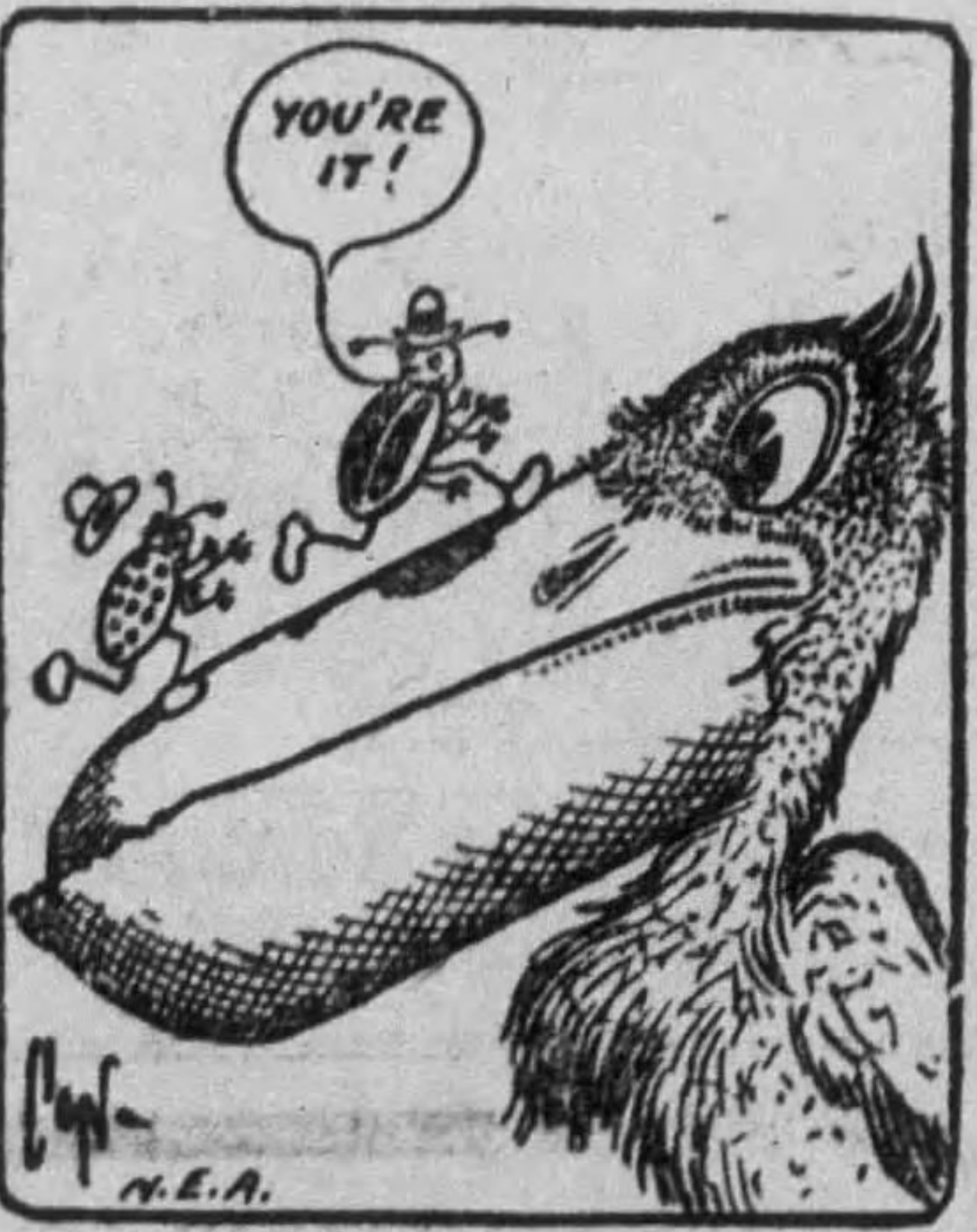
Let the plumbers and carpenters do that work. Me for a little rest for once in my life.

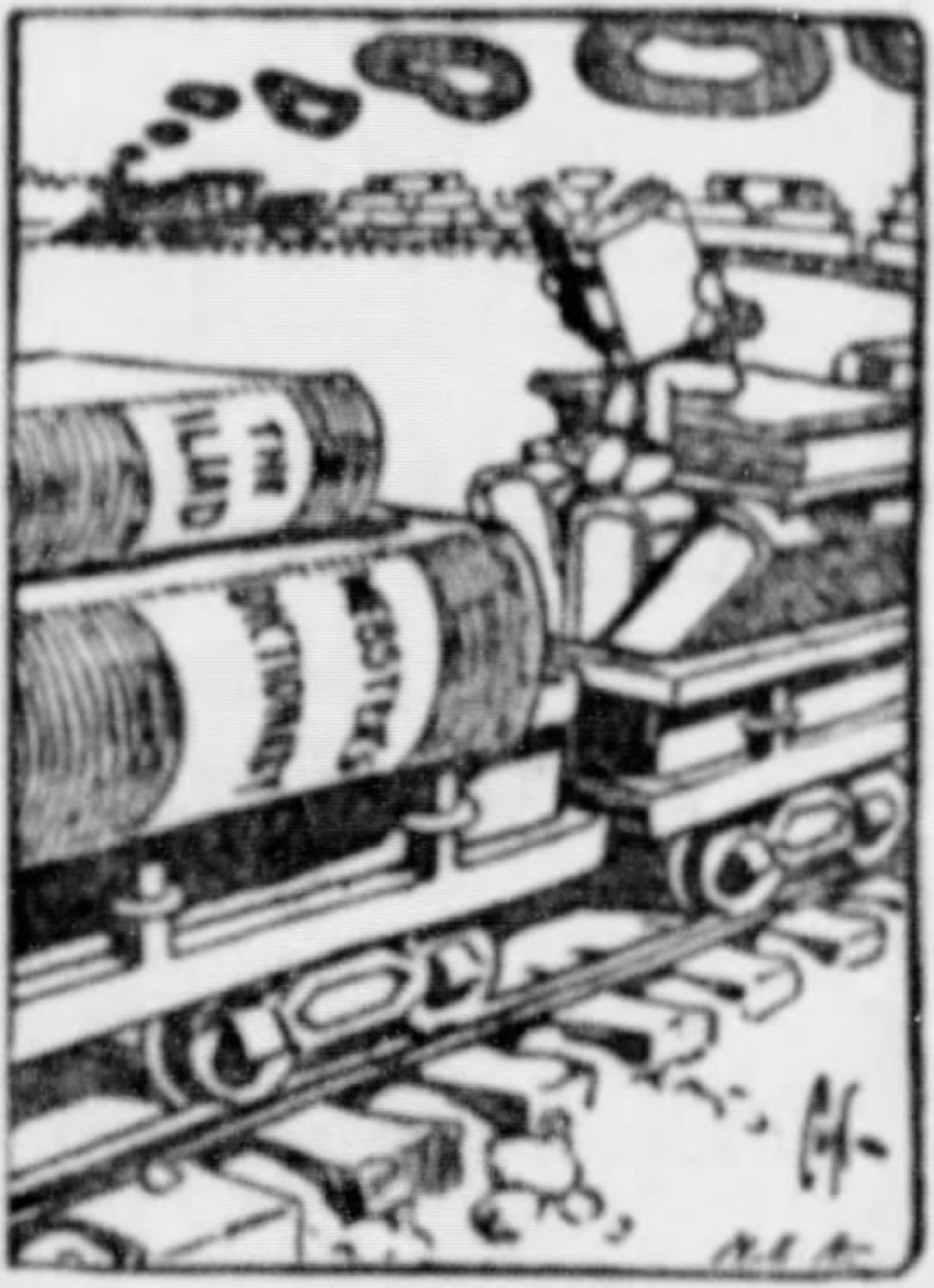
## From a Popular Novel.


GRAHAM GEMS

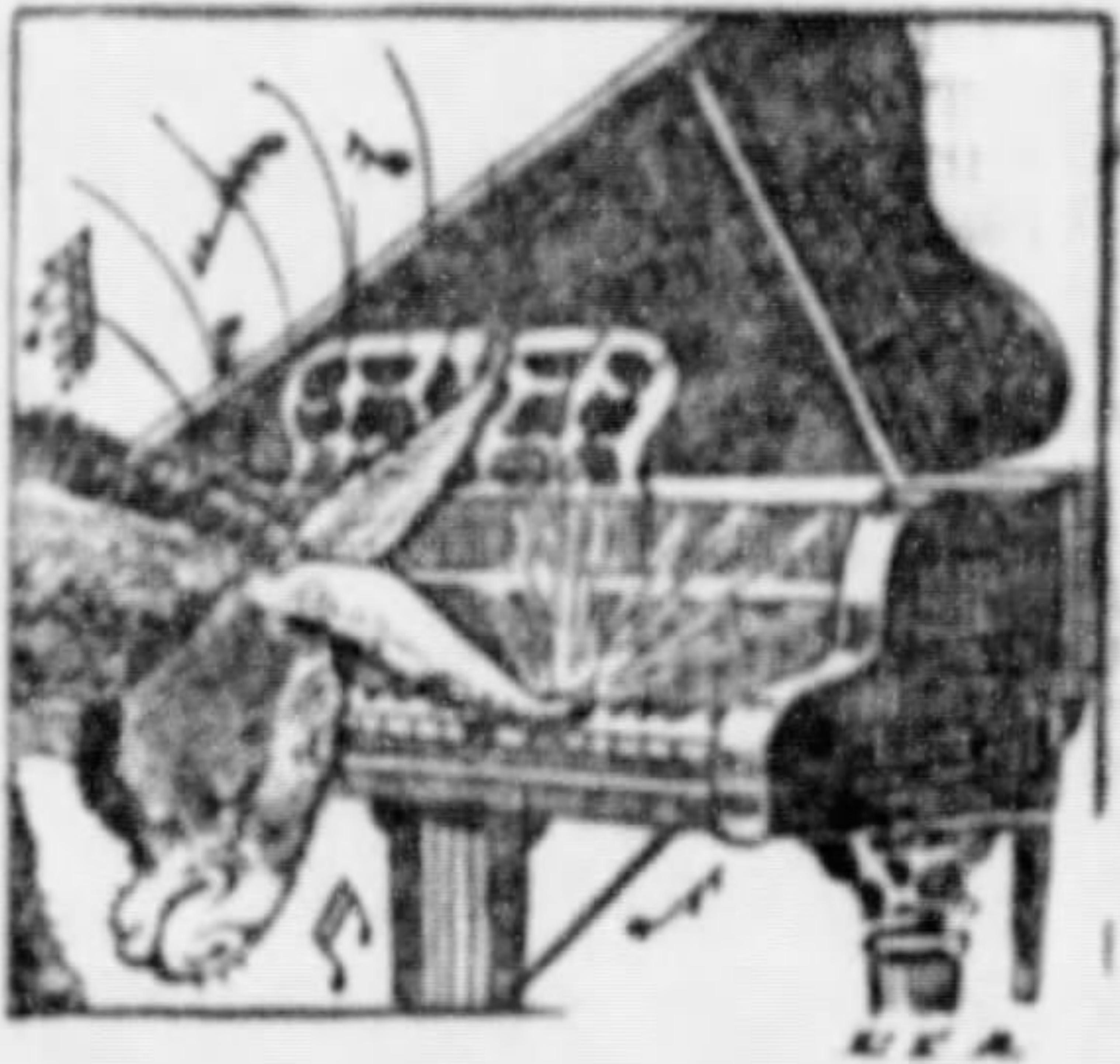
SHE DEFTLY PLACED THE GEMS IN HER HAIR.

# RUNNING UP A BILL

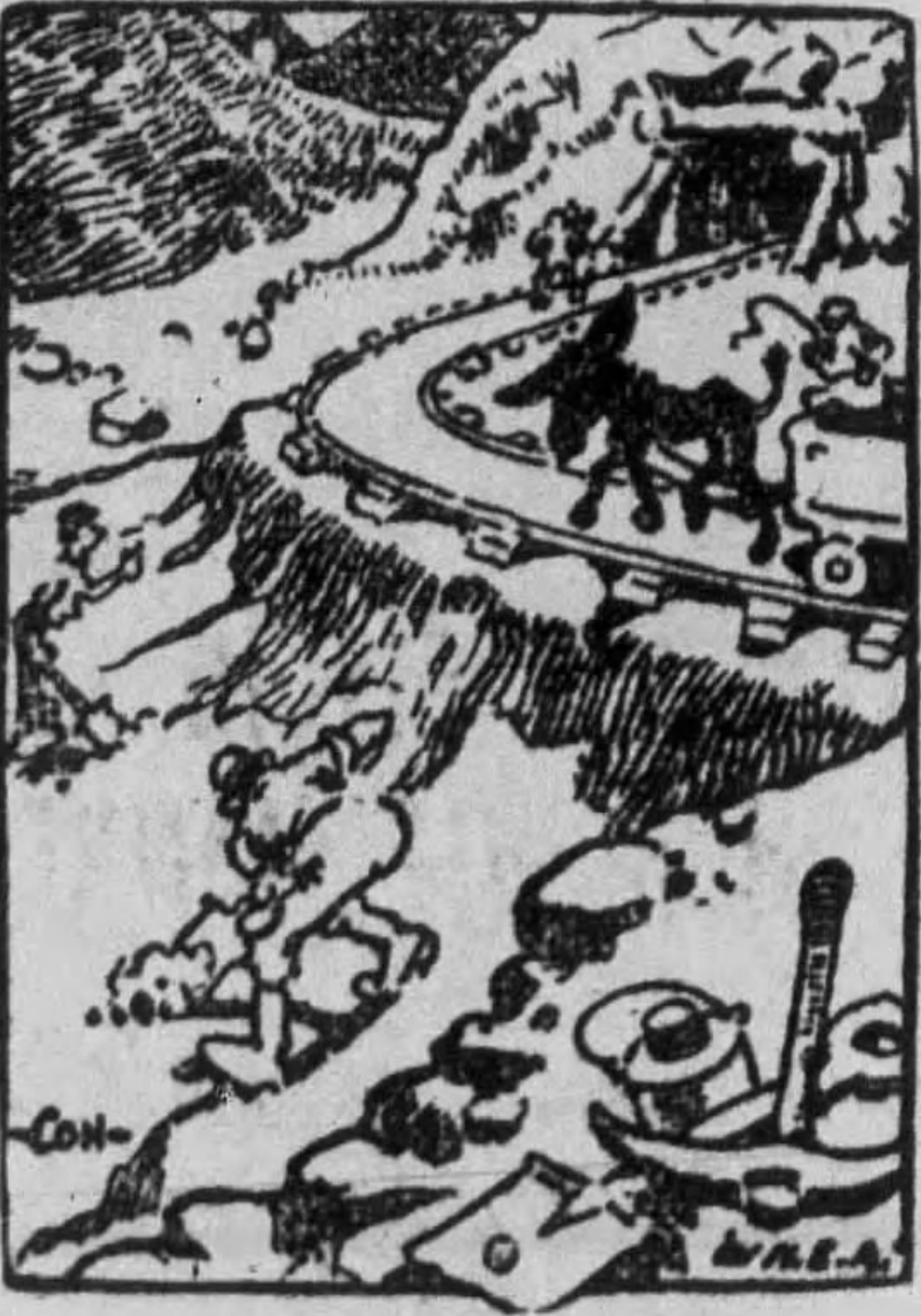

YOU'RE IT!
N.E.A.


THE ILIAD
WEBSTER'S
DICTIONARY

A TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

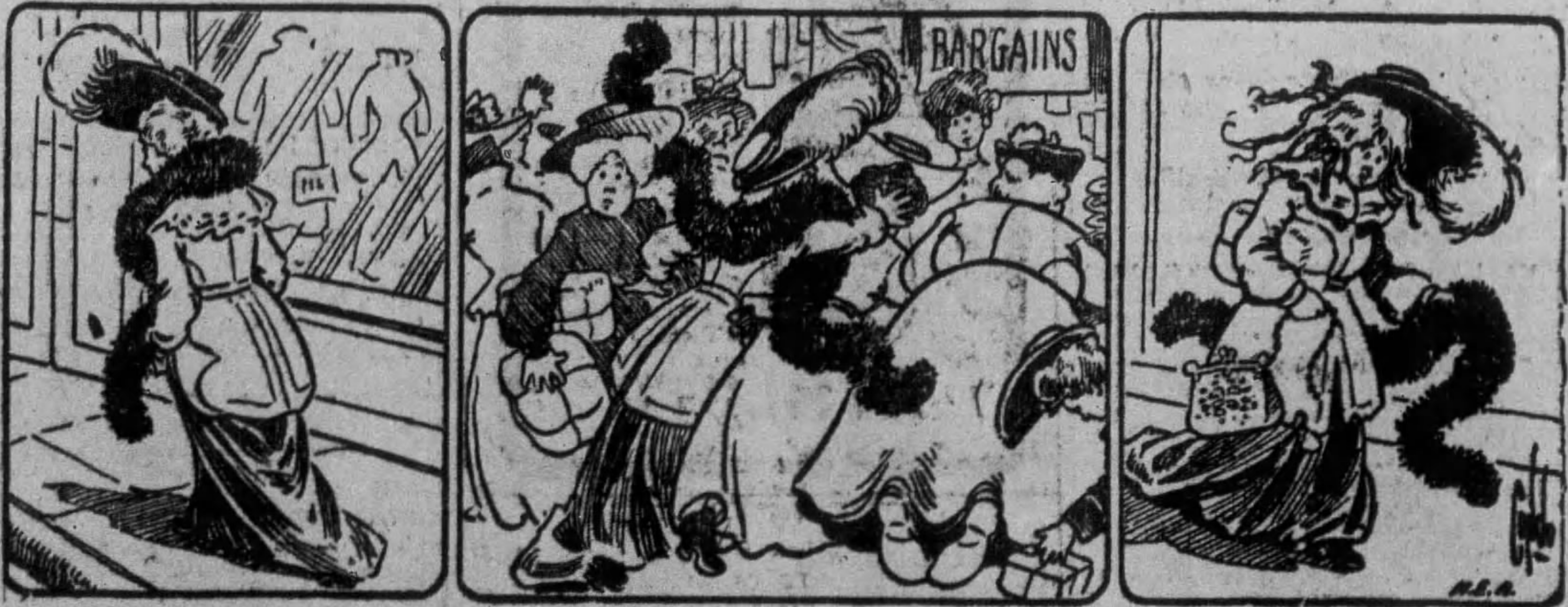


PLAYING BY EAR.



Some of the Minor Details.

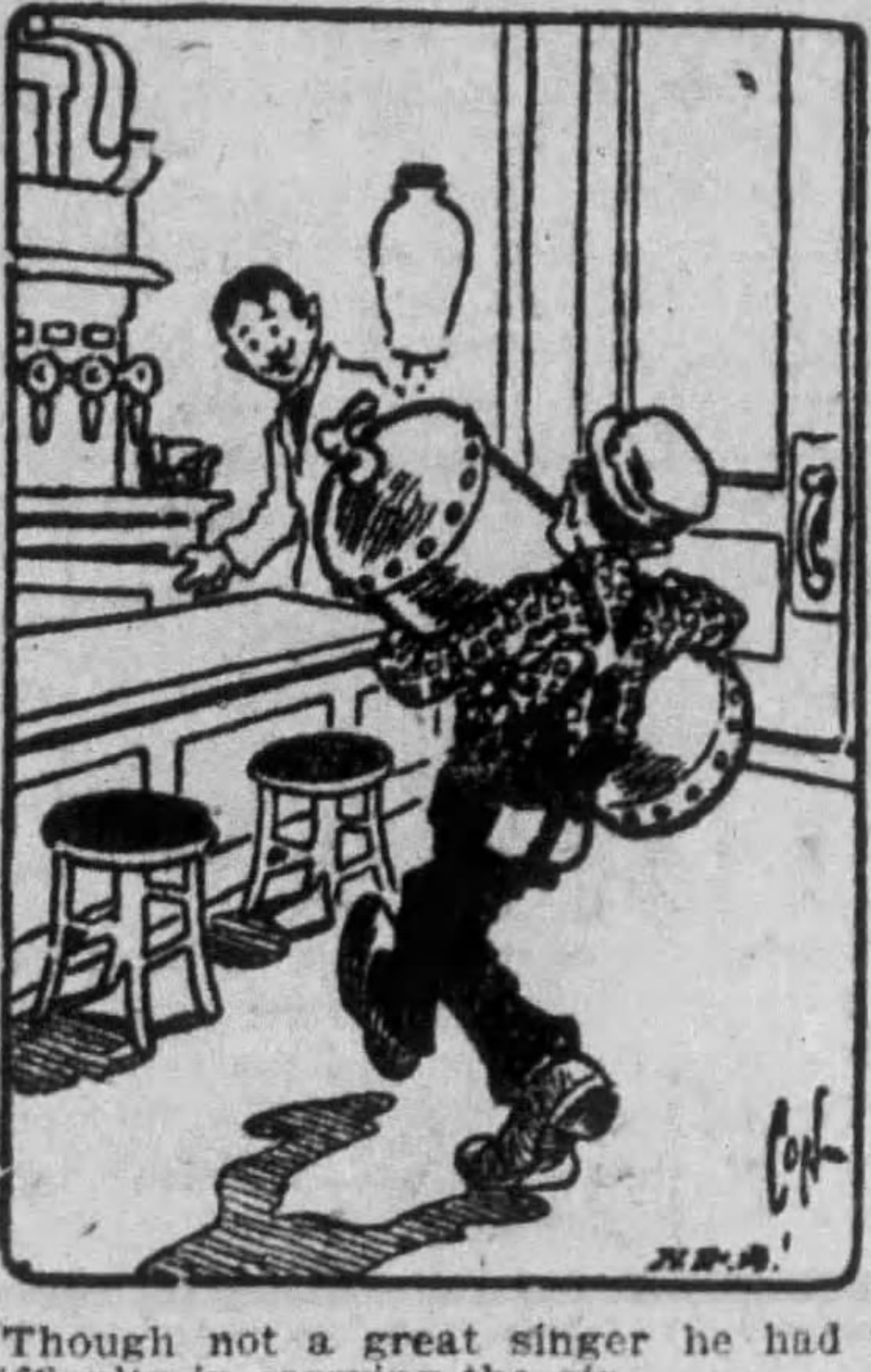
# A STUDY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE



Mrs. Snopley Chase had resolved to lead the simple life.

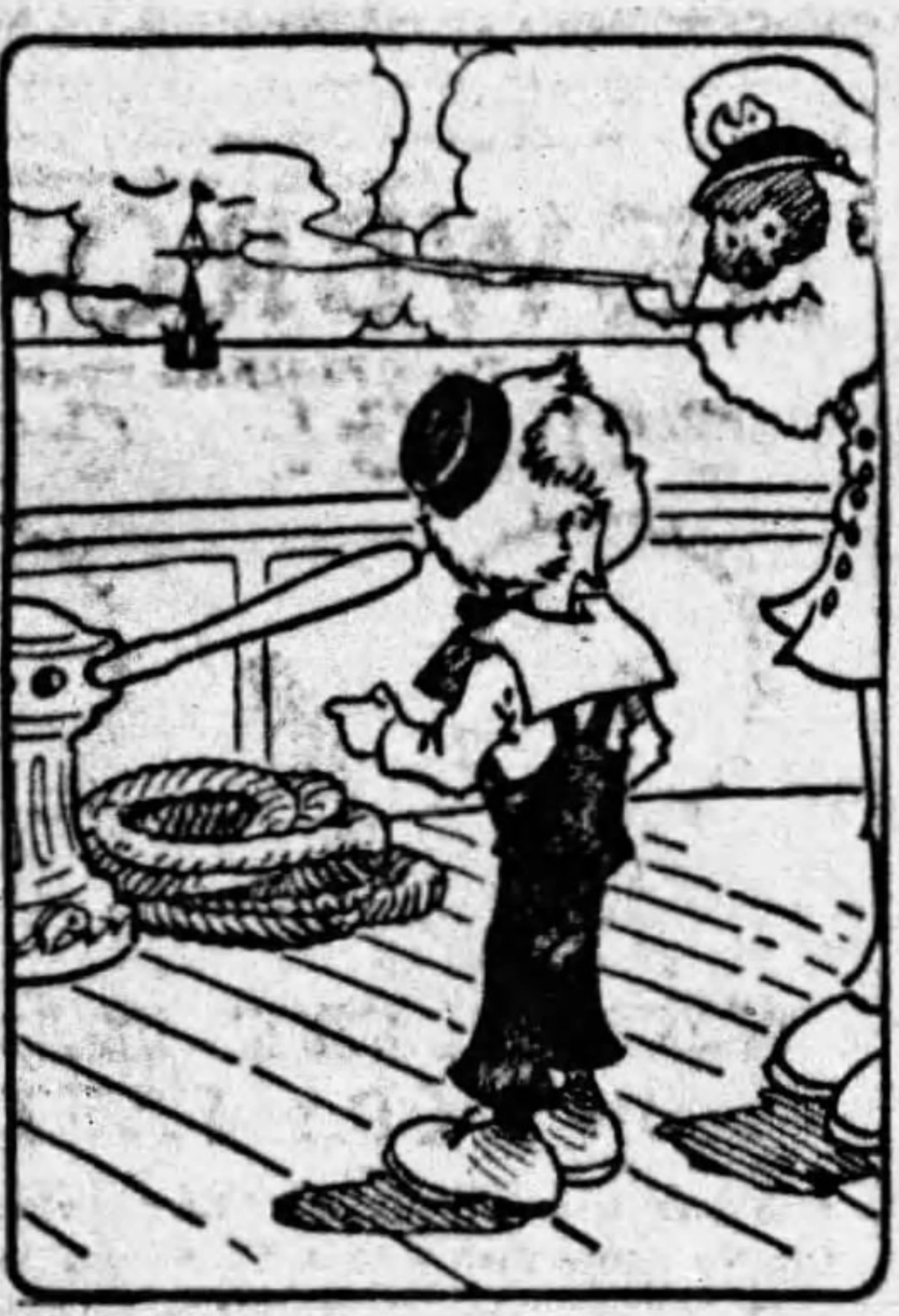
And she put the theory into practice at the glove sale that aftrenoon.

Hereafter she'll do her shopping in the same old way.

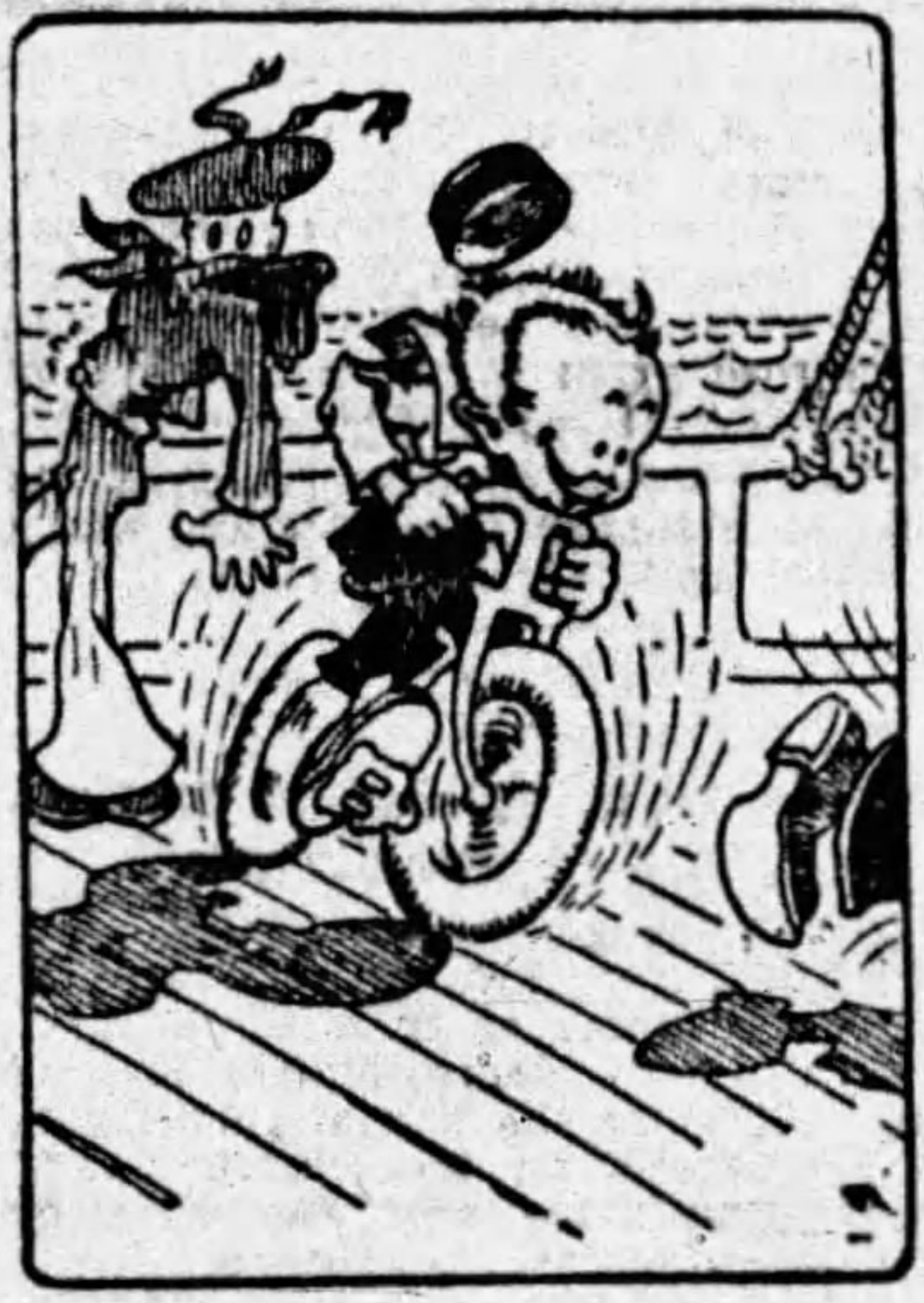


Though not a great singer he had no difficulty in carrying the air.

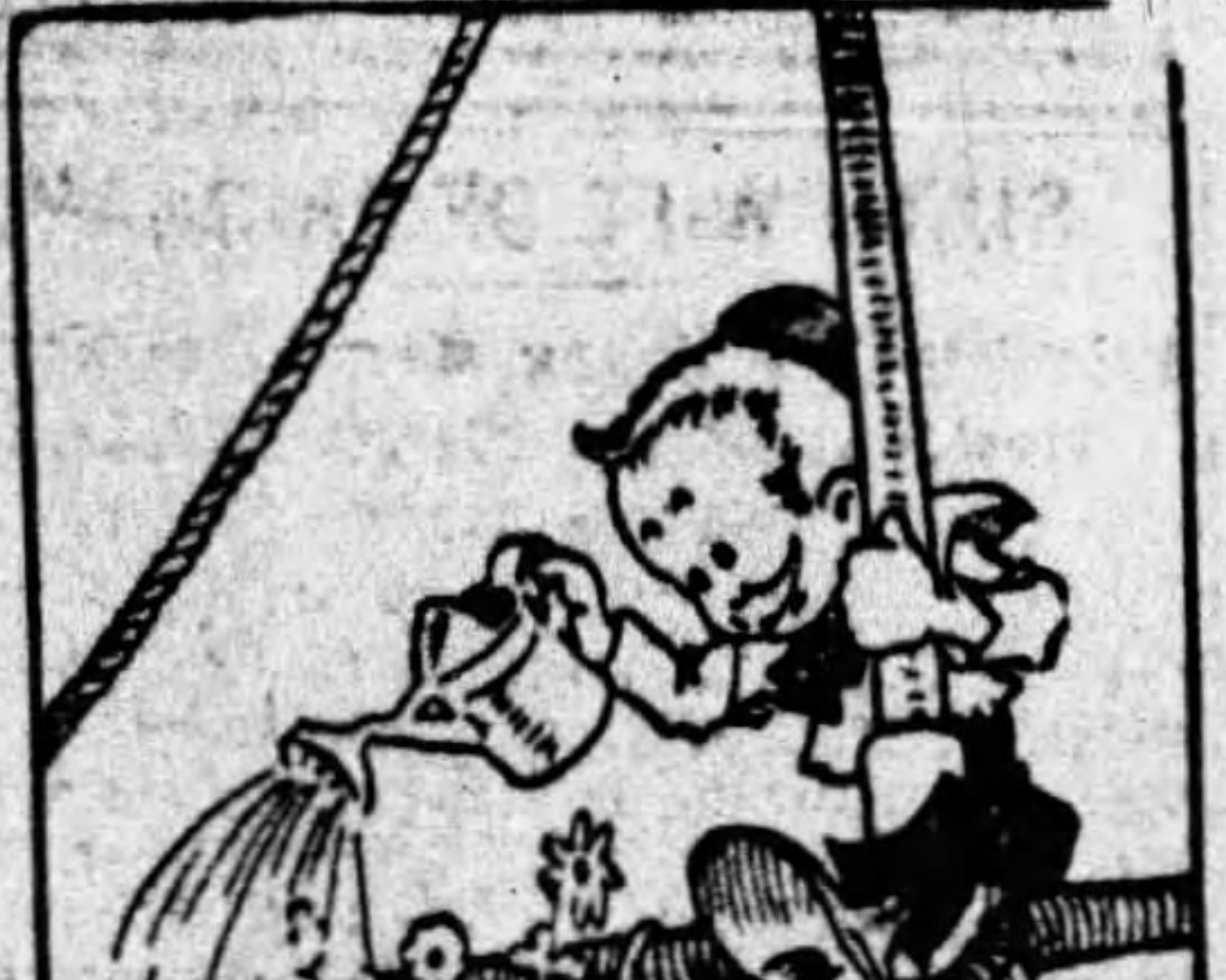
# DUKE MURPHY AT SEA.



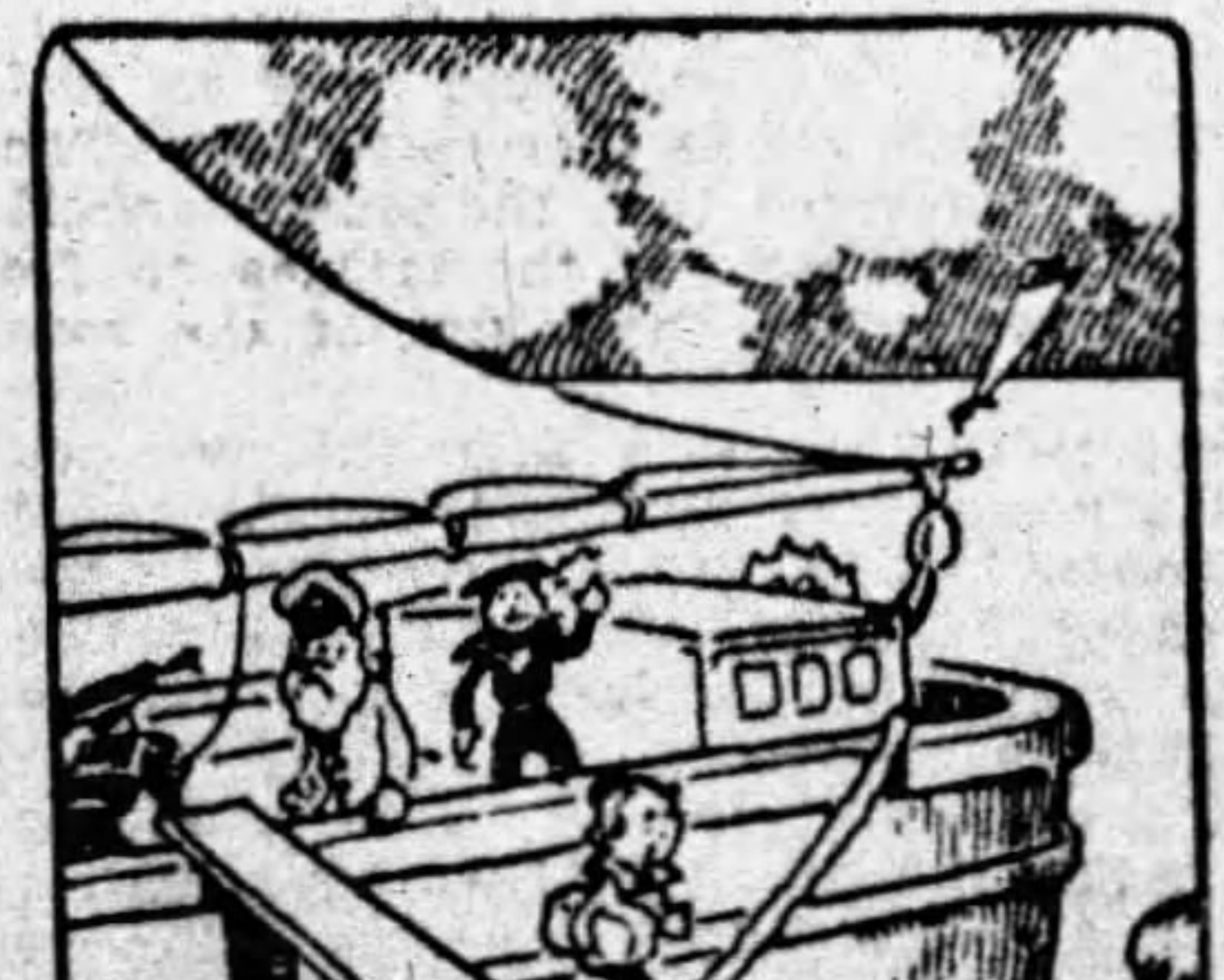
"No, captain," said Duke, "I am a temperance boy and I will not touch the capstan bar."



Duke never had an afternoon off. He had to take his regular turn at the wheel.



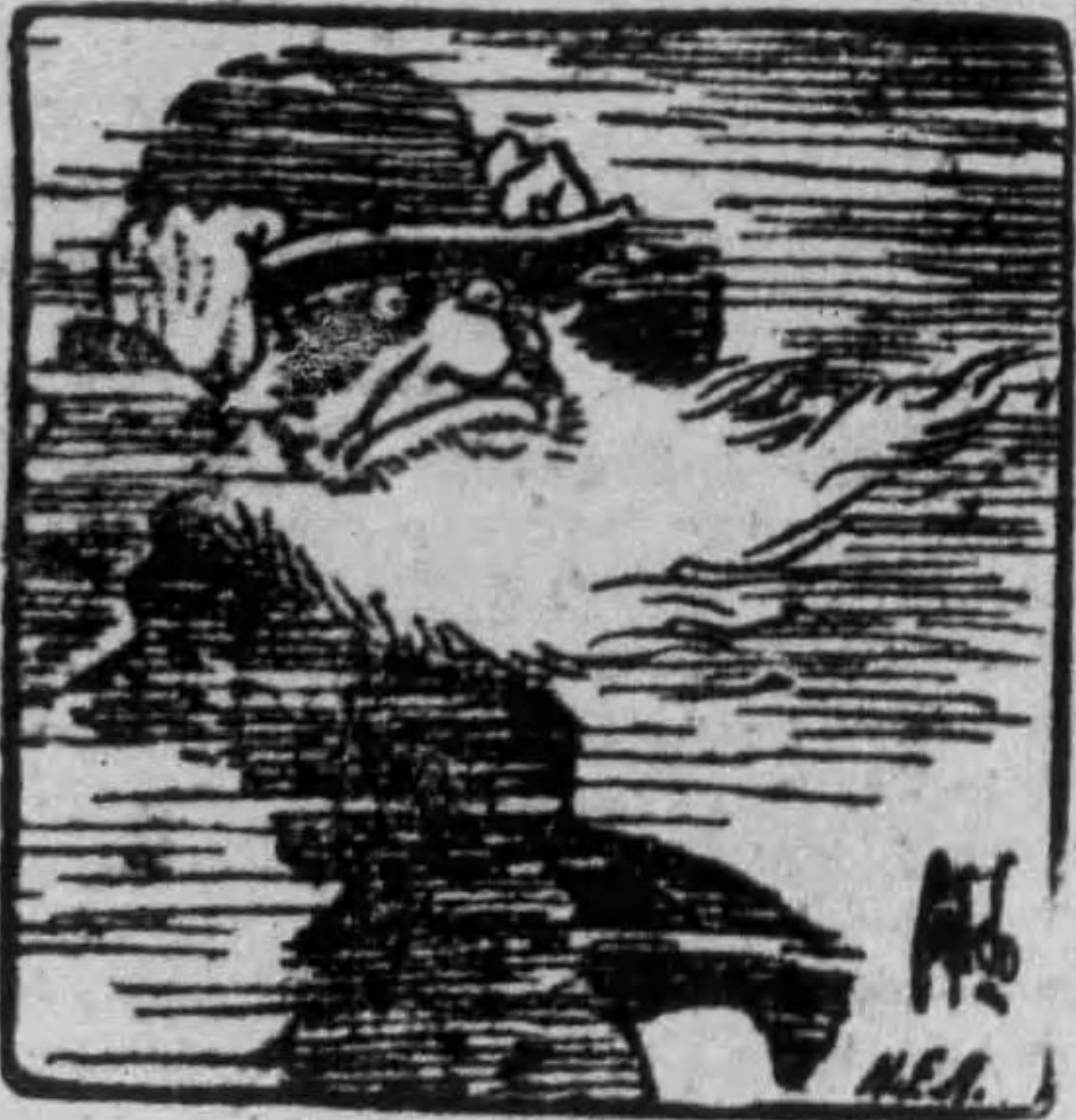
Every morning Duke would climb to the yard—for that was where he had planted flowers.



But Duke was a failure as a sailor and had to walk the plank at the first port.

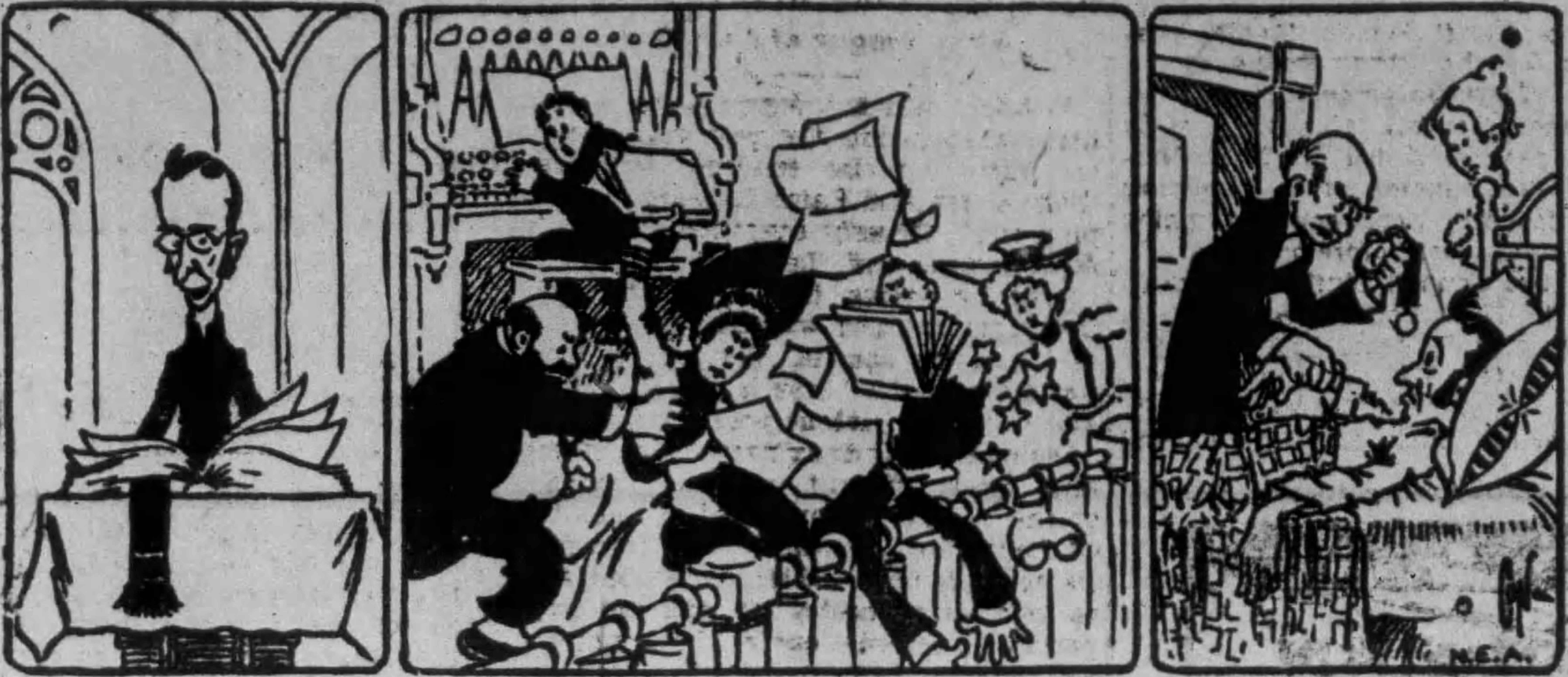
# JIU-JITSU JOKELETS---SPASM VI

DAT STINGY MILLIONAIRE'S DONE NEVAH GIVE ME NO TIP SENCE HE'S EAT IN DIS HYAH HOTEL. BUT I'LL SPRING ONE O' DESE WRINKLES ON HIM
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
WHY, OF COURSE, THE DINNER WAS ALL RIGHT— TIP?!! WHAT TIP?!!! DO YOU THINK I'VE LOST MY MIND?!!
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
THANKS AWFULLY BOSS!
JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR
N.E.A.



Keeping the Lid On.

# A STUDY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE

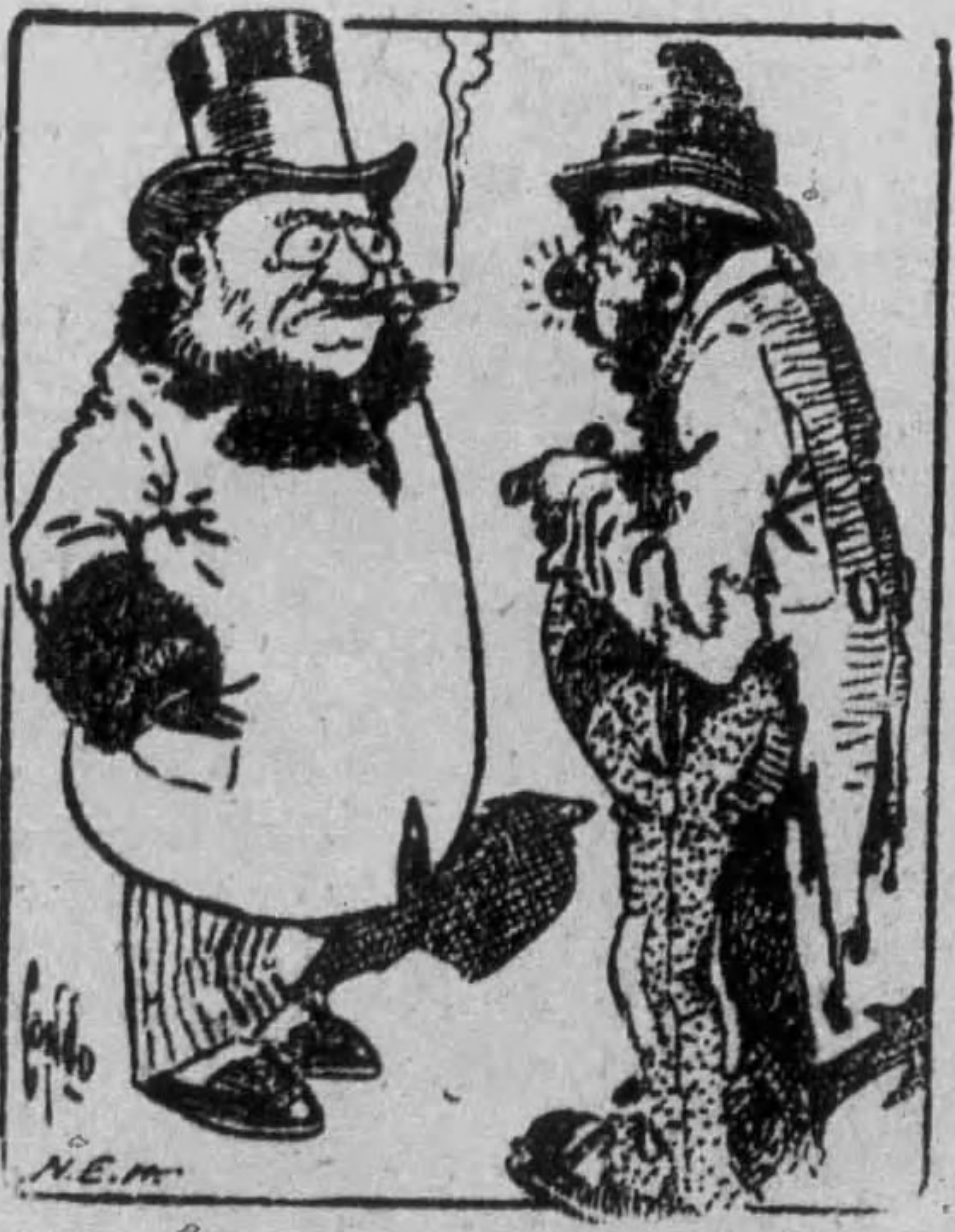


Dr. Goodington spoke of the beauties of the simple life.

The next week he attended choir practice, "just to encourage the singers."

And he has even a higher opinion of the simple life.

# A RETOUCHER

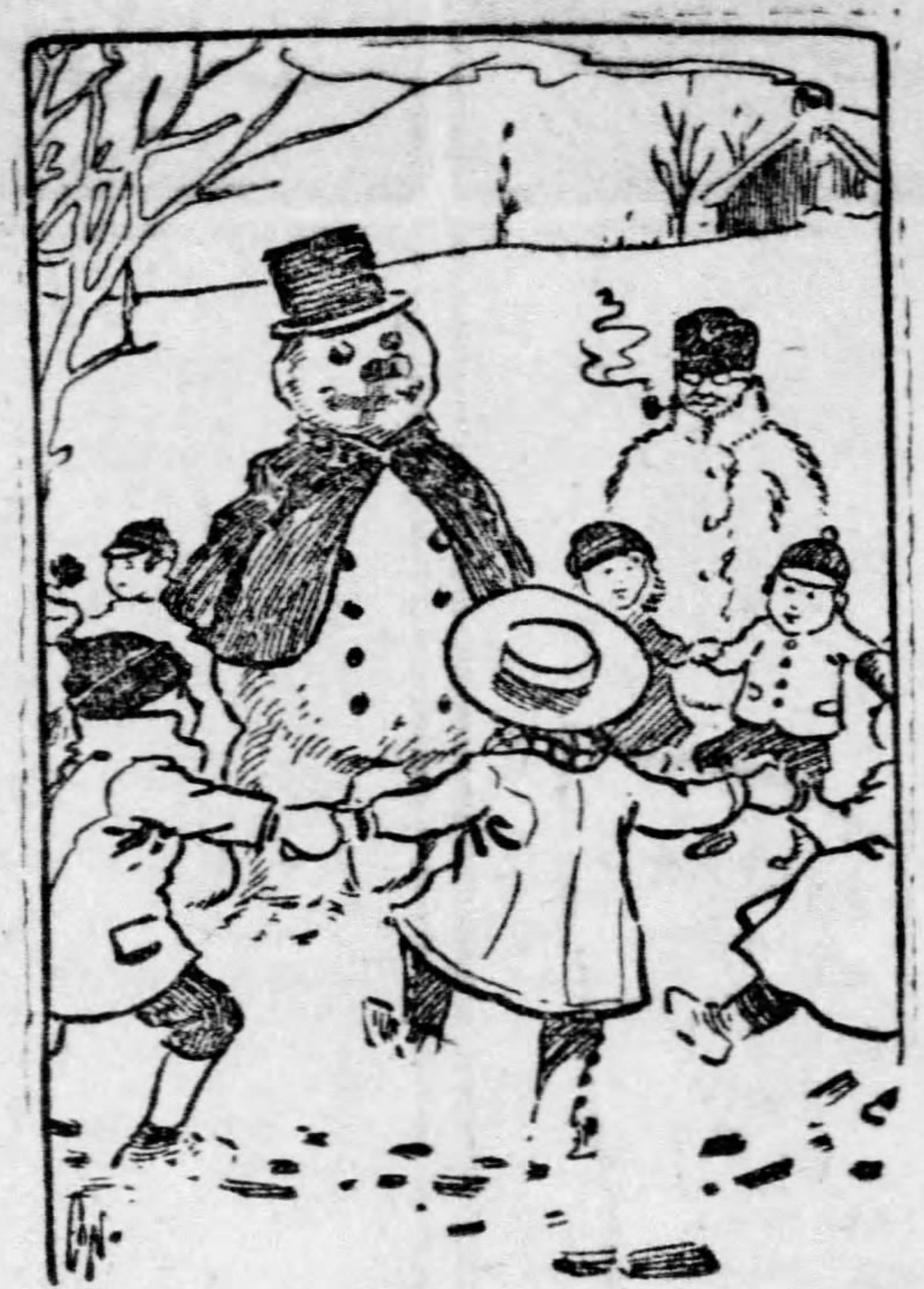


"Excuse me, pardner, I ain't used t' askin' men of th' street fer money, but the truth is I'm hungry an' if you c'n give me a dime——"

"You gave me that same story not fifteen minutes ago and I handed you a quarter. How many times do you expect to work me?"

"I don't know how many times, boss, but you'll have t' excuse me. You see, I used t' work in a photograph gallery an' I'm a retoucher."

# ADVENTURES OF THE SNOW MAN



JOINED HANDS AND DANCED AROUND HIM.

"What was all that noise about out here last night?" asked Mathematical John of the Snow Man, when he visited him in the morning. "I heard old Towser Bill barking, and Uncle Ned got his gun and went out to see if someone had broken into the chicken coop."

"The noise meant," replied the Snow Man, "that I had another narrow escape. A flock of crows swooped down on me and they would have pecked me to pieces only that Towser Bill hearing their 'cawing' came rushing out of his kennel and scared them away. As it was they made way with my nice carrot nose."

"Oh," said John, "that's too bad, but I'll get another carrot and fix you up with an old coat so the crows will think you are a scarecrow and will leave you alone. But what did the crows want to attack you for?"

"Oh, I suppose they thought there was something good to eat inside me, just like Reddy the Fox, who doesn't seem to be able to make up his mind yet that there isn't. He's around sniffing at me at all hours of the night. I believe he would dig into me only for the taunts of my friend the Tid-Bit bird, who rails at him from the fence. And now, if you please, I would much prefer if you would get me a corncob nose rather than a carrot. Carrots, you know, are good to eat, and I don't want anything like that around me. And if you don't mind, I would consider it a favor for you to restore my plug hat, which the wind blew off before the crows came, and also fill in the holes they made in me."

"With pleasure," said John, and he searched for the hat, which he found in a drift, placed it snugly on the Snow Man's head, filled in his beak-punctured anatomy with snow, and was off to procure the corncob nose and protecting coat.

When he returned with the needed articles all the other nephews and nieces were with him. They affixed the Snow Man's new nose, buttoned the old coat around his neck, joined hands and danced around him until it was time to go to school, when they bid him goodby, wishing him good luck till their return.

Nothing much happened to the Snow Man during the day, so he took a good sleep and was overjoyed on awakening to see a lot of crows perched on the fence discussing him. It was evident from their actions that they were afraid of him. He heard one old crow say: "It's a scarecrow, sure!" and then they all flew away. It was pretty certain they would bother him no more.

The nephews and nieces having taken their lunches with them, did not return until afternoon school was out, and they brought a whole lot of their chums with them to see their fine Snow Man. It was great company for him, and when Uncle Ned came out and placed an old hickory cane under one of the Snow Man's arms his happiness was complete. It was with great regret that he saw night come on and his friends depart.

Armed with the sane and protected by the coat, however, he didn't have the misgiving of the nights before.

But, alas, we can never tell what is in store for us. The moon, which had been looking down curiously at the Snow Man, thinking at first that it was Uncle Ned, was suddenly obscured by a mass of billowing clouds, a high wind came out of the west and it was all the Snow Man could do to keep his balance.

But that wasn't the worst by any means. The button which held his coat snapped off, the threads being weak from age, and away went the garment a-flying. Then his cane became loosened and went rolling after the coat, and the plug hat flew after the cane. Poor, unlucky Snow Man.

But the wind finally did stop and he was still erect. That was certainly something to be thankful for. The wind had blown much snow over him and some of it stuck to to his coal eyes, forming nice closed eyelids, so the Snow Man went to sleep.

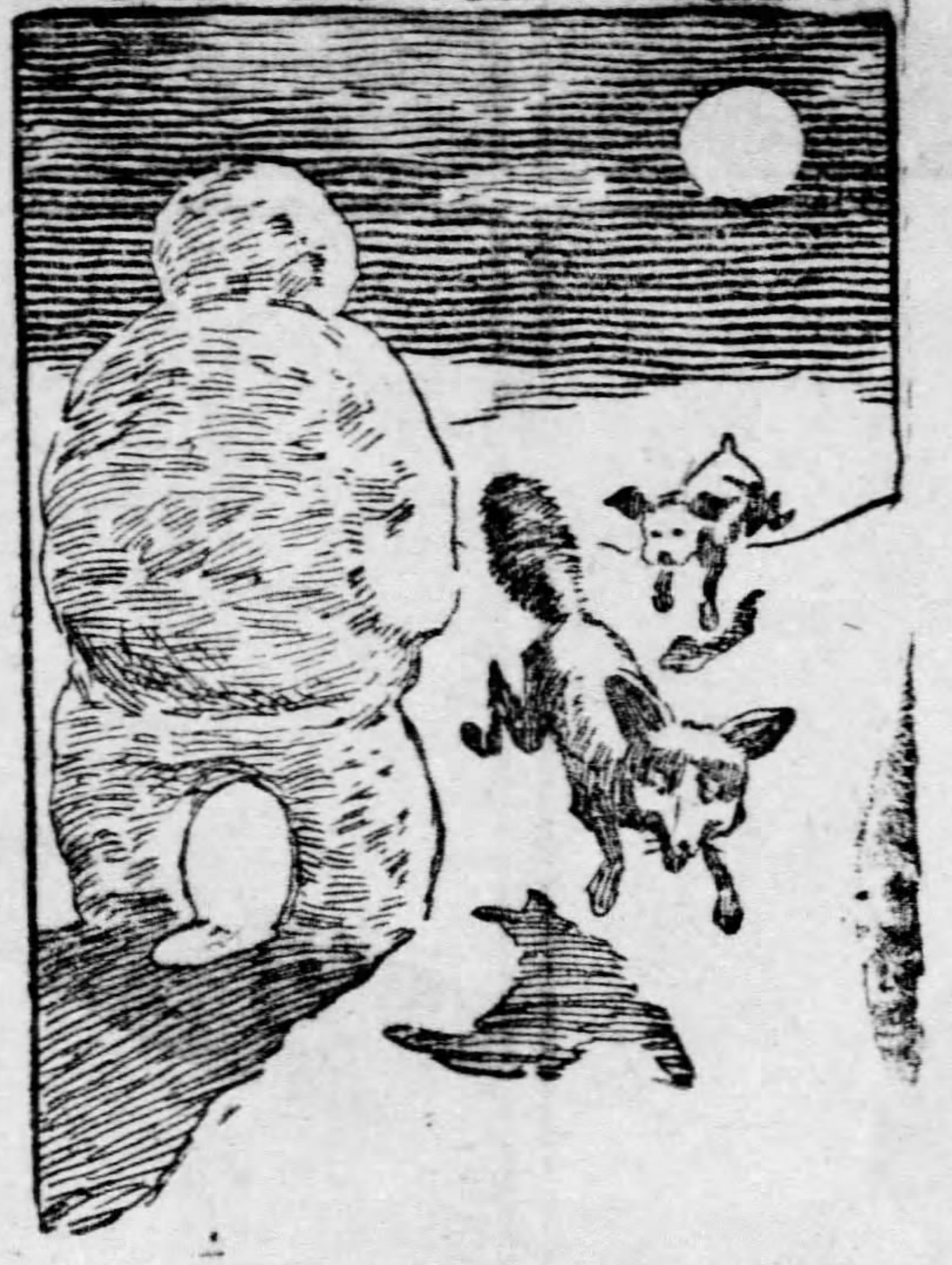
He was awakened by a kind of scratching sensation on his chest. As his eyes were closed he couldn't see, but he called out: "Who's here?"

"Why, it's only me," answered a startled voice. "I thought you just an ordinary snow pile."

"And who are you, and what were you trying to do?"

"I'm Nibbler, the Squirrel, and I saw those hickory nuts stuck on you and I thought I would get them and take them over to my tree, but I'll go now, if you don't mind," and the squirrel hopped down and scampered away.

"Fine doings these are," groaned the Snow Man. "My coat gone, my hat gone again, my cane gone, and that little rascal wanted to rob me of my nice double row of buttons. Such a world of trouble!"



MADE A WIDE SWEEP AND PASSED BY.

Just then one of his snow eyelids fell off, and what did he see in the light of the moon, which had reappeared, but Reddy the Fox coming towards him as fast as he could come, and behind him in full chase Towser Bill

"I'll wager that Towser discovered Reddy trying to get into the hen coop," conjectured the Snow Man.

As Reddy neared the Snow Man he made a wide sweep and passed by, but the next thing the Snow Man knew Reddy was nestled in between his leg.

"Please don't tell where I am," he pleaded. "Towser will kill me."

But Towser had lost the trail and trotted home disgusted.

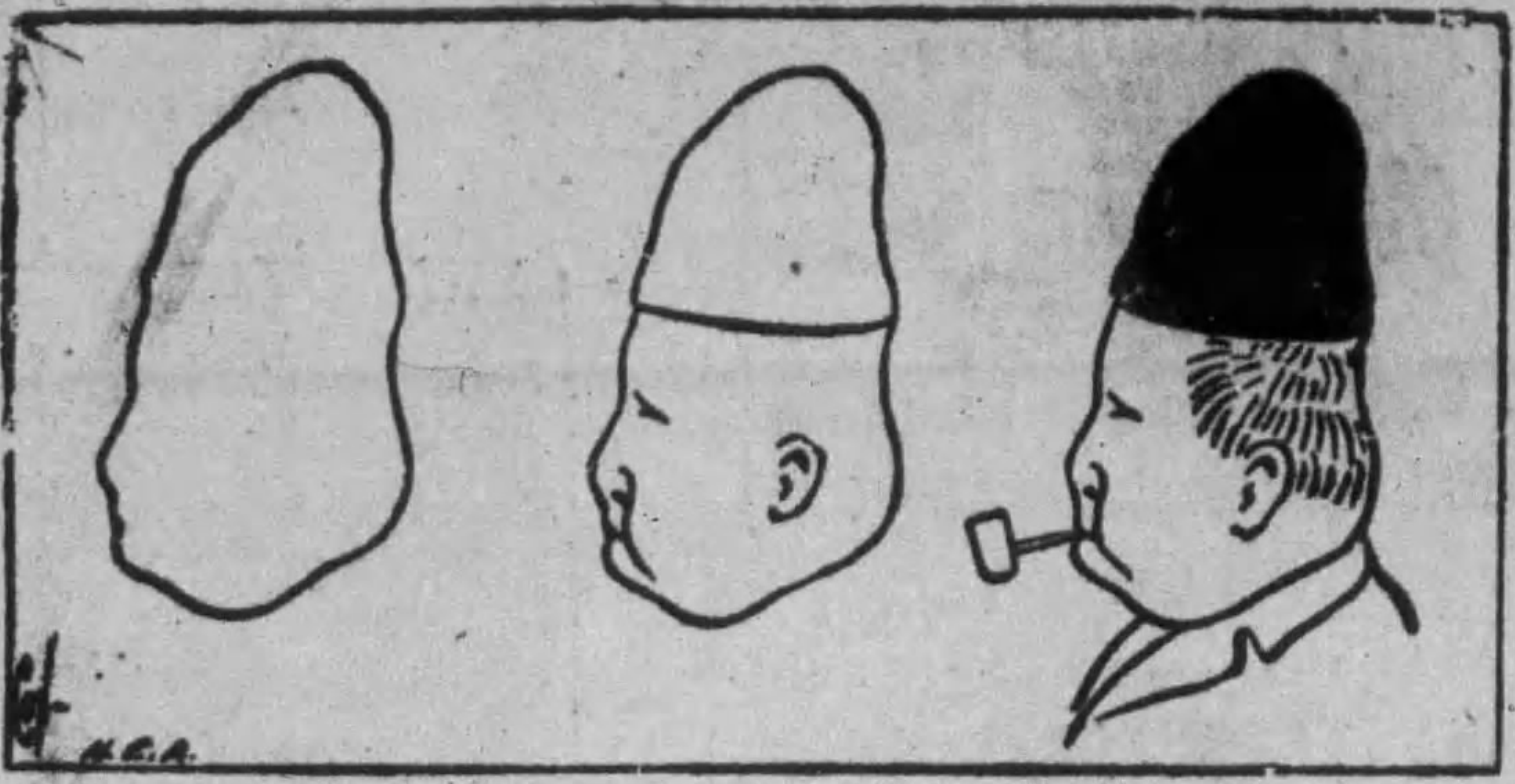
Daylight broke and Reddy, who felt warm and comfortable, still nestled between the Snow Man's legs. Suddenly Reddy cried out: "Oh, my, see what's coming. That old Bull, of Uncle Ned's, Billy the Bad, has broken loose and he's charging right down on you!"

It was an unhappy fact. Once more it appeared that the Snow Man would see his finish. On came Billy the Bad, his head down and eyes blazing. Closer and closer.

The Snow Man was in despair when he heard Reddy call out: "Cheer up, old Snow Man, one good turn deserves another; you saved me and I'll save you."

The bull wasn't over 30 feet away when Reddy made a dash at him and so startled the bull that he turned tail and fled. Thus Reddy saved the Snow Man.

# DRAWING LESSONS MADE EASY

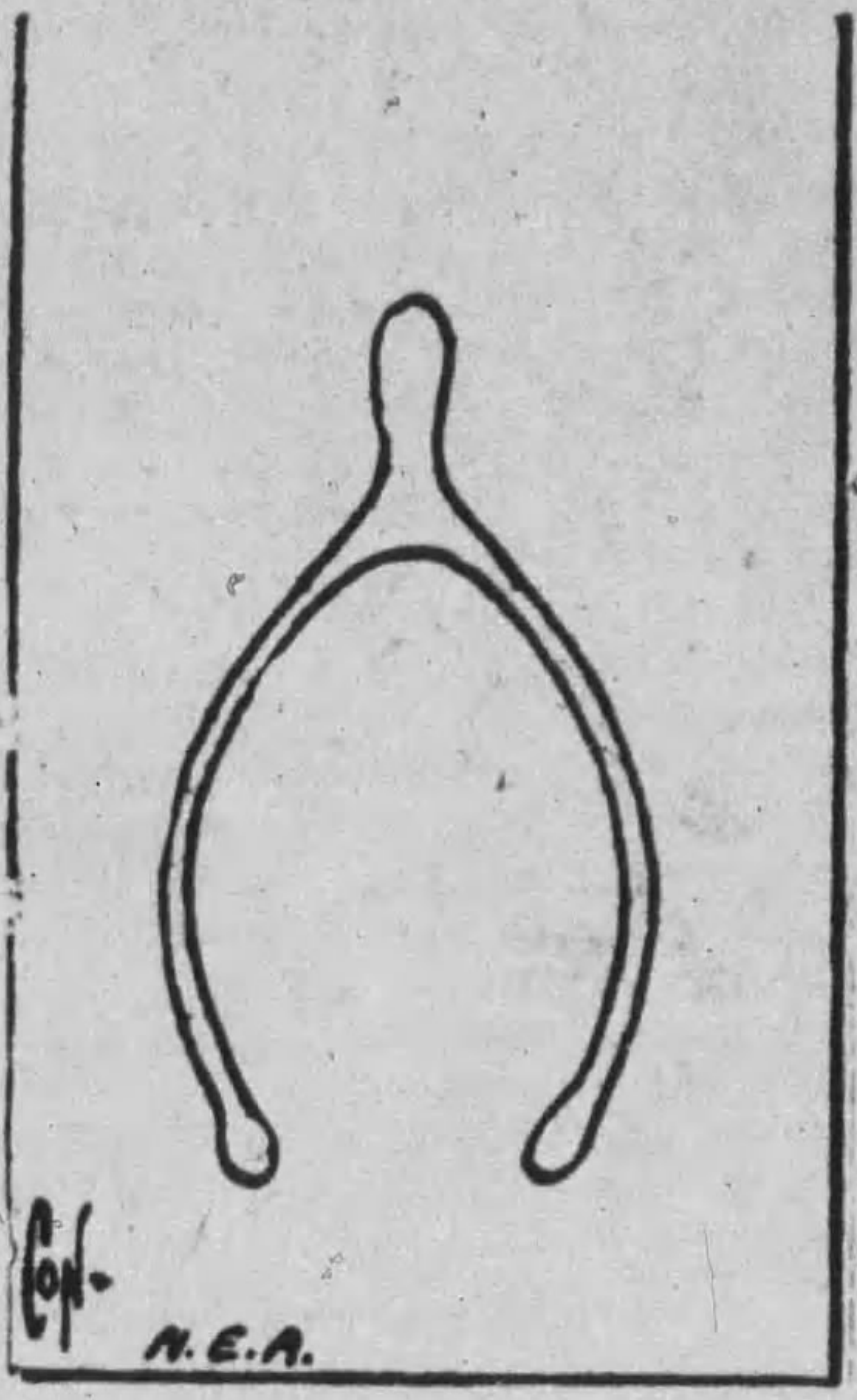


From Potato to Old Gentleman.

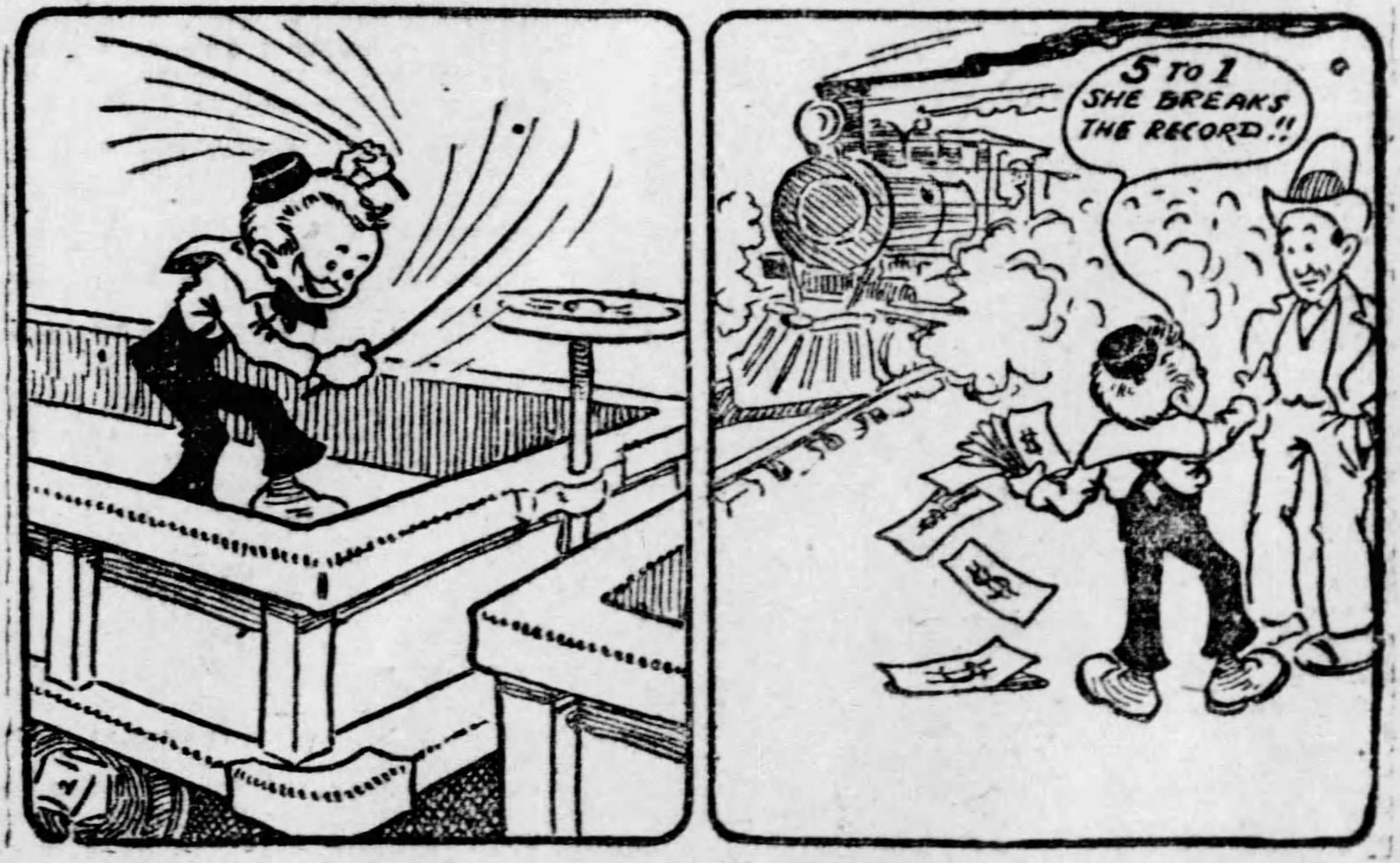
Did you succeed in transforming the potato outline drawing into a picture of an "old gentleman smoking a corncob pipe and wearing a sort of fez?"

The picture following shows how the artist who outlined the potato developed the old gentleman. No doubt, many of Uncle Ned's drawing school conceived a different kind of an old gentleman than did the artist, but it doesn't follow that their ideas were not as good as his.

The next transformation drawing of the artist has a real funny foundation—nothing more nor less than a wishbone. Whether it be of a chicken, turkey or duck, Uncle Ned can't say, but the idea is to transform it into a funny-looking individual. Of course the most of the wishbone forms the legs and it may readily be seen that with such legs as those the funny-looking individual might easily sit straddling a barrel in comfort. Make feet, arms, head, body and hat to fit on his legs, and there you are.

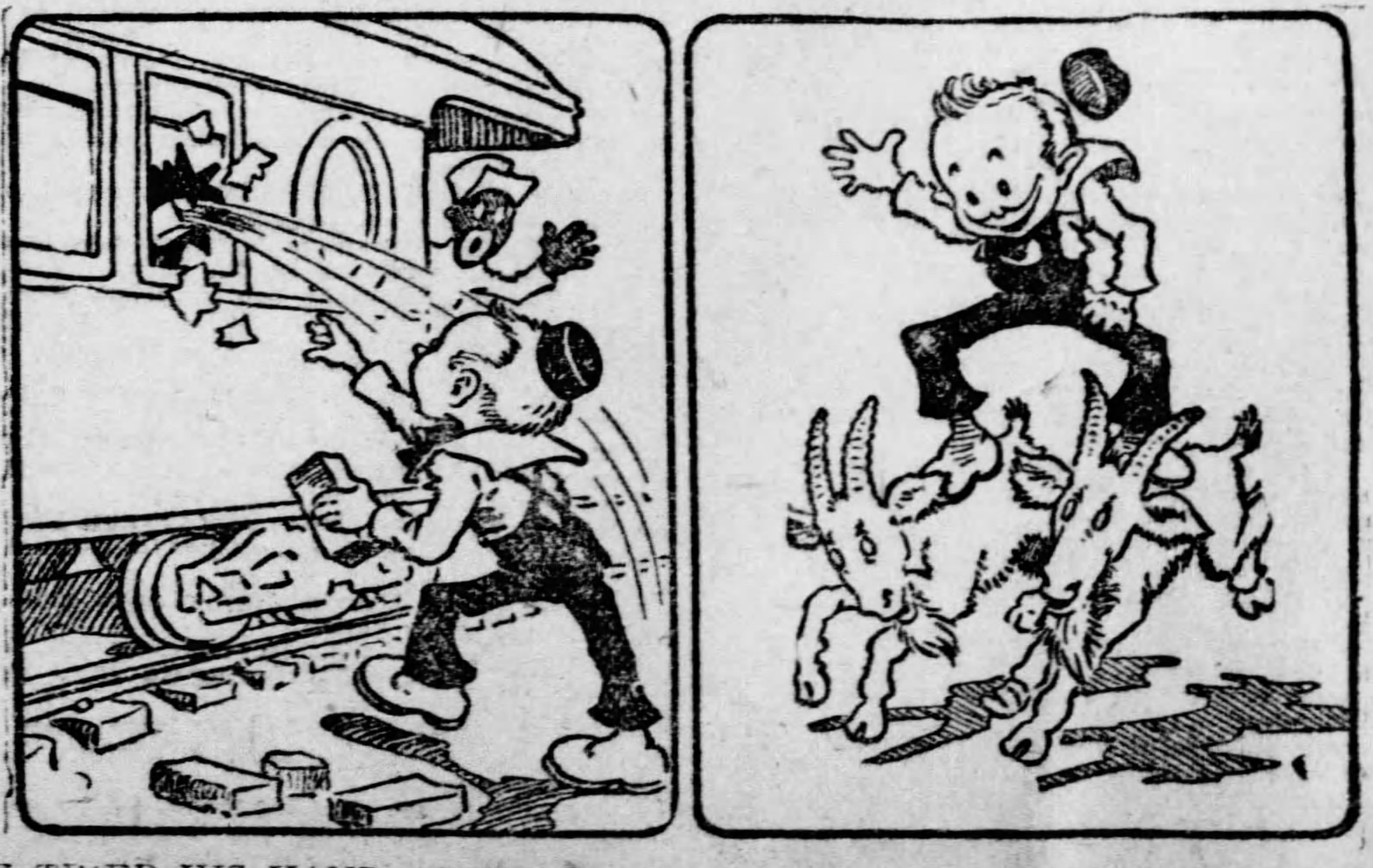


# DUKE MURPHY TRIES "RAILROADING"


5 TO 1 SHE BREAKS THE RECORD!!

DUKE SWITCHED THE CARS.

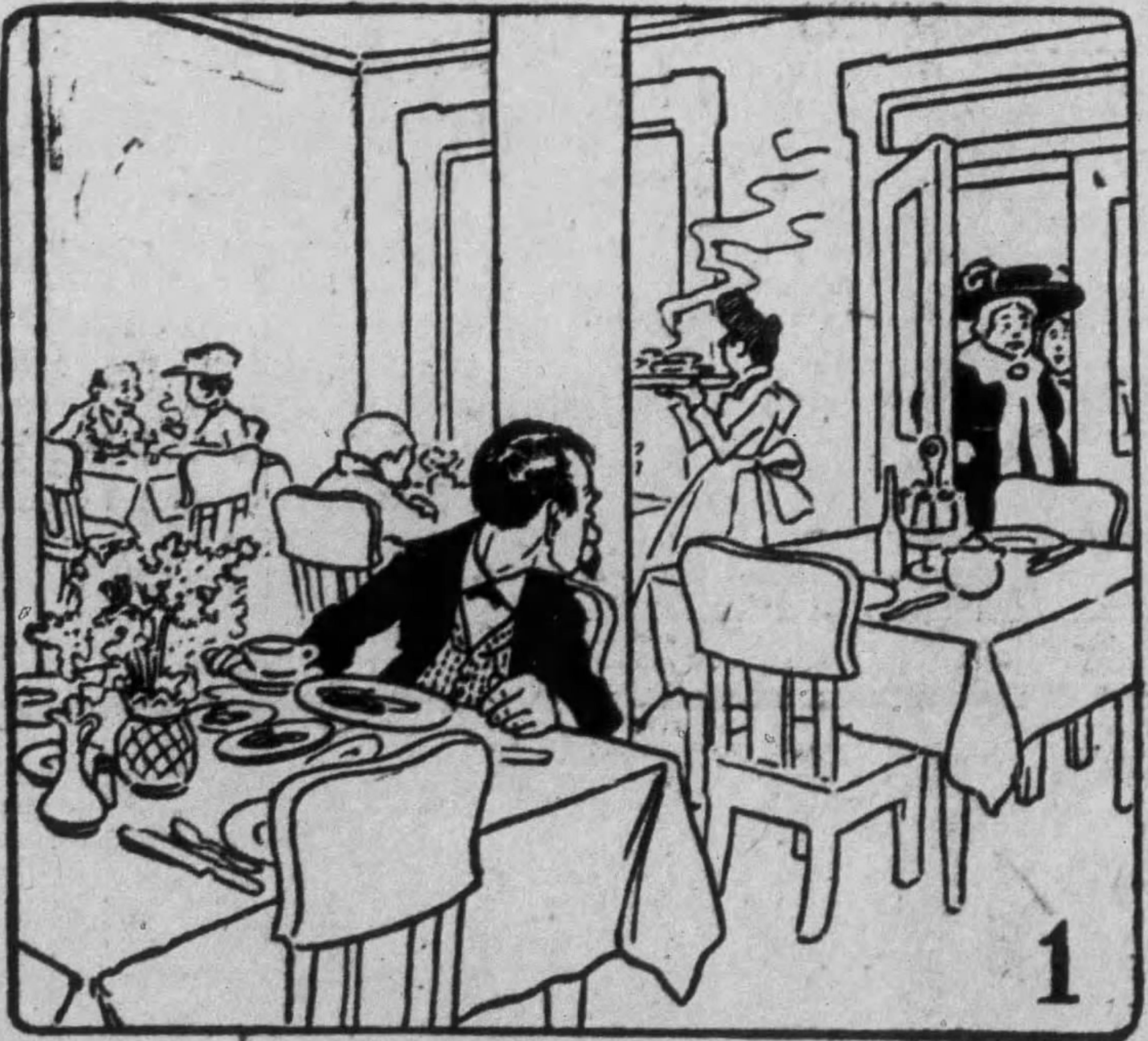
HE BACKED THE ENGINE.



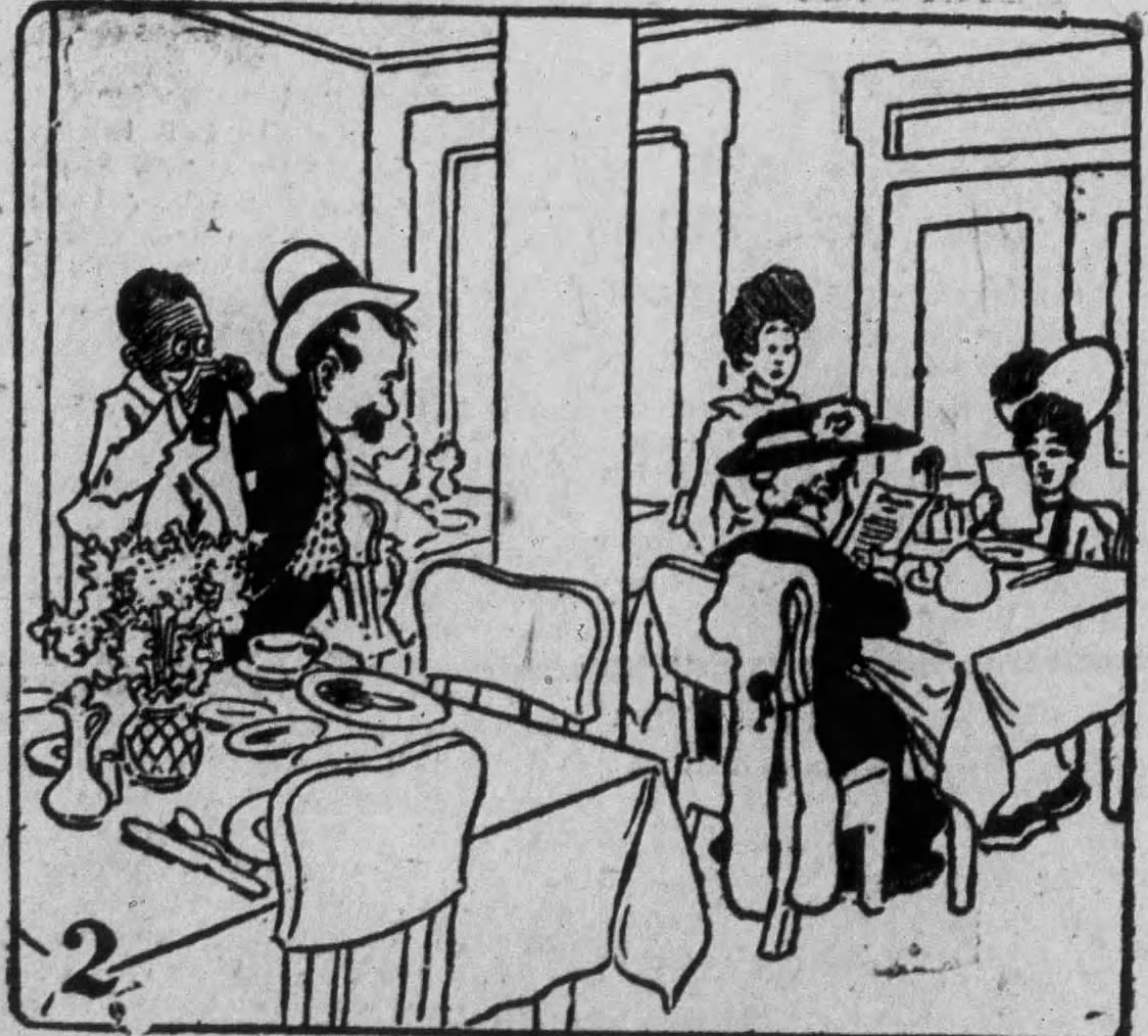
HE TRIED HIS HAND AT BRAKING.

AND HE RODE THE BUMPERS.

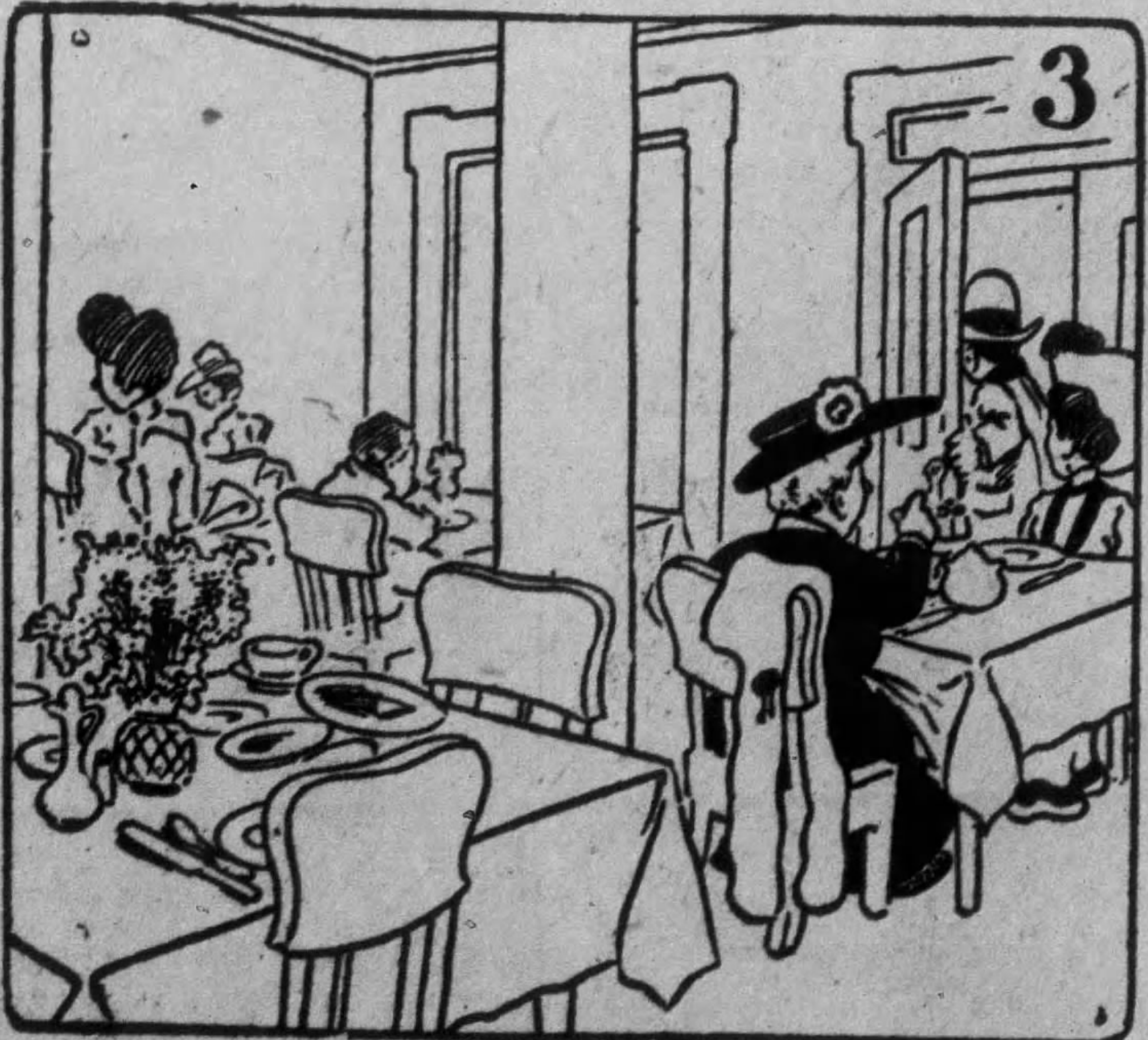
# HOW THE DIPLOMATIC HENRY FORESTALLED HIS WIFE



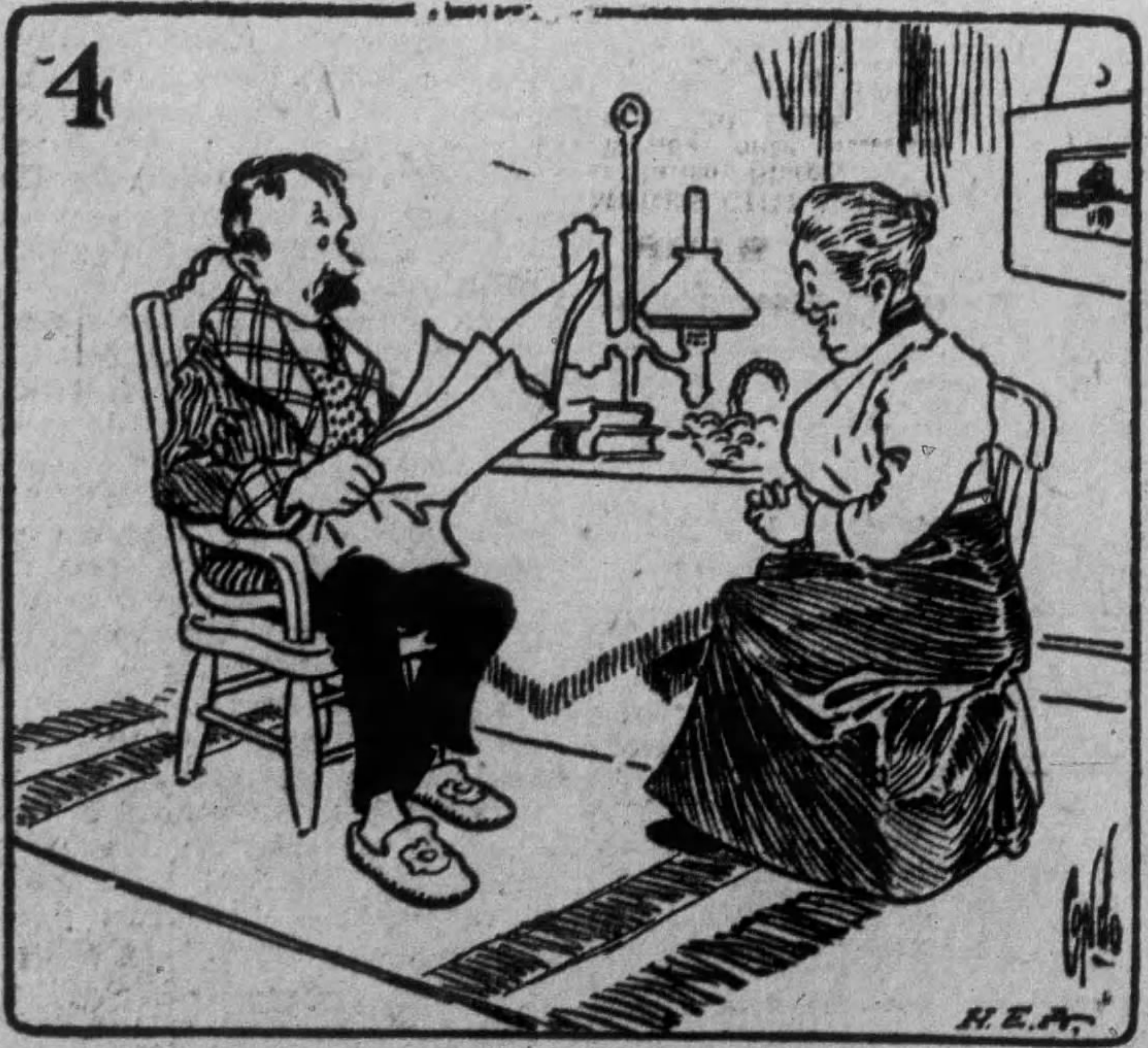
"There's my wife and I'll bet $15 to a doughnut hole she'll try to drag me to that closing out sale of fancy tinware."



"If I can only get out the door while she's reading that bill of fare I can escape three hours of torture."

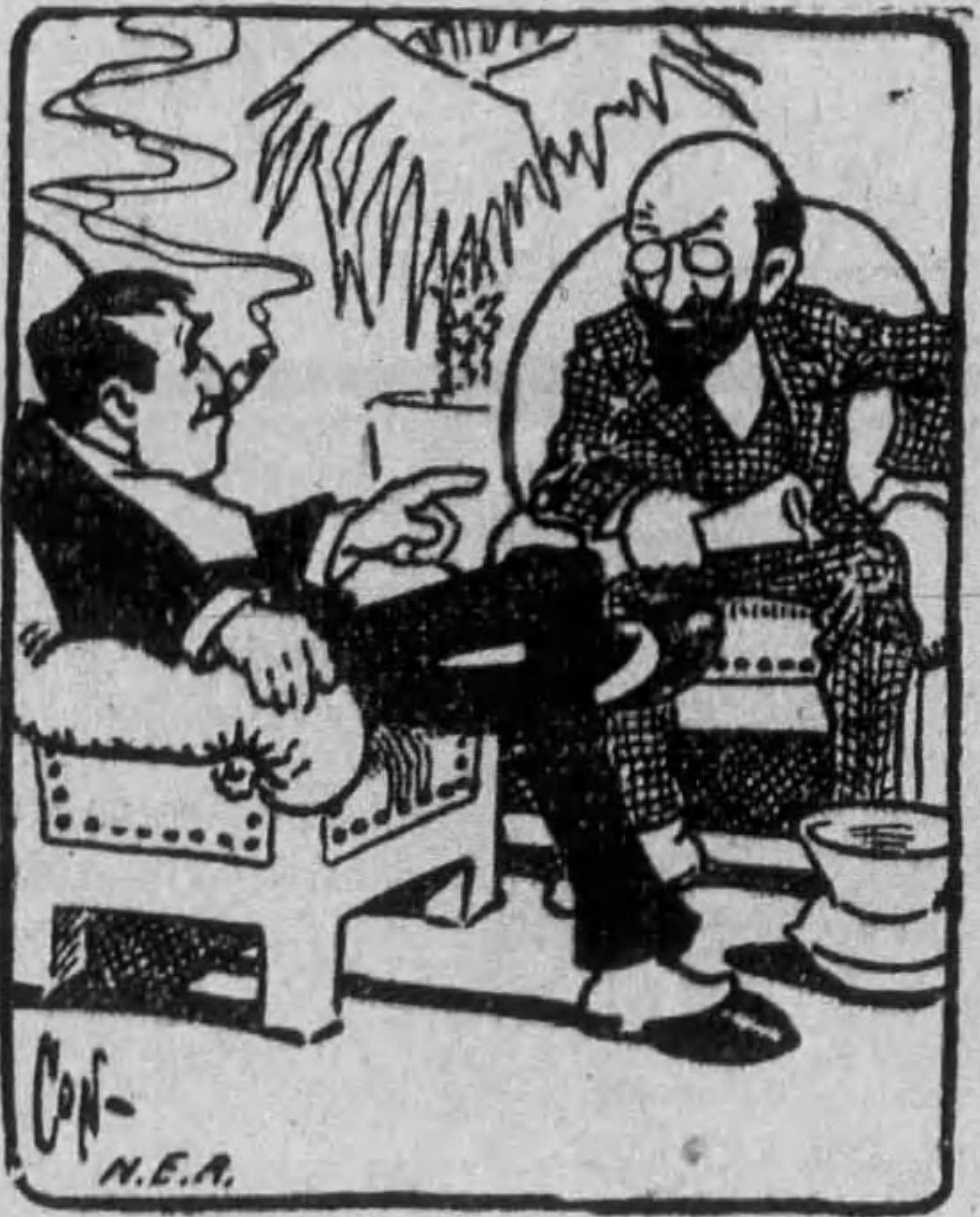


"Look, Mrs. Gabberly, look at that man going out the door! Doesn't that look like Henry? Why, it is Henry—look at that hat! I just know he's running away so he won't have to go to Tinnerly's sale with us. Won't I give it to him when we get home?"



"I saw that dreadful bore Mrs. Gabberly in the restaurant this afternoon with one of the handsomest women I've seen in a year. I thought at first it was you, but when I discovered it wasn't I sneaked out before Mrs. Gabberly had a chance to talk me to death."

# Sign of Prosperity.

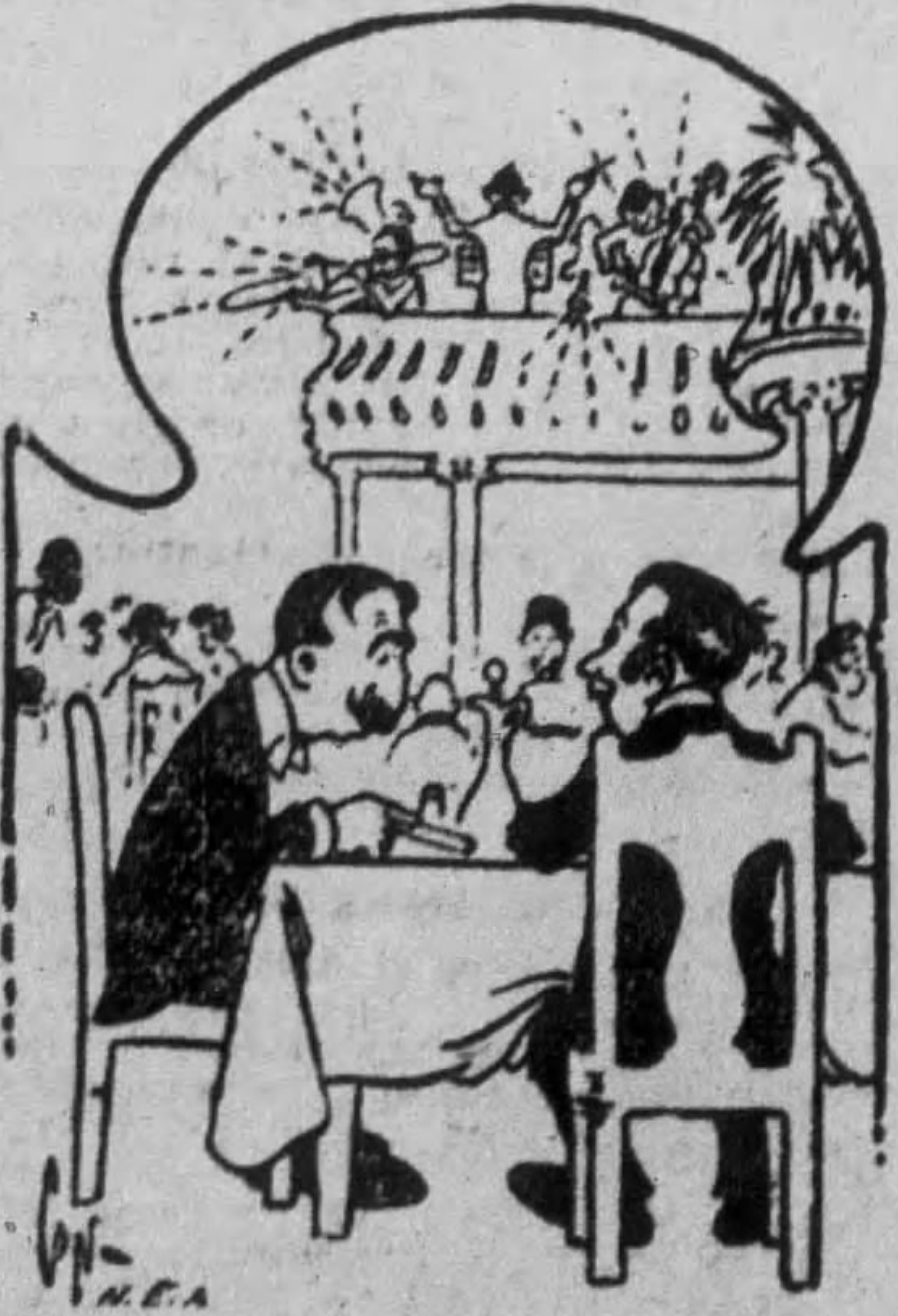


"Dr. Cutterly's practice evidently has been growing rapidly."

"Why, has he bought an automobile?"

"No, but he had his whiskers cut off the other day."

# ONE BAD AS OTHER



"It must be hard to play in a hotel orchestra."

"Why?"

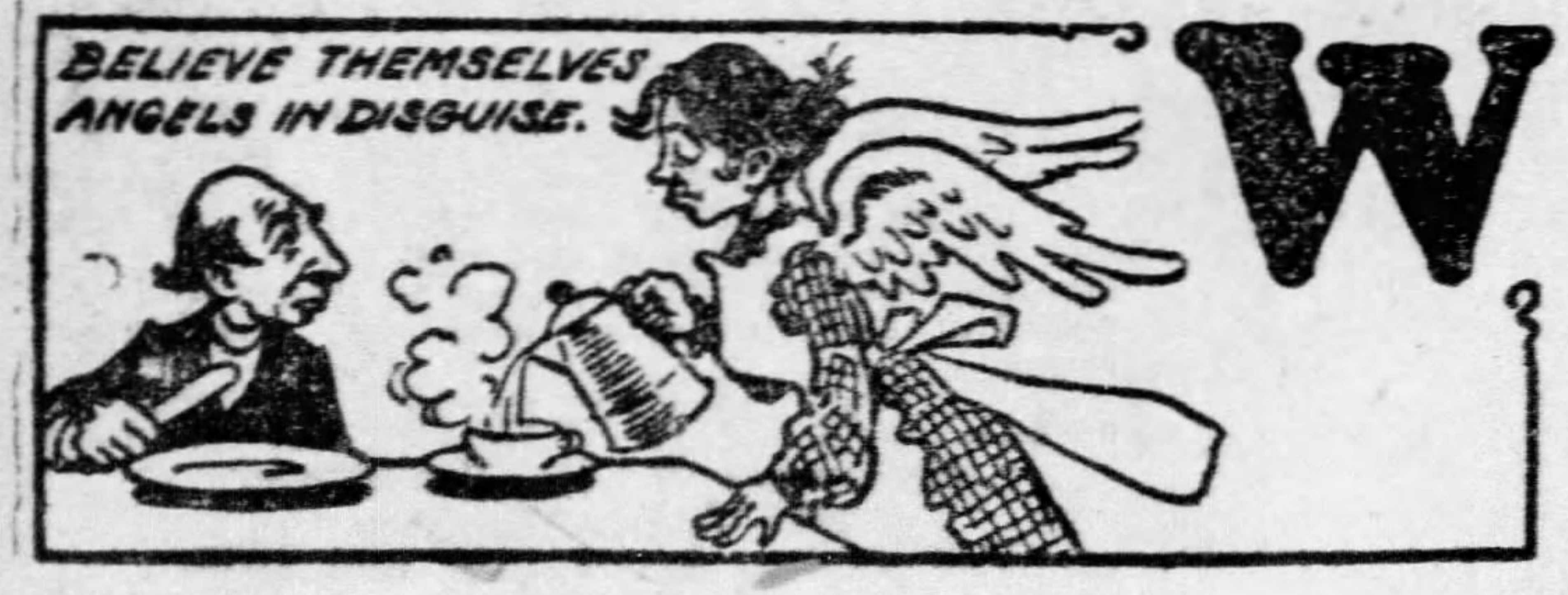
"Well, you have to play while everybody else is eating."

"Humph, it's no worse than having to eat while a hotel orchestra is playing."

# What Woman Can Do For Man

## And How She Sometimes Does It.

### BY CYNTHIA GREY.


BELIEVE THEMSELVES ANGELS IN DISGUISE.

WOMEN have heard so much and thought so much and talked so much about what woman can do for man that some of the worst of them believe themselves angels in disguise dropped from heaven to minister to the needs of men.

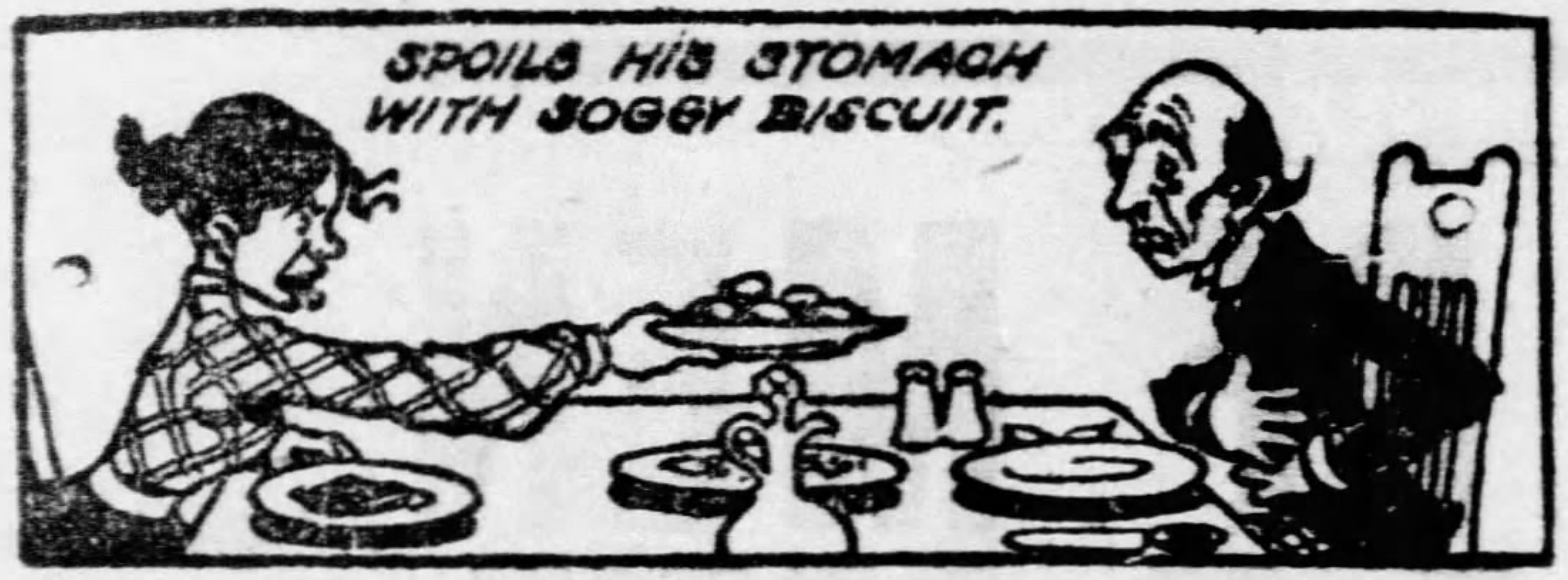
But there are a few things they do for men that the men try to forget and the women themselves never talk about.

How many temperate men, after a few years of marr[illegible] life, have gone straight to the dogs? We wonder about such things a[illegible] the poor wife. Maybe it is the husband who should be pitied. If we only [illegible], we might find that she has DRIVEN him FROM HOME IN SEARCH OF A [illegible]EASANT WORD. What man can stand it to be greeted with a complaint about the broken cellar window or to have his breakfast served with a wail about a door that is off the hinges? If it isn't the hinges, it is the plumber, the grocer, or the wash woman. There is ALWAYS SOMETHING that SHE MUST FRET ABOUT. When she drives him to the saloon because it is the easiest way out of her grumbling, she has done for him all that she can in that particular line.

She has another duty, this woman that does so much for man. She must spend his money for him, all of it and more. By and by he borrows and some day he borrows without telling his employer about it. He means to pay it back next pay day. He can't pay. He confesses. THEY CALL HIM A THIEF. HIS WIFE REPROACHES HIM and he blows his brains out. Woman has, right here, done a great deal—a little more than she intended.

These little things that women do for men have an influence that reaches farther than the women themselves dream of.

The wife who is too lazy to learn how to cook has no idea what she is doing for her husband until she spoils his stomach with soggy biscuit and soaked pie crusts, and finds him an irritable, half-bent invalid, so cross and ugly that she expects him to swear at her if she crosses him. Still she goes on baking evil biscuits. IT IS A WAY SOME WOMEN HAVE of fulfilling their duty to man.


SPOILS HIS STOMACH WITH SOGGY BISCUIT.

She can drive him to drink by nagging him.

She can drive him to theft and suicide by spending more money than he has.

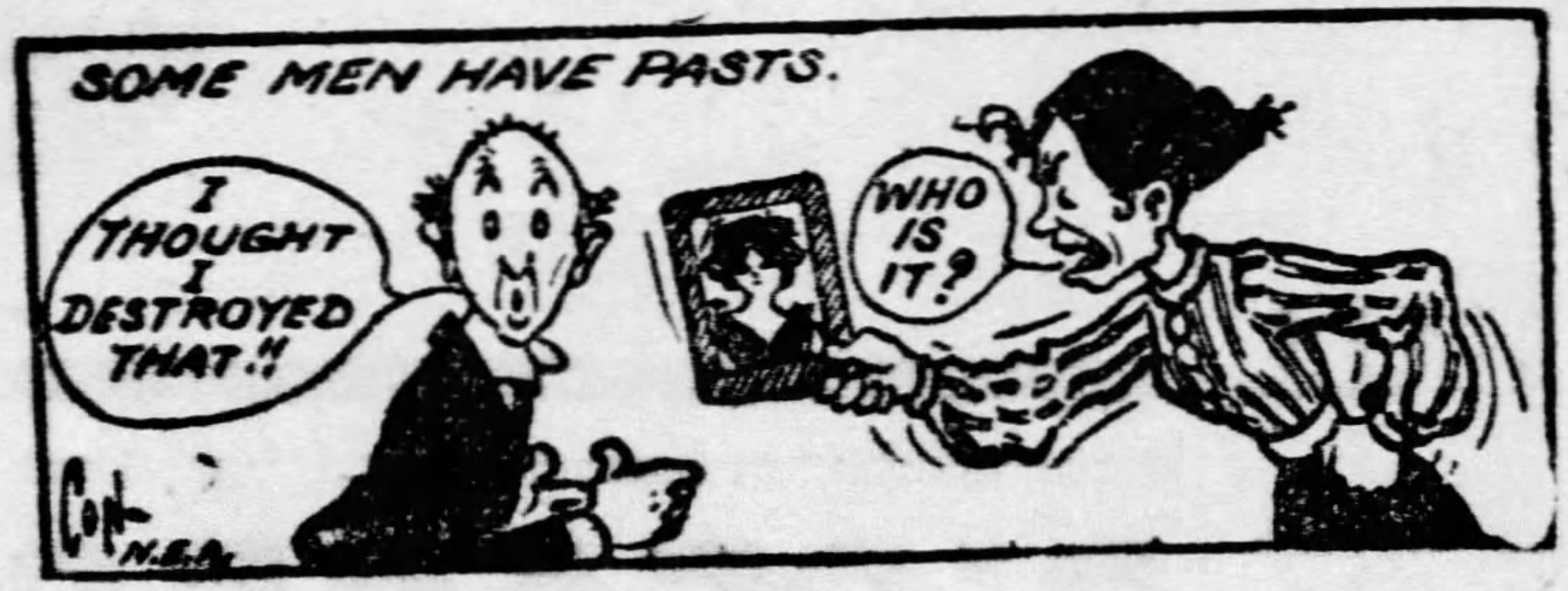
She can make him a dyspeptic by poor cooking.

She can make him lie by quizzing him.

She can make him profane by twitting him.

THEN she can make him happy by leaving him.

Then there is the woman who is never happy so long as her husband has a secret. All during supper SHE QUIZZES HIM. Is it this? Is it that? During the evening she quizzes him. At last, sleepy and desperate, he lies to her. She is so jubilant when she thinks she has found out, that he drowsily wonders why he never lied before, and makes a sleepy resolution that he will lie quicker next time. By and by he lies when the truth would have been better, she finds him out—and woman again begins to realize what she can dof ro man.


SOME MEN HAVE PASTS.
I THOUGHT I DESTROYED THAT!!
WHO IS IT?
Con N.E.A.

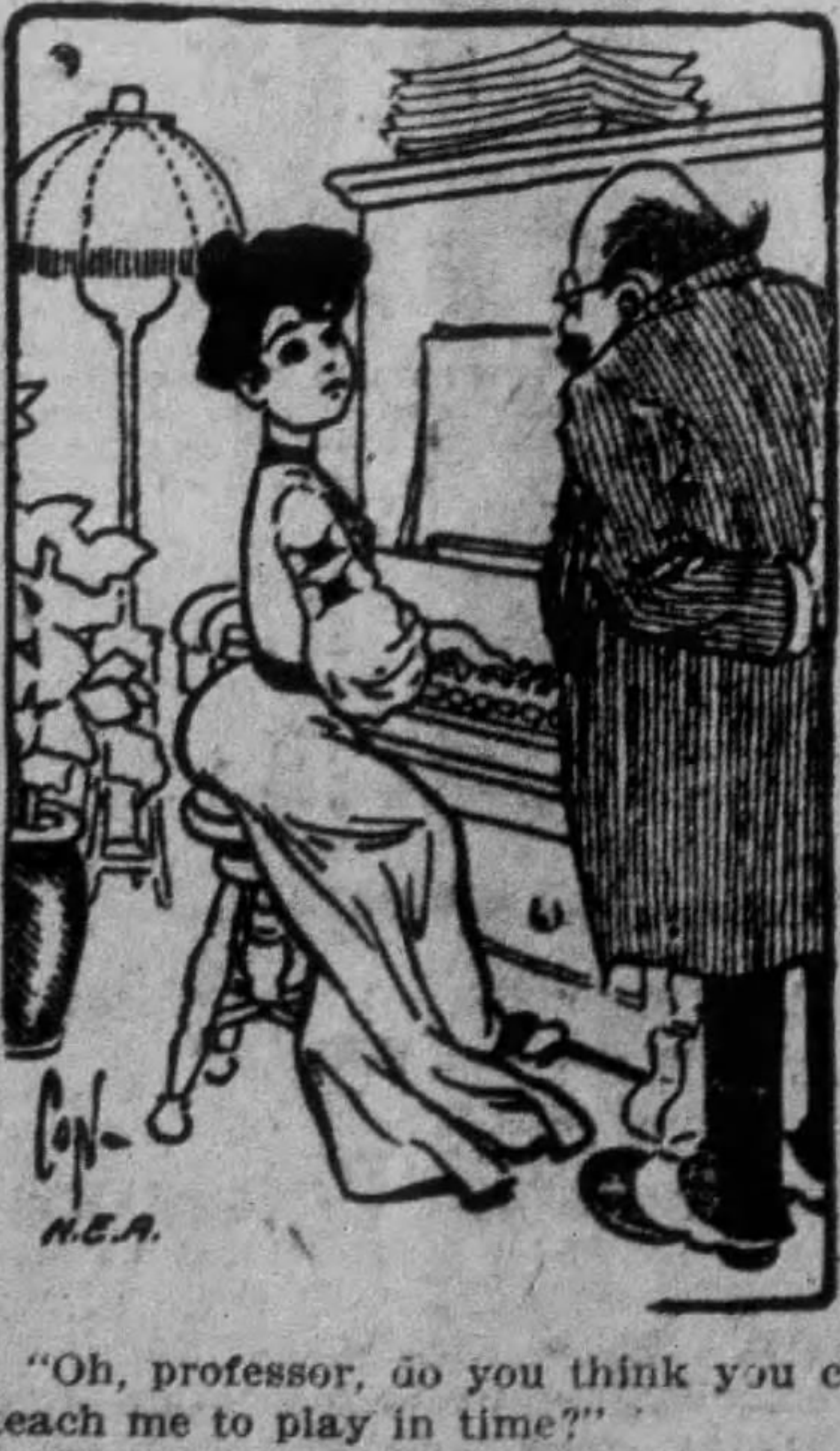
Many men have pasts. Some men tell their brides about them, and then foolishly forget just what they have told and what they have kept to themselves. After a year or so the wife suspects that he hasn't told everything and so SHE TWITS HIM. He owns up, in anger, thinking that he must have told and when he finds out that she wasn't "twitting on facts" the spoken words are nothing to the ones he thinks.

There is one thing more that A NAGGING, EXTRAVAGANT, LAZY, INQUISITIVE, TWITTING WIFE can do for a man. When she makes him as bad as she can, which is so bad that she, nor no one else can live with him, SHE CAN LEAVE HIM.

Leaving him is the only really good thing she has ever done for him.

And she thinks herself his guardian angel, because she has heard and read and talked about what woman can do for man.

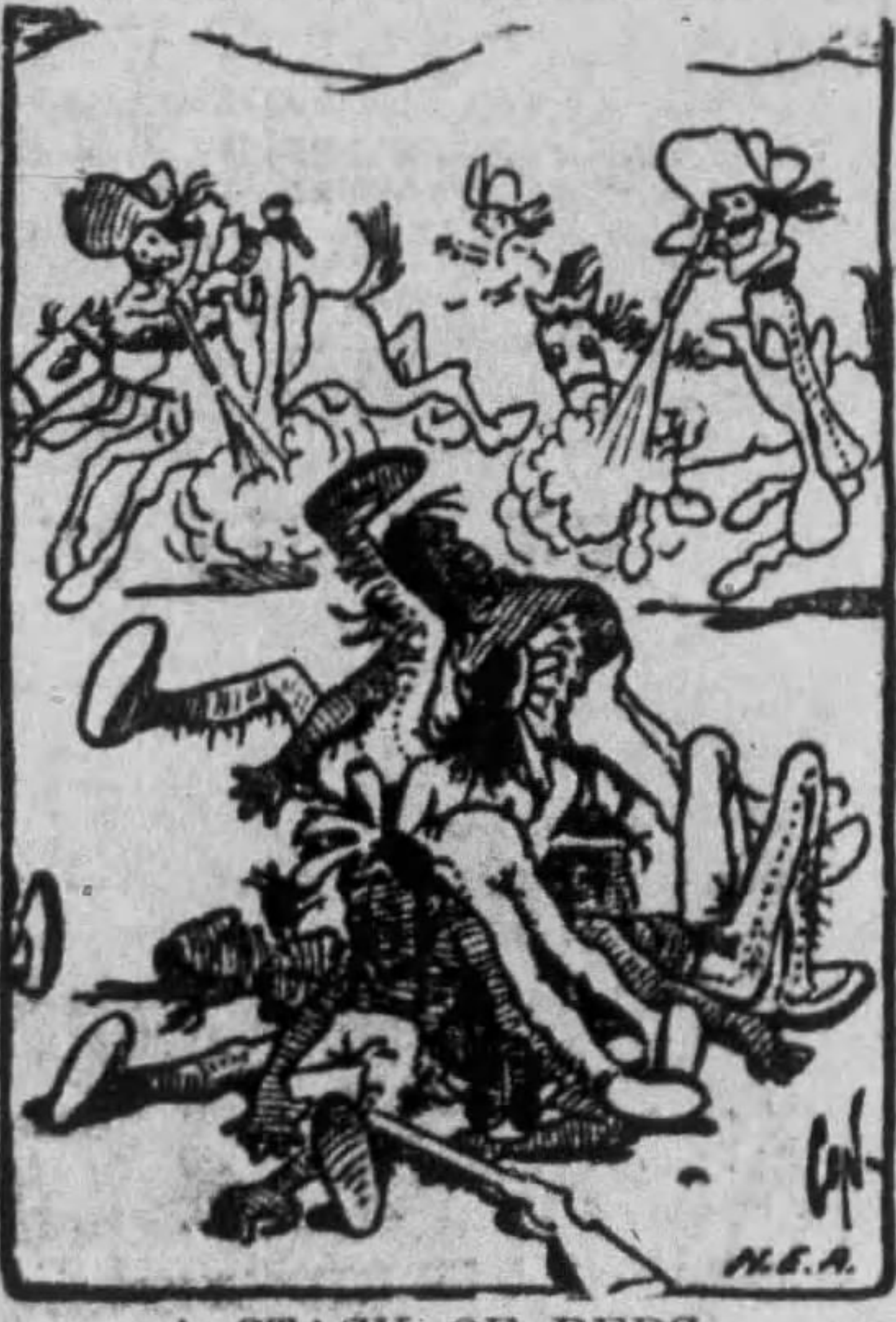
# FOOLISH QUESTIONS



"Oh, professor, do you think you can teach me to play in time?"

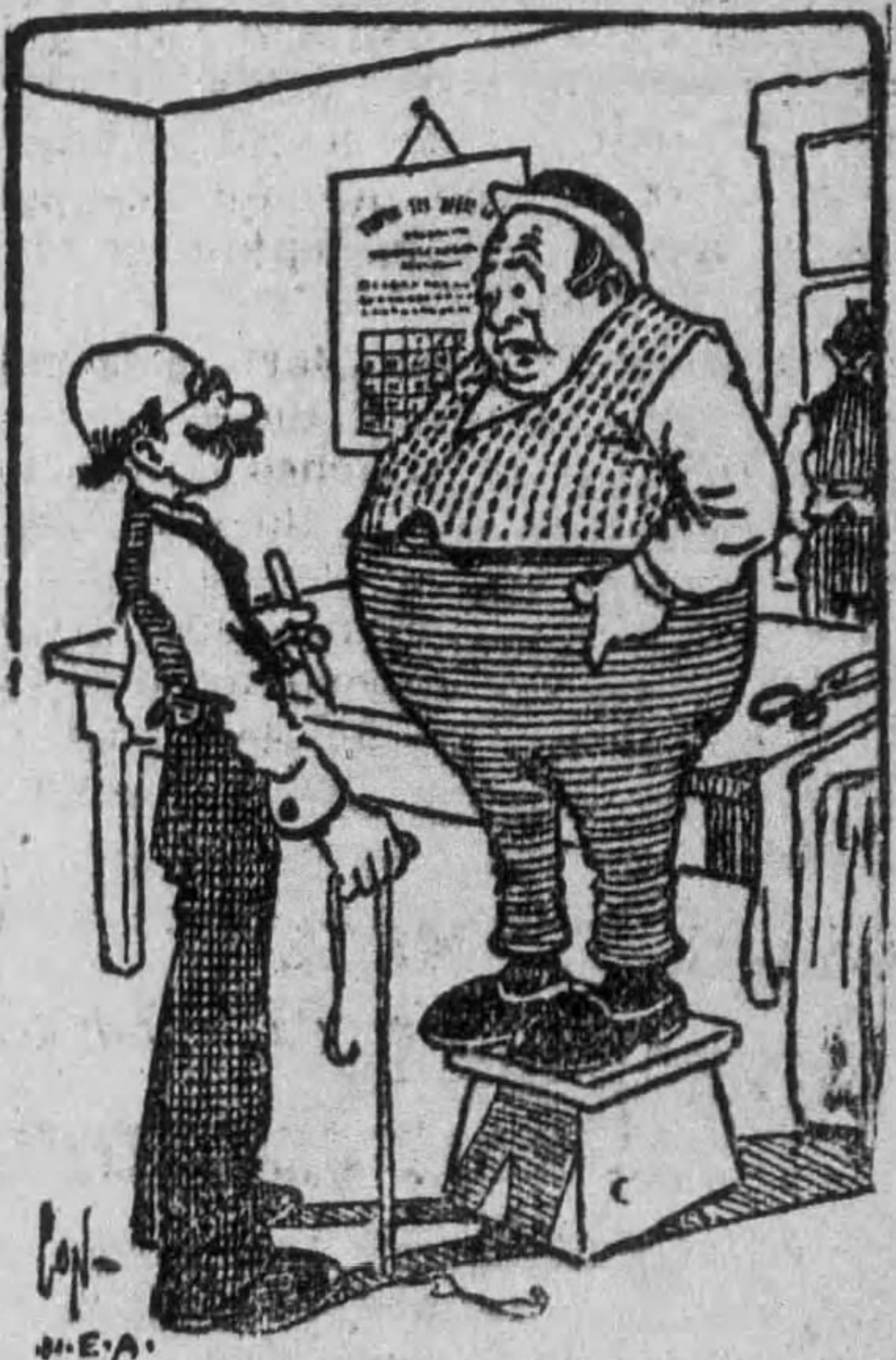
"Donnerwetter noch einmal! Do you dink I vouldt teach you to blay oudt of time?"

## Heard in a Poker Game.



A STACK OF REDS.

# HOW COULD HE TELL?



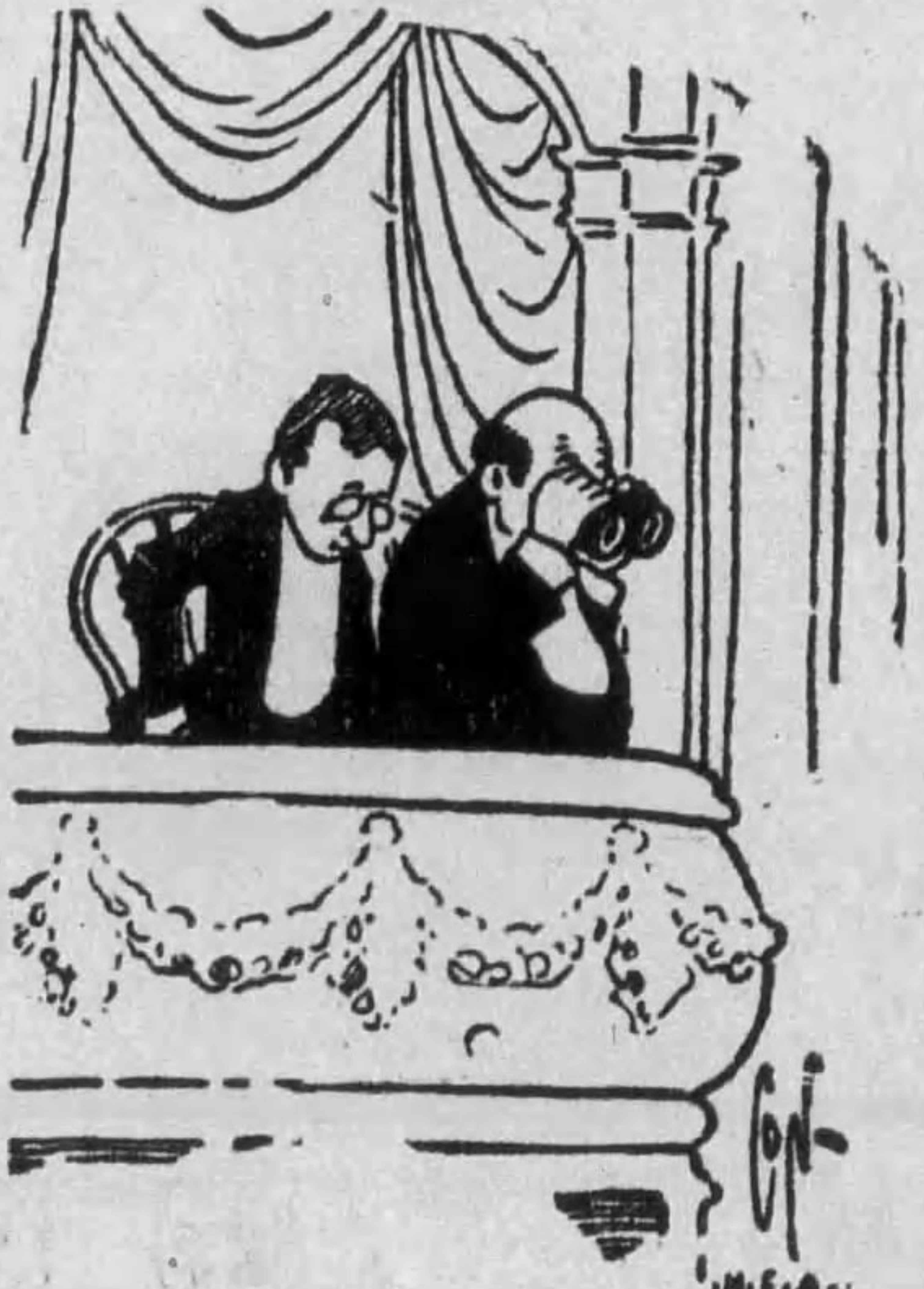
"The only thing I didn't like abou the last pair of trousers you made fo me was that they bagged at the knee.'

"Bagged!"

"Yes."

"Don't you believe it. Somebody ha been lying to you."

# UNCERTAIN AS TO THE NUMBER

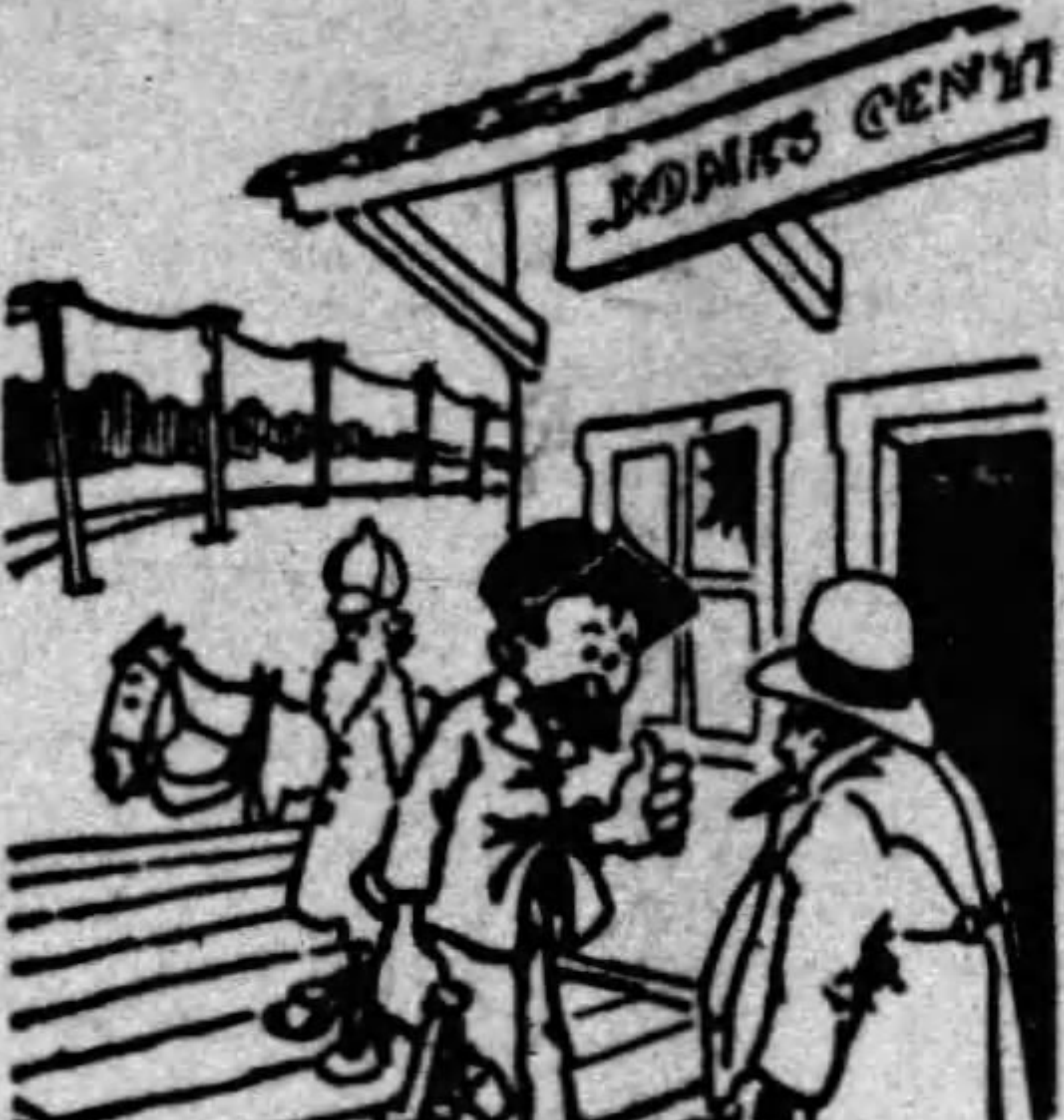


"Isn't that girl over near the wings—the girl with the spear—isn't that Nettie Kickington?"

"Yes."

"She was divorced last week, wasn't she?"

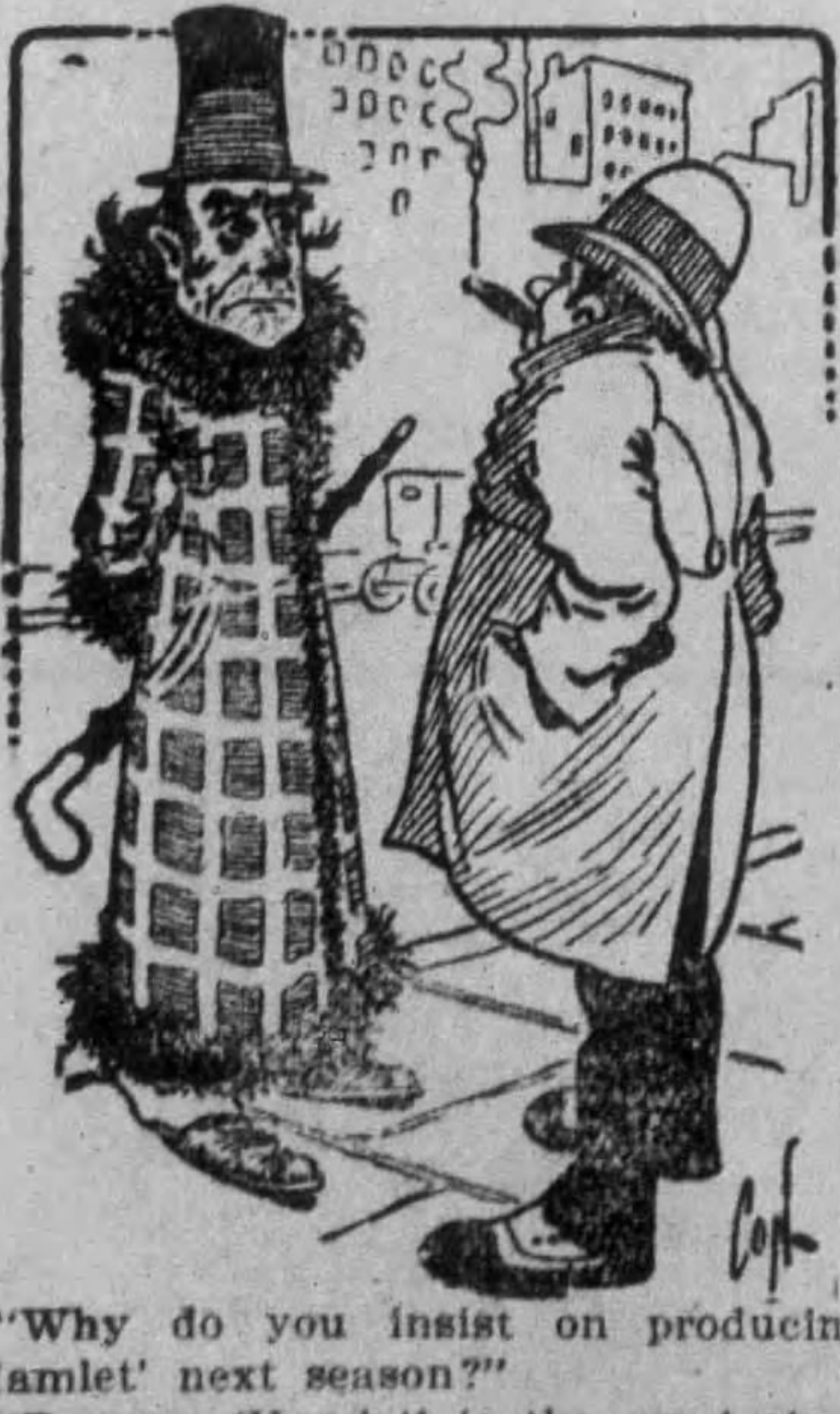
"I don't know whether or not she was last week, but she was week before last."


JONAS CENT'L

"Is the Cannon Ball late today?"

"Can't say yet. She wuz on time yesterday."

# A KNOCK



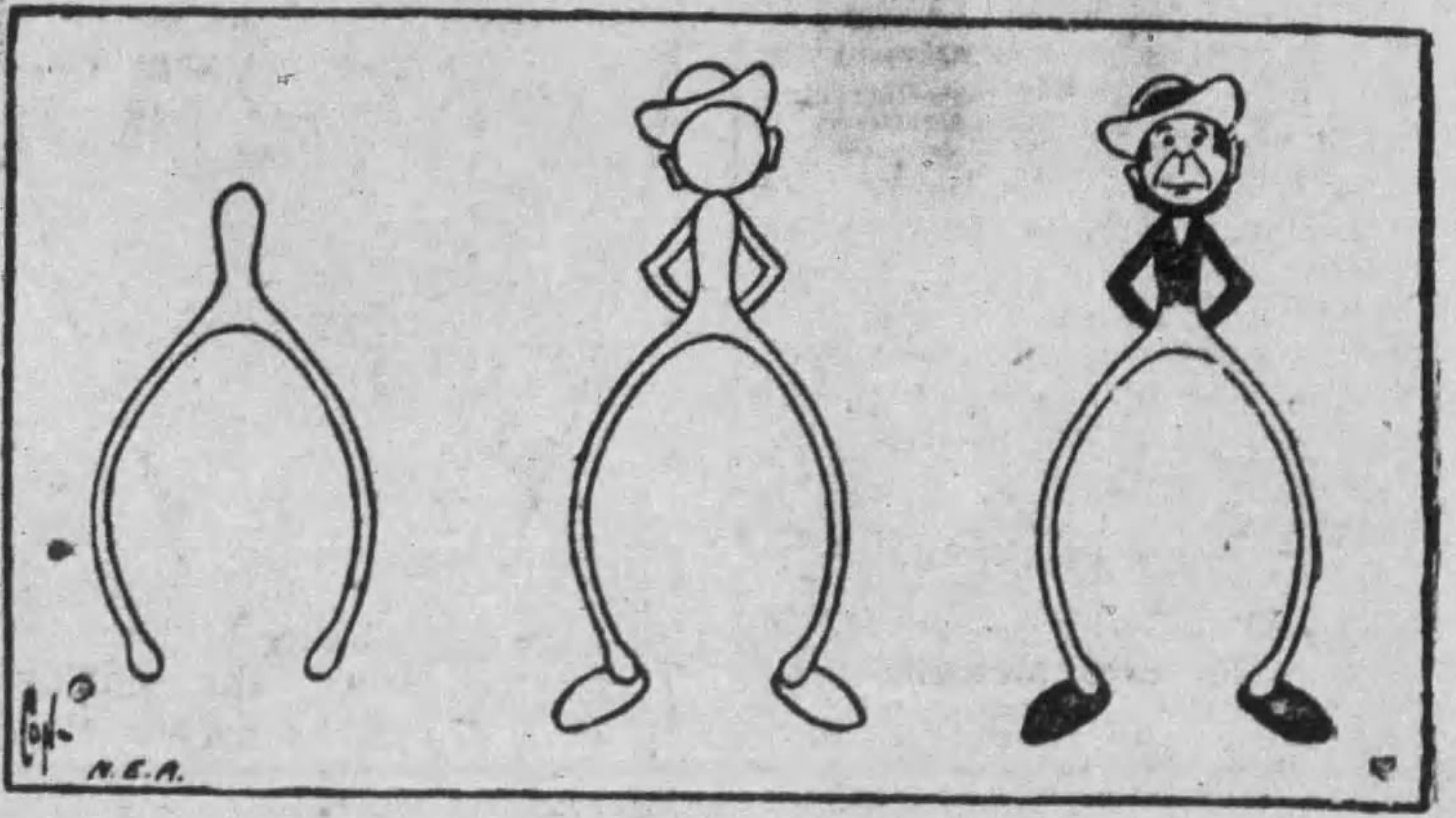
"Why do you insist on producing 'Hamlet' next season?"

"Because 'Hamlet' is the greatest of all tragedies—"

"Well, it will be when you produce it."

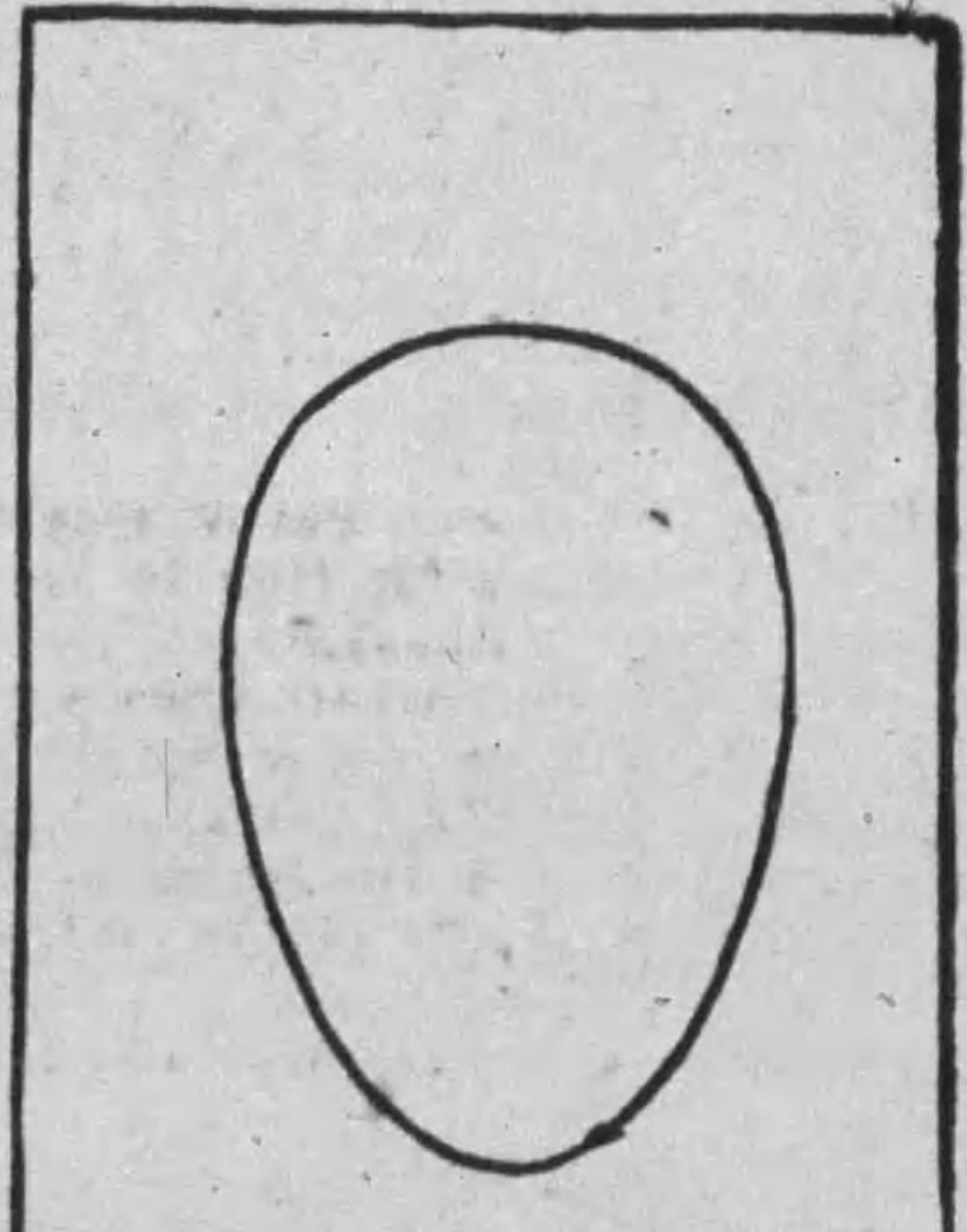
# DRAWING LESSONS MADE EASY

## The Wishbone Transformation.

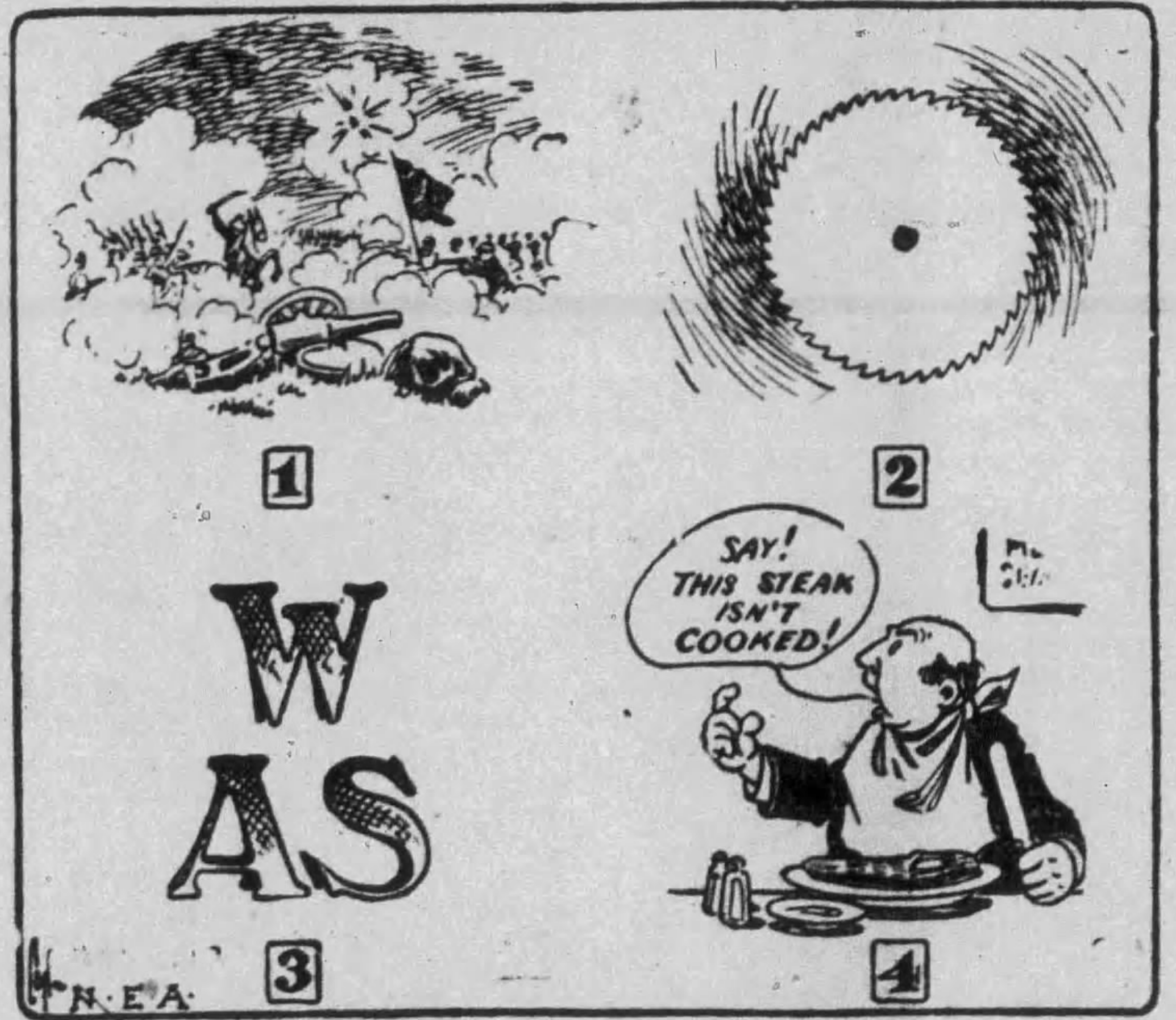


The manner in which the artist for Uncle Ned's drawing class built up his "funny-looking individual" from the wishbone foundation is shown in the larger drawing. Probably a great many of you are able to say: "Well, I think my idea was just as good," and that is a good way to think, as it will inspire confidence in further effort and tend to produce originality.

The next in the series of comical transfiguration drawings will start with the outlines of an egg, as shown in the smaller drawing. A great many funny things might be constructed in pencil from the egg outline basis, but the artist suggests that you turn this particular egg into a clown, adding to his face, which, of course, will be drawn inside the outline, whatever other details as may suit your artistic fancy. Next week, in addition to a comical transformation, Uncle Ned will present you with a line drawing made by a few rapid strokes of a pen in less than a minute. It is the work of a noted war correspondent and depicts the familiar outline of a well-know European ruler.



# REVERSIBLE PICTURE CHARADE


1
2
SAY! THIS STEAK ISN'T COOKED!
W
AS
3
4
N·E·A

Nos. 1 and 2 represent a big city in one of the two great nations at war in the east. Nos. 3 and 4 represent the same city spelled backwards.

**Cut this out—Answers next week.**

# YOU CAN'T KEEP A BAD CORNET PLAYER DOWN

Boarder's chorus: Isn't there anything that can be done to stop that terrible nuisance?

I'll fix him. I'll just soap the mouthpiece of his cornet and that'll stop the noise.

S-s-p-p-s-s-pt! What's the matter with this thing? Whee! S-s-p-s-s-pt! Whee!

But the plan didn't work, for he blew soap bubbles and music for four hours.

# A STUDY IN FEMININE NATURE

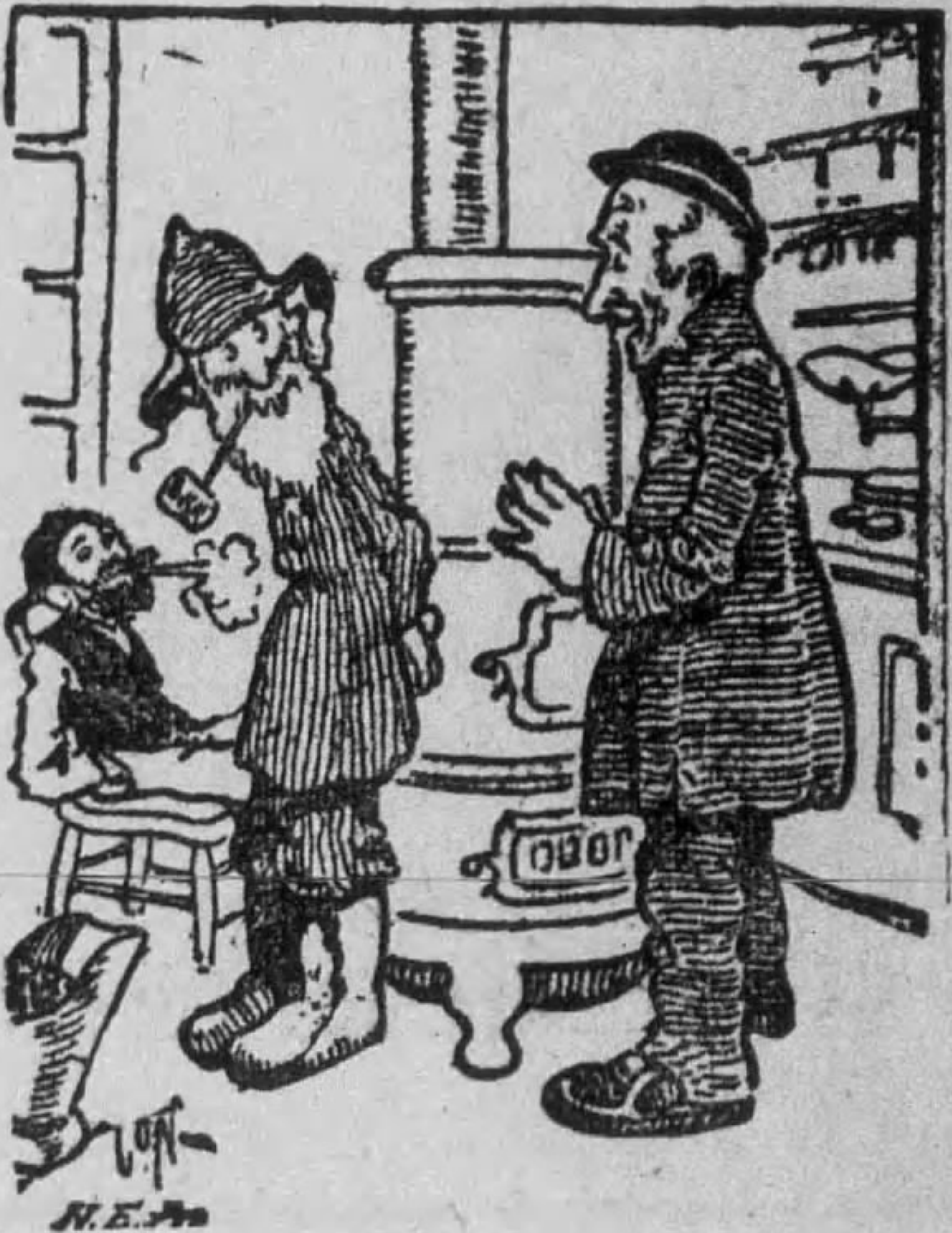
"Goodby; there comes the car. Goodby. Now, you'll be there Wednesday, won't you? Goodby."

"Goodby; I must hurry. Goodby, goodby. Don't forget Wednesday. Goodby. There's the car."

"Goodby. Now, Wednesday, sure. Goodby. You won't forget. Goodby. The car's here. Goodby."

"Oh—oh—oh—if I were a man I'd say something rude. I'll report that motorman. Goodby."

# DIFFERENT VIEWS



"Some city feller with a lot o' money's bought Hub Lamley's place."

"Wonder whut he's goin' t' do with it—'tain't fit fer nuthin'."

"Says he jest wunts a quiet place t' live. He's goin' t' put up a $20,000 house on th' knoll back o' th' orchard."

"Whut's Hub goin' t' do?"

"Hub says th' country's too quiet fer him an' he's goin' t' town an' start a confectionery store."

# FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF BALDHEADED MAN

"Theres nothing helps the scalp like plain kerosene, well rubbed in."

"All right, go ahead and singe it if you think it will do any good."

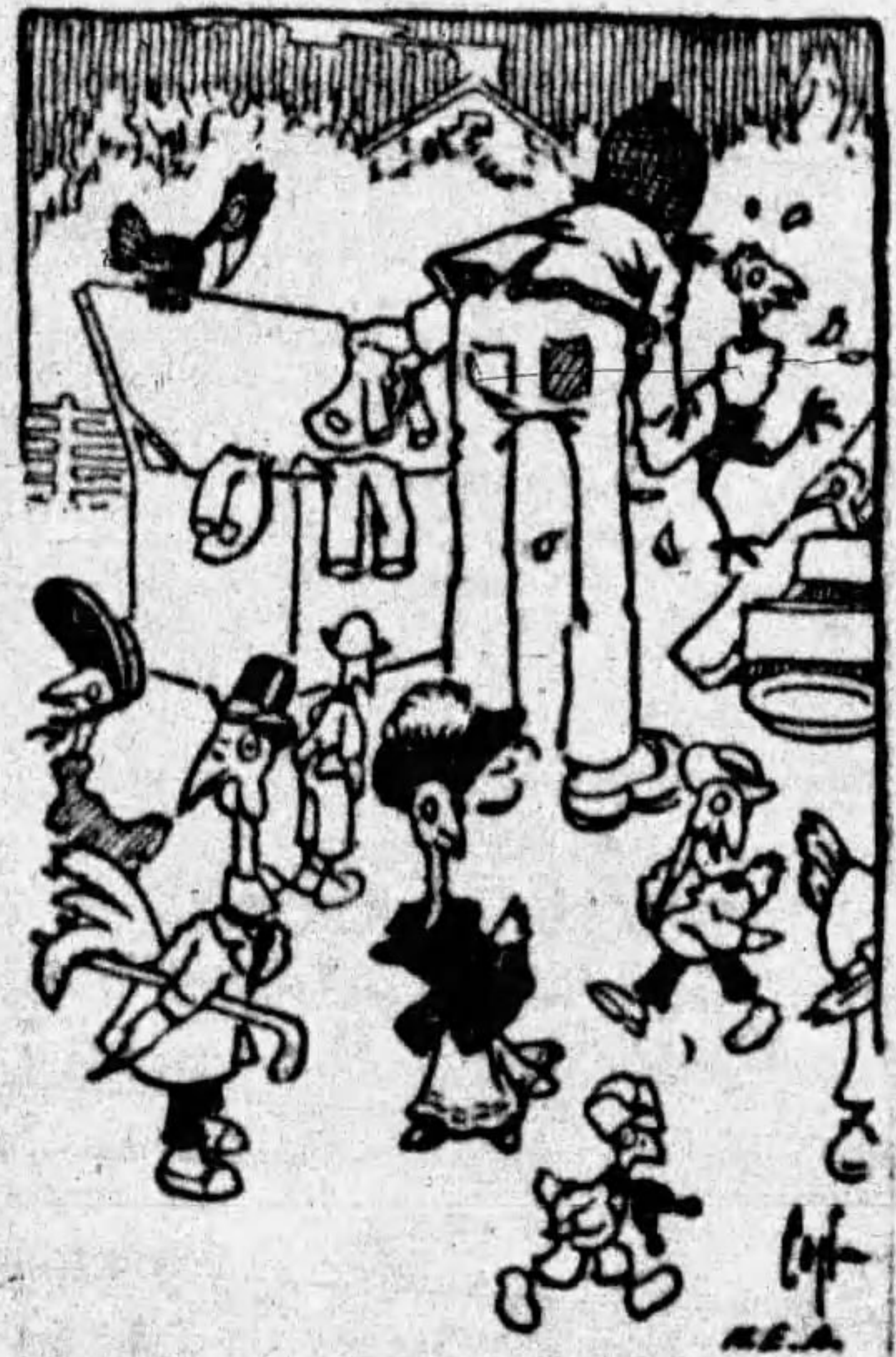
Business in that barber shop was interrupted for several minutes.

# PERCY PENNYWELL'S ECONOMY PROVED EMBARRASSING

"I might just as well do this thing myself and save the money. It isn't much, but—"

He trudged along unmindful of the fact that his trousers were still rolled up.

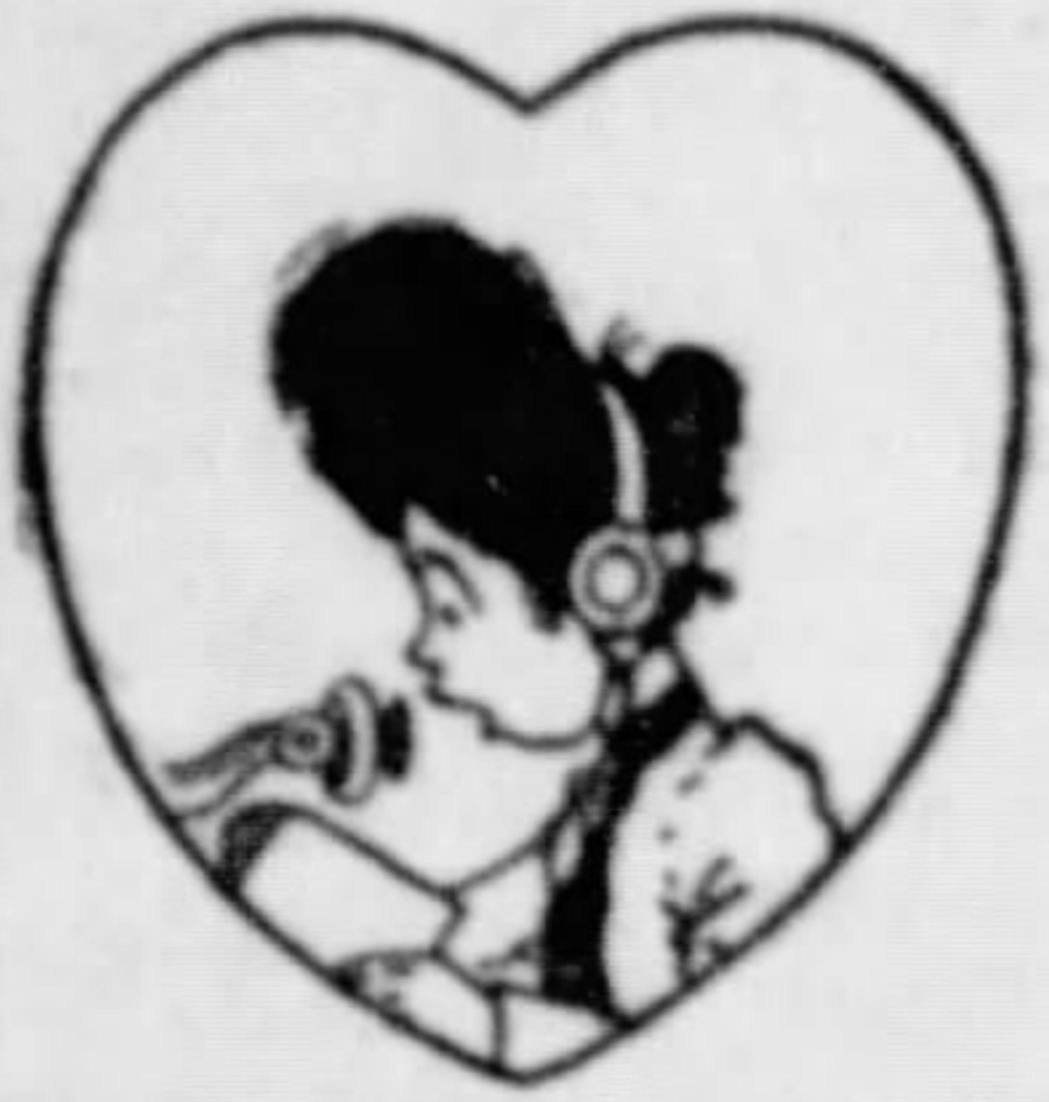
Percy made a great hit with himself, believing the smiles that greeted him showed his popularity among the ladies.



C. D. McKee dressed 175 chickens on Wednesday.—Easton Bugle.

# VALENTINES
## —OF A—
# MODERN MAN

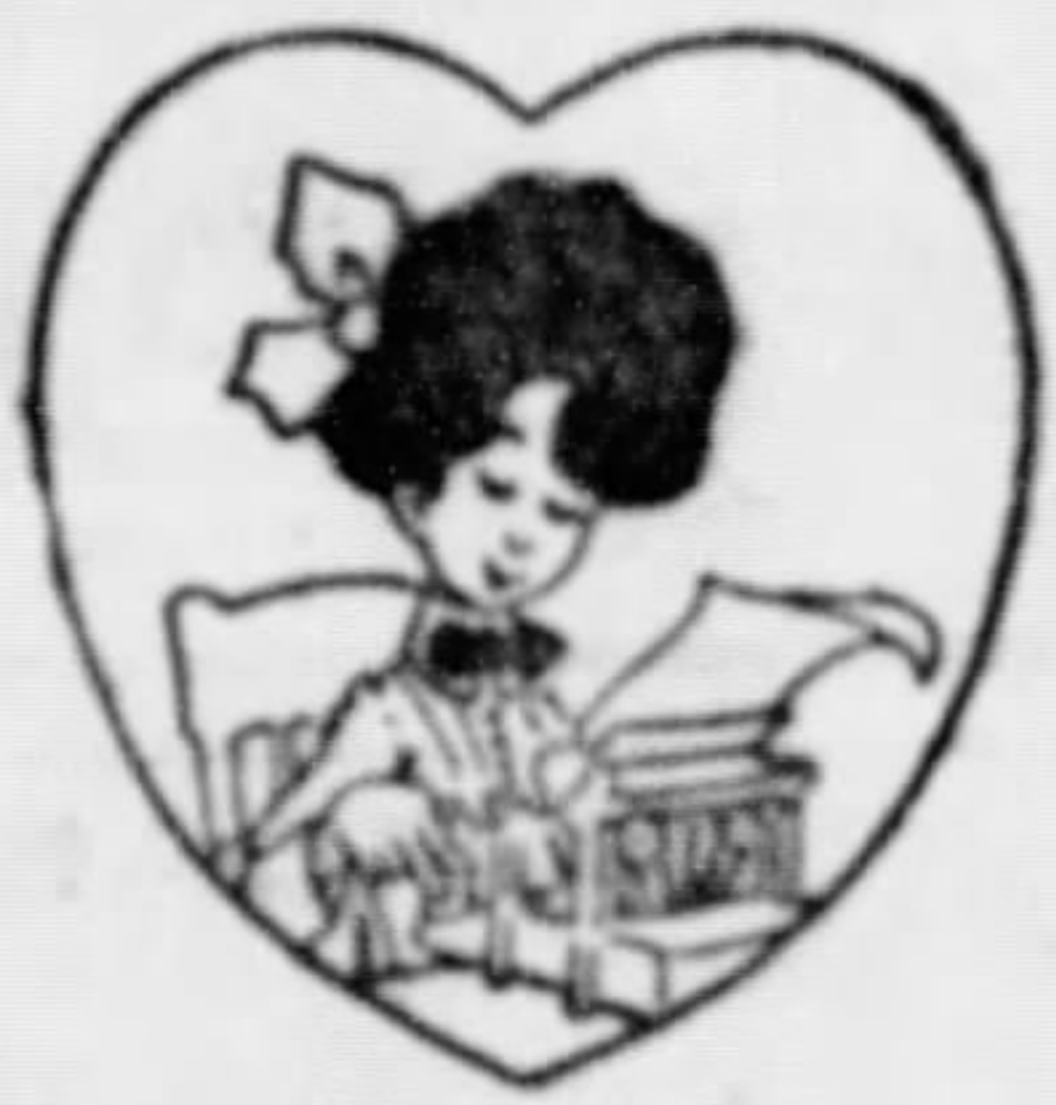
### I— To MISS DULCIE BUZZ.



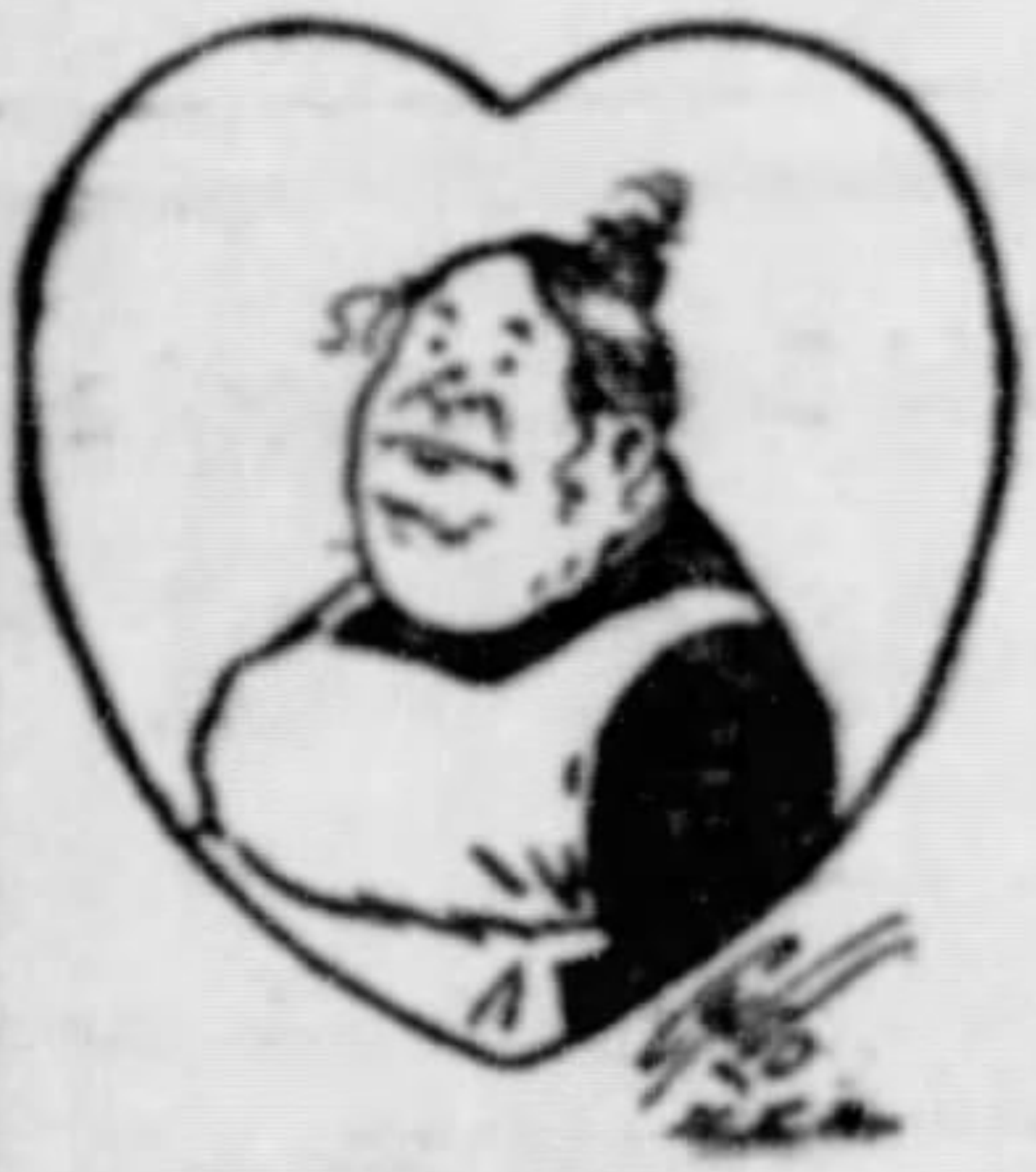
O, MAIDEN OF THE SILVER TONGUE,
WHOSE EVERY TONE I KNOW,
WHICH GREETS ME WHEN THE DAY IS YOUNG
AND WHEN THE SUN IS LOW,
I PRAY THEE BE MY VALENTINE
AND MAKE THIS GENTLE VOW—
TO CEASE FROM TELLING ME THE LINE
I SEEK IS BUSY NOW!

### II— To MISS CALLA GRAFFA.

I PRAY THEE LET THESE LINES IMPART
TO THEE, MY VALENTINE,
THE YEARNING WISH WHICH STIRS MY HEART
AS MAY IT ALSO THINE!
O, I SHOULD EVER BLESS THE DAY
ON WHICH THE BOON BEFELL,
AND I WOULD ALSO RAISE THY PAY
IF THOU WOULDST LEARN TO SPELL!



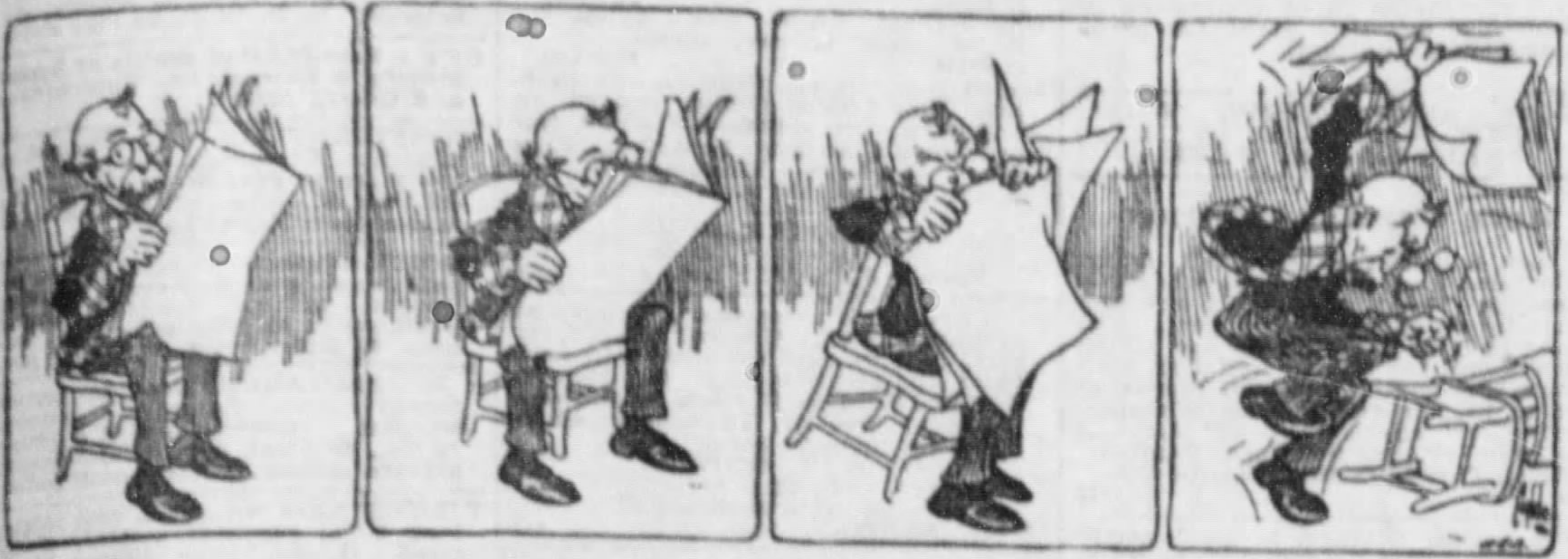
### III— To MISS BRIGETTE AU BRIENNE.



O, MAIDEN OF THE ROSEATE HAIR,
I CRAVE OF THEE A SIGN!
O, HEAR MY SUIT AND SPEAK ME FAIR
AND BE MY VALENTINE!
NO CARE SHALL FRET THY DAMASK CHEEK,
NOR SHALT THOU EVER LOOK
ON LESS THAN FIVE LARGE BONES PER WEEK
IF THOU WILT BE OUR COOK.

——EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

# Why the Paper Seemed Dull to Him



This paper is a long time getting into things. Why, I knew all about that divorce case las week.

I'm surprised it has just learned that young Flinger had married a horus girl.

Why, I know more about what is going on in town than this paper does. That editor must be asleep.

Confound that brat of a newsboy! If he hasn't left me a paper that is more than two weeks old.

# HI TALLMAN HAS HIS FIRST "SLEEPER TRIP"

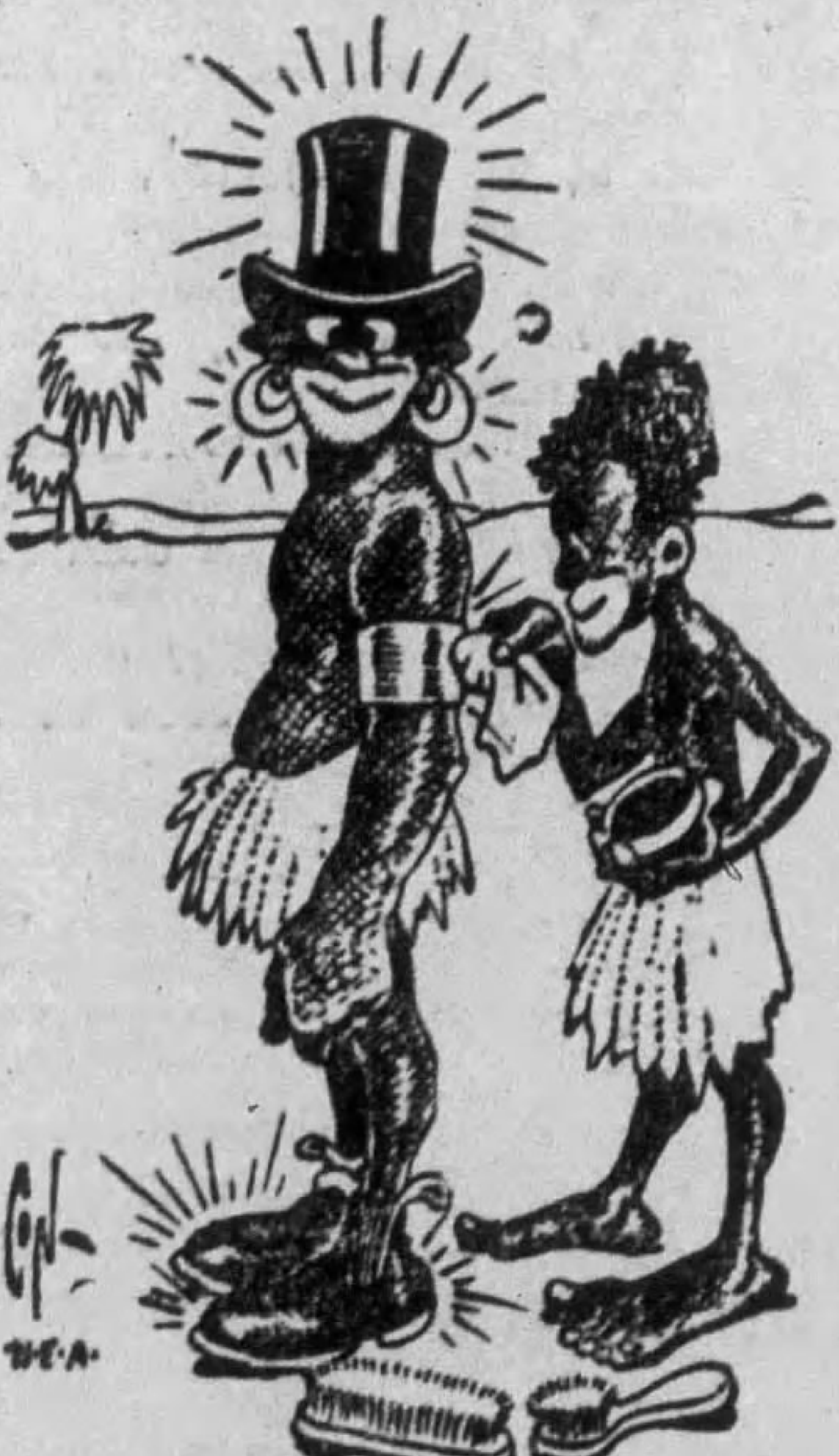
Z-Z-Z-T
Z-Z-R-R-R !!!
K-GHH-KK
HI-LEE!!
HI-ZO!!
HI-L
Con
N.E.A.

I won't get in till tomorrow mornin'. B'gosh, I'll ride in th' sleepin' car.

This is worse'n a farm house in summer time. They ought to have gone t' bed first.

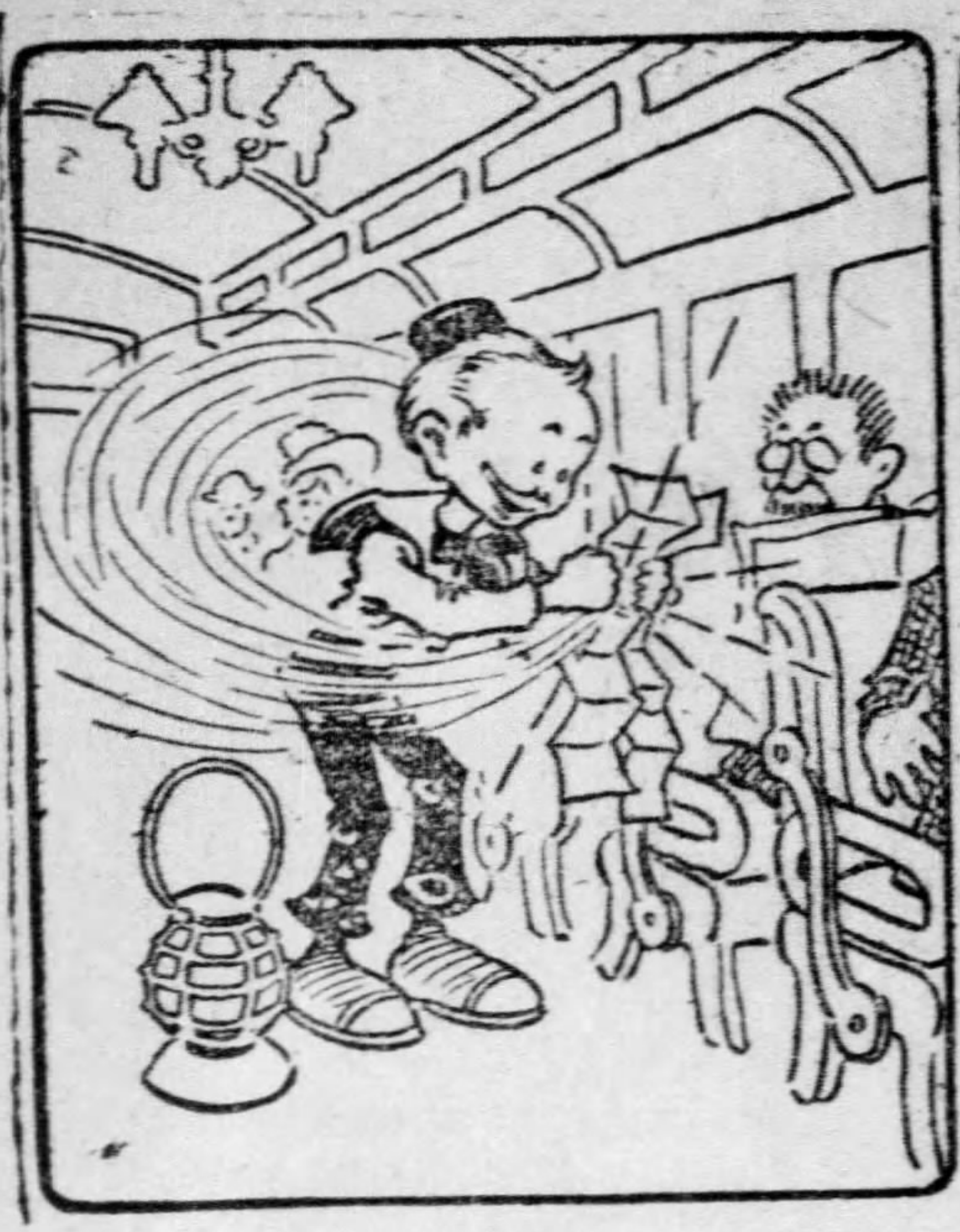
That's th' worst of tryin' t' sleep in these little short beds. Where's th' conductor?

After this, I'll travel on a freight train, so's I c'n rest.

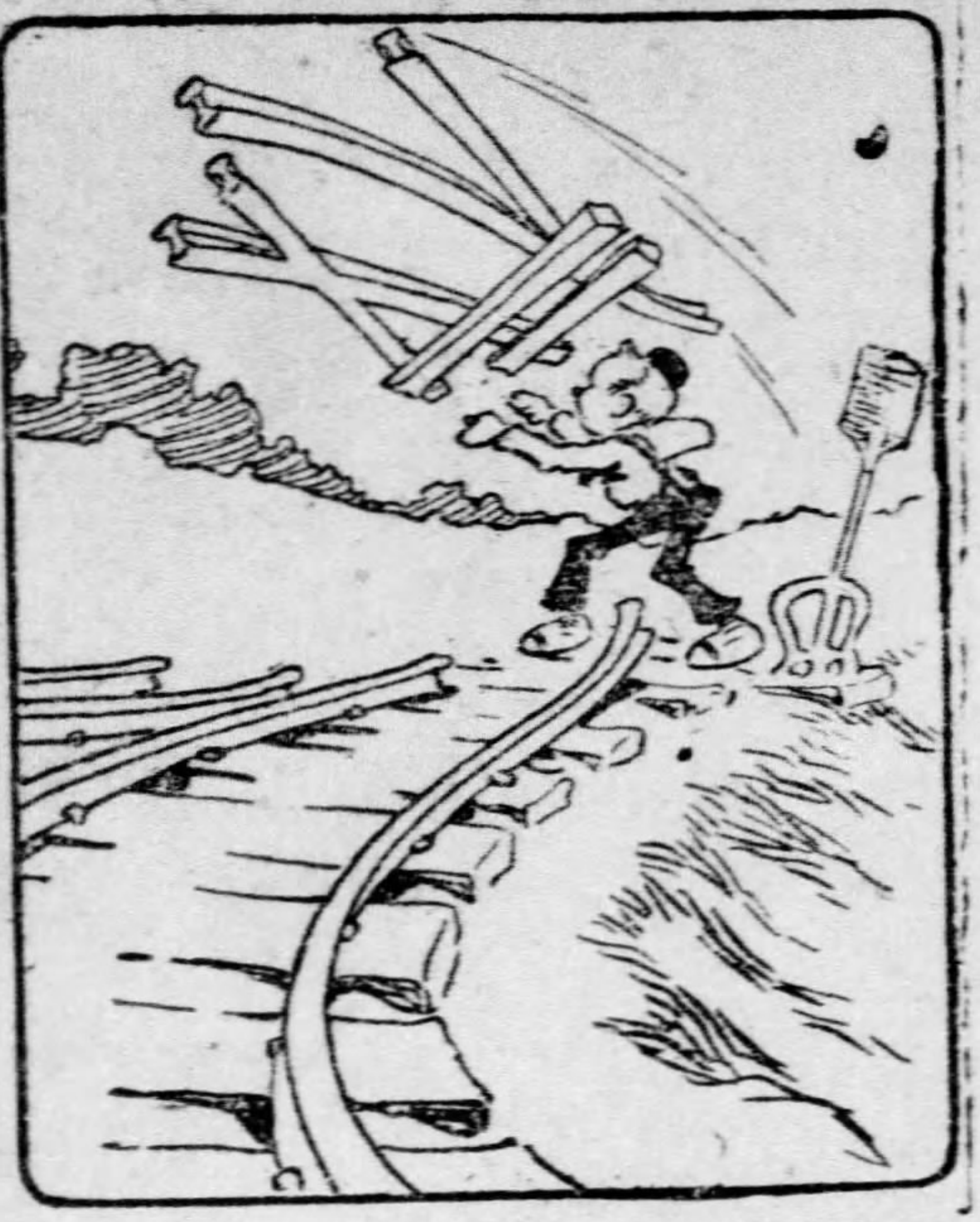


A Polished Gentleman.

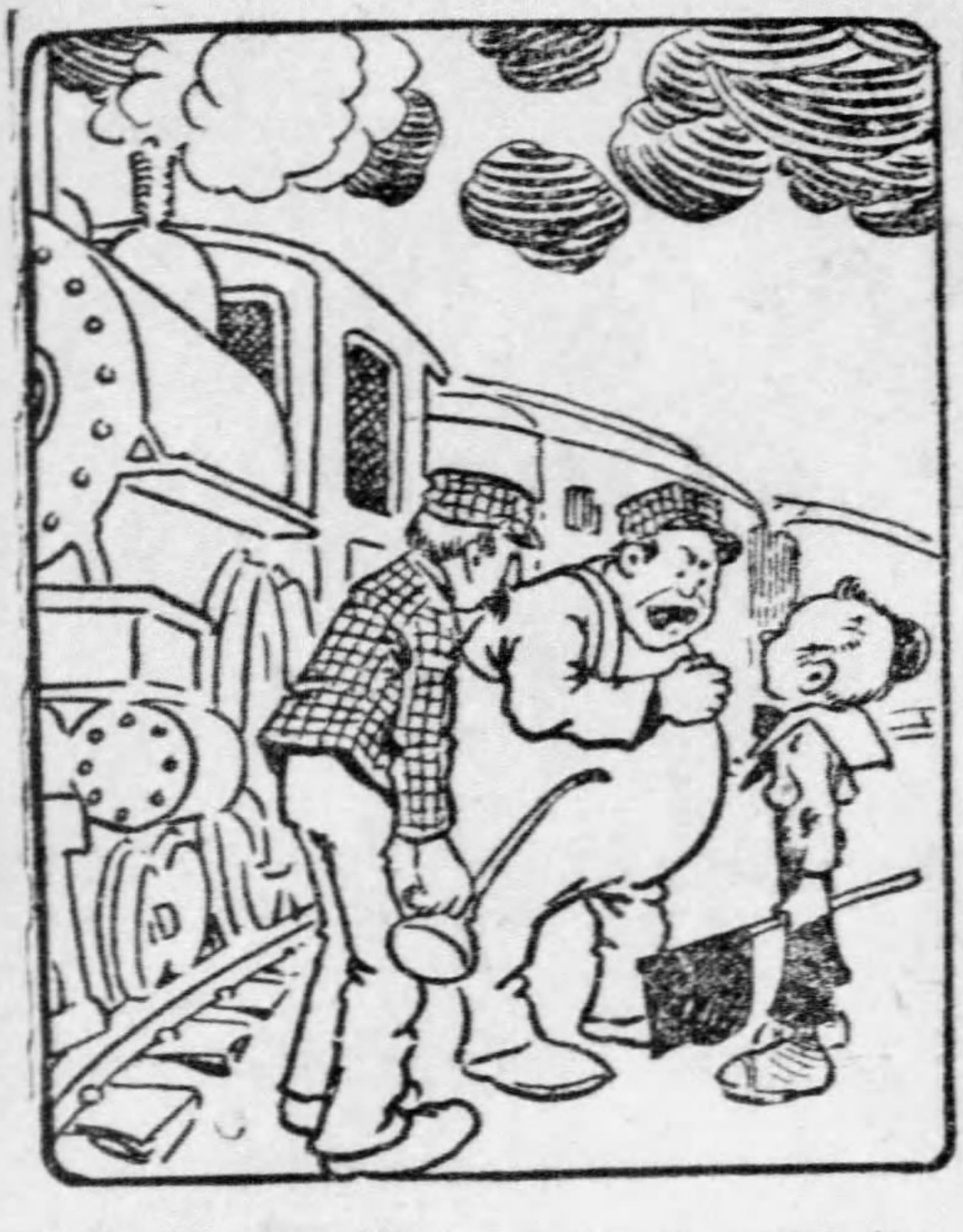
# DUKE MURPHY AS A RAILROADER



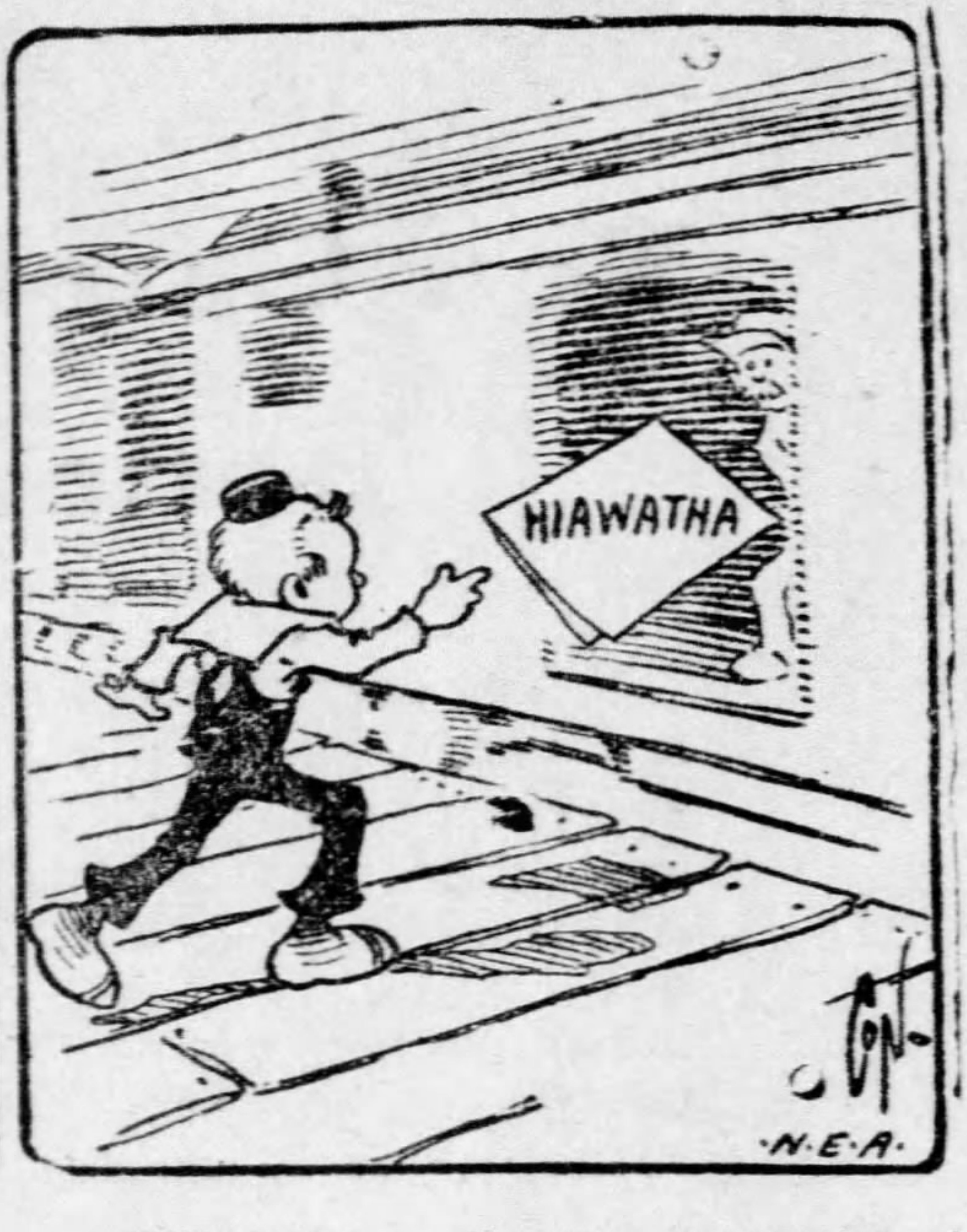
When Duke was conductor he punched many a ticket.



Although a small boy, Duke could throw the switch.

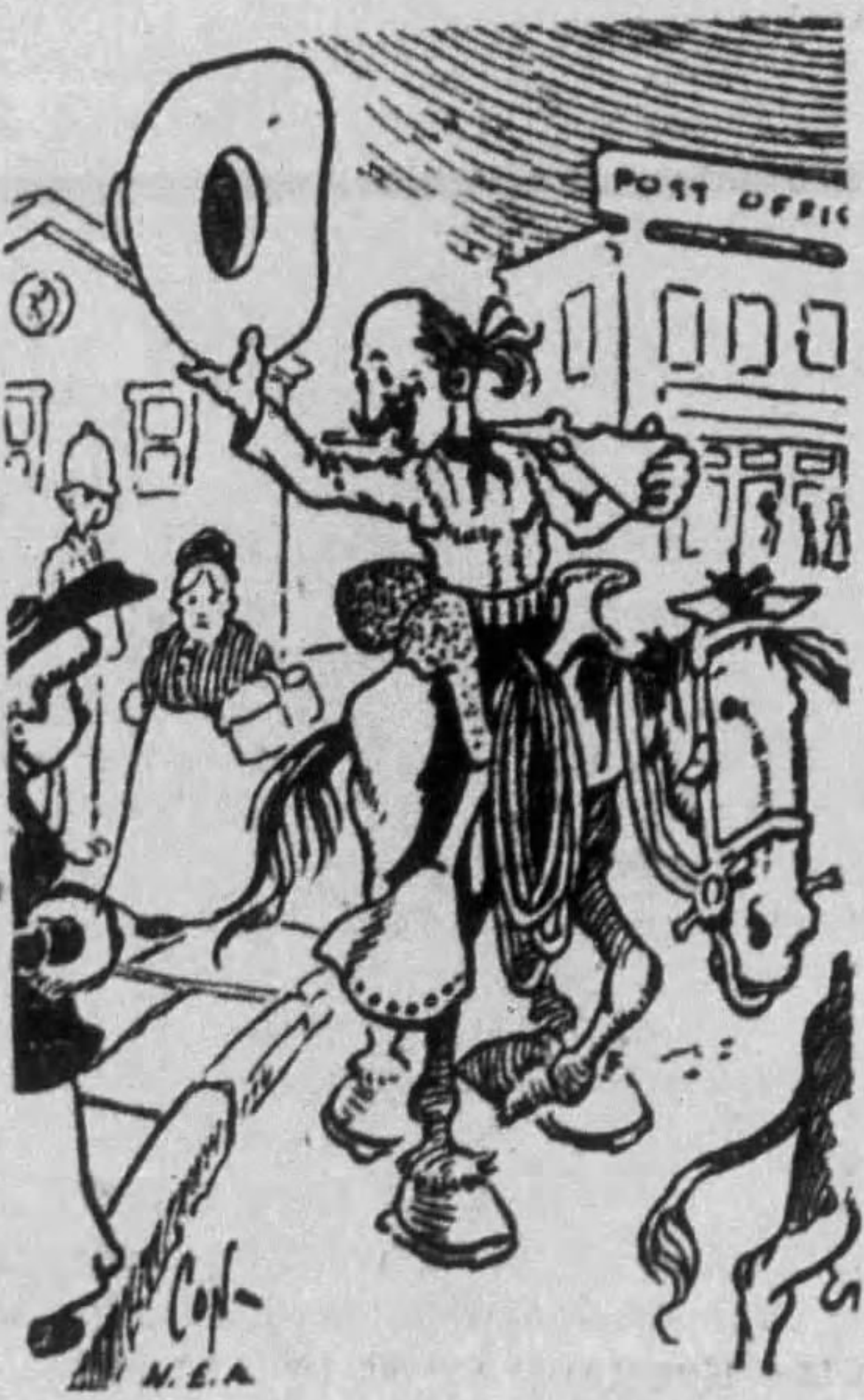


Duke stopped the train because he thought the engine might want to let off steam.

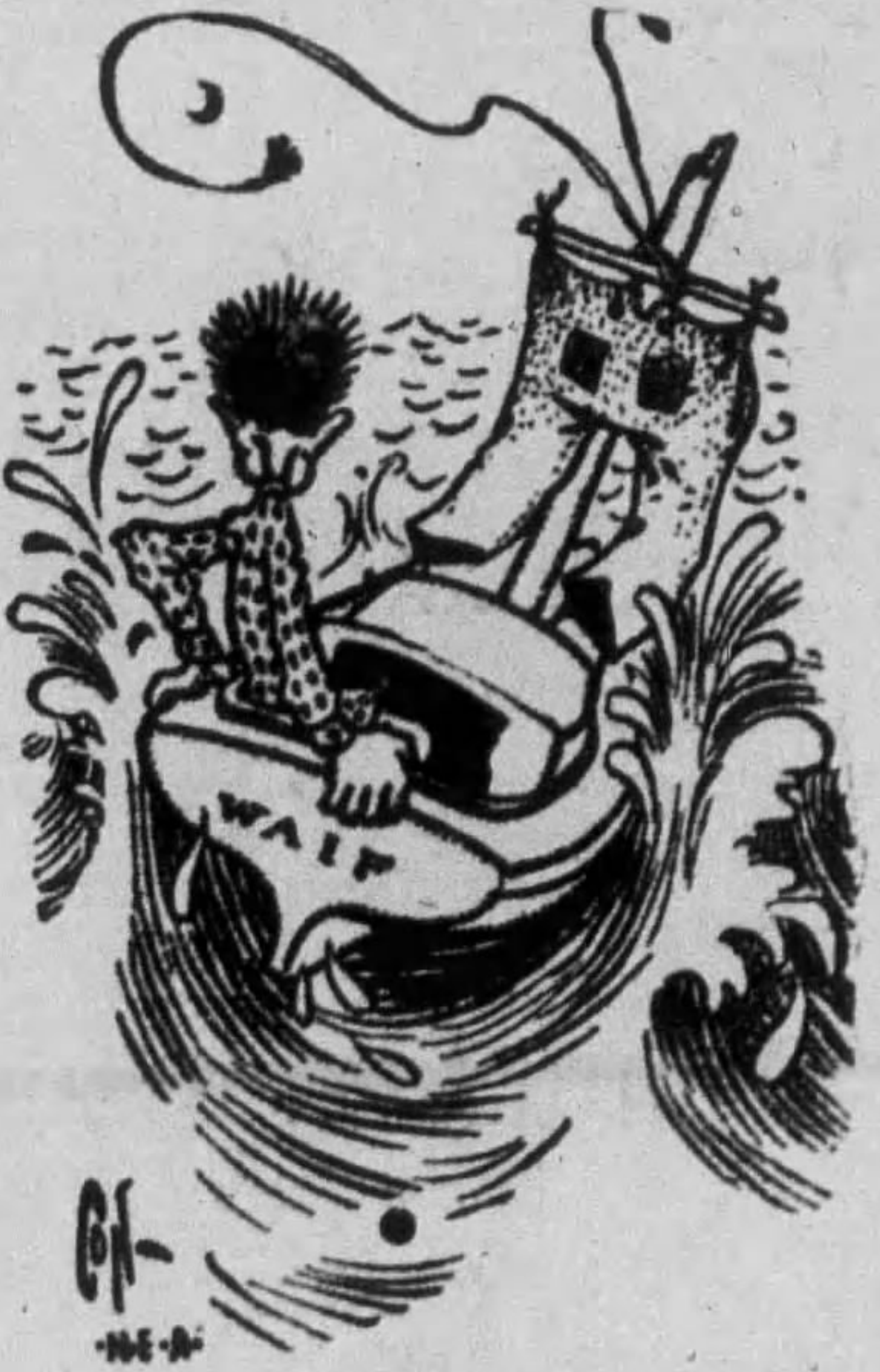


When the engineer put on the air the locomotive stopped. But it didn't stop when Duke put it on.

# Like Buffalo Bill.

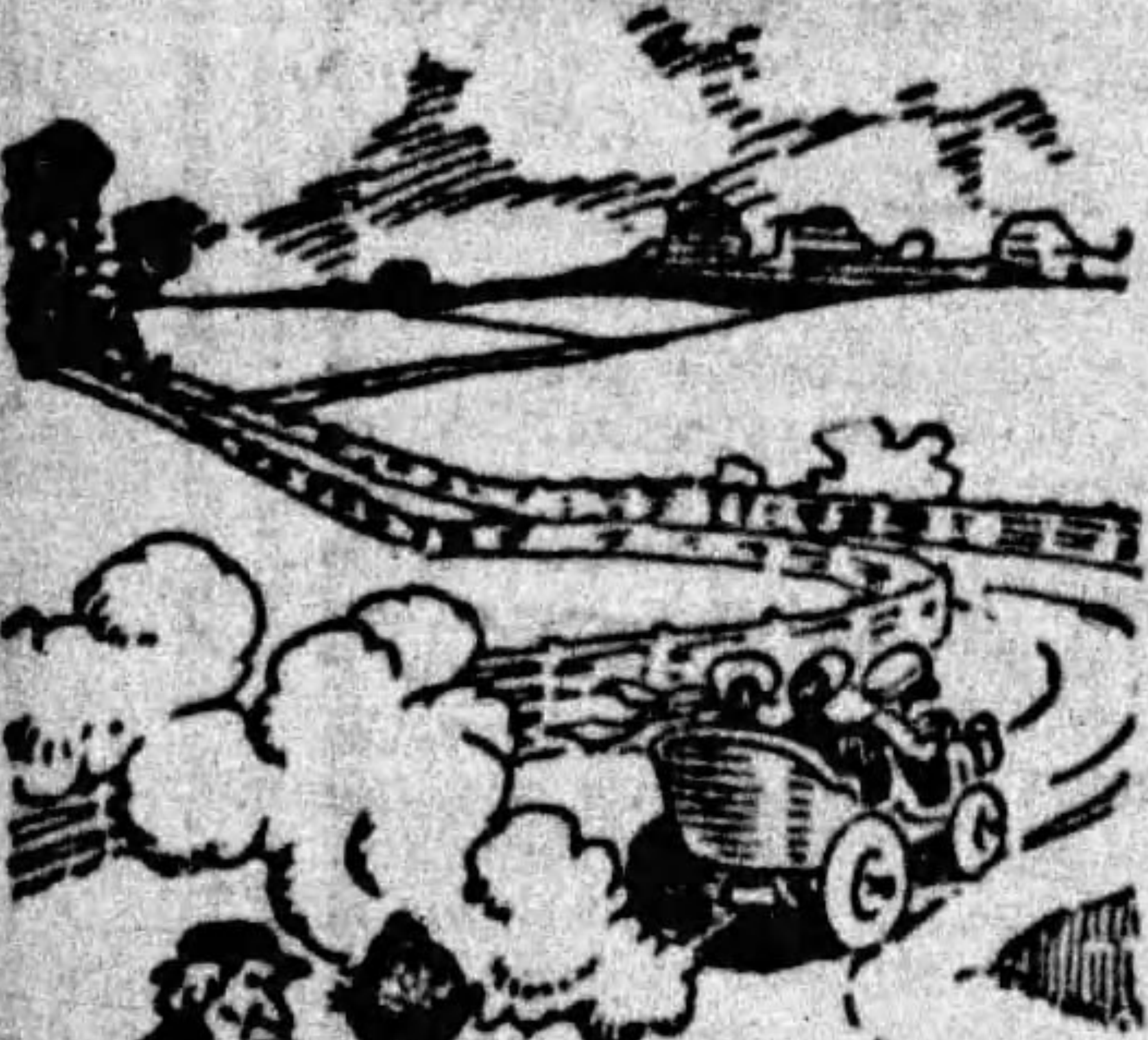


Cooney Barth, the butcher of Doylestown, passed through this village on Wednesday with a drove of cattle, imitating Buffalo Bill.—Orrville (O.) Courier.



A Pant Sale.

# ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.



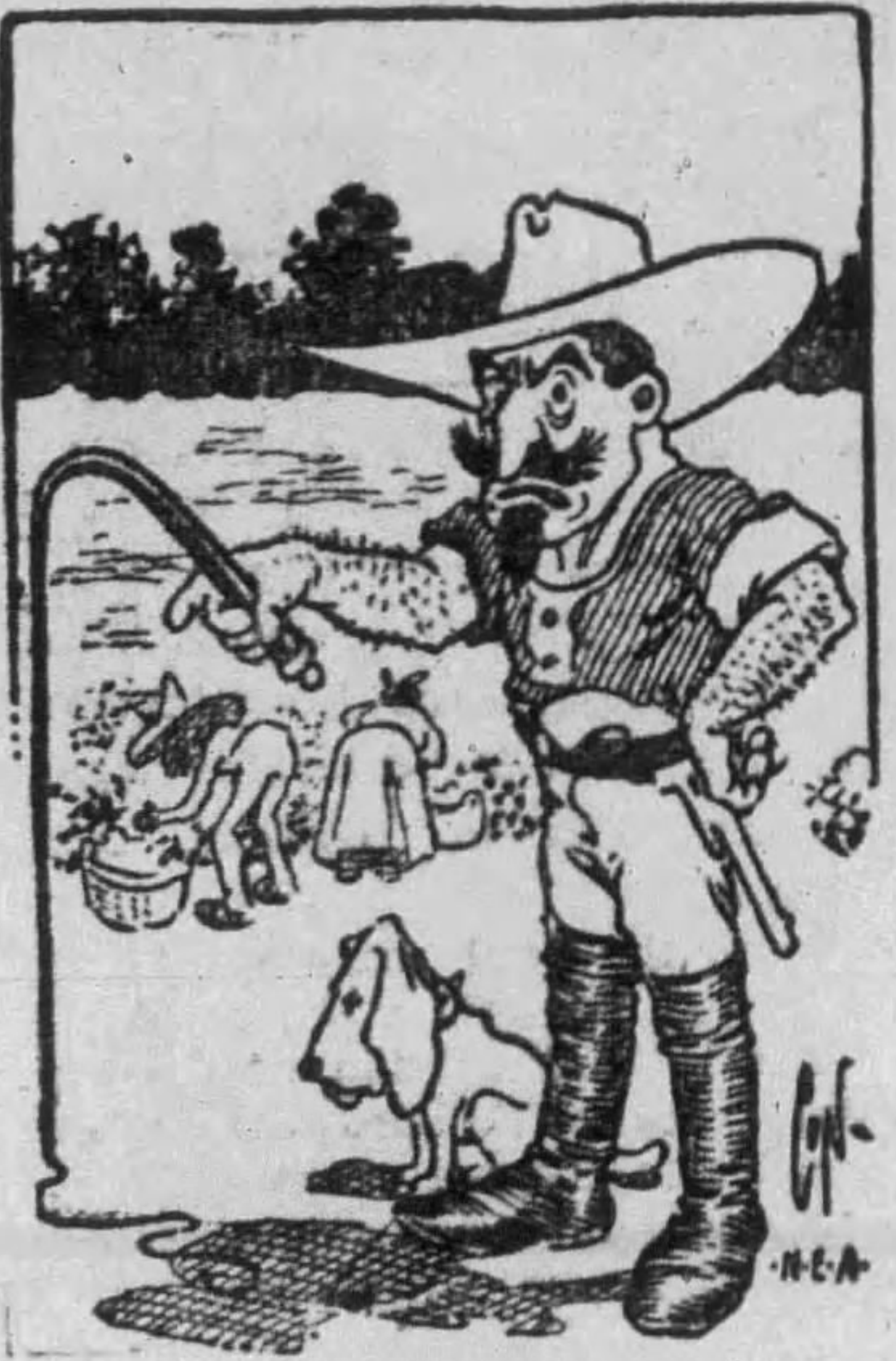
"Well, dad, they're off fer home."

"Yes, an' I'm kind o' glad t' hev 'em go."

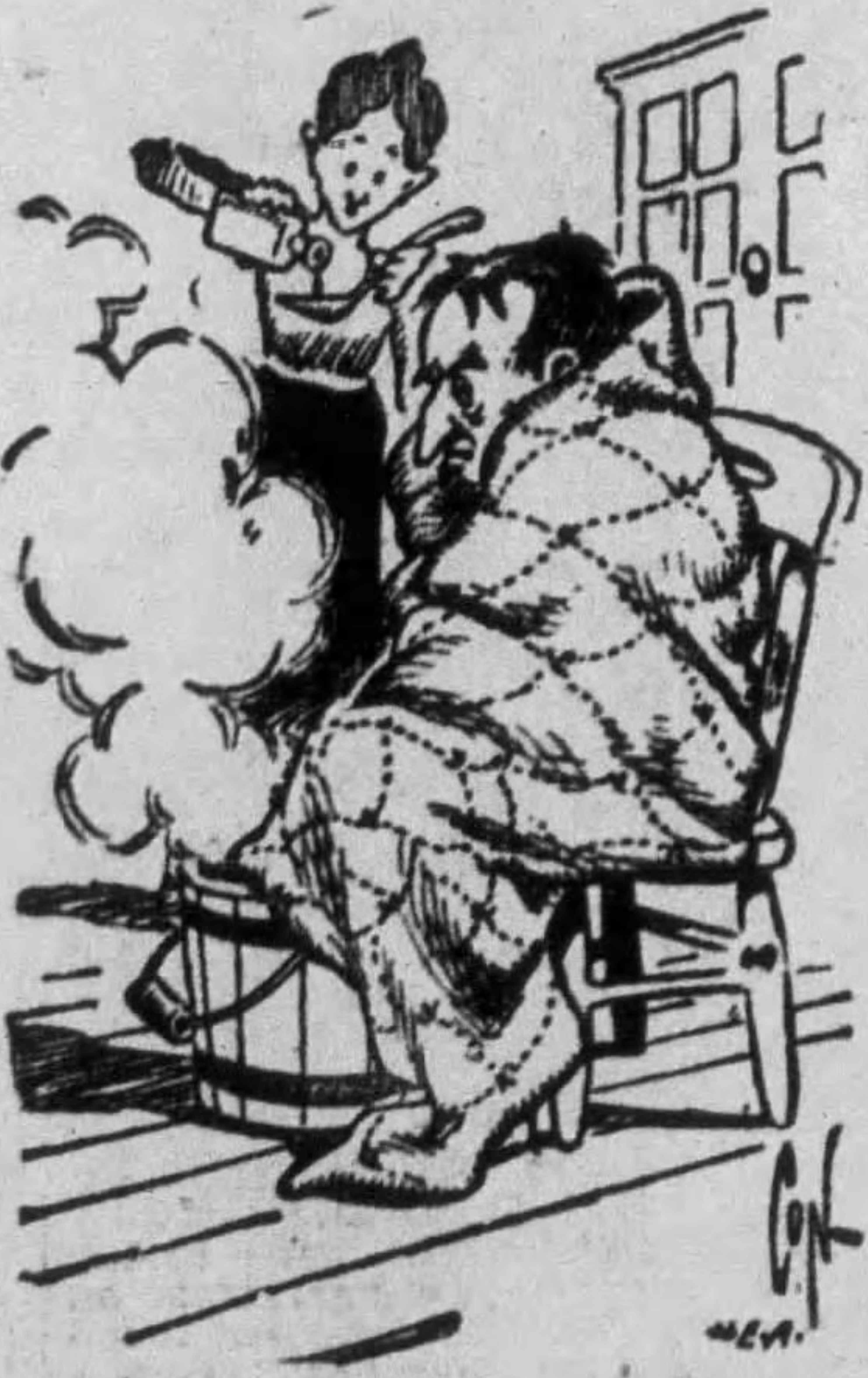
"I don't see how you kin say that about yer own brother's children, dad—yer own kin."

"Mebby I oughtn't t' say it, Hennery, n' I don't say it because I don't like em, for I do. But they attract so much attention an' they're so dod gasted dumb about some things they keep me apologizin' t' my friends all th' time, an' it's embarrassin'."

## Heard in the Studio.

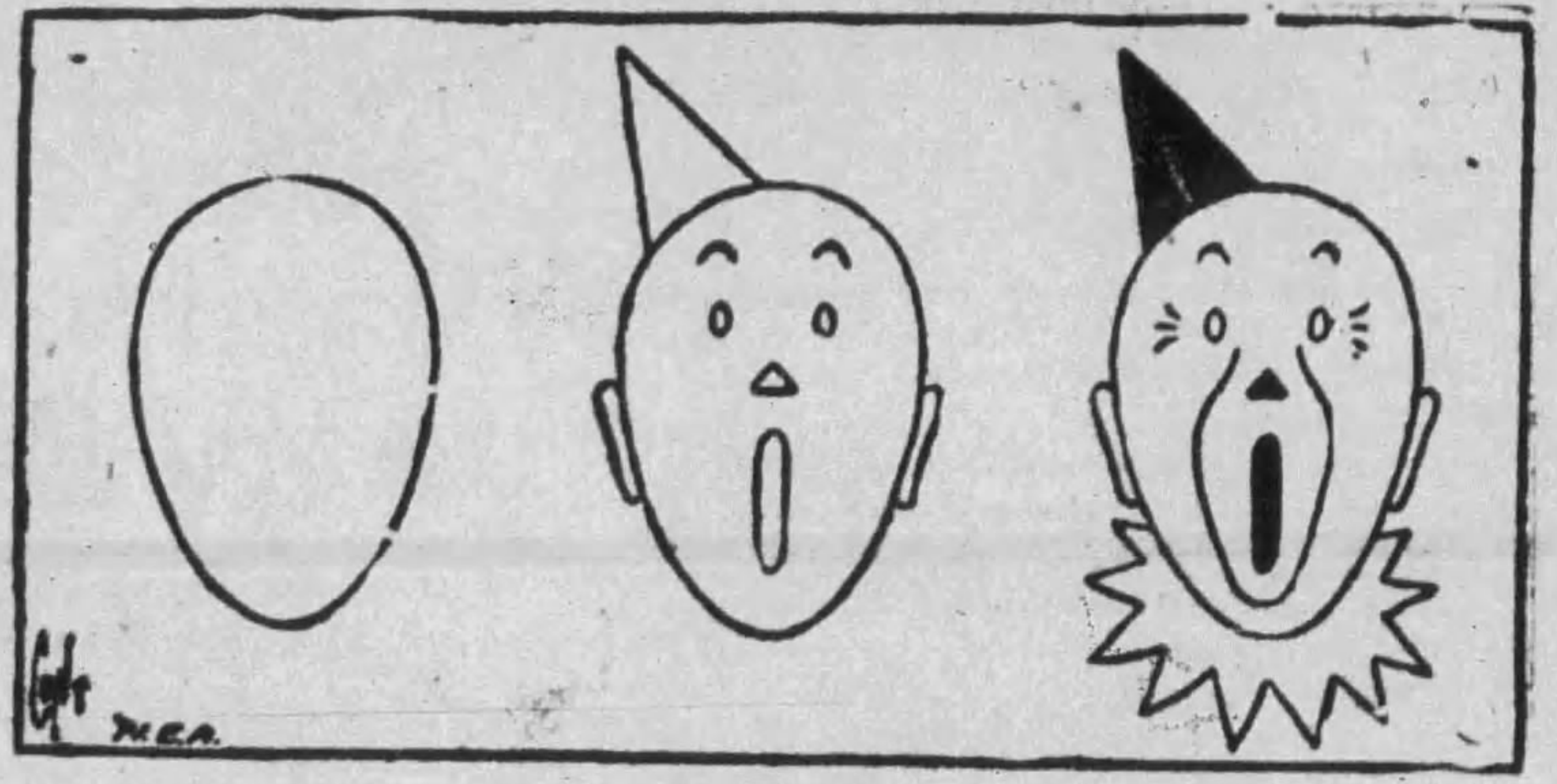


AN OLD MASTER.



Wrapped Up in His Own Comfort.

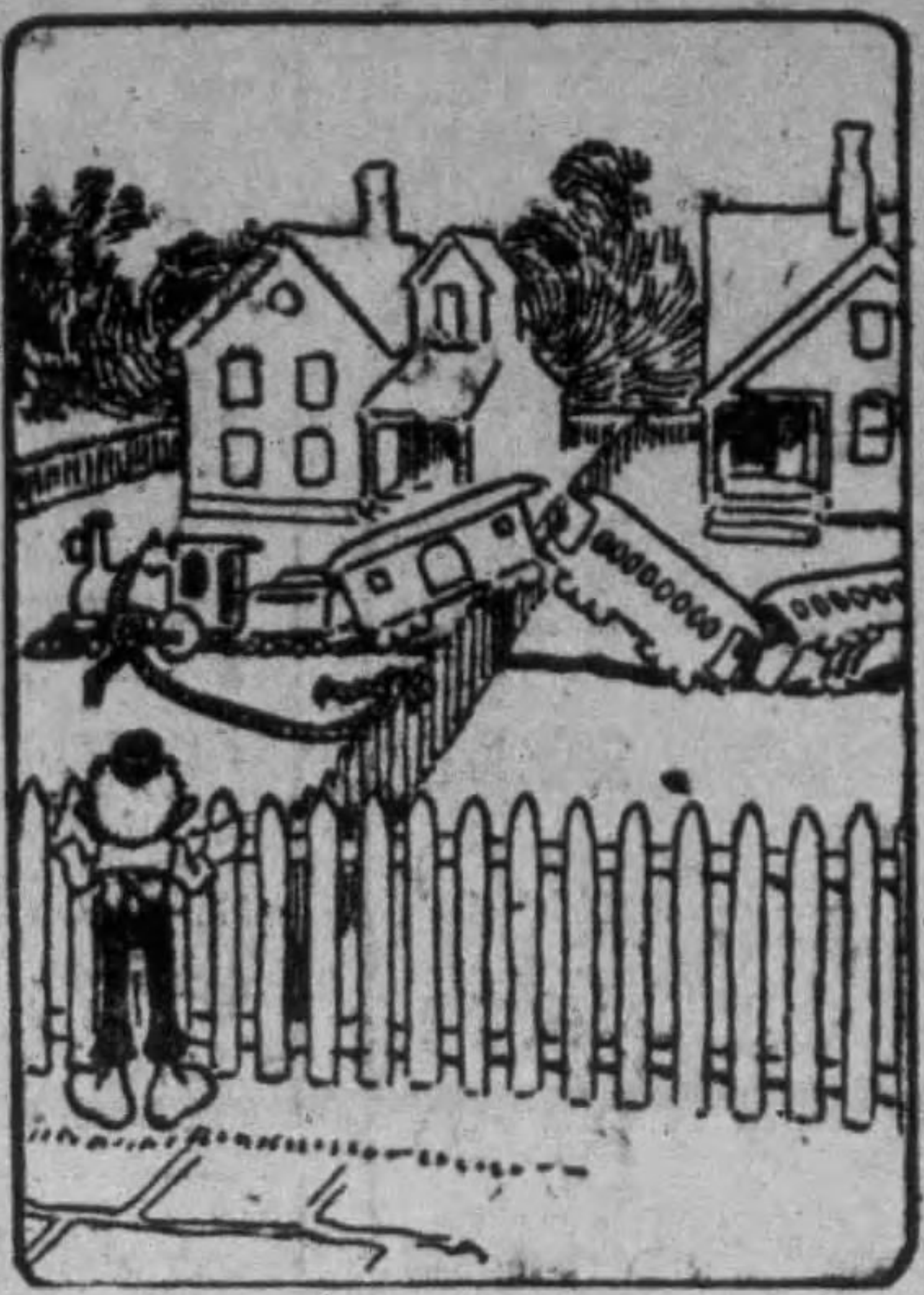
# DRAWING LESSONS MADE EASY



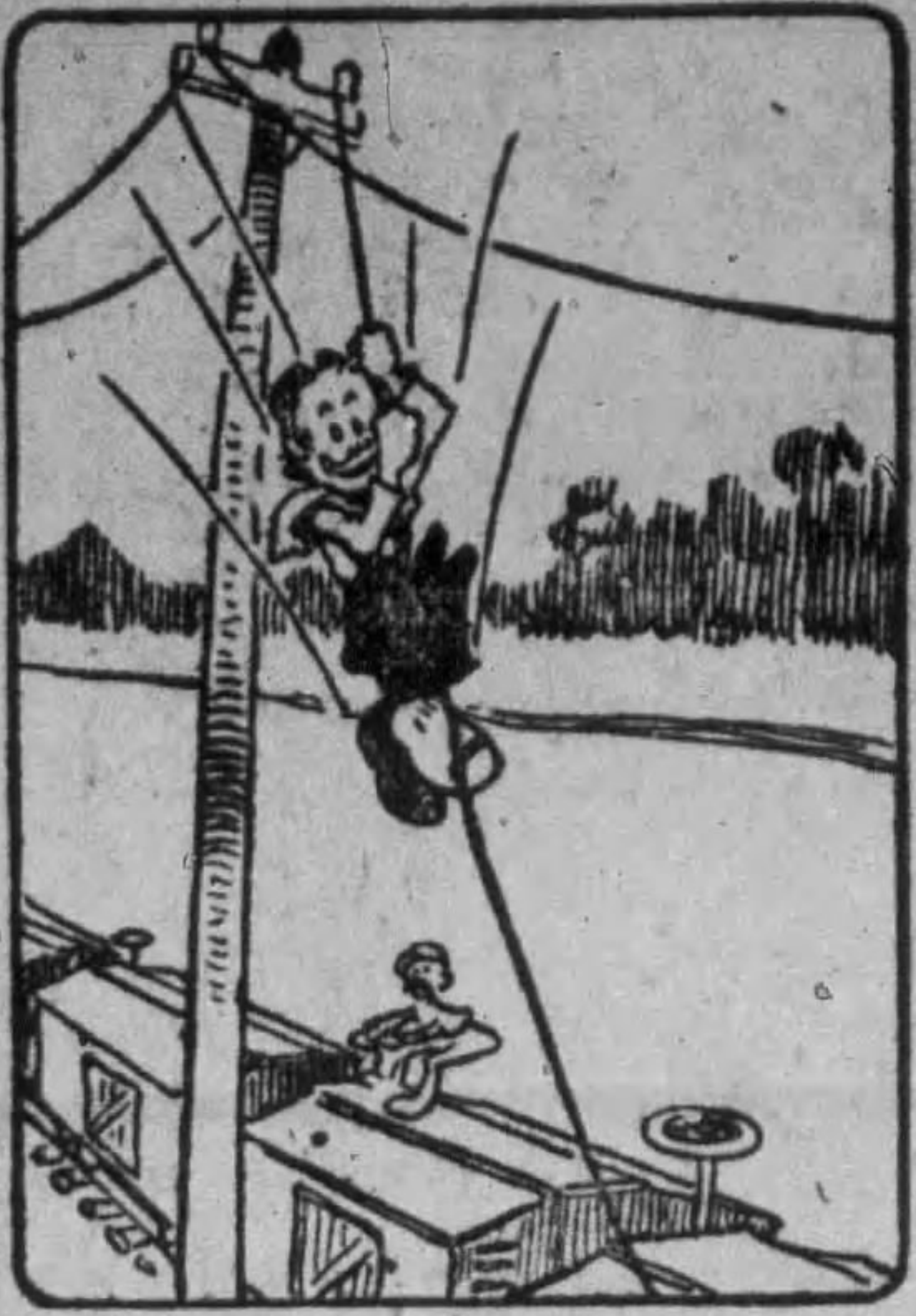
**From Egg to Clown.**

How did you get along in transforming the egg outlined into a clown? This is the way the artist thought it out: That curvature line he put around the nose and mouth added much to the expression.

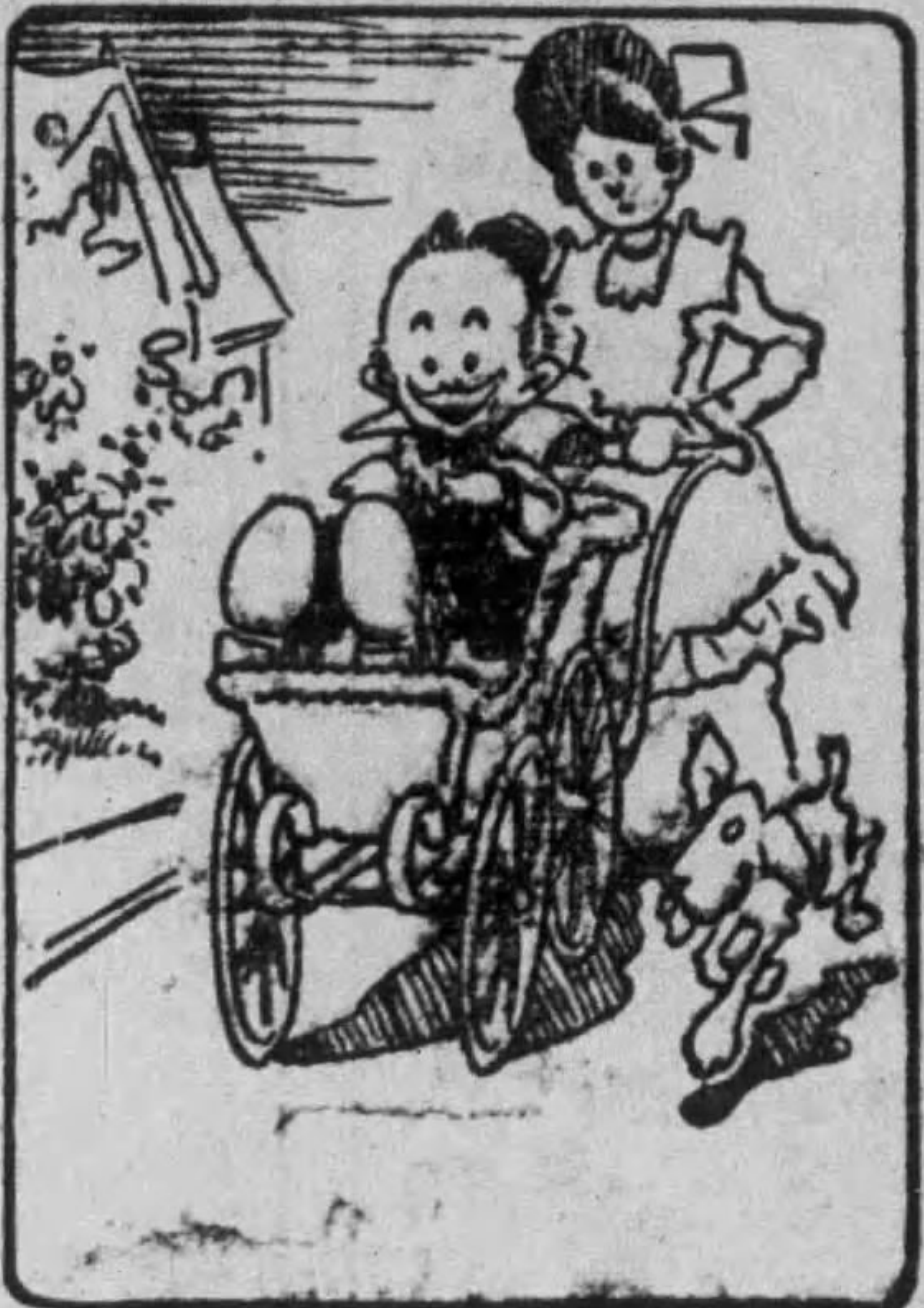
# DUKE MURPHY STILL RAILROADING



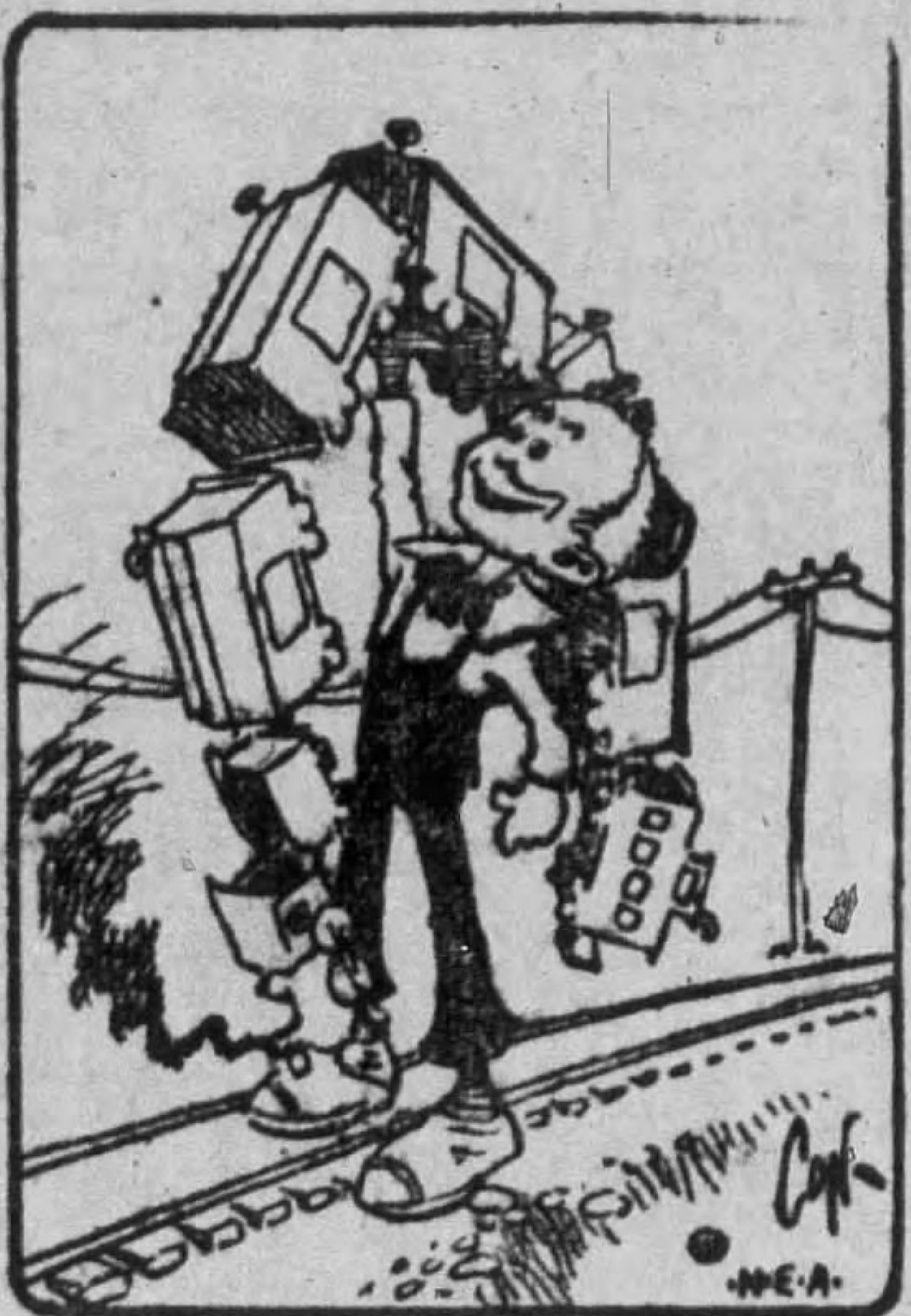
When Duke was dispatcher he tied up the limited in the yards.



And when secretary to the president he often went down the line.

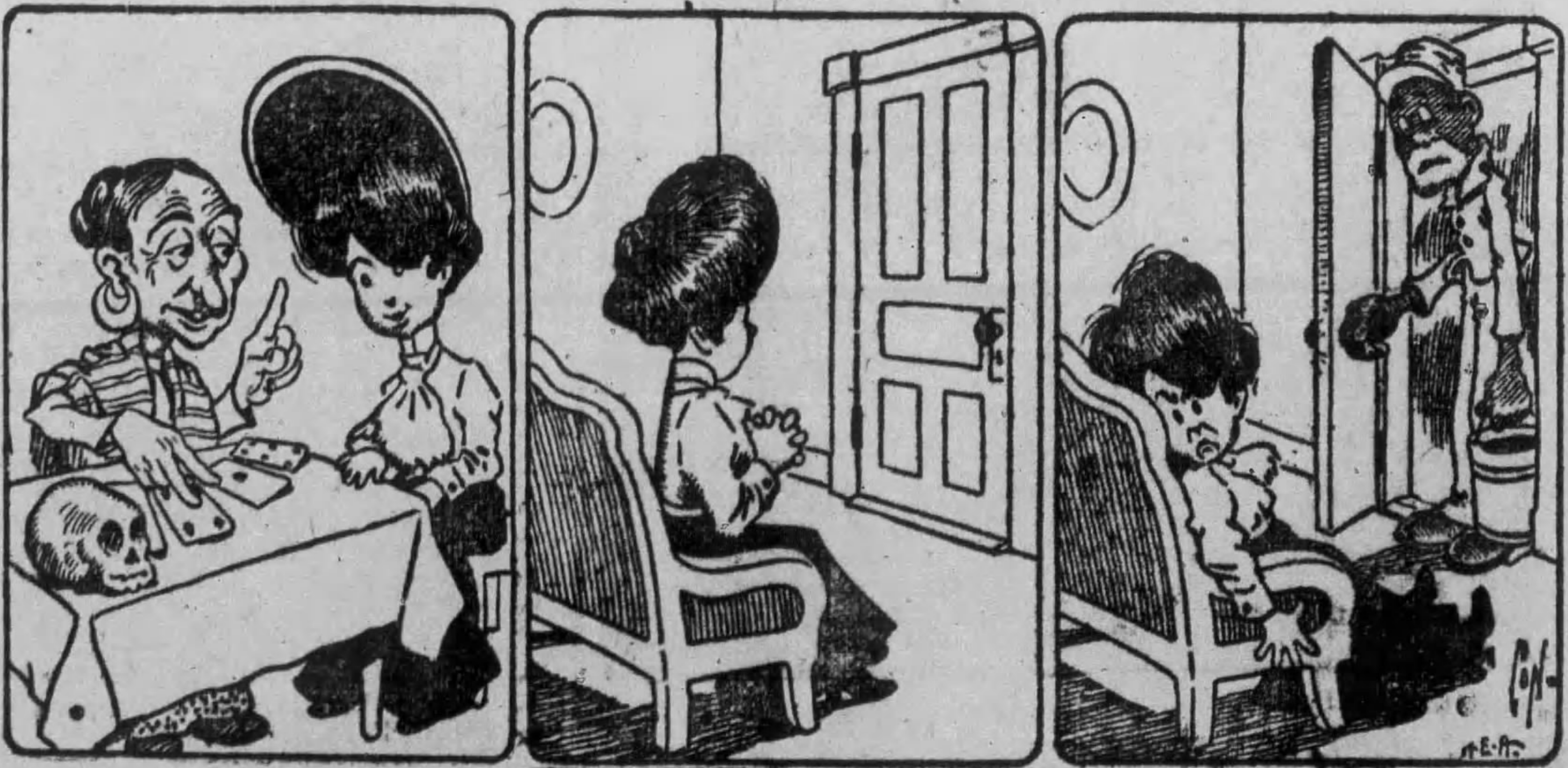


As engineer he was entitled to the best seat in the cab.



Now and then he held up a train just for fun.

# ONCE THAT THE FORTUNE-TELLER HIT IT



"A tall, dark man will call on you in a few hours."

Genevieve returned home and waited patiently for him.

He proved to be the man hired to whitewash the cellar.

# SOME EVERYDAY FRENZIED FINANCE

OH, WE HAVE TROUBLE IN SPENDING ALL OUR MONEY DON'T WE, SYLVESTER?
YES, MY DEAR IT'S A GREAT BURDEN TO BE SO RICH AS WE ARE
GENTLEMEN, I COULDN'T RAISE $5,000 IN FIVE YEARS. I'M NOT WORTH 30 CENTS.
Assessor's Office
Condo
N.E.A.

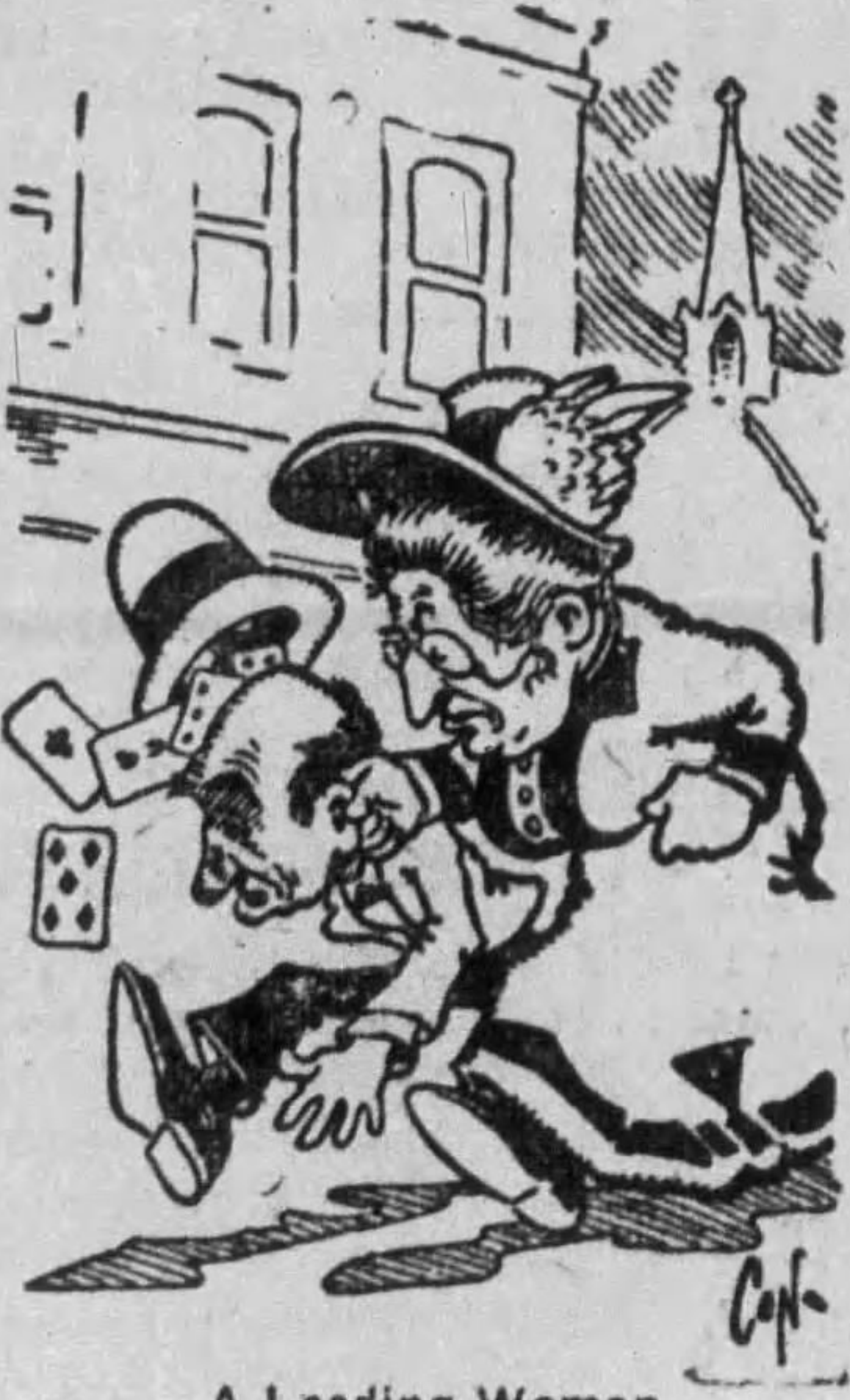
# THE WICKED HORSEMAN AND THE GOOD PREACHER.

SALOO
COOL LAGER
N.E.A. Condo

[illegible] new horse was a fast and beautiful animal, but the bad man who sold it failed to tell it was once owned by a collector for the brewery.

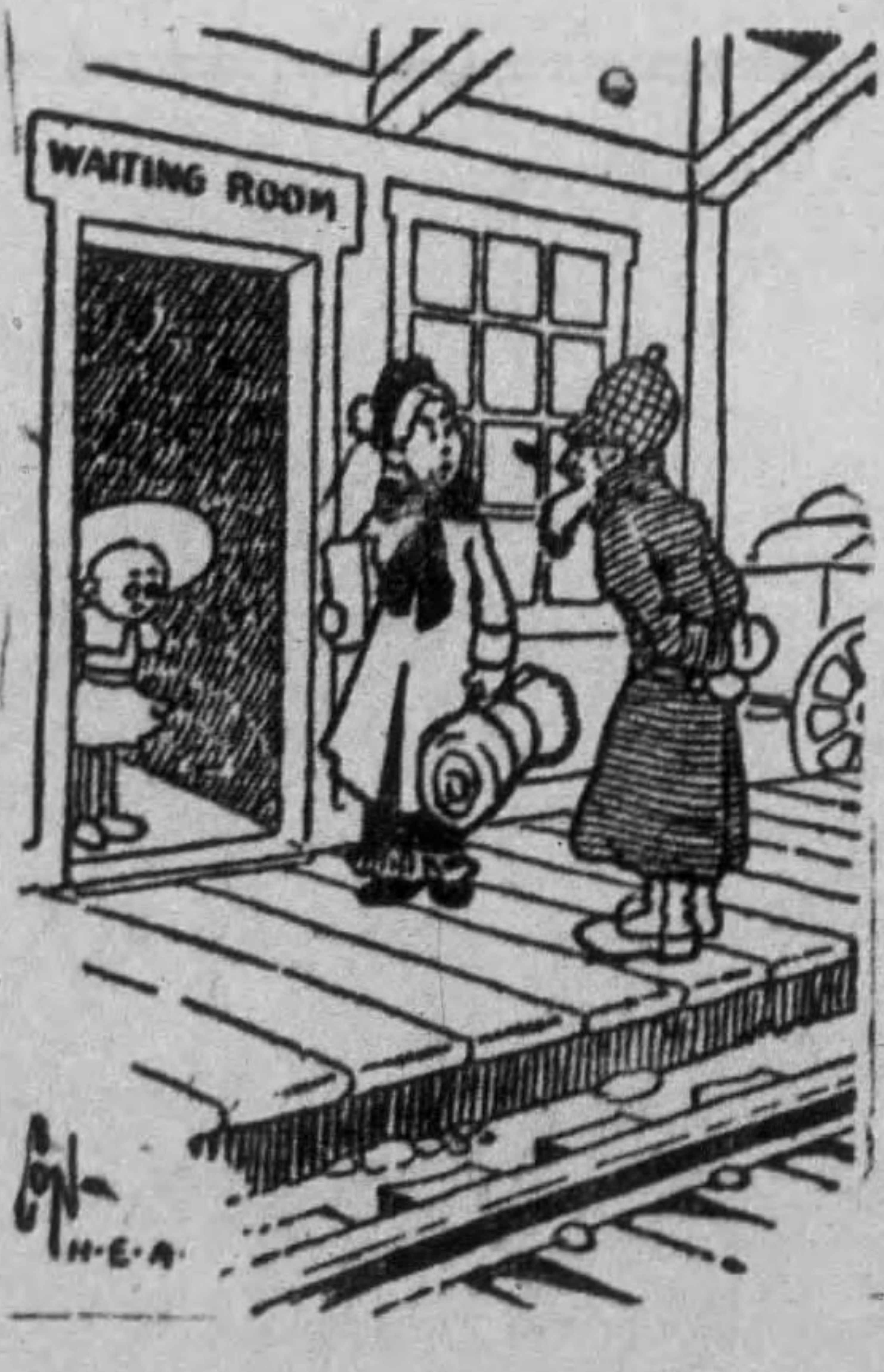
From force of habit the horse stopped at the very first saloon, and although the Rev. Swift used the whip with all his strength, the stubborn brute refused to move a single inch.

At last a policeman, who had been watching him, placed him in arrest for cruelty to animals, thereby shocking the pious folk, but causing the wicked to smile most exasperatingly.



A Leading Woman.

# HA! HA!



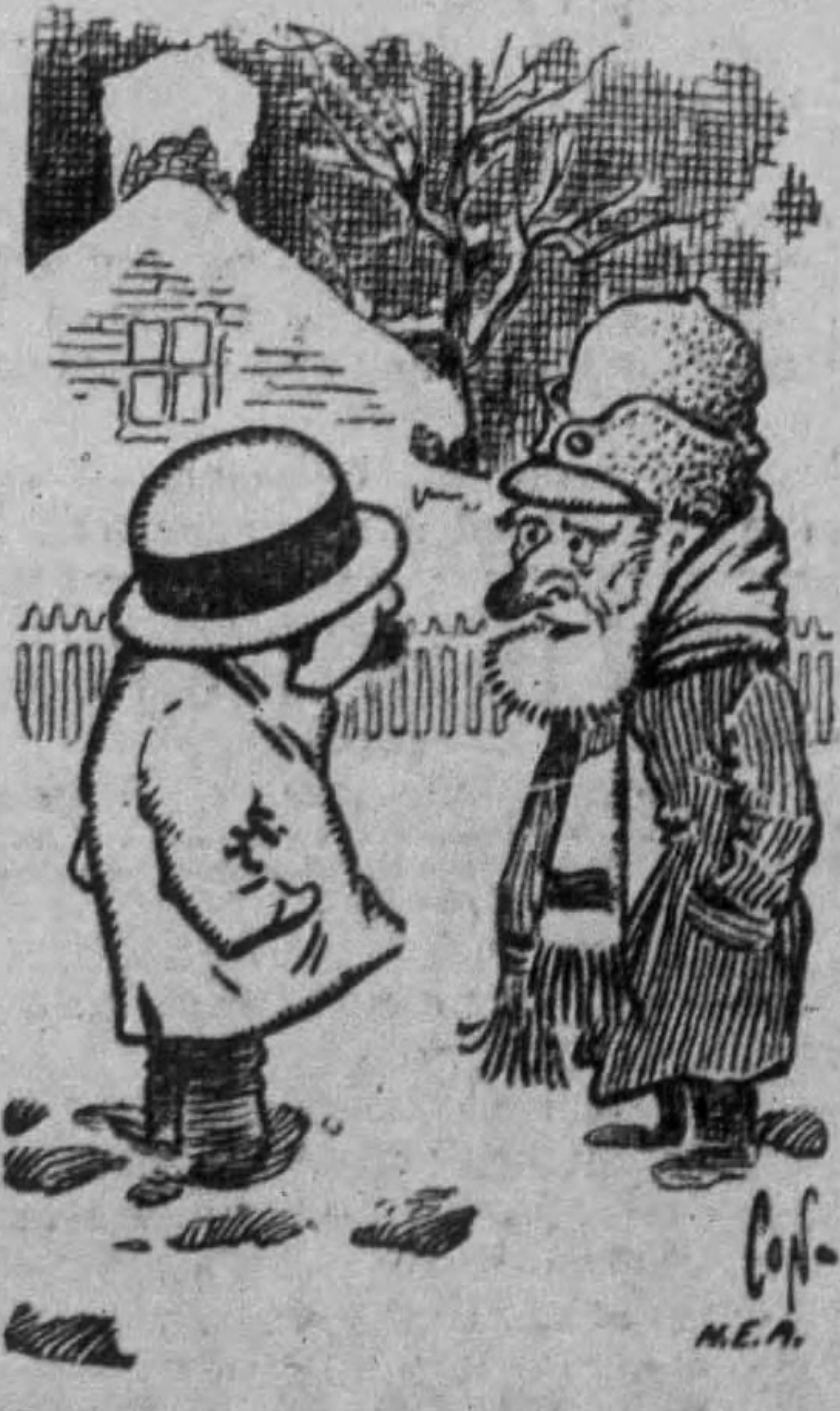
"Is this the waiting room?"

"I reckon so. I ain't seen it anywhere but right here for five years."

"Oh, you don't say so? Maybe you can tell what it's waiting for."

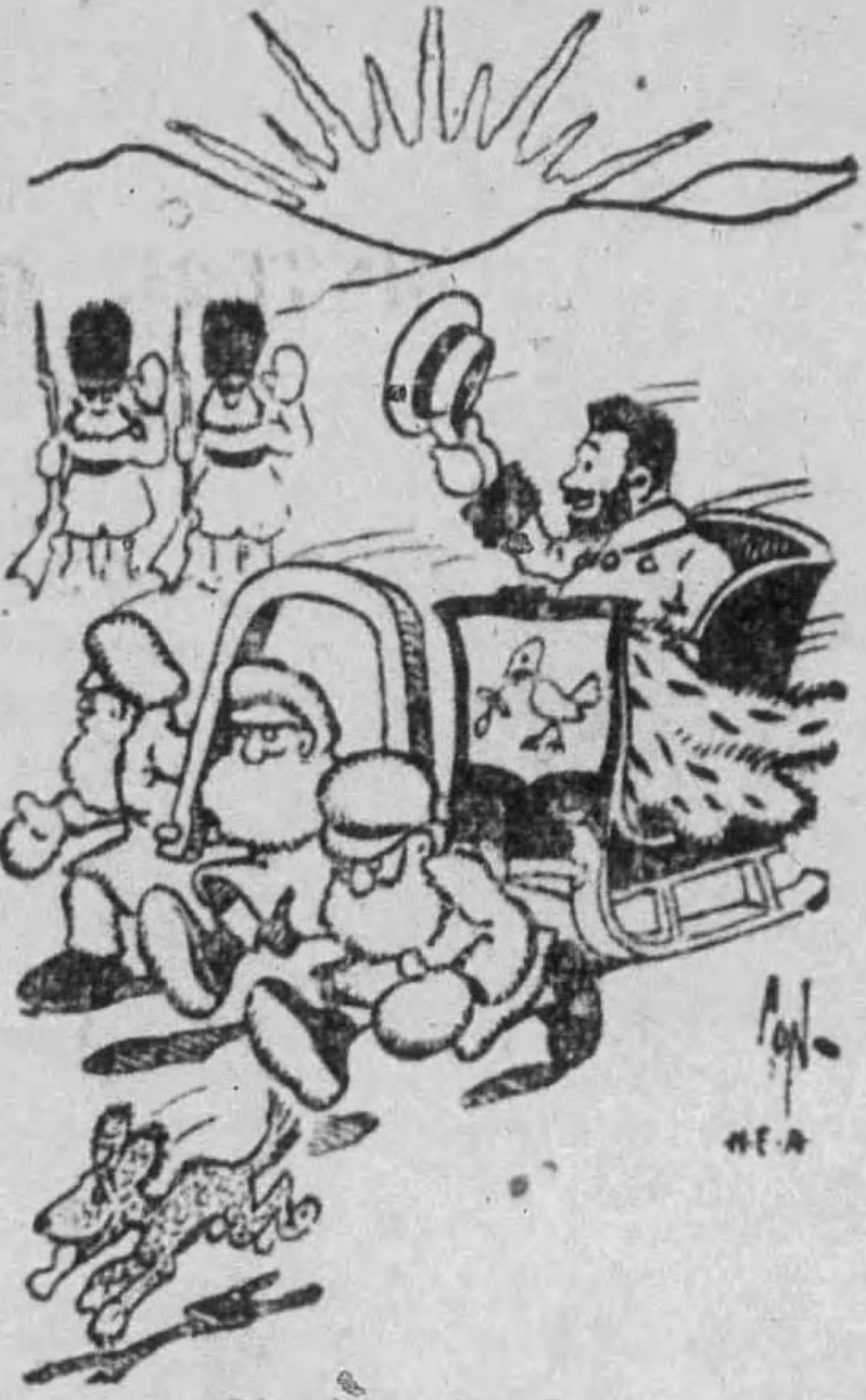
"Yes'm, I can. Passengers."

# THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN



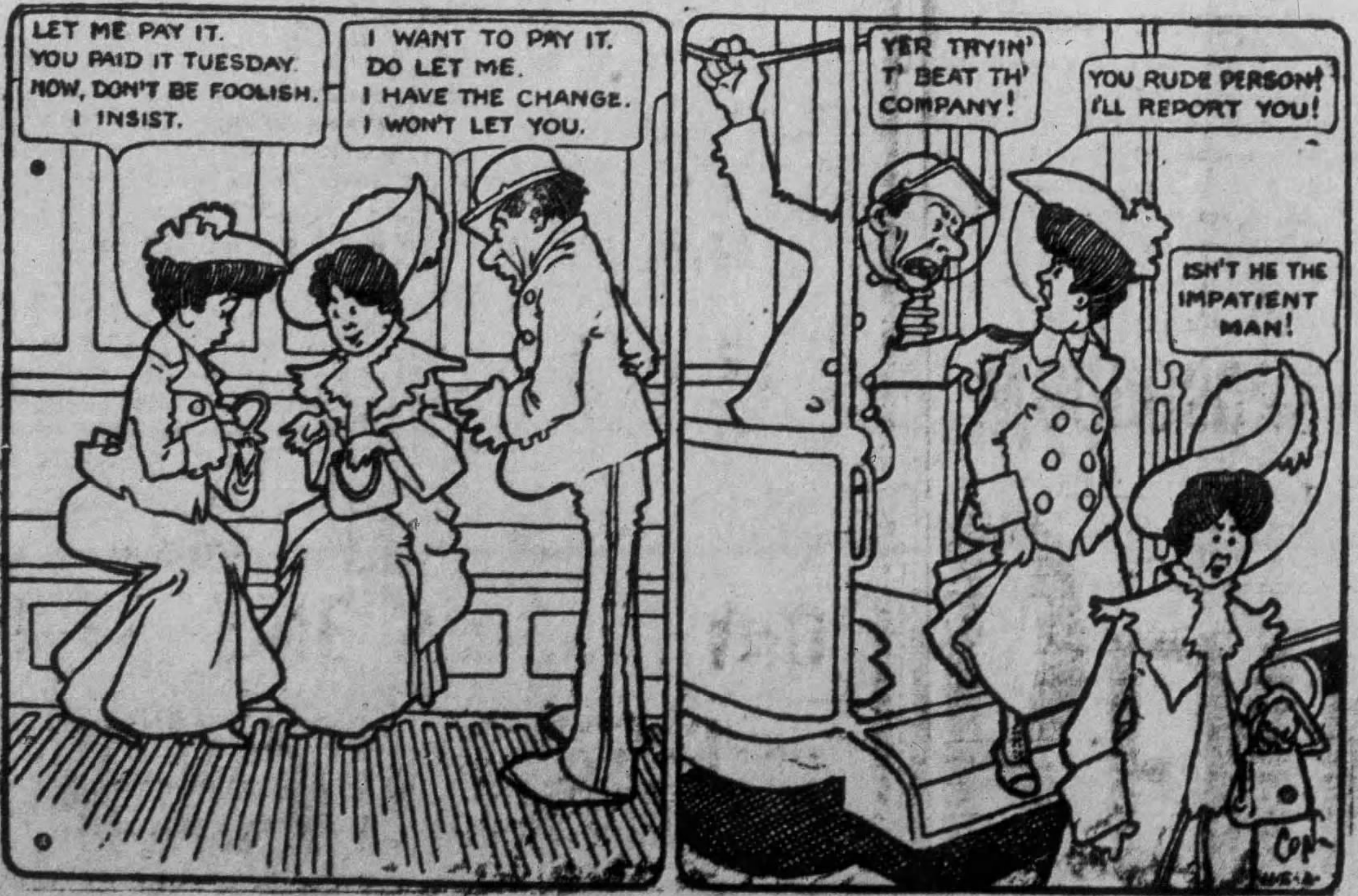
"Quite a snowstorm we've been havin', Uncle Ezry."

"Yes, 'tis. I wuz born in 1832, an' I must say this is th' worst I ever seen."

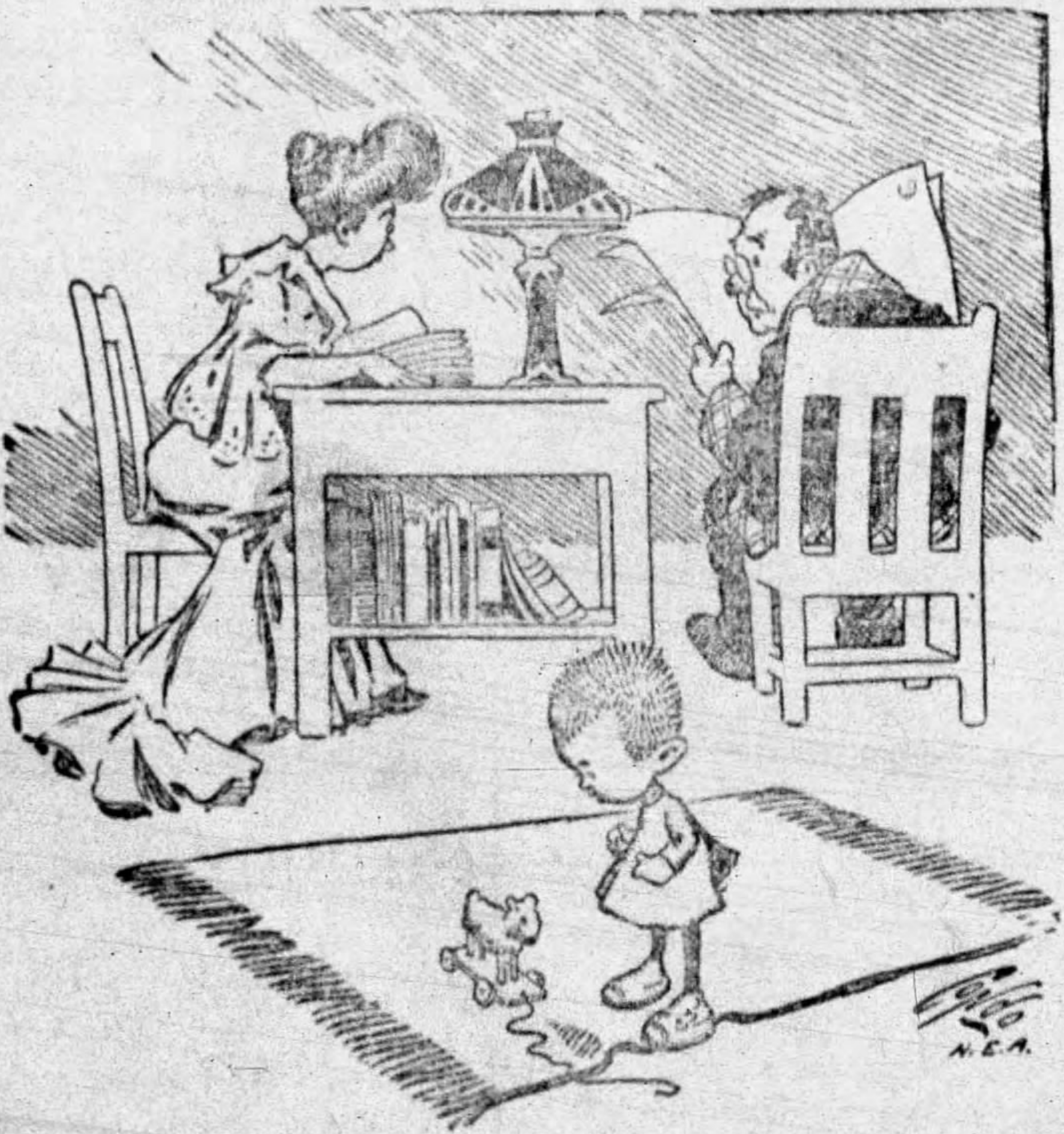


Slaying the Czar.

# SOME EVERYDAY FRENZIED FINANCE


LET ME PAY IT. YOU PAID IT TUESDAY. NOW, DON'T BE FOOLISH. I INSIST.
I WANT TO PAY IT. DO LET ME. I HAVE THE CHANGE. I WON'T LET YOU.
YER TRYIN' T' BEAT TH' COMPANY!
YOU RUDE PERSON! I'LL REPORT YOU!
ISN'T HE THE IMPATIENT MAN!
CON-

# SO MUCH COLDER THAN FATHER'S.

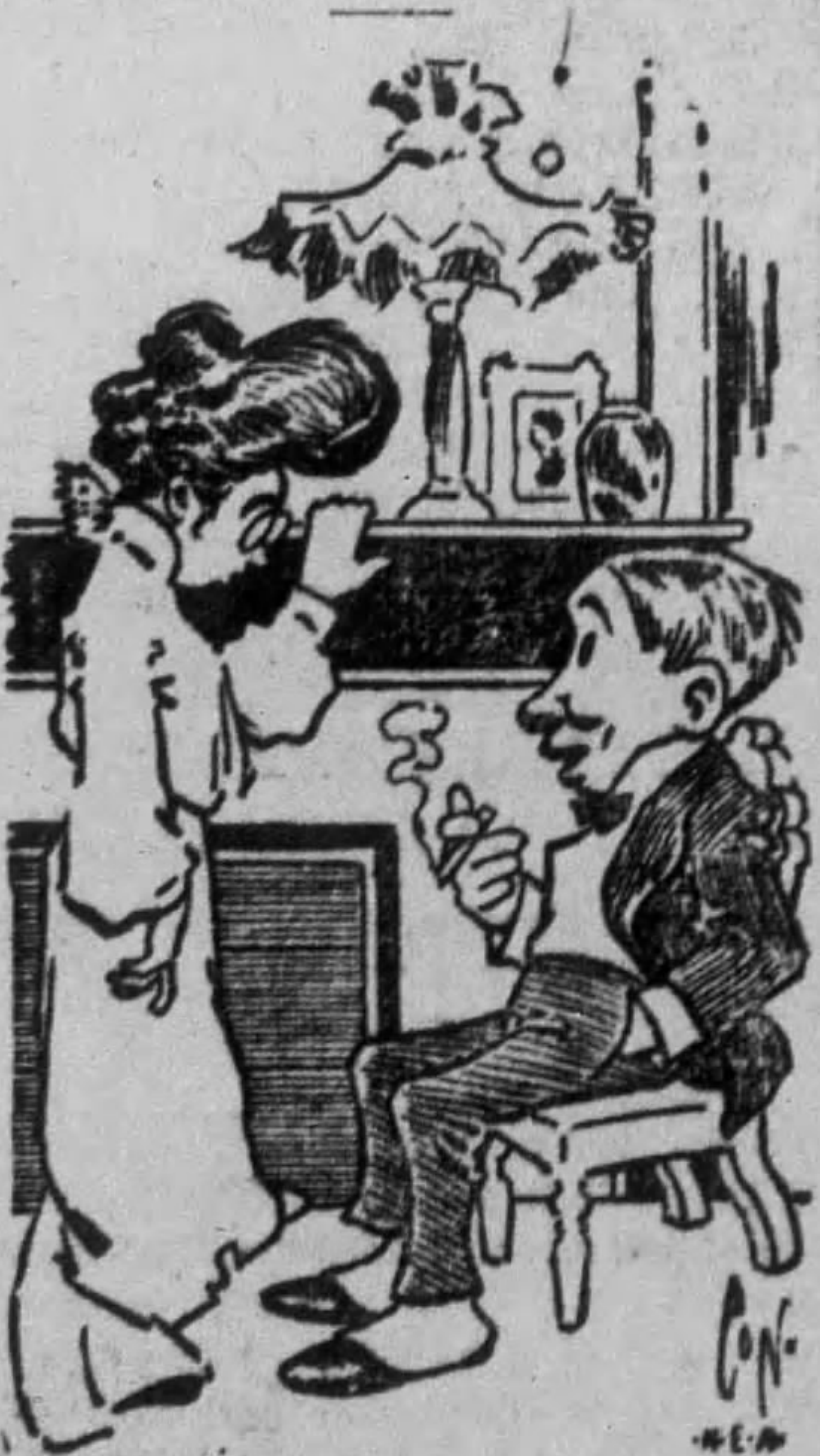


"Sam, we must get the baby heavier shoes for running around over these cold floors."

"Nonsense. Those shoes are heavy enough."

"No, they're not. Just think how close his little feet are to the floor."

# INTERESTING TO OTHERS

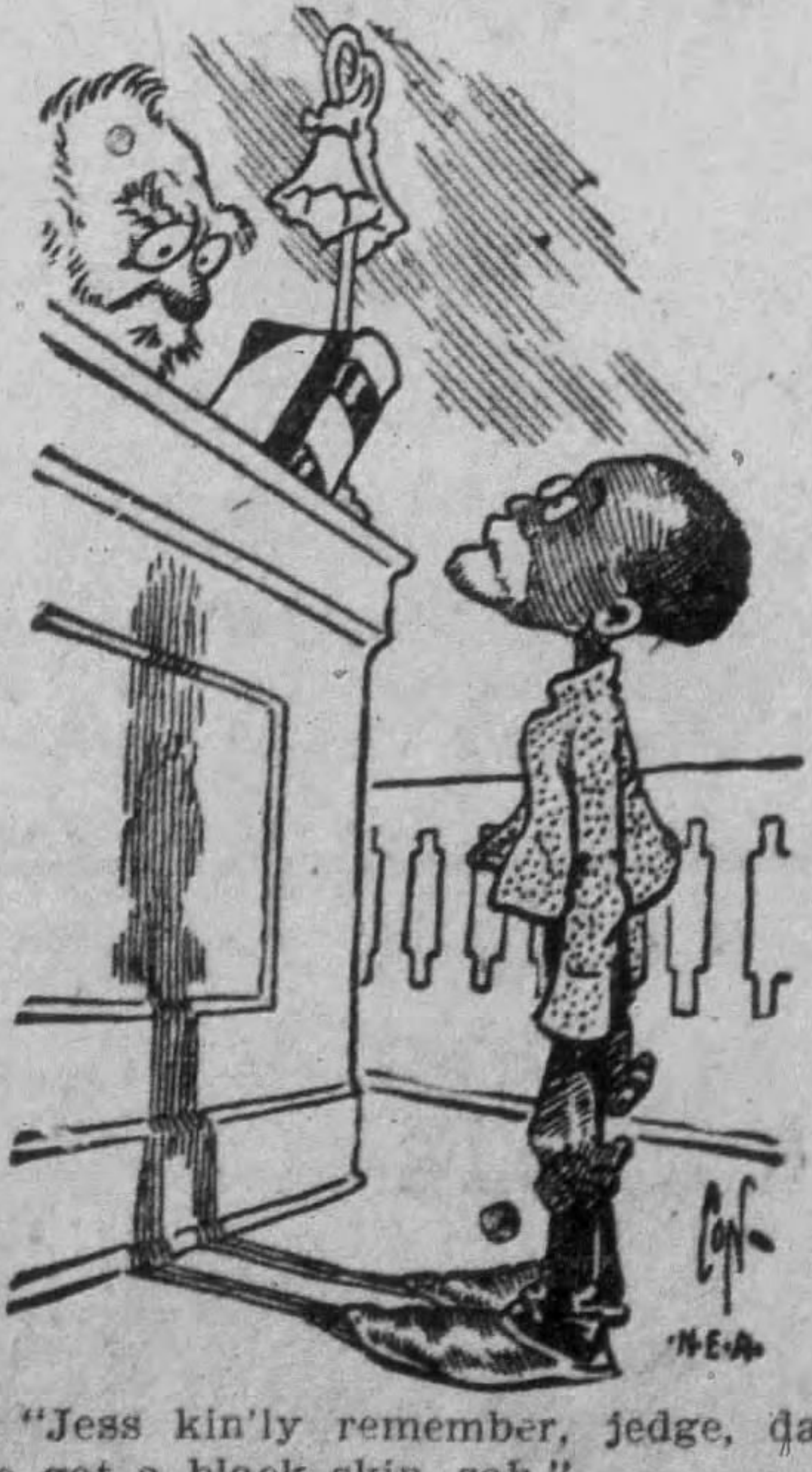


"Now, Harold, you know you shouldn't gamble."

"Oh, I don't gamble, I simply play for a small amount, just enough to make the game interesting."

"You mean, then, that the other players would find it dull if it weren't for your money."

# THE COLOR QUESTION

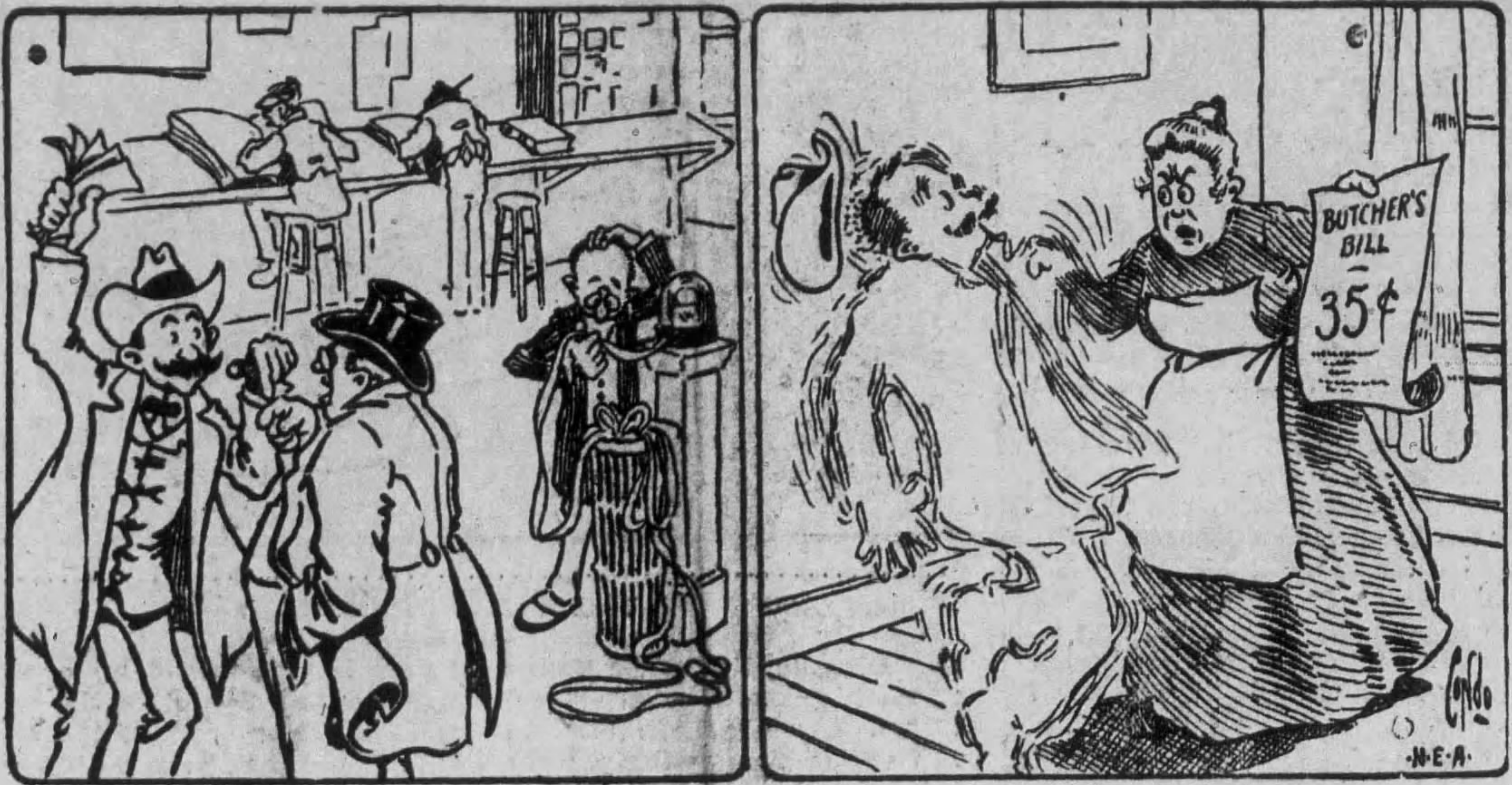


"Jess kin'ly remember, jedge, dat I'se got a black skin, sah."

"Why do you ask me to remember that?"

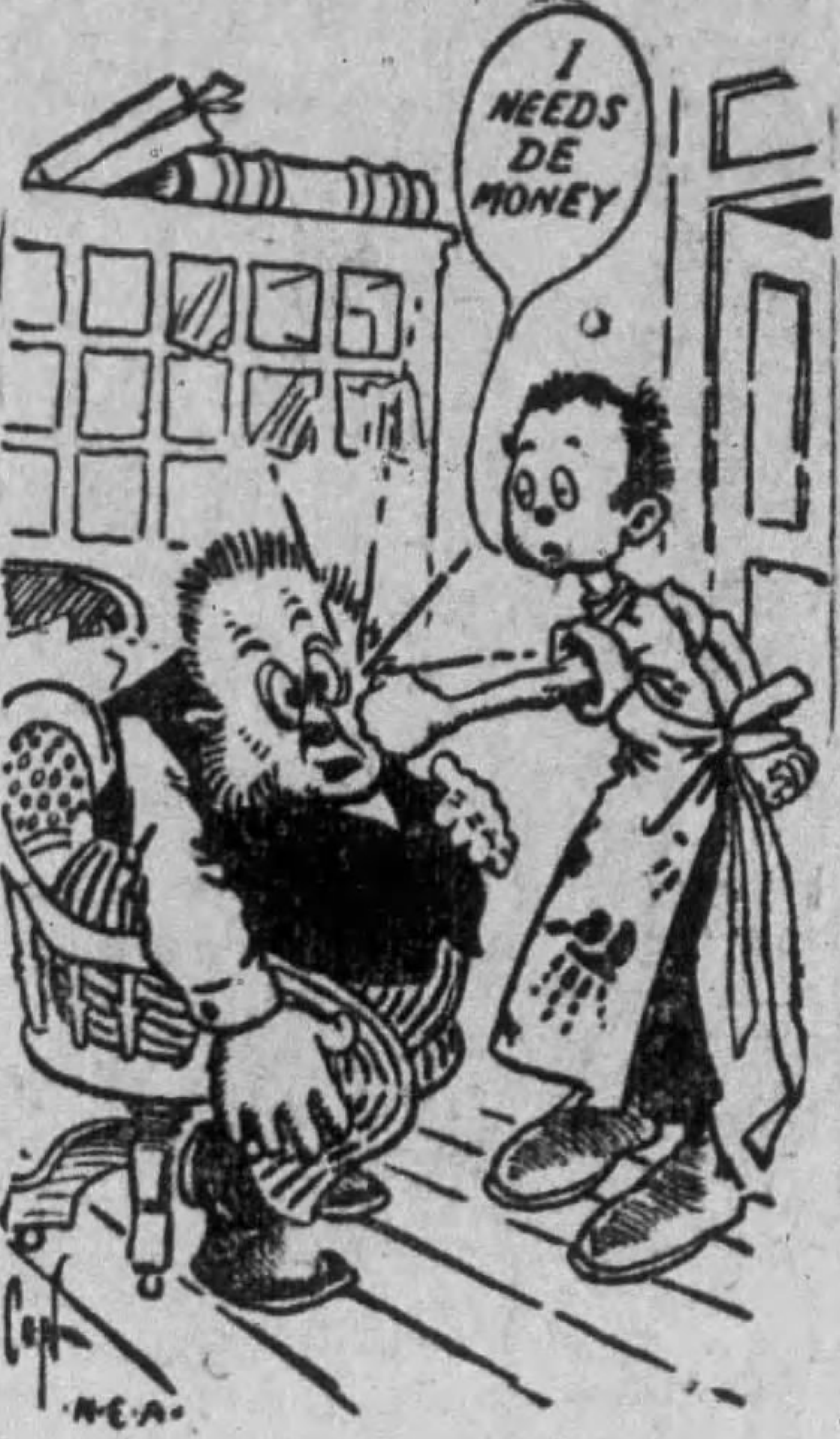
"Caze mebby it'd flooence you, jedge, t' gimme a light sentence."

# SOME EVERYDAY FRENZIED FINANCE


BUTCHER'S BILL
35¢
Condo
·N·E·A·

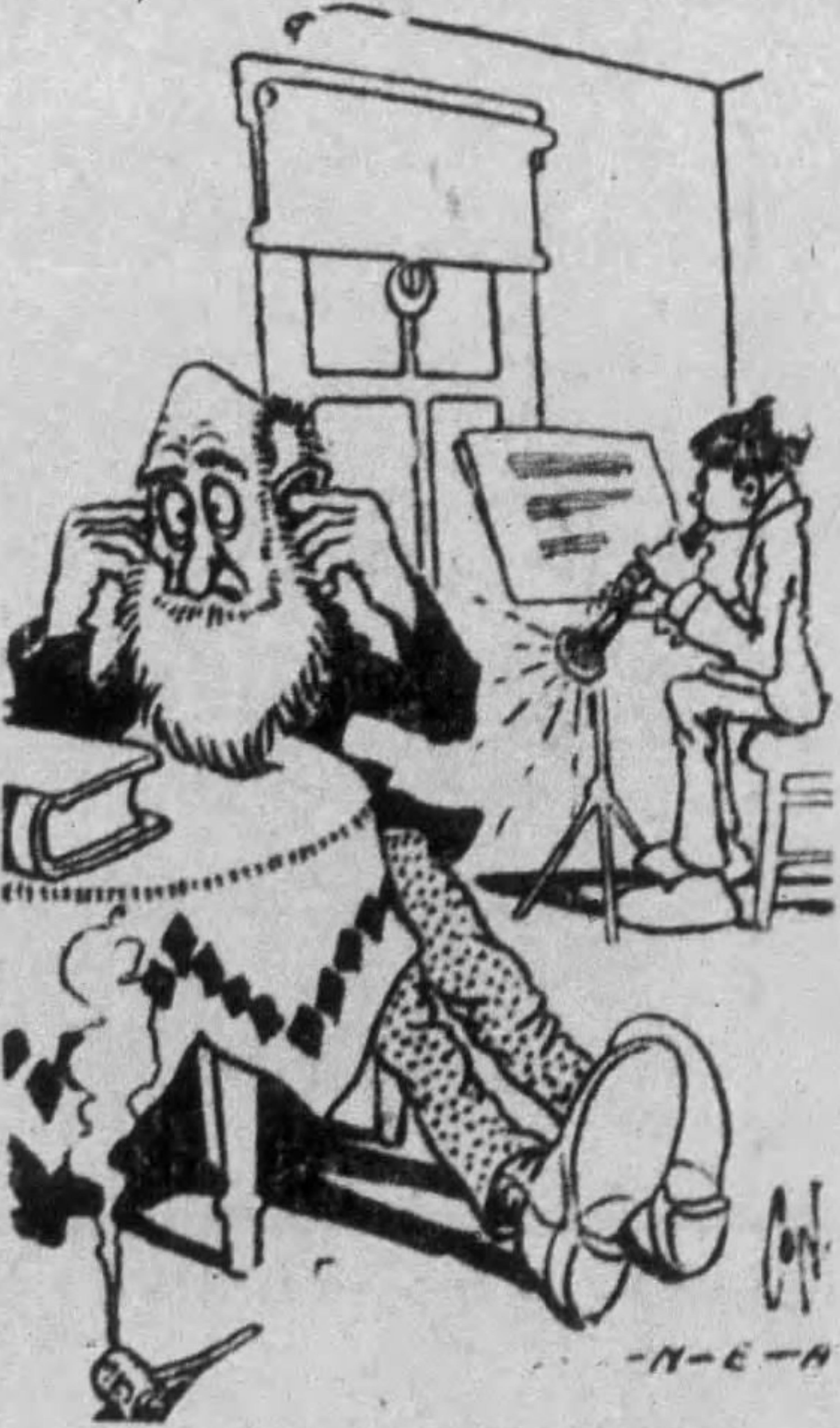
There's no fiscal question Rushington can't settle down town.

But his wife has a hard time shaking money out of him at home.

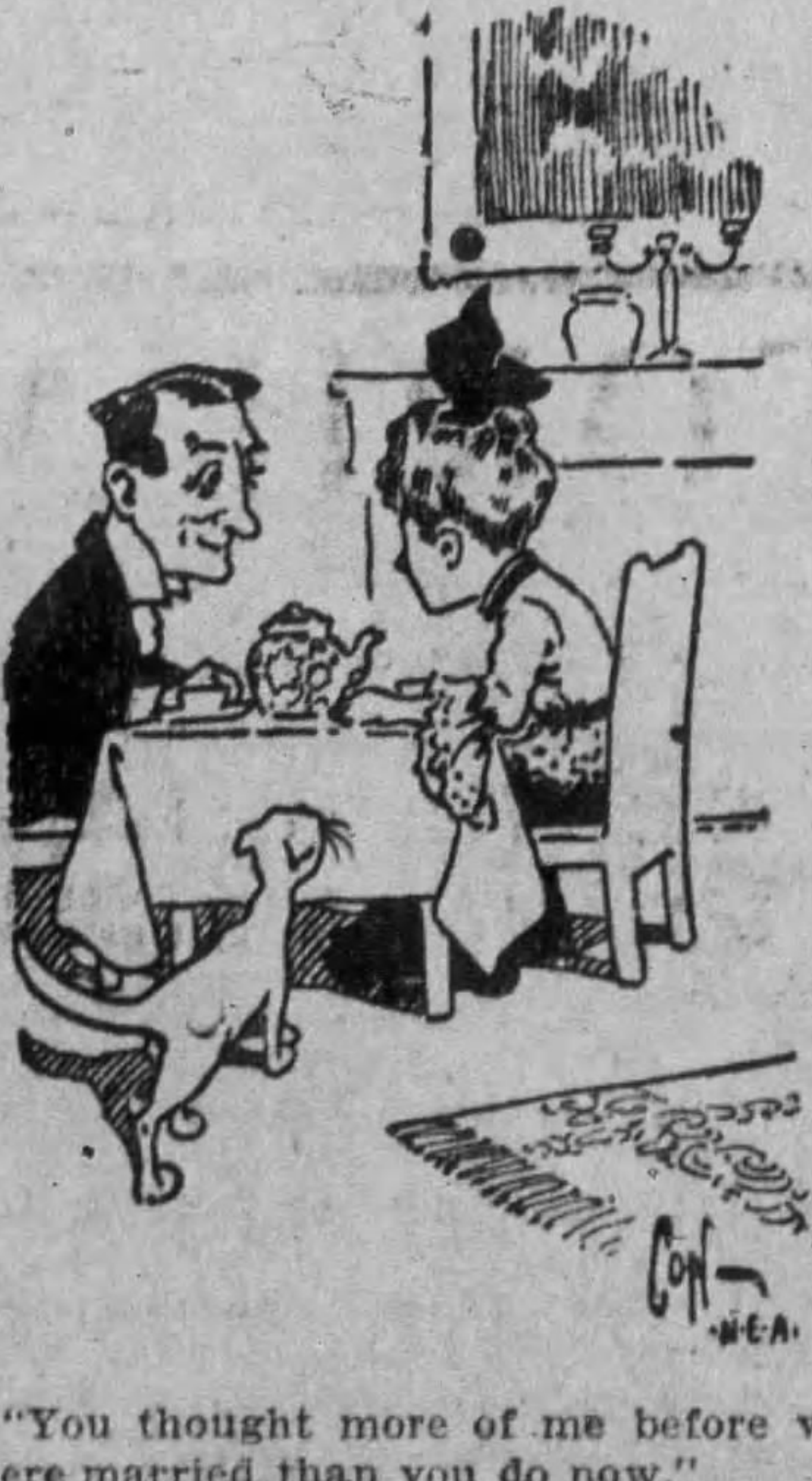

I NEEDS DE MONEY
NEA

Striking the Boss for a Raise.

The Blow Almost Killed Father.



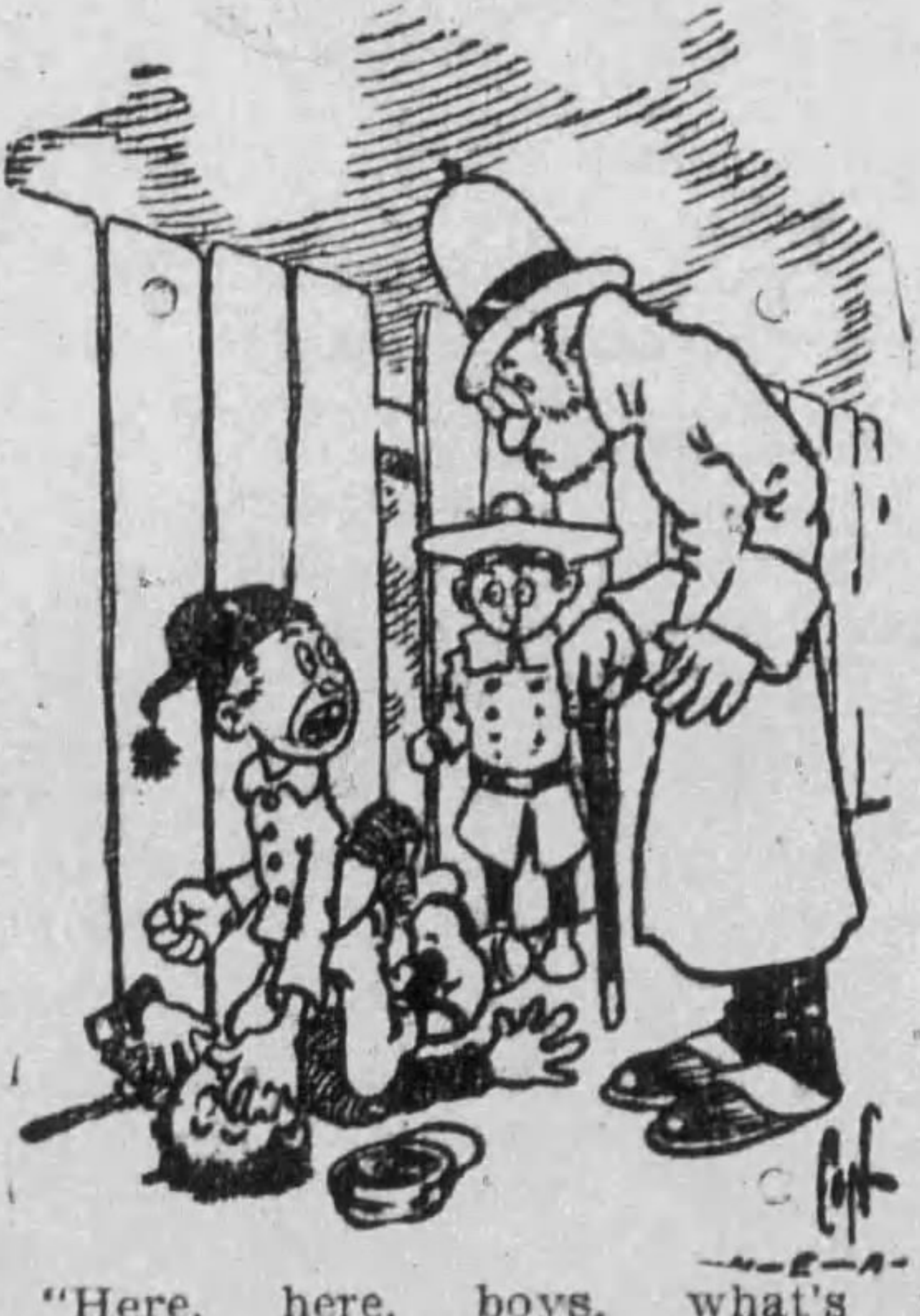
# TO BE SURE HE DOES



"You thought more of me before we were married than you do now."

"No, indeed, my dear. I think of you a great deal oftener now."

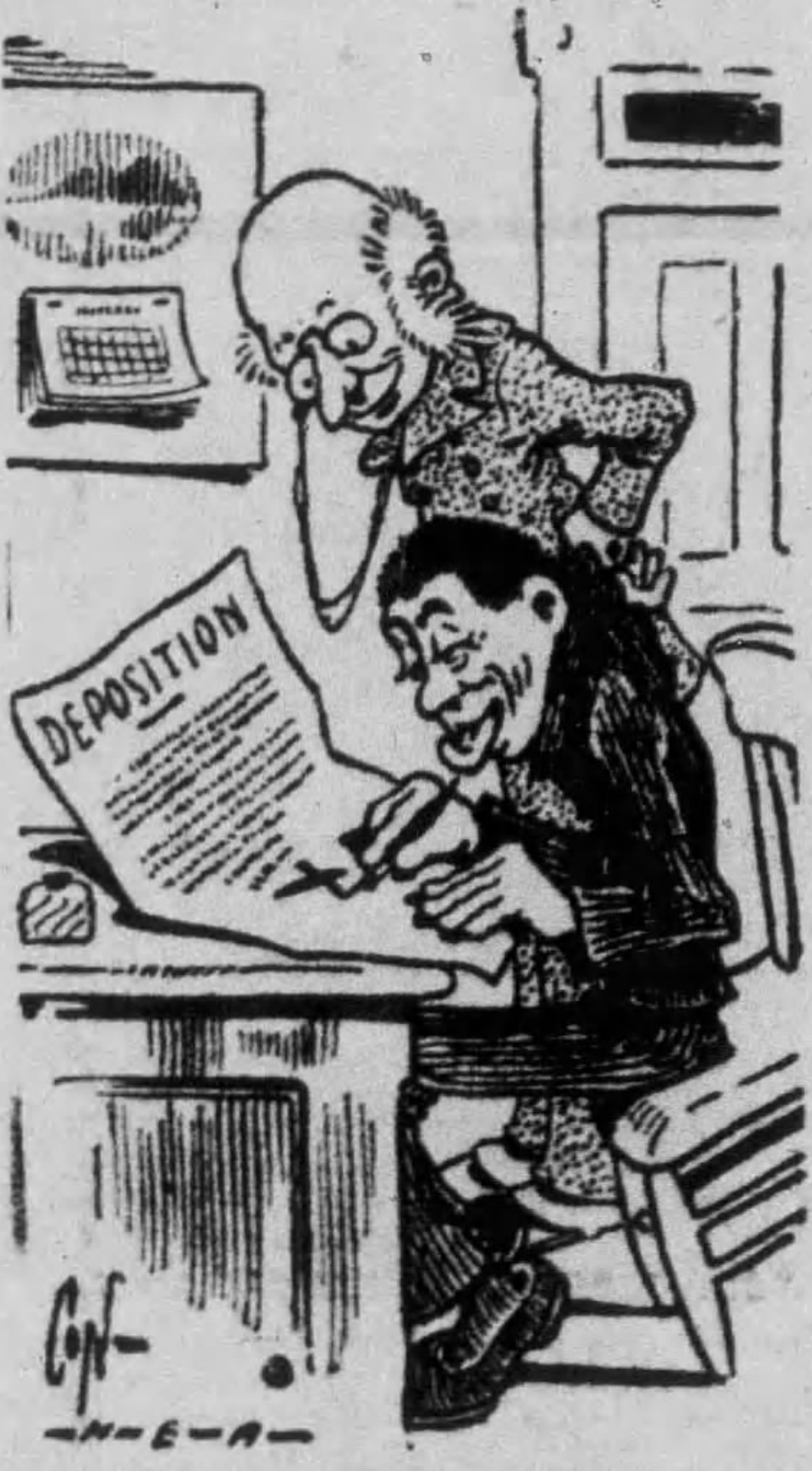
# GOOD CAUSE

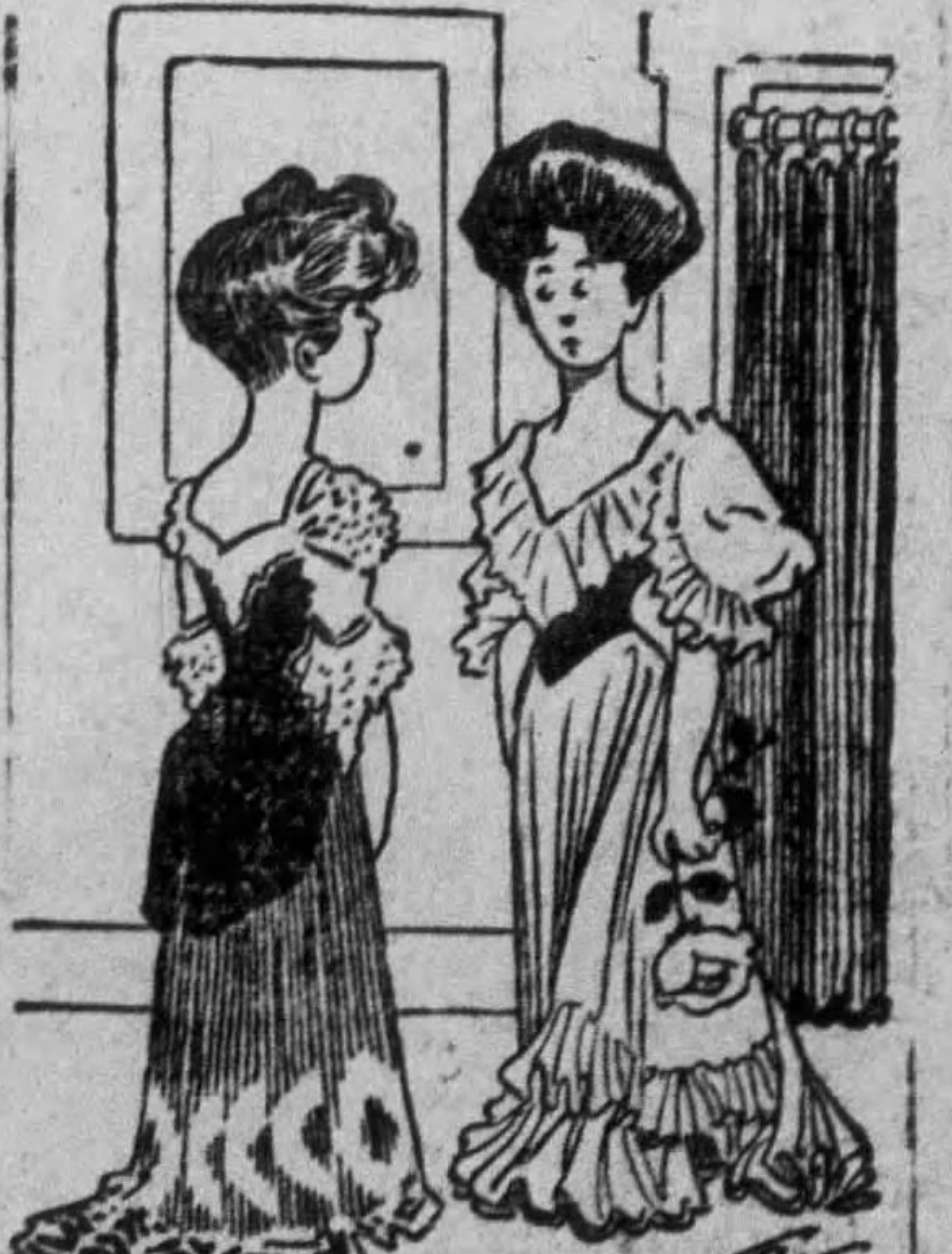


"Here, here, boys, what's the trouble?"

"This bloke said my father didn't have as much sense as a United States senator."

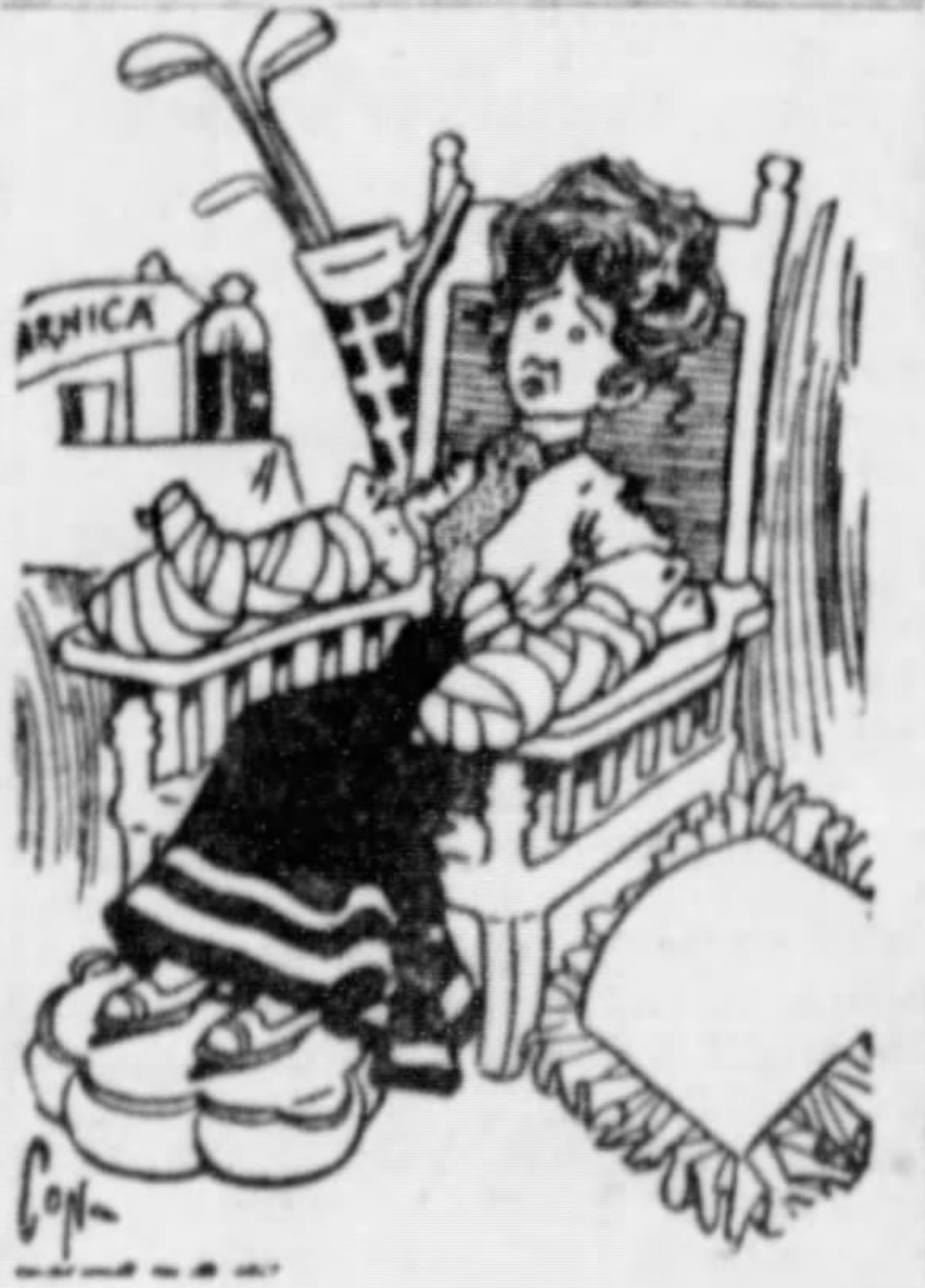
## Making His Mark.


DEPOSITION
Con
—N—E—A—



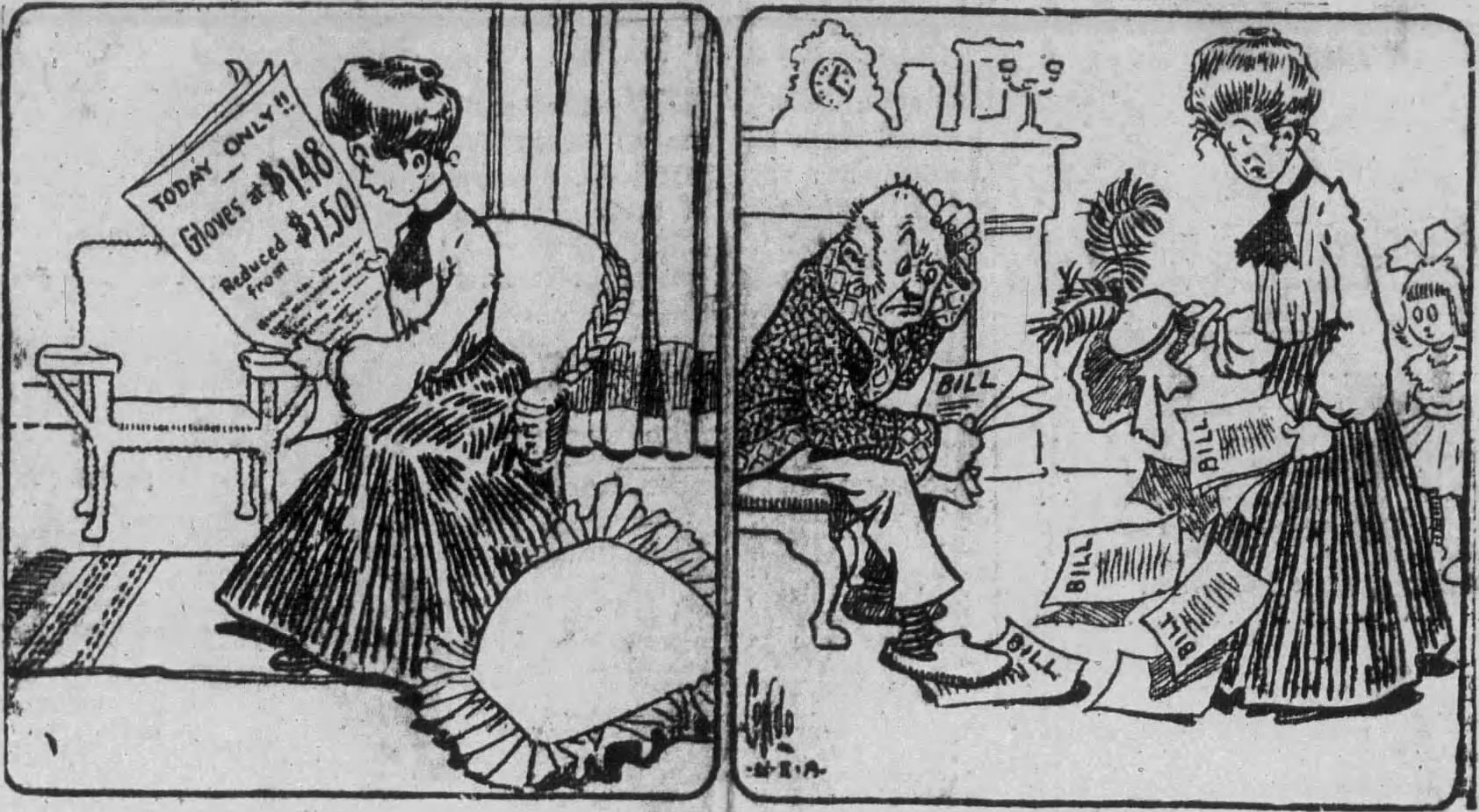
"I was just crazy to get married."

"I should say you were—to that man, anyway."



Mrs. Lina Rowe Lewis will hold no club this week.—Fargo News.

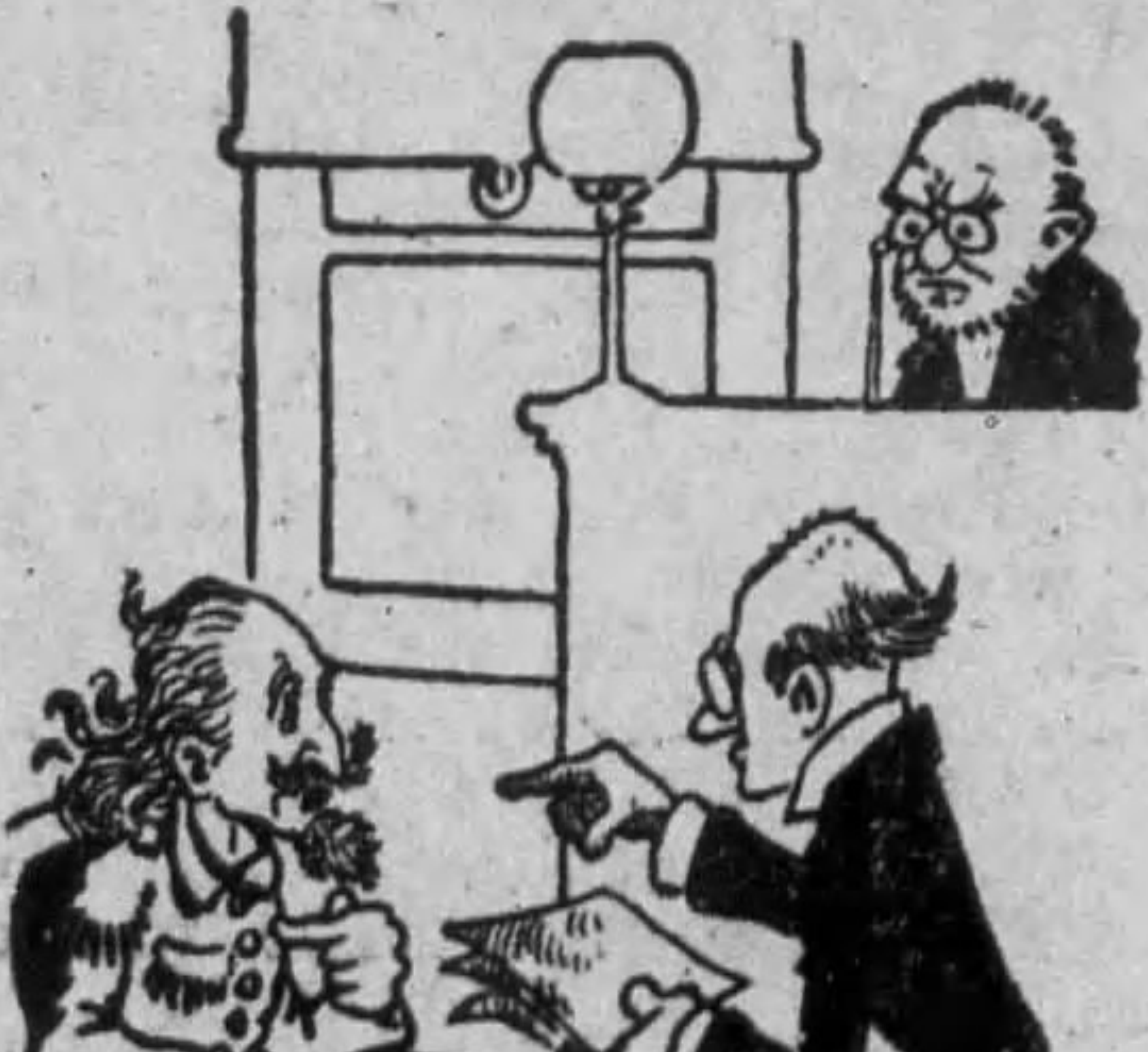
# SOME EVERYDAY FRENZIED FINANCE


TODAY ONLY!!
Gloves at $1.48
Reduced from $1.50
BILL
BILL
BILL
BILL
BILL
Condo
N.E.A.

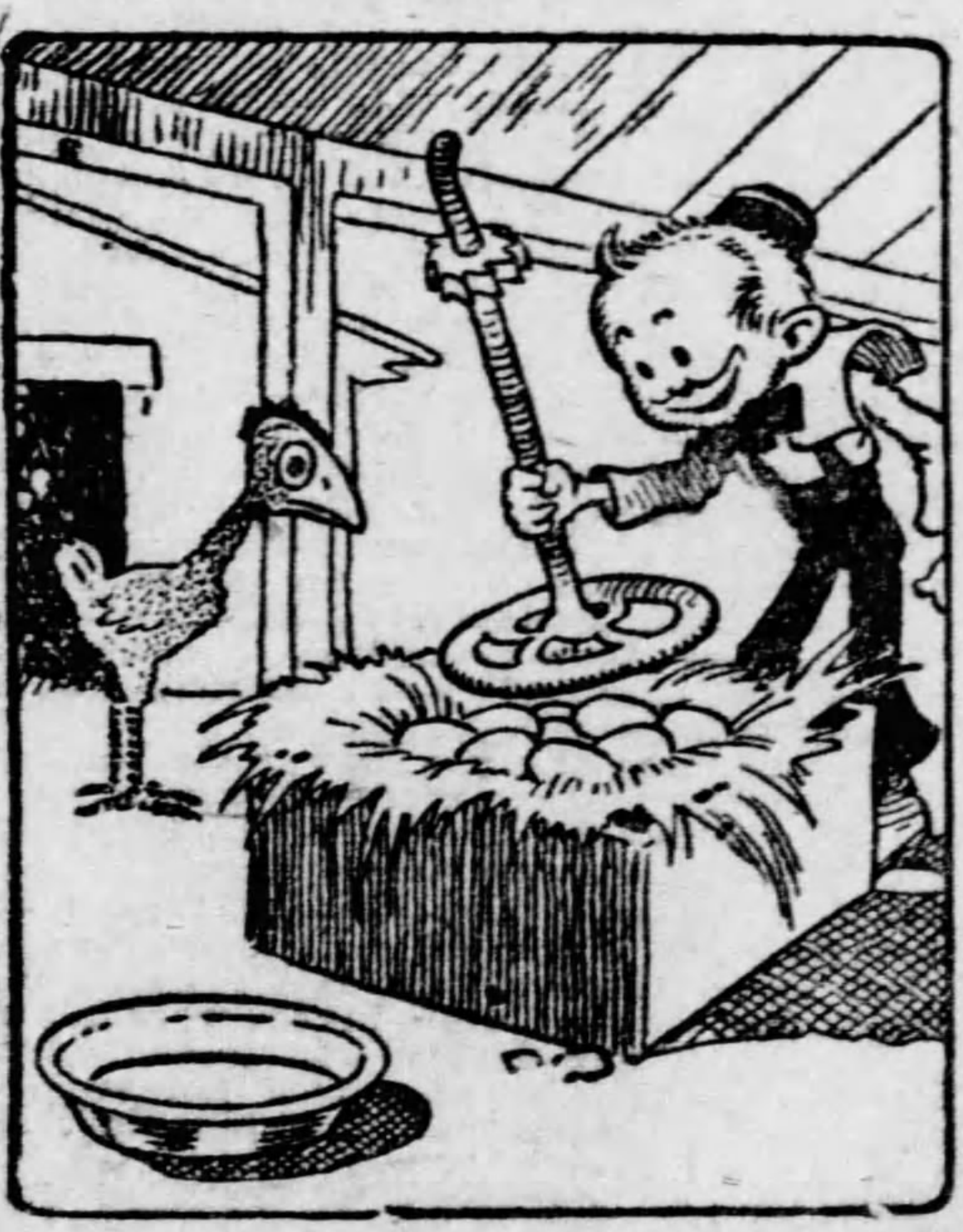
Mrs. Pennywise sees an opportunity to buy a pair of gloves and a postage stamp for the usual price of the gloves.

Incidentally she returns home with a few bills for other things and a $50 hat ruined by a sudden shower.

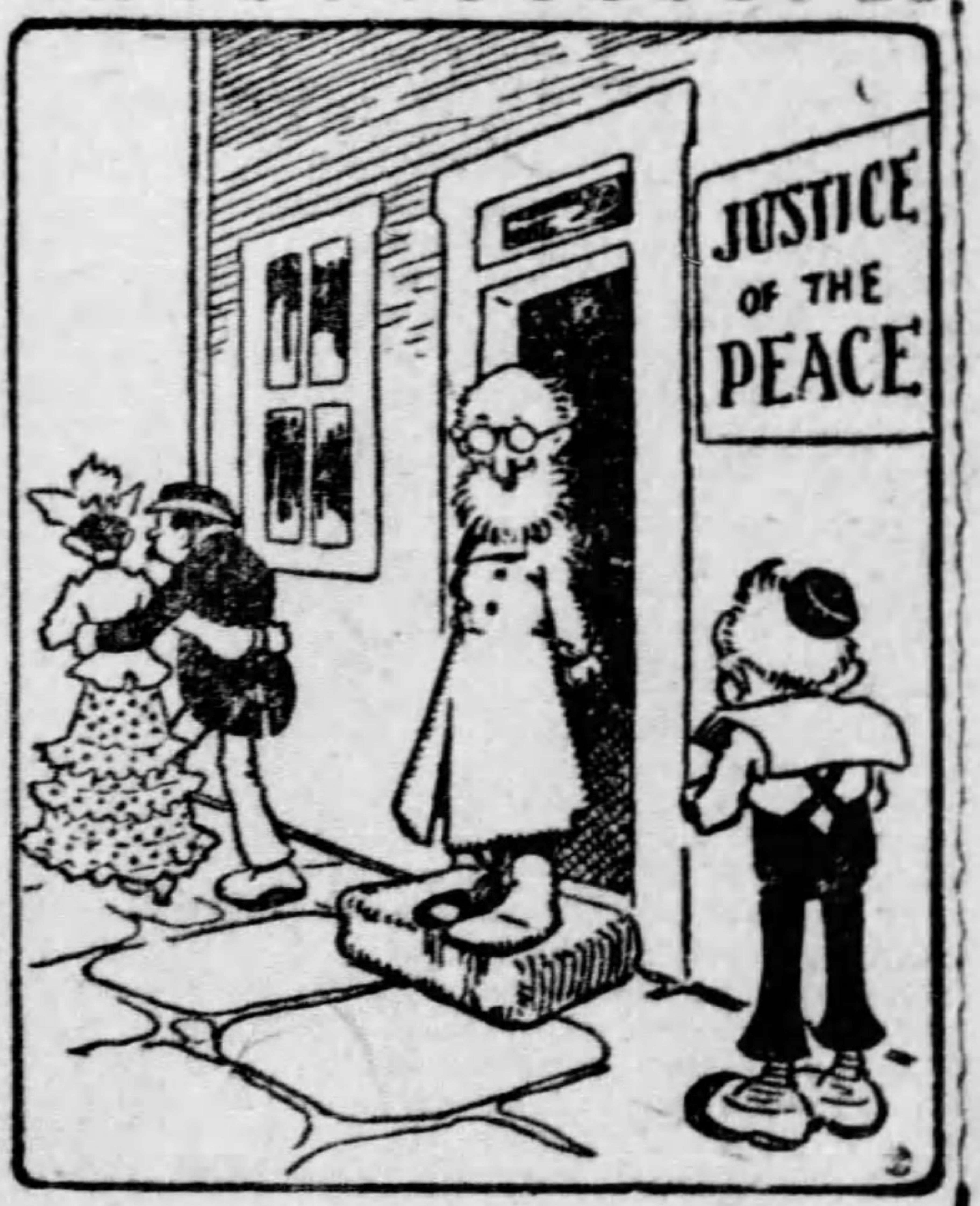
# BUFFALO BILL'S LAST STAND



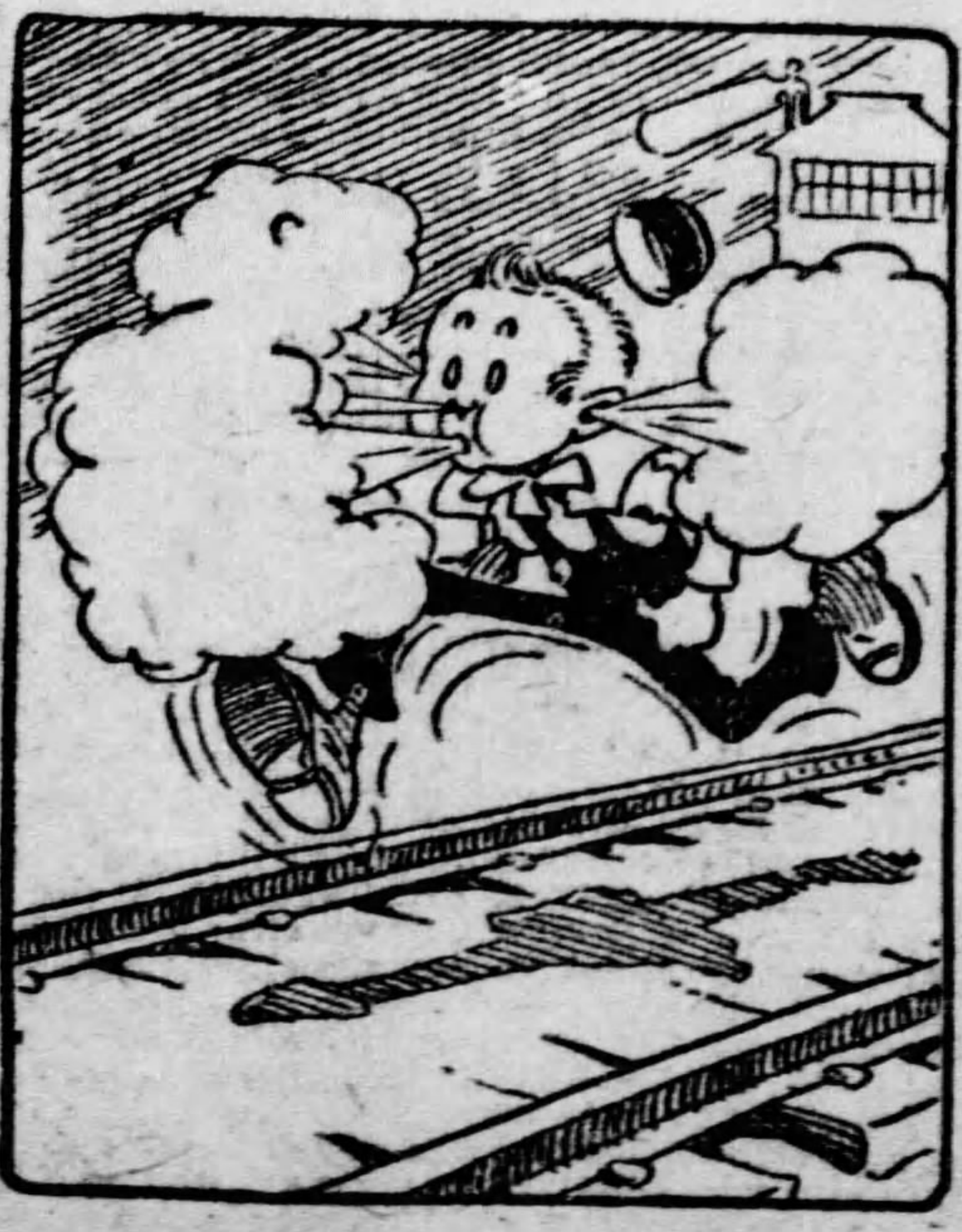
# DUKE MURPHY AS A RAILROADER



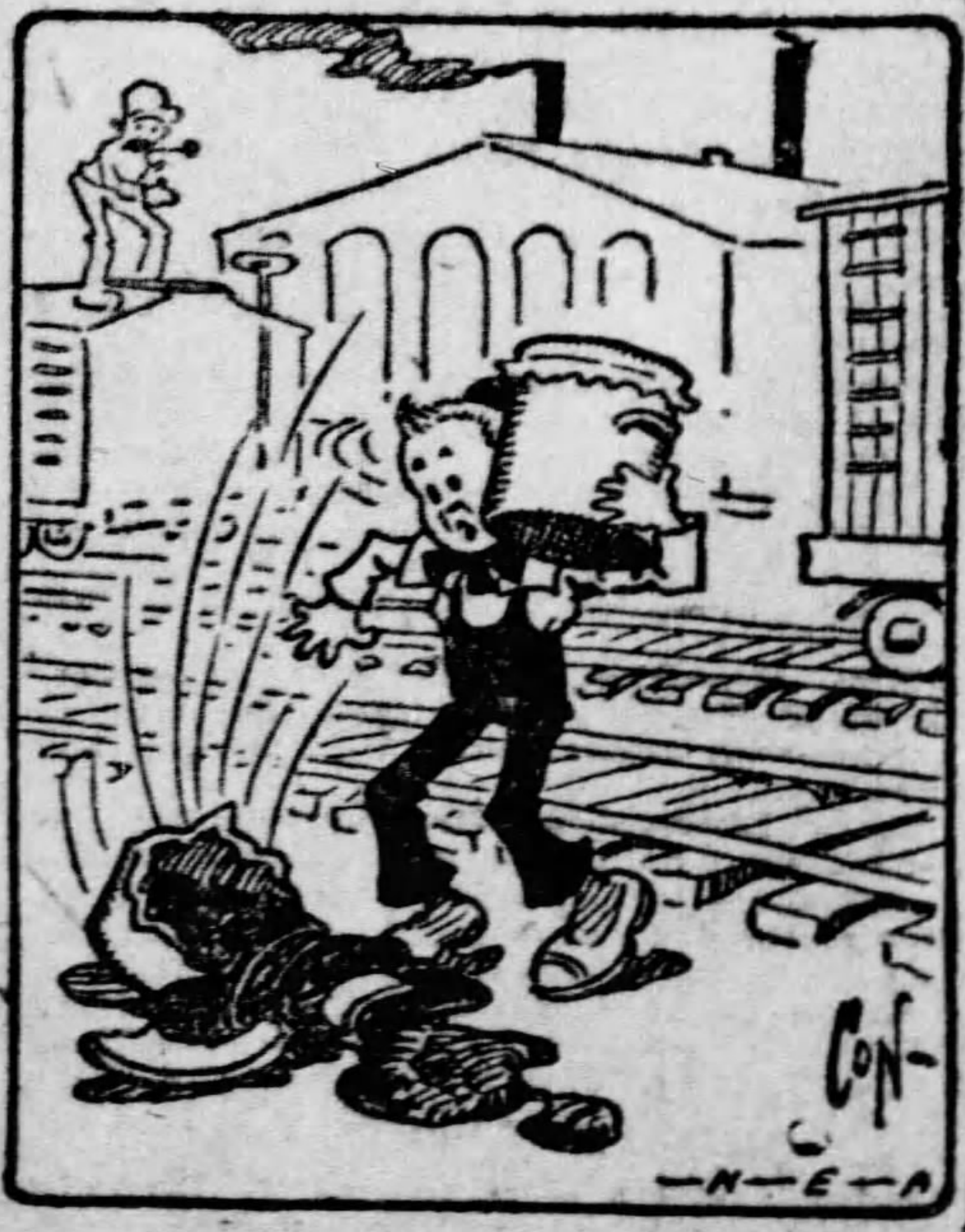
"Ah," said Duke, "I will set the brake."


JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Duke's idea of an old-fashioned coupler.



On his first trip Duke left the depot under a full head of steam.



The superintendent held Duke responsible for a jam in the yards.

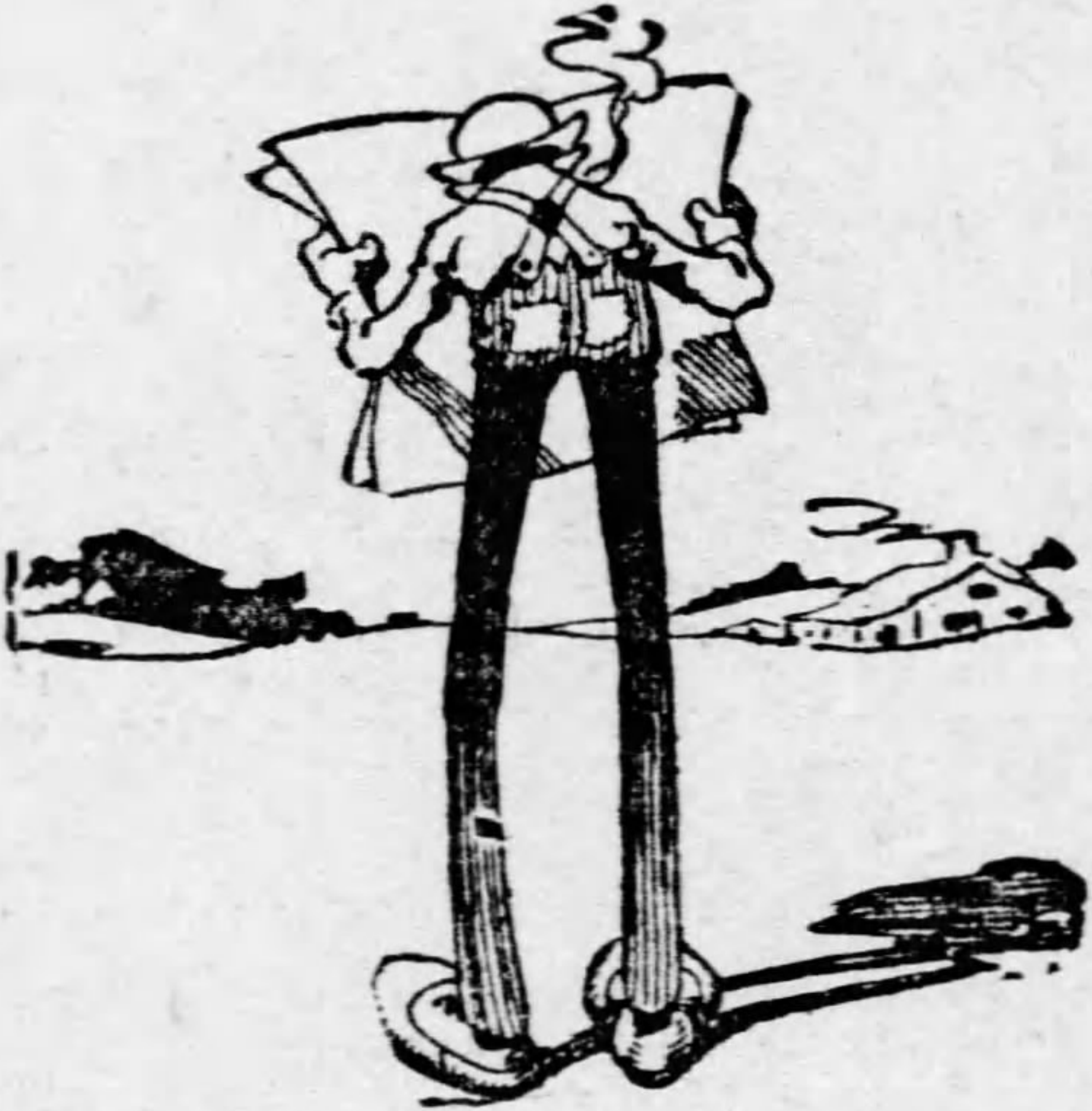
# HOW TOMMY GOT EVEN

XSIL 25
PEZOL
JGKMPF:
XNO Yr
OJSTM
OXK
87
CON
N.E.A.

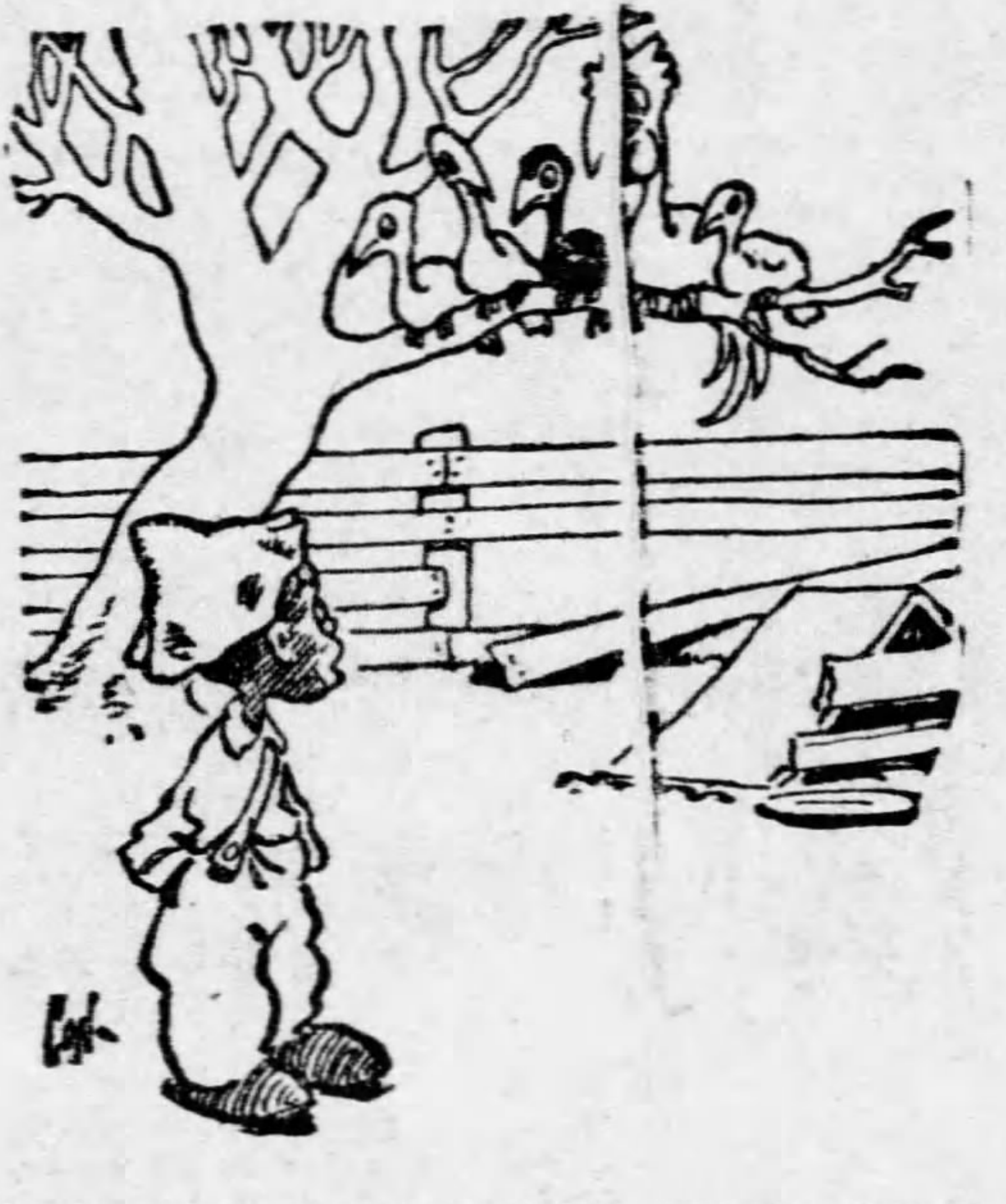
"I'll fix that fresh dame fer snubbin' me. I'll change every letter on th' machine."

"I want you to be more careful than usual of the spelling, Miss Hammer."

"That fool girl must have handed me one of her love letters. I'll fire her."



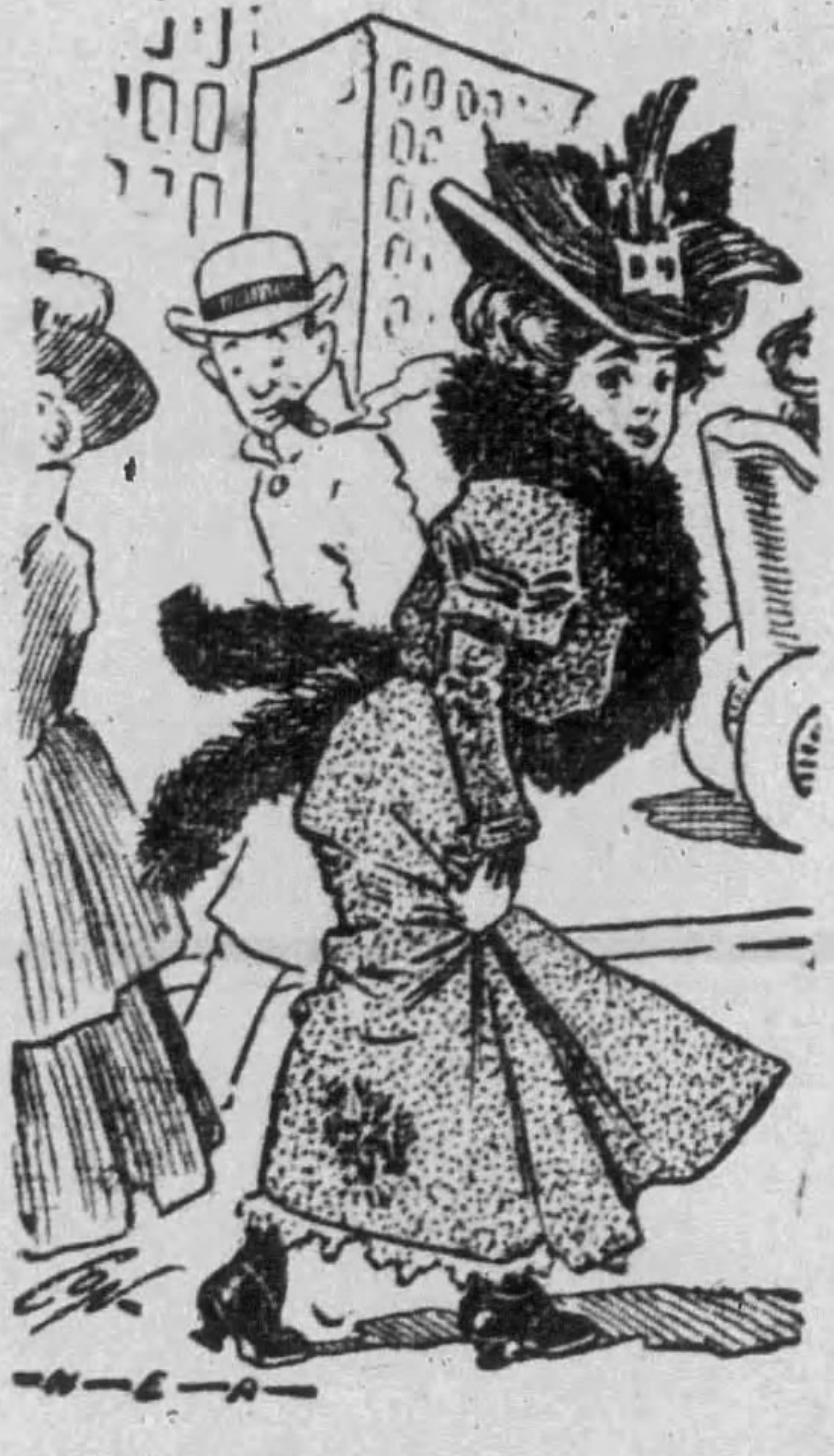
MCGRATH'S SPLIT WORK WAS IMMENSE.



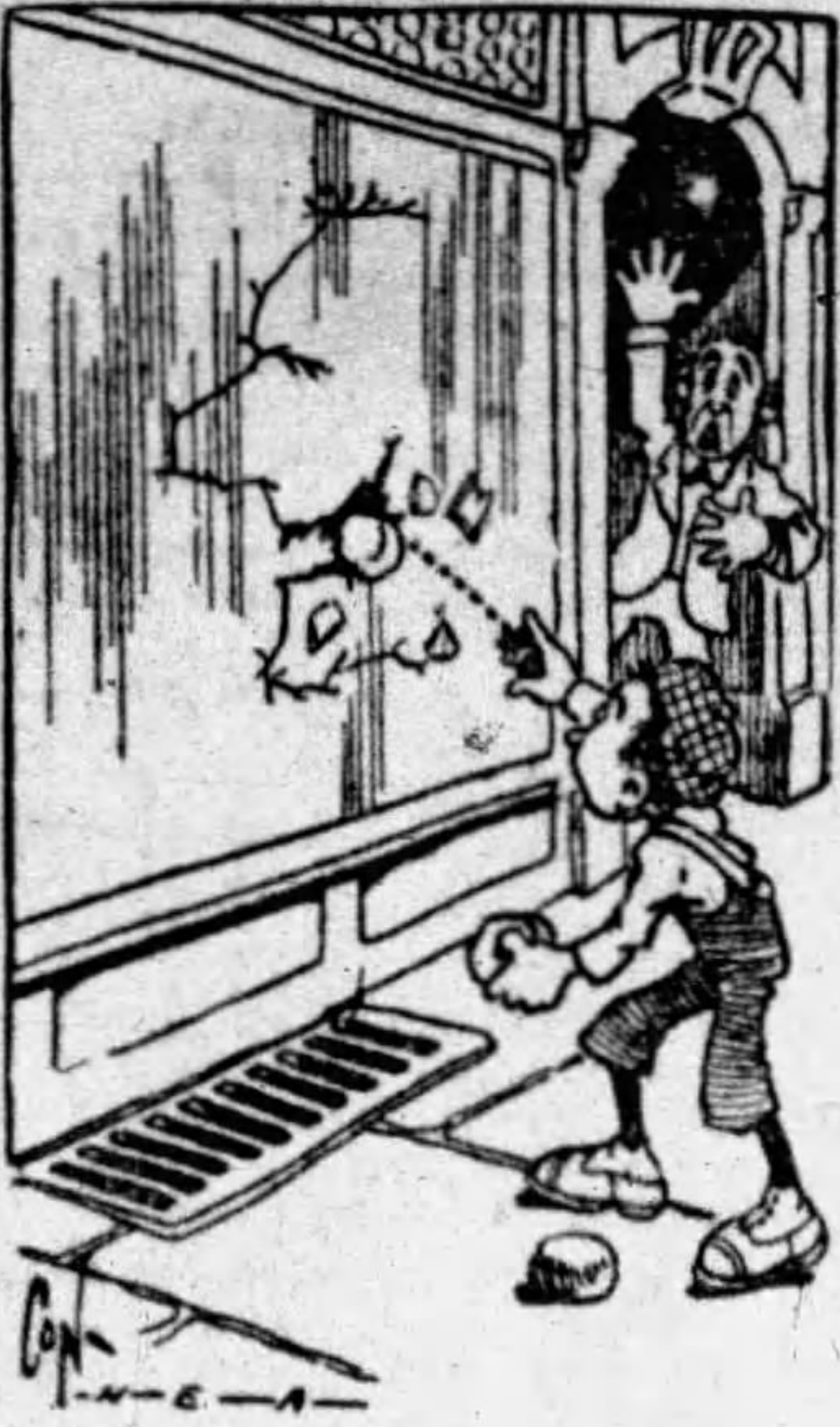
SCHAD CROSSED THE FOUL LINE.

# SOME EVERYDAY FRENZIED FINANCE

YOU SEEM SO CARELESS ABOUT MONEY, HAROLD.
OH, NO, THIS COSTS BUT A MERE SONG.
YOU SEE WHEN I CHANGED MY CLOTHES THIS EVENING I LEFT—
—THAT'S AN OLD GAME; IT DOESN'T GO HERE!
$8.00
CON
N.E.P.

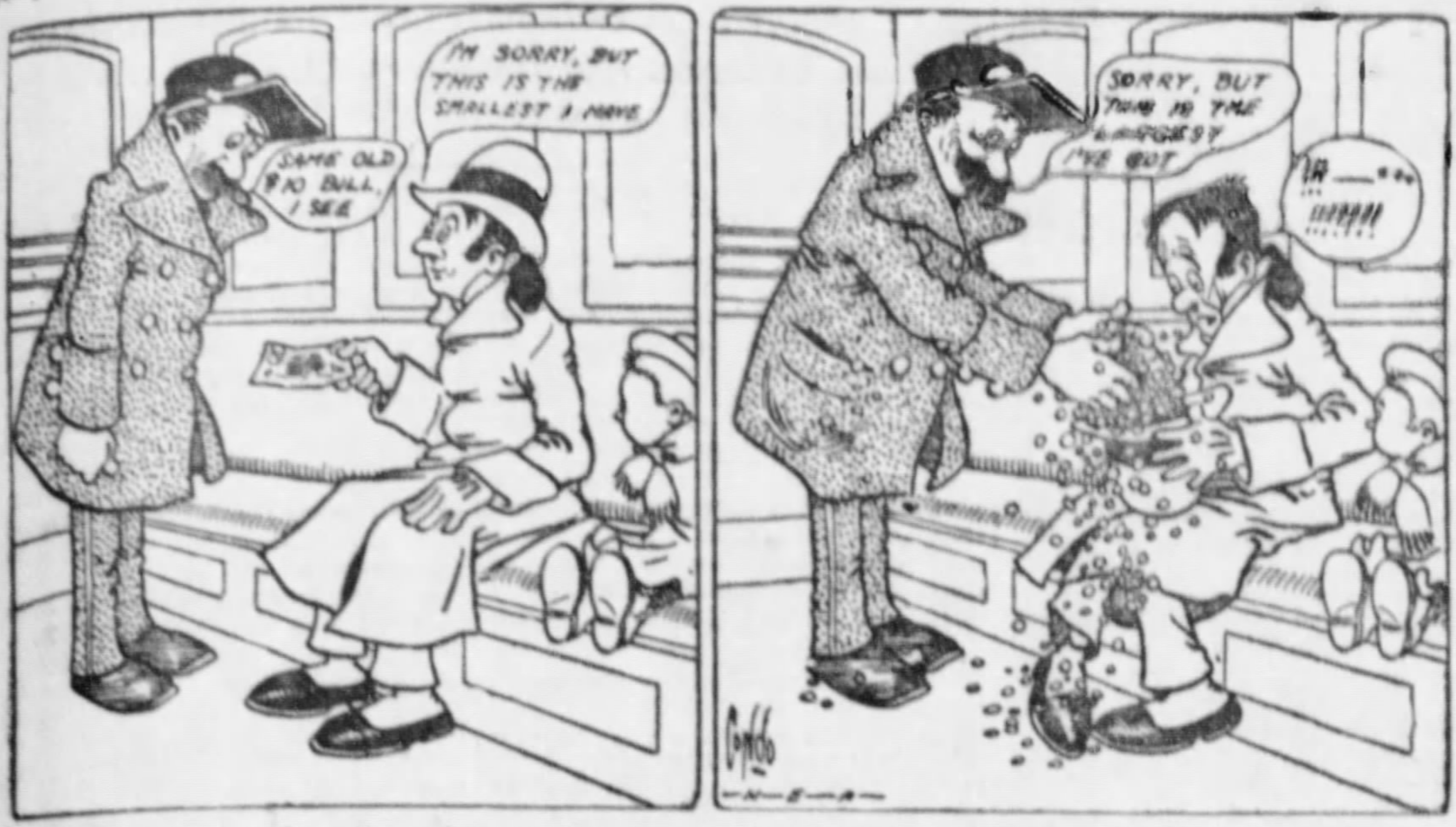


It Was Enough to Turn Any Man's Head.



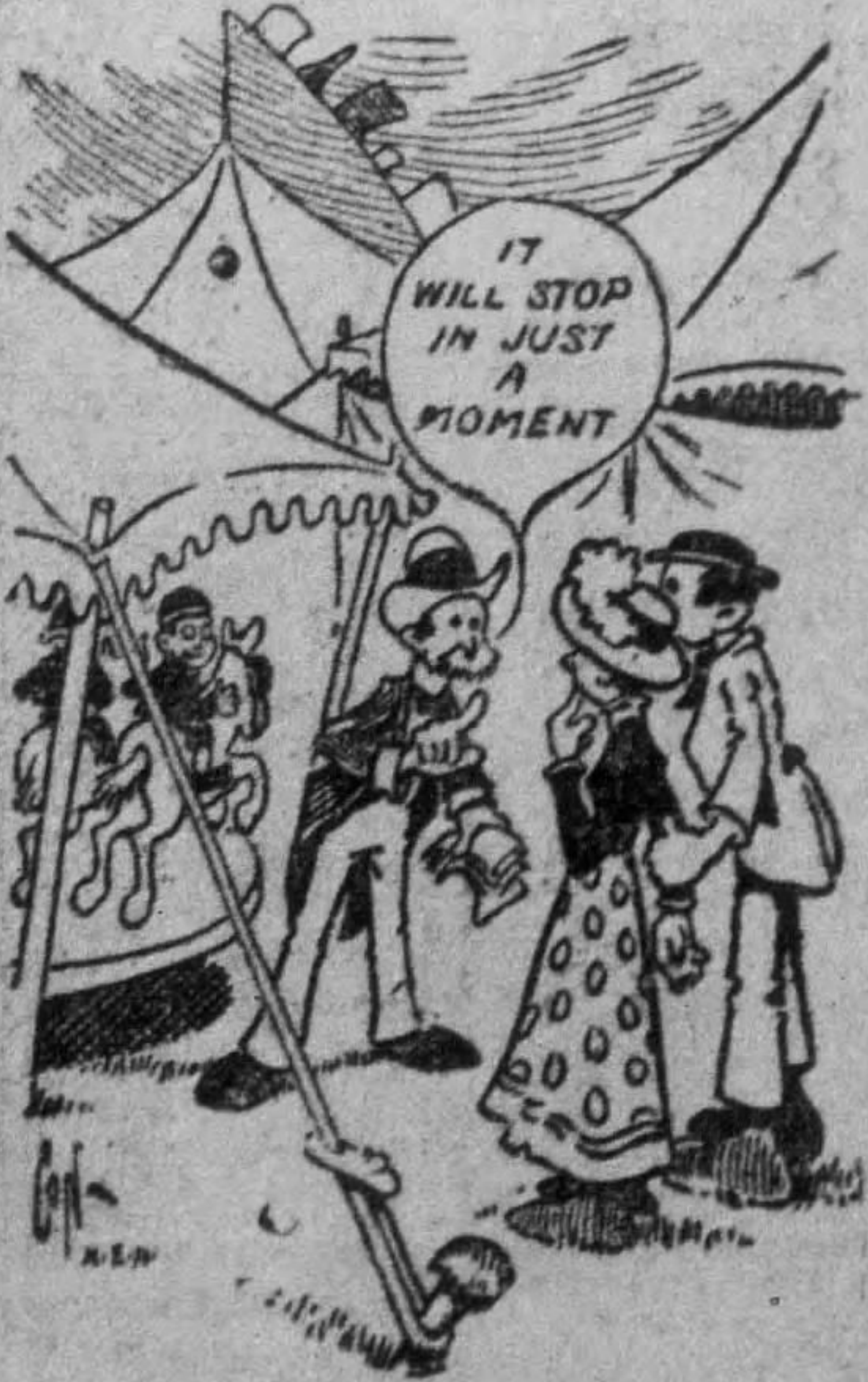
Making Funny Cracks.

## THE BEST OF GAMES WEAR OUT IN TIME.

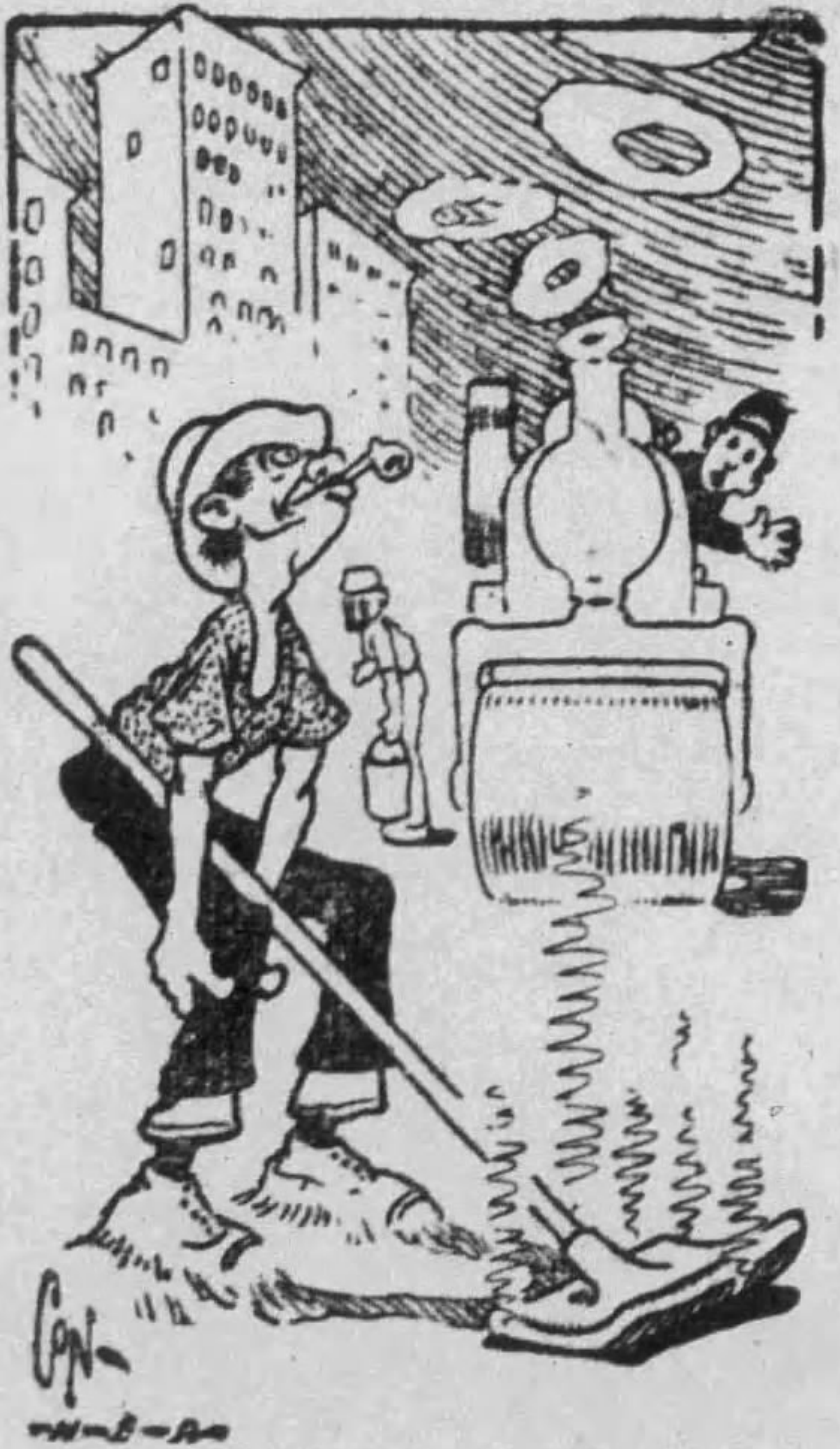

SAME OLD $10 BILL, I SEE
I'M SORRY, BUT THIS IS THE SMALLEST I HAVE
SORRY, BUT THIS IS THE LARGEST I'VE GOT
W—... !!!!!!
CONDO
—N—E—A—

Punkman rode free four times because the conductor couldn't change a $10 bill.

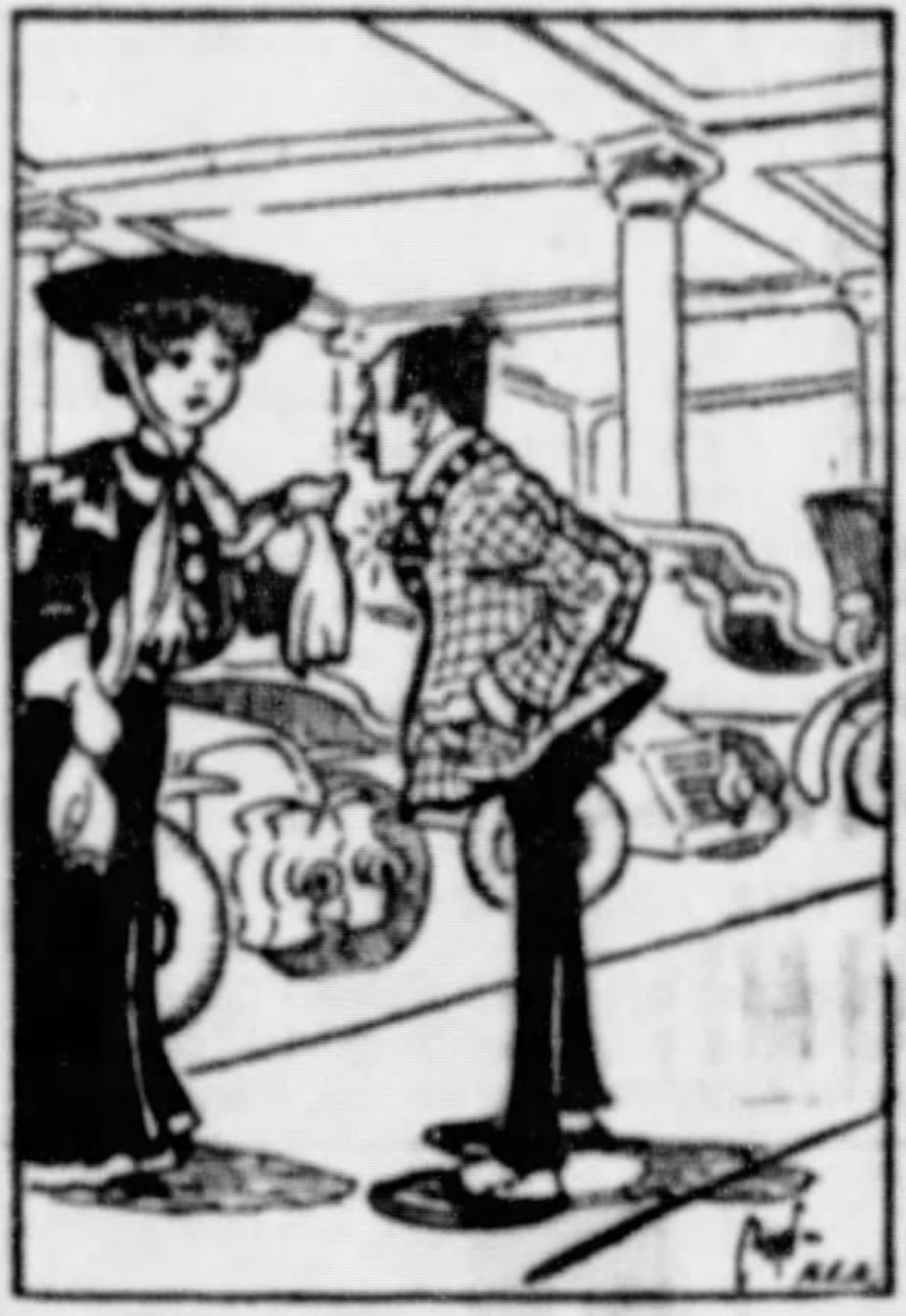
But the fifth time he offered it the street car man had no trouble in changing it.


IT WILL STOP IN JUST A MOMENT

Waiting Their Turn.



He Was Stuck on His Job.



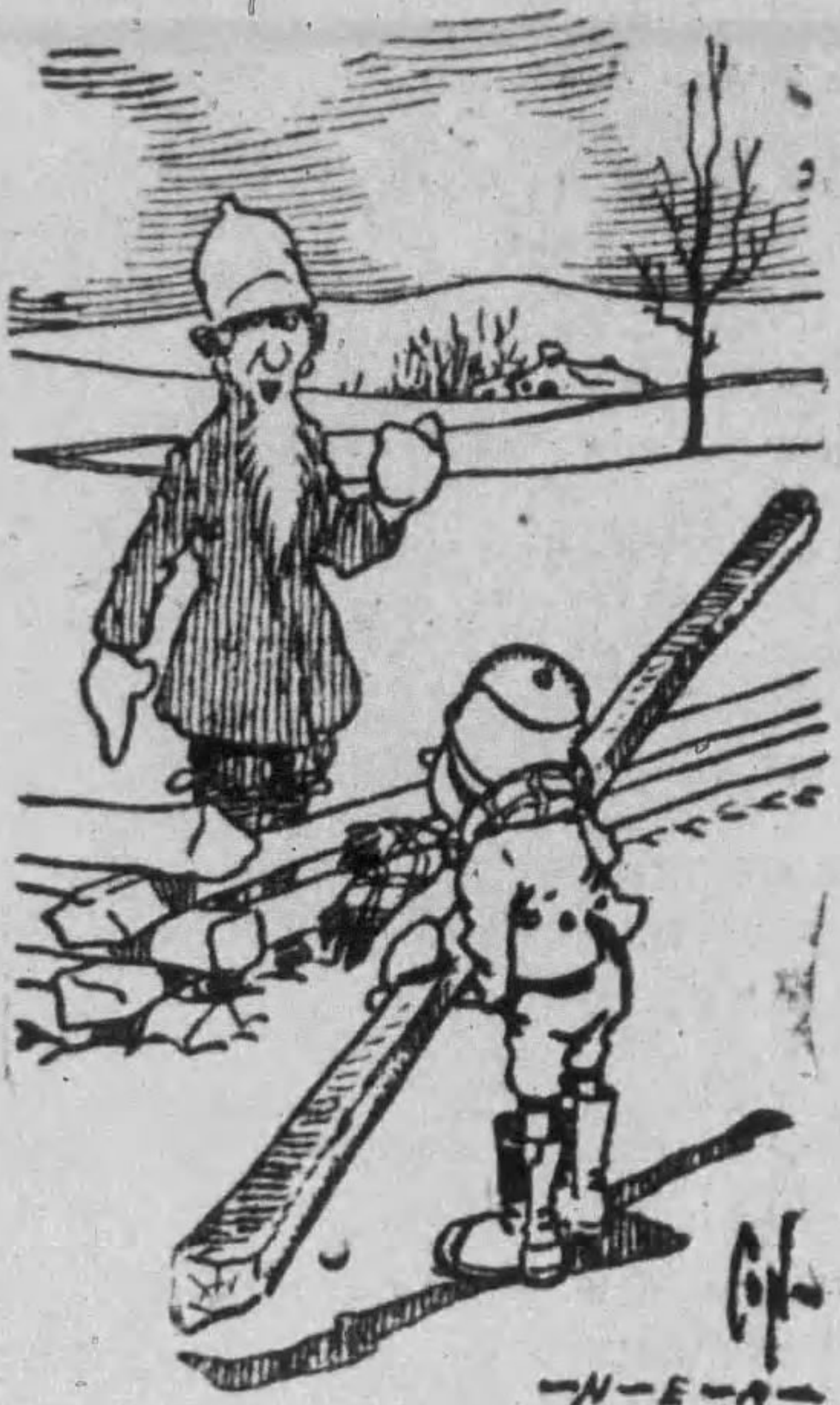
Clerk—"I suppose youv'e mastered your new machine by this time."

Woman who bought one two months ago—"Yes, I understand the mechanism thoroughly, excepting that I can't make it run."

### THE LADY FROM LESCHI.

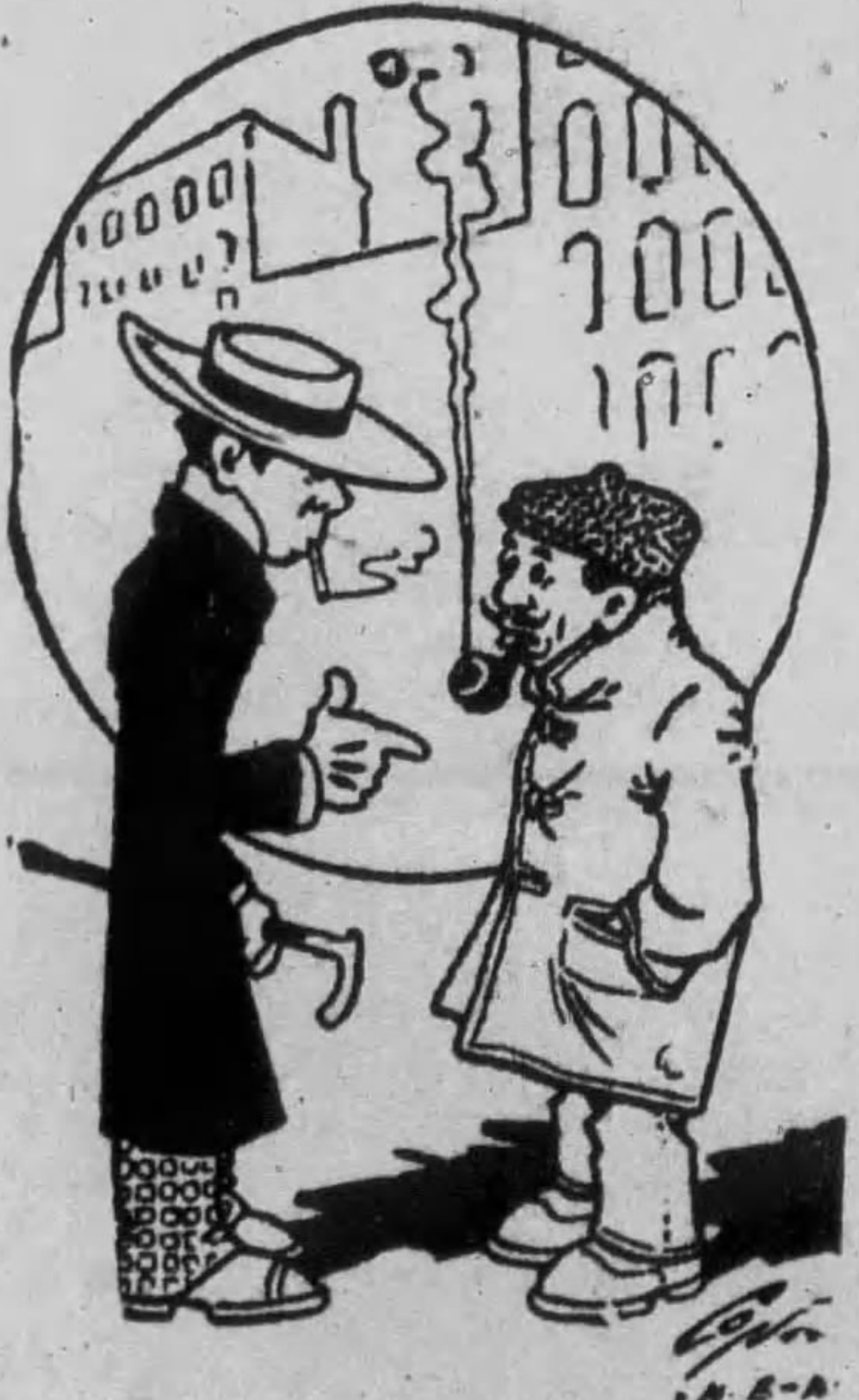
Dear Lady: If I meet another lady at the grocery, and talk weather and sickness with her, is it equivalent to a call?

MRS. G. G. G.



A Lesson in Fencing.

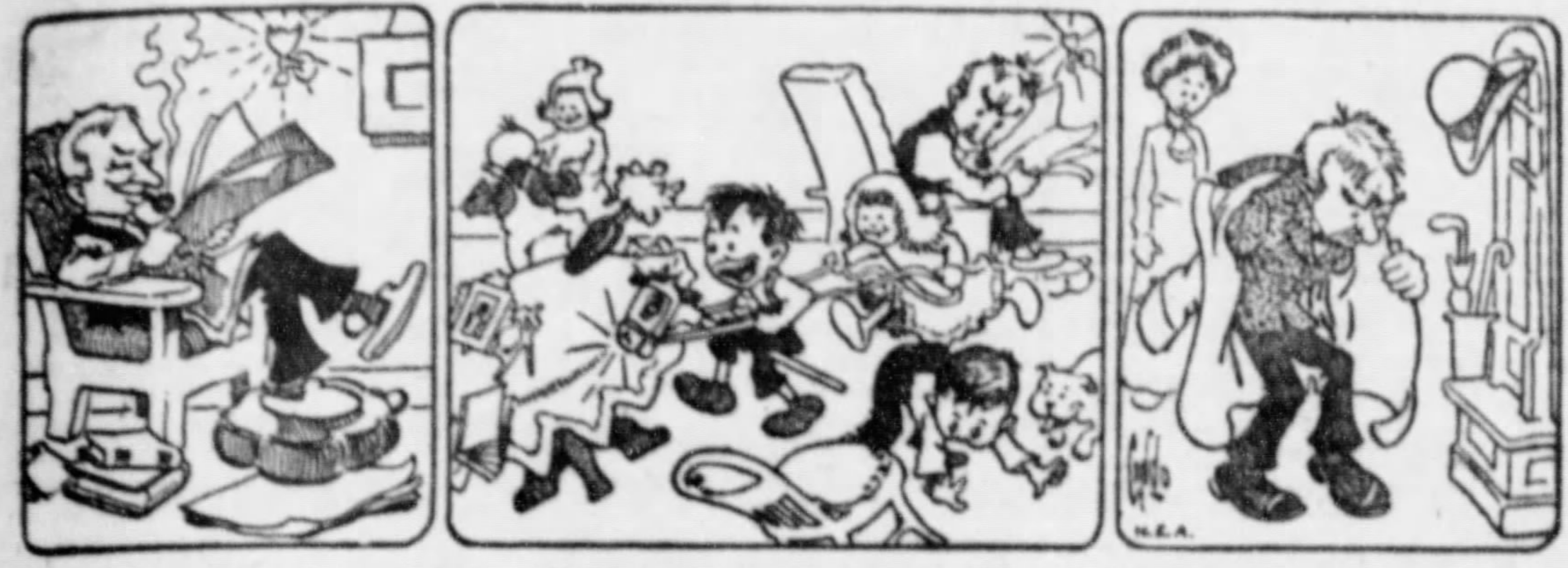
# PLEASING HIS WIFE



"I don't see why you stopped cigarettes. An old smoker like you ought to know it's more injurious to inhale a pipe than cigarettes."

"So I do. But my wife doesn't."

## A STUDY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE.

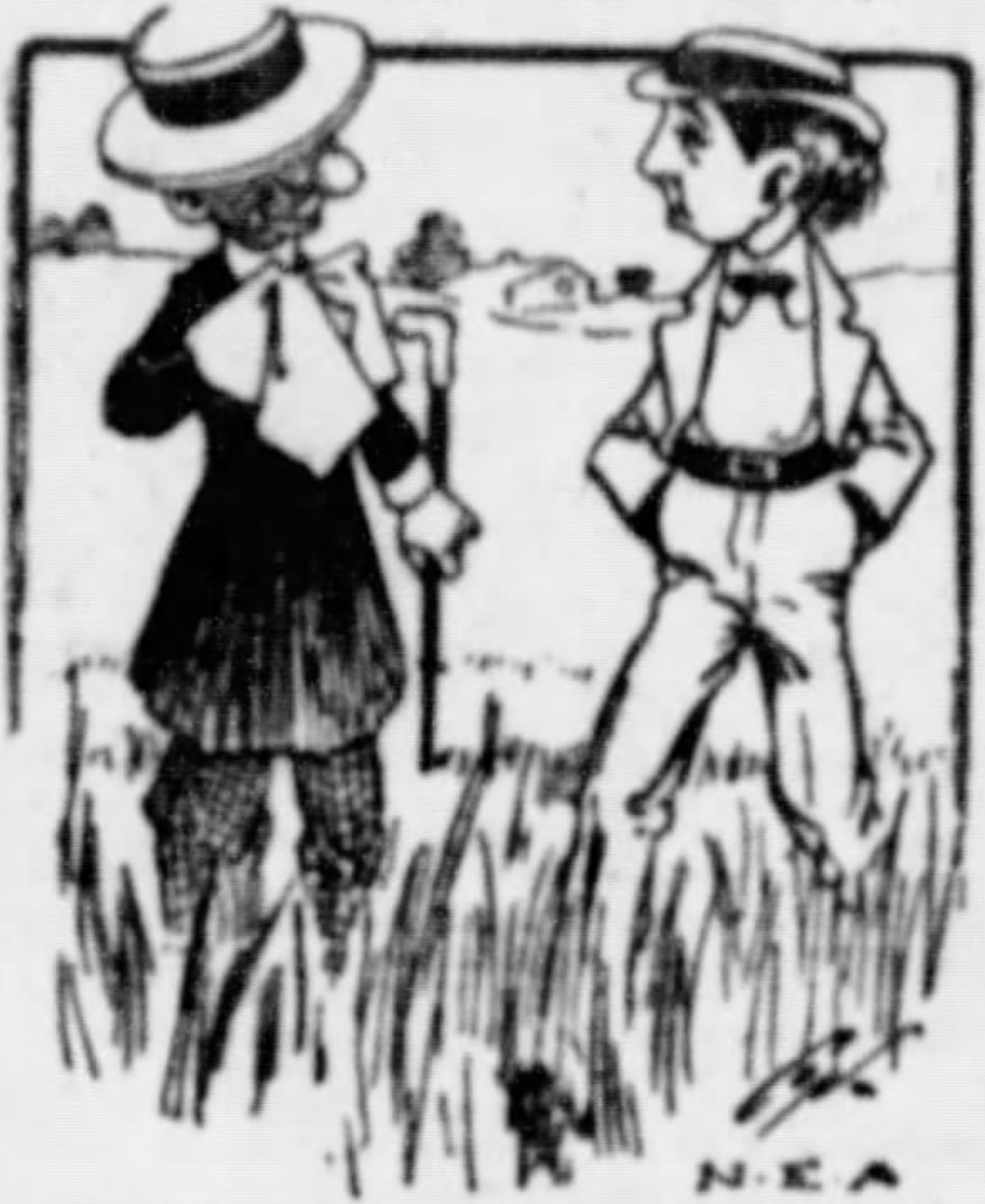


"Ah, I'll have a quiet evening at home."

"Pa's stayin' home, hurray! Let's show him a good time!"

"This is a madhouse. Me for the club."

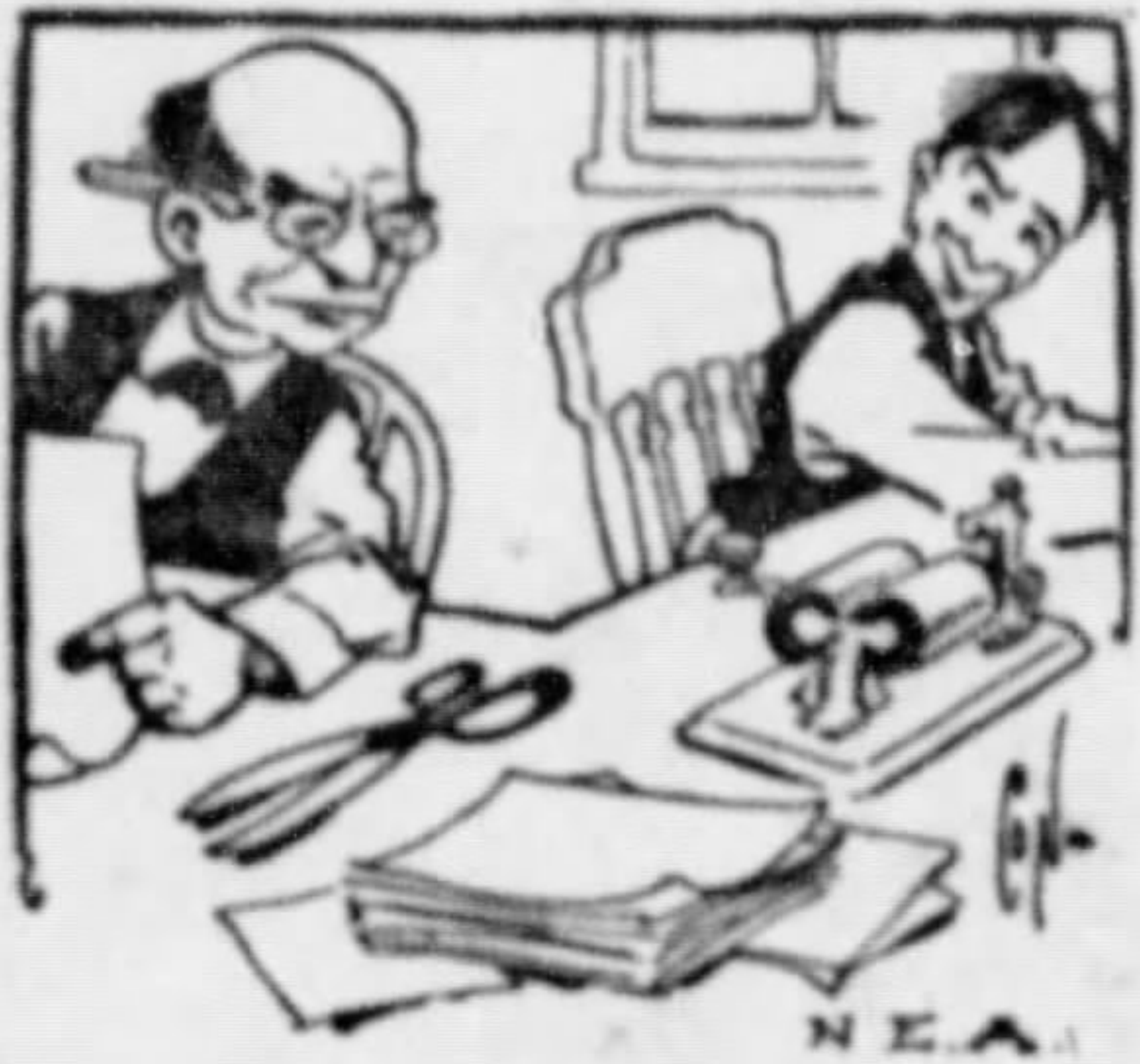
## AMONG THE RAG WEEDS.



Green—And why do you want the sun to shine?

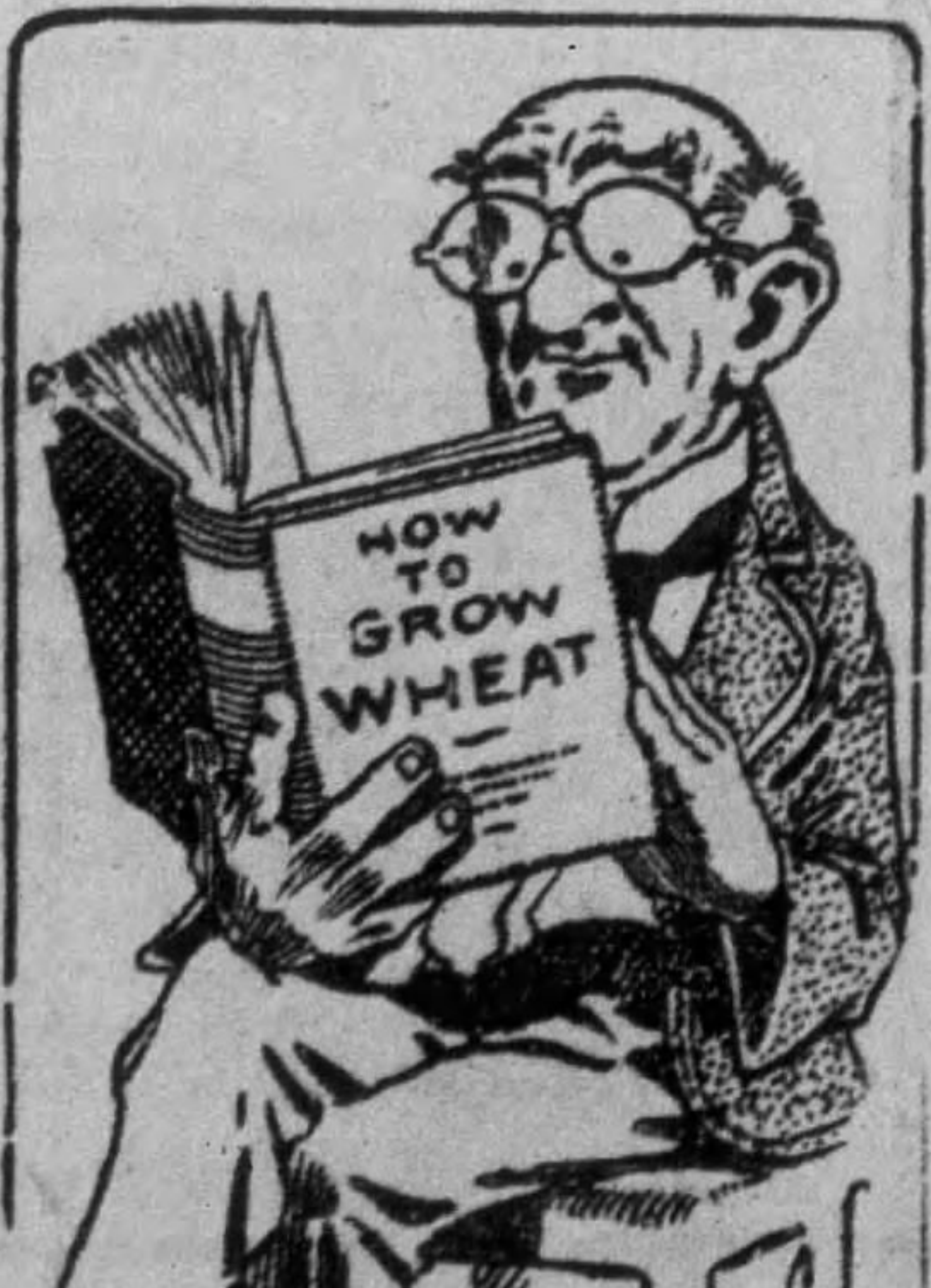
DeWitte—Because I want to cure my hay—fever.

## CUTTING EXPENSES.



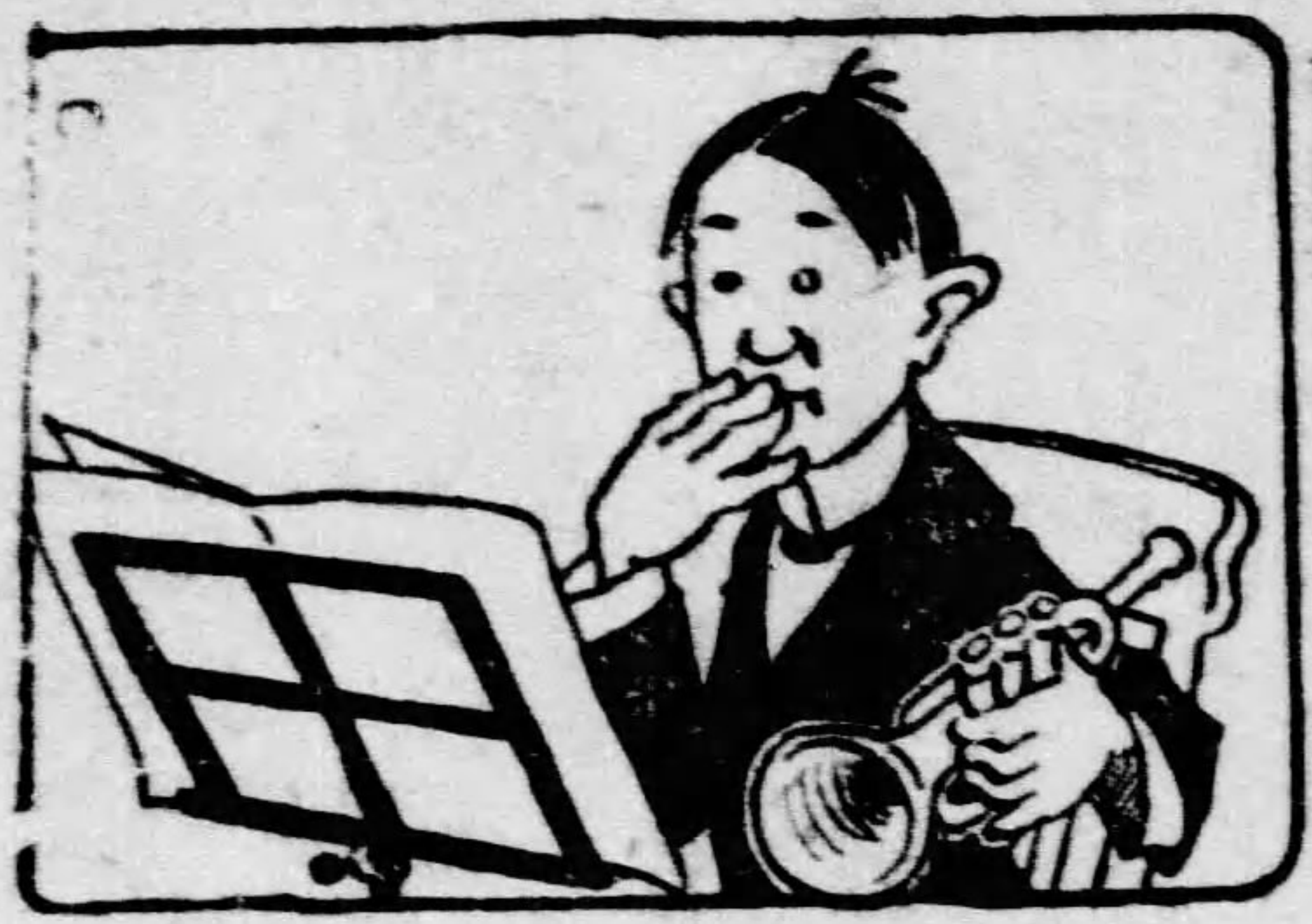
Editor—What's the matter with Wiggins? He cables that the czar's new baby is named "Alexaevitch ———" and then he stops.

Operator He thought it would be cheaper to send the rest of it on the next ship.

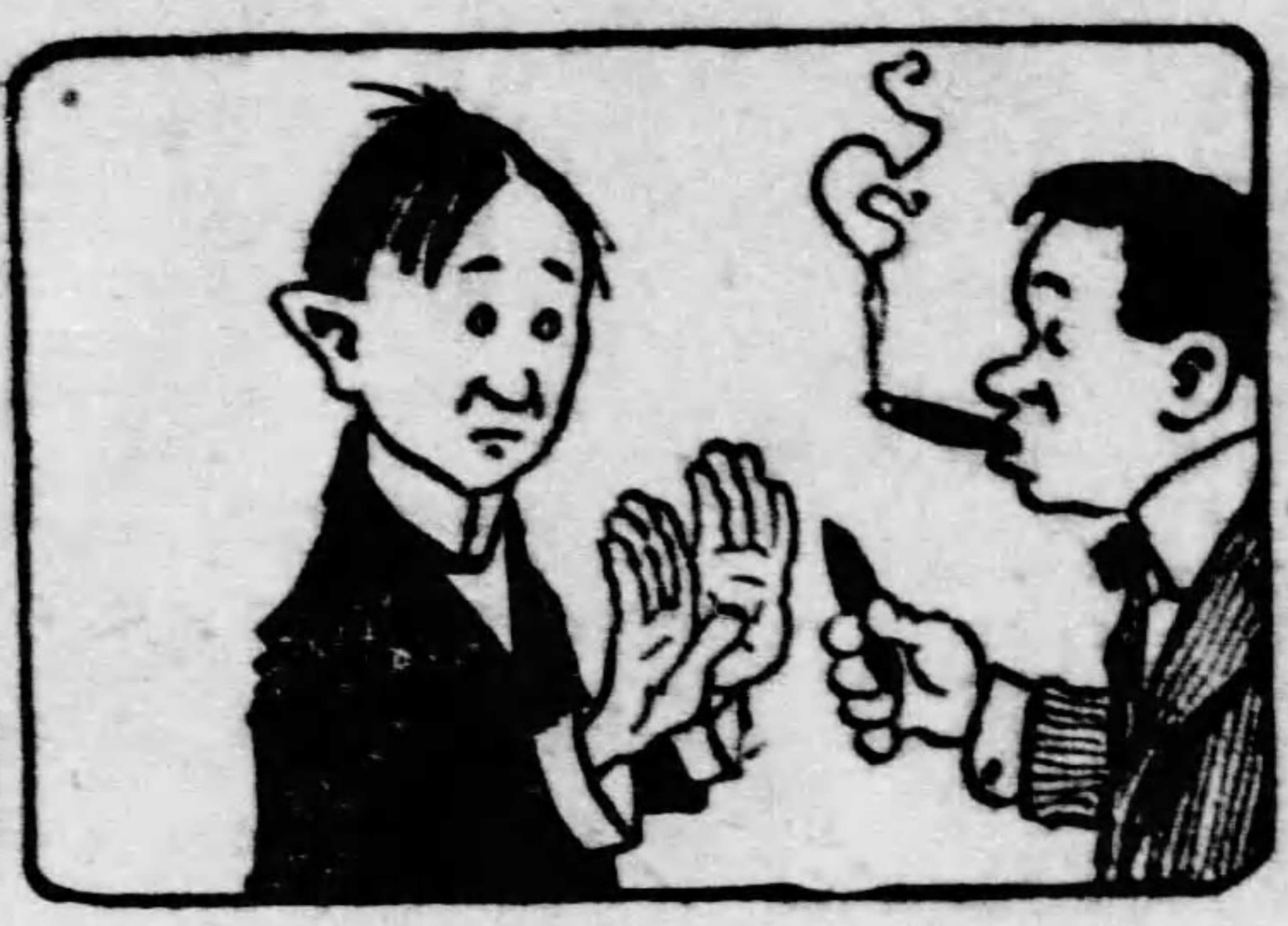

HOW TO GROW WHEAT
CON
-N-E-A-

Reading a Serial Story.

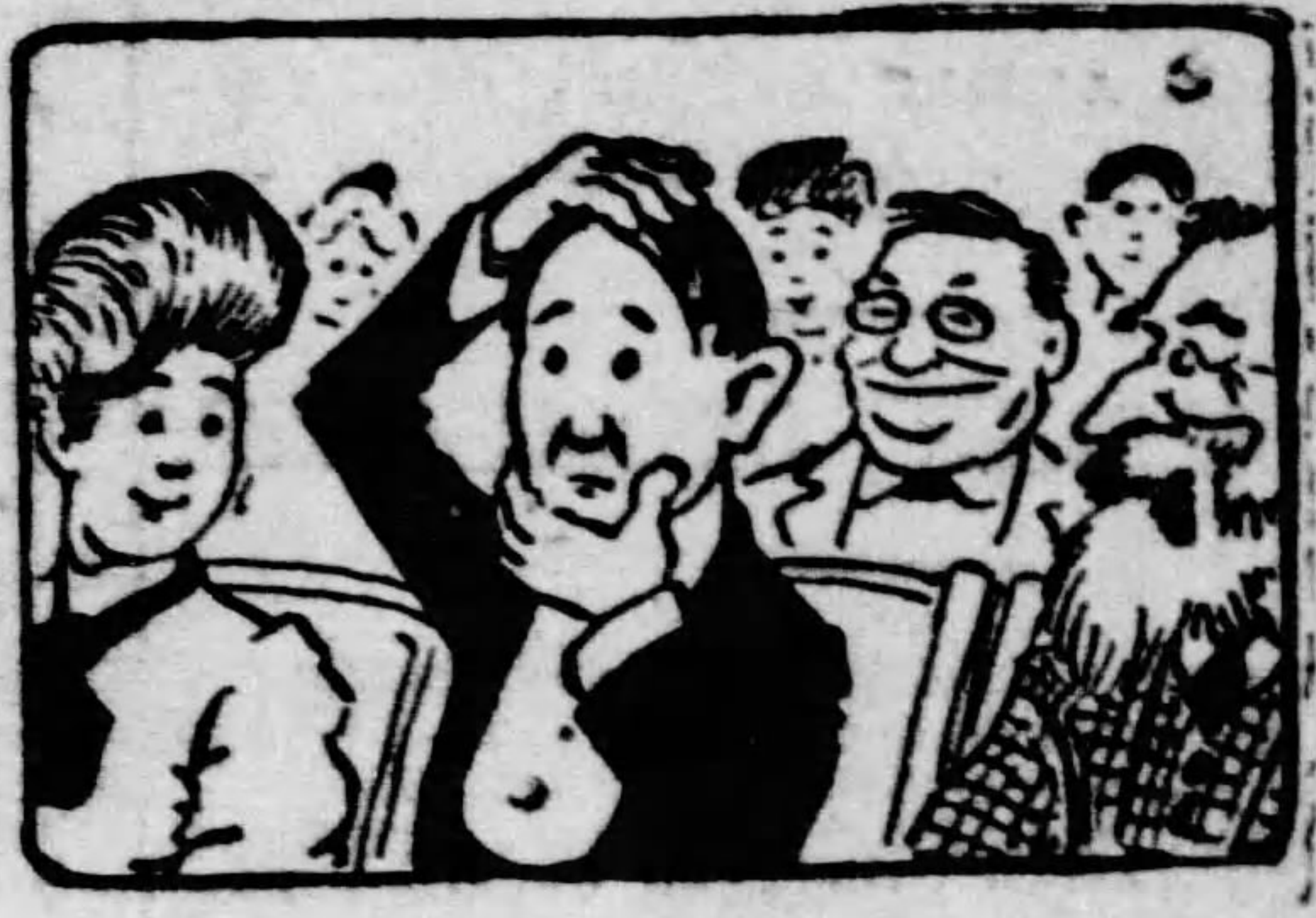
# MORAL: DON'T PLAY A CORNET



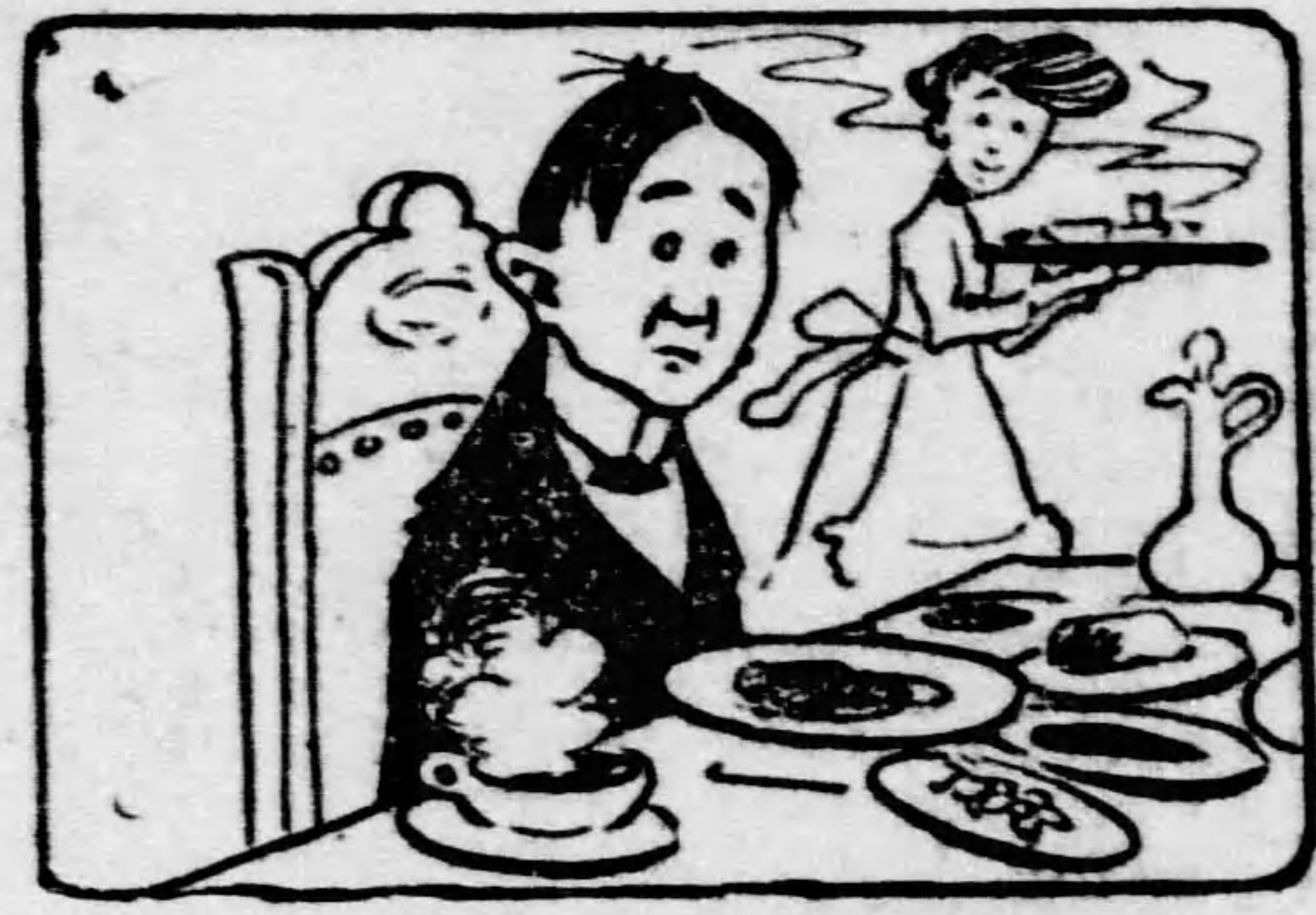
Clarence cracked his lips learning to play.



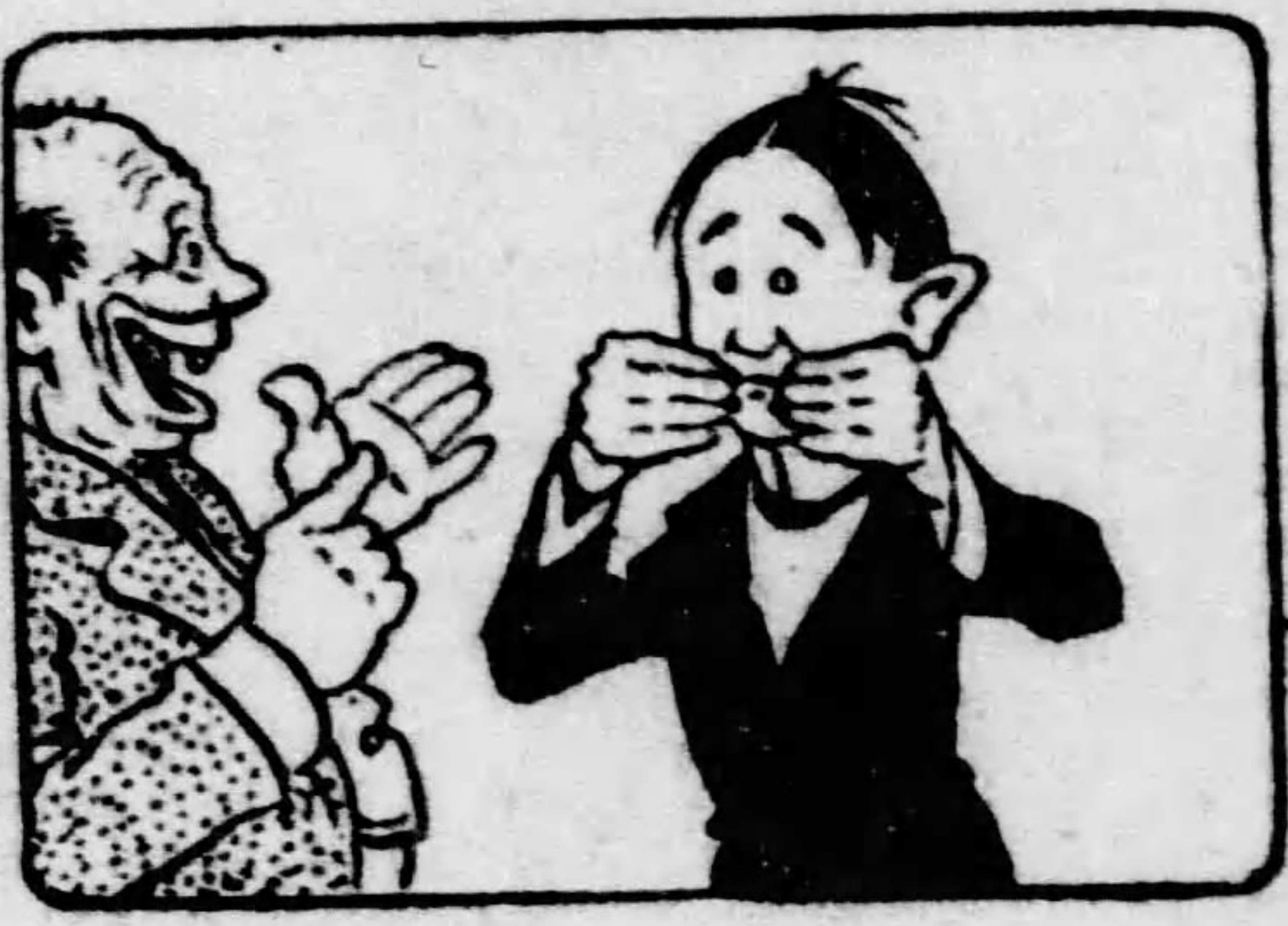
Then it seemed as though everybody wanted him to smoke.



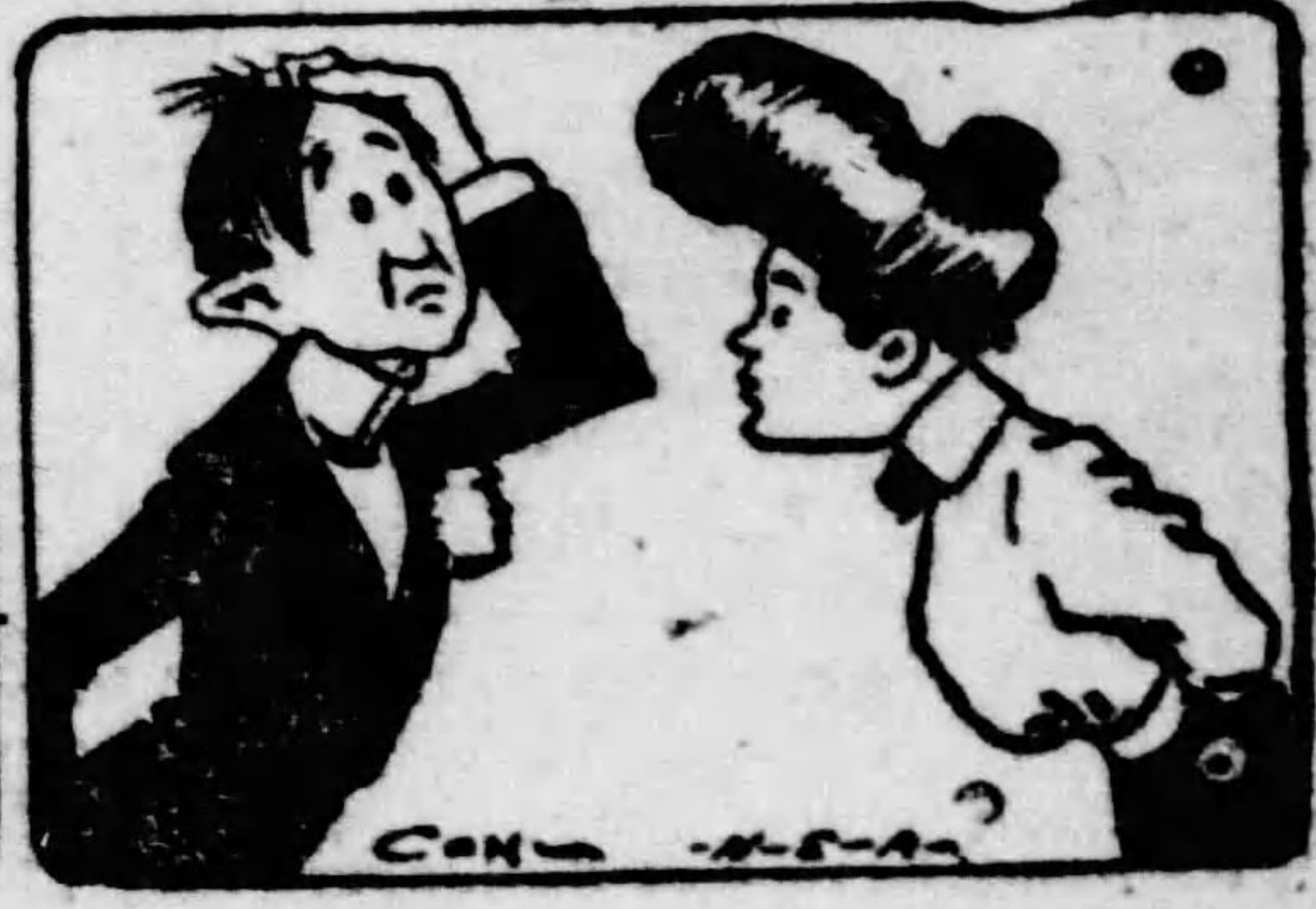
He couldn't even laugh when he went to the theater.



The one good dinner of the week at his boarding house went back to the kitchen.



He made it a point to laugh at all the boss' funny stories, but he couldn't even smile.



Worst of all, Lucille, who had been so cold, suddenly thawed and asked to be kissed.

# THE ADVENTURES OF HAIRLOCK HONES

As Told by Josh Wise

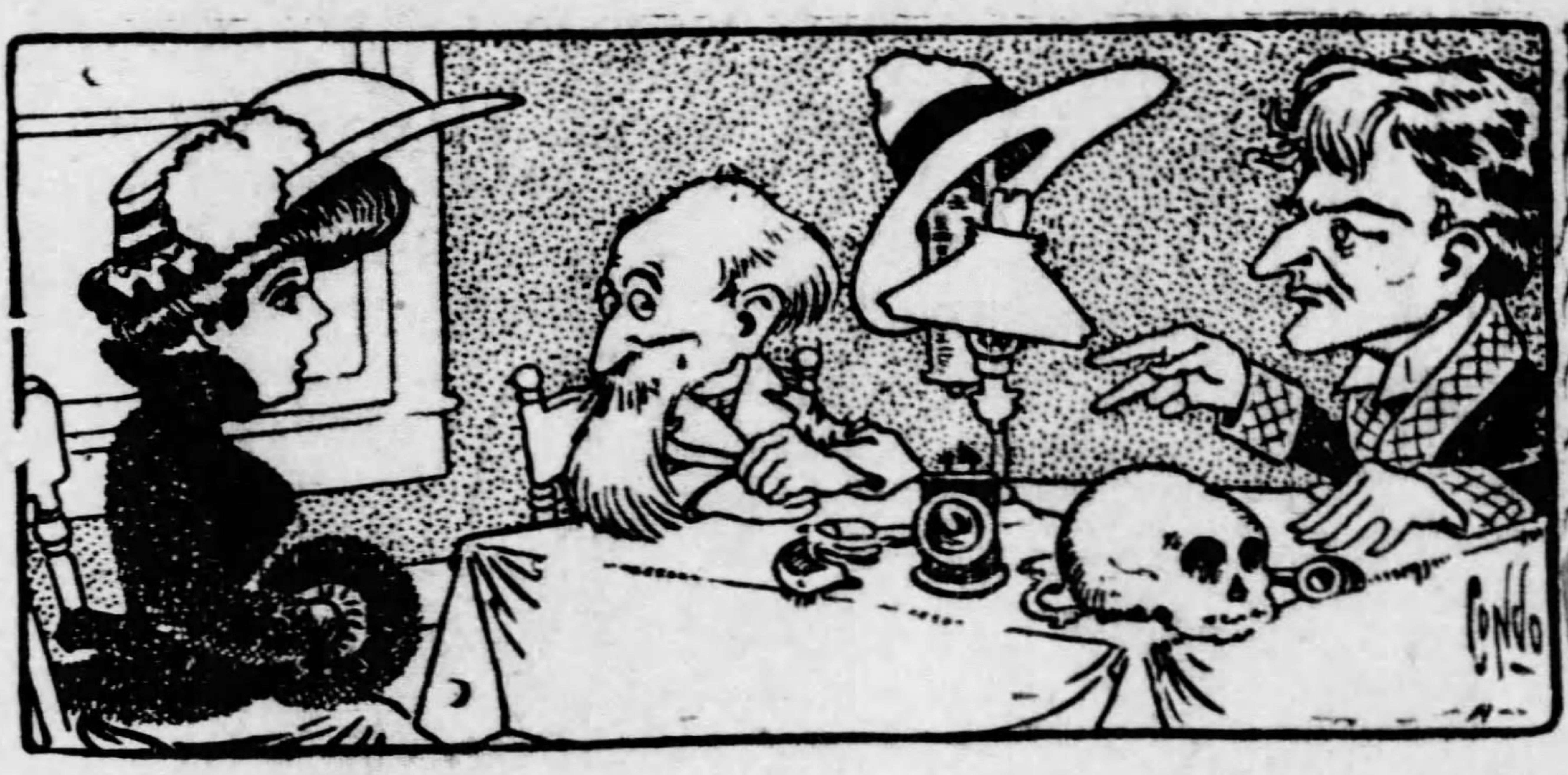
## THE LOST DIAMONDS.

"Th' hist'ry uv crime," says Hairlock Hones t' me one day, "shows th't criminals have less originality th'n any class uv people under th' sun, not even exceptin' school superintendents. There ain't been an original crime committed in a hundred years. Some uv 'em differ in th' mechanical contrivances introduced, such uz th' telephone an' autymobeel fer instance, but th' plots is th' same in all. In my filin' cases I have records uv ev'ry kind uv crime committed since th' murder uv Abel, an' fer any crime committed in these days I c'n show you a duplicate, yes, hundreds uv duplicates in some cases."

"It don't seem possi-bill," says I.

"It ain't only possible, but it's all you c'd expect, fer th' reason th't a real wise guy never does anything criminal," says he. "It's th' cute an' foxy guys, not th' wise guys, th't's crooked."

Our conversation wuz interrupted by Hones' landlady, who said a lady wanted t' see him.



"Bring 'er up," says Hones. "No, Josh, don't go. I want t' prove t' you whut I said a few minutes ago."

A lady who looked to be anywhere from 20 t' 45 come in.

"Mr. Hairlock Hones?" she asked.

"The same," says Hairlock. " An' right glad t' meet you, miss. It's pleasure t' serve members uv th' theatrical profession."

I never seen anyone so knocked out.

"You are, indeed, a genius," says she.

Hones bowed.

"I have important business with, Mr. Hones," says she. "So important I must speak uv it in private."

"My friend an' assistant, Mr. Josh Wise," says Hones. "Mr. Wise, let me introduce to t' Miss Belladonna Bell, th' star uv 'The Chimpanzee,' th' musical comedy company at our opry house."

"You know me?" says she, mightily startled.

"Like a book," says Hones.

"You have saw me act?"

"Never, my dear Miss Bell," says he. "But let's t' business. Your diamonds wuz stolen—"

"This is too much!" she screams. "You're an evil spirit! Tell me how you know these things!"

"I am only a detective, Miss Bell," says Hones. "I am not runnin' a detective's trainin' school ner a school uv correspondence fer detectives. Your diamonds wuz stolen this mornin'—"

"Last night," says she.

"This mornin', miss," says he. "No, you left 'em on th' bureau in your room at th' hotel when you went t' breakfast. When you came back t' th' room they were gone."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Hones, that's right," says she.

"Now, Miss Bell, when you go t' your dressin' room in th' theater t'night an' change your street clothes fer your stage clothes, you'll find your diamonds," says Hairlock. "Do not worry over 'em. An' good afternoon t' you, Miss Balladonna Bell."

Hones chuckled when she was gone. He turned t' his filin' case an' brung out a book.

"Josh," says he, "here's th' records of 4,852 actresses been robbed uv their diamonds an' in ev'ry case but one th' jewels wuz recovered in side uv 24 hours. In th' one case—th' only one I handled—th' actress confessed she didn't have any diamonds.

"You're surprised, my dear Wise, by whut you heard. Why, th' case wuz simple enough fer a policeman. You noticed her fur coat? A $600 coat? Sh, sh! $19.99 at th' clearance sales! I know. I wuz married oncet. Did you notice how her hair was black at th' roots, an' yeller on top? Peroxide, my dear Wise. Then did you see how thin her hair wuz in some places an' how thick in others? Store hair, my boy, store hair made that effect. Th' skin on 'er face showed marks uz grease paint. She only wore one glove an' that had two holes in it. You saw how most uv th' time she kept 'er hands in her $1.98 muff—an' this a warm room. No, no, she c'd be nothin' but an actress. An' bein' an actress, whut could she want uv me except fer me t' look up her lost diamonds?

"I knowed she wuz with 'The Chimpanzee' company because I read in th' papers that it wuz doin' a bad business. An' I knowed she wuz th' star because she wuz five foot six in height an' soubrets is never over five foot three inches. Besides, only stars lose diamonds. By chance I knowed Belladonna Bell was th' name uv th' star uv 'The Chimpanzee' company, so you see I had her down pat."

"But how did you know th' diamonds wuzn't stolen last night?" says I.

"Because there wuz nothin' about th' robb'ry in th' mornin' papers."

"But," says I, "frum what I've read, actresses generally leave their diamonds on the washstand while they're washin' their hands."

"You ferget, my dear Wise, th't I said one uv her hands didn't have any glove on. I c'd see th' diamonds wuzn't left on a washstand."

"An' you're certain she'll find 'em? Why?"

"Because hist'ry repeats itself."

"But," says I, "how d'you know she'll find 'em when she puts on 'er stage clothes?"

"Josh," says he, "if you had some diamonds an' didn't want t' wear 'em, where'd you keep 'em?"

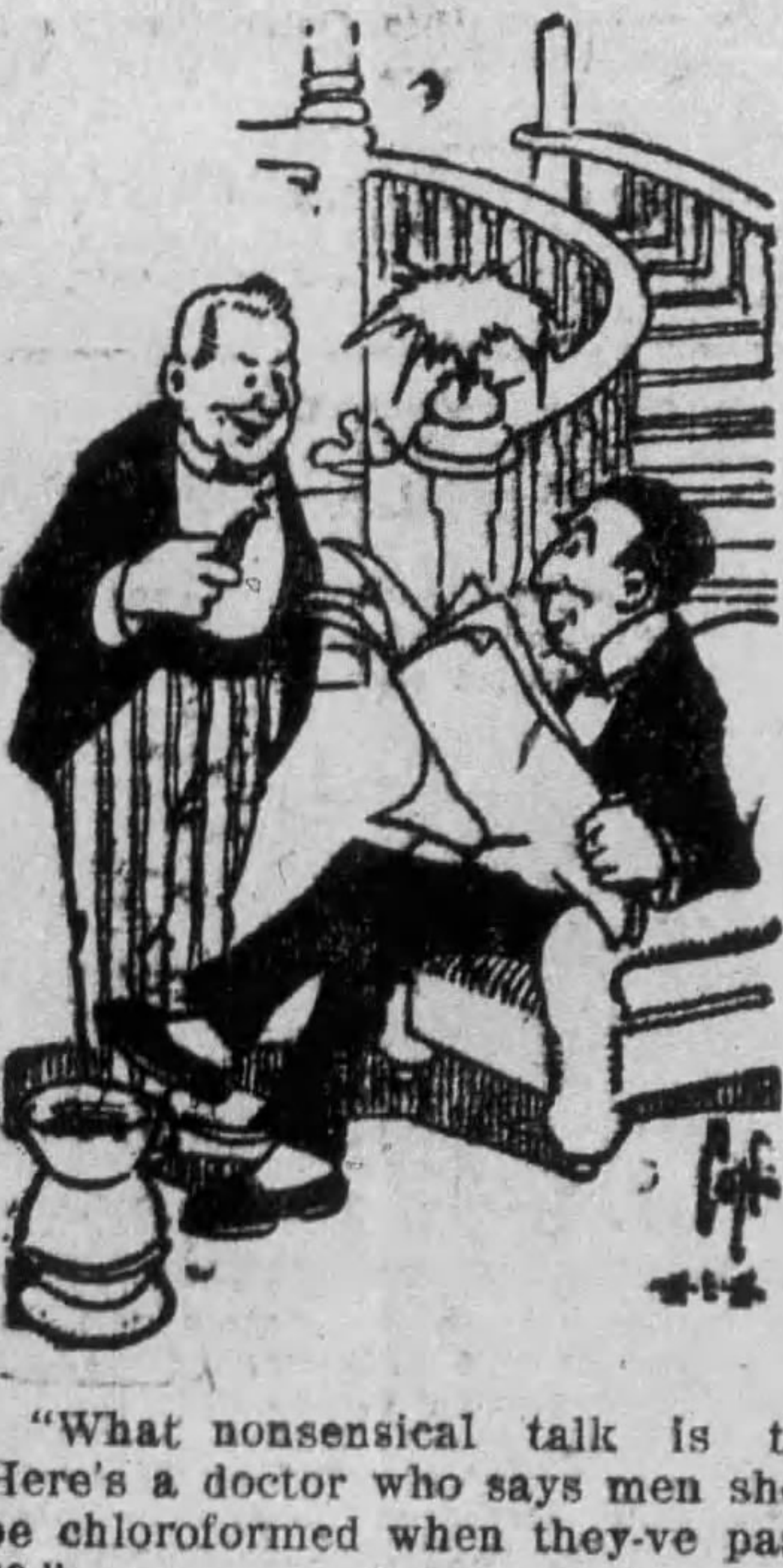
"In my pocket," says I.

"An' if you didn't have no pockets, then where?"

"In my hat, I guess," says I.

"Hem, ahem," says he. "My dear Wise, you don't know much about actresses."

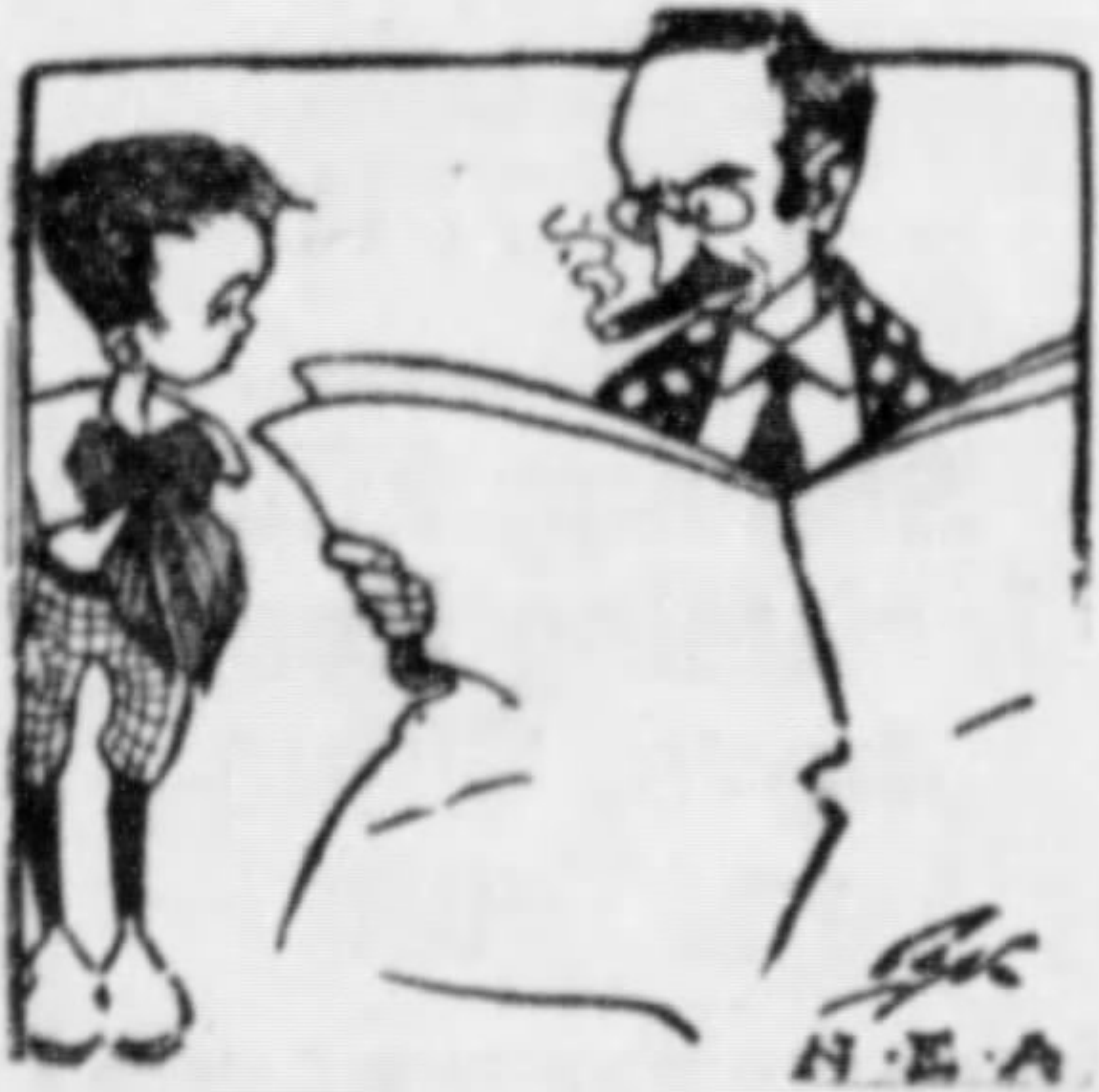
# AFRAID OF 'EM



"What nonsensical talk is this? Here's a doctor who says men should be chloroformed when they-ve passed 60."

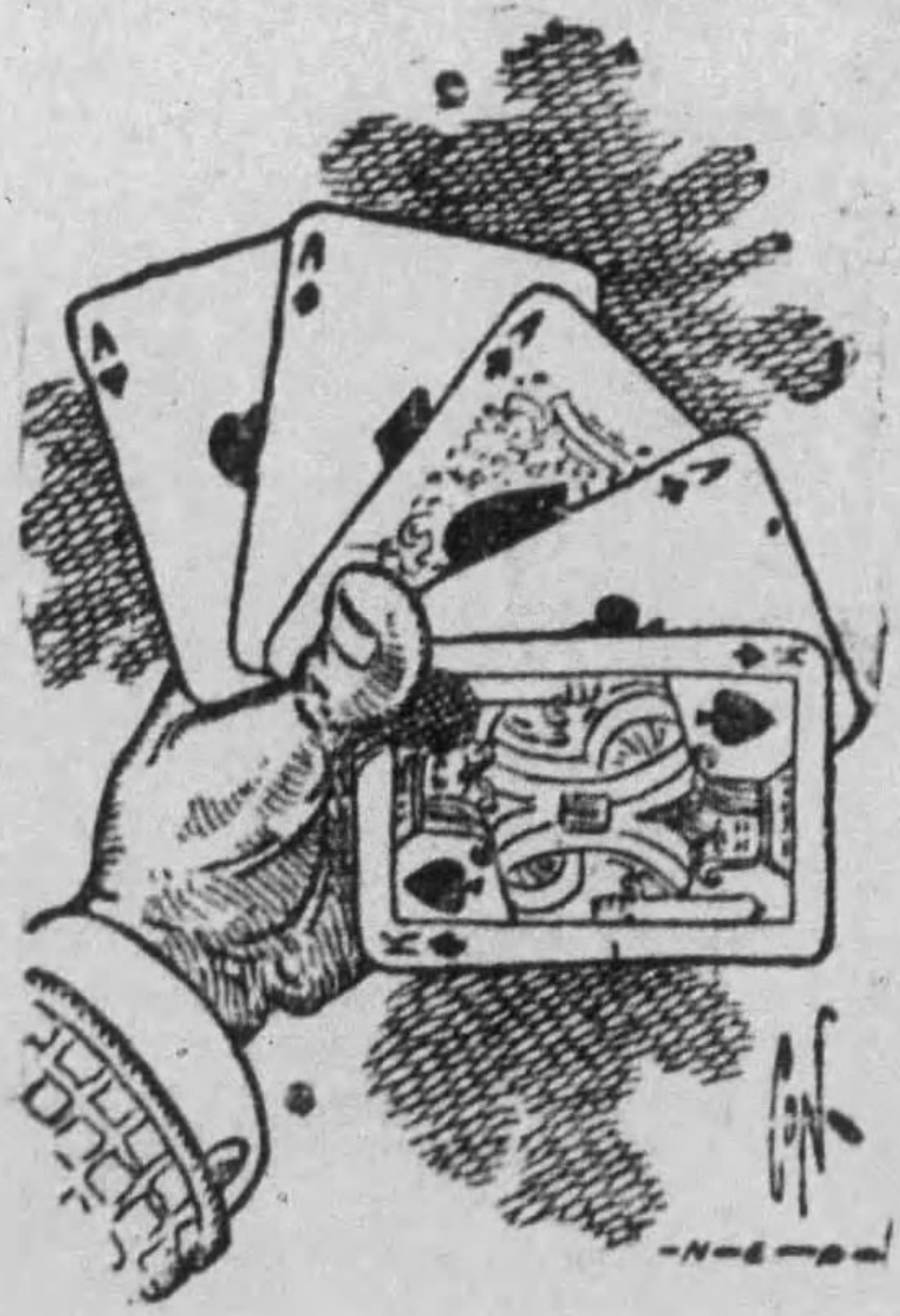
"I'll bet he has been in some business transaction with Pierpont Morgan or Russell Sage."

## AN EASY ONE.

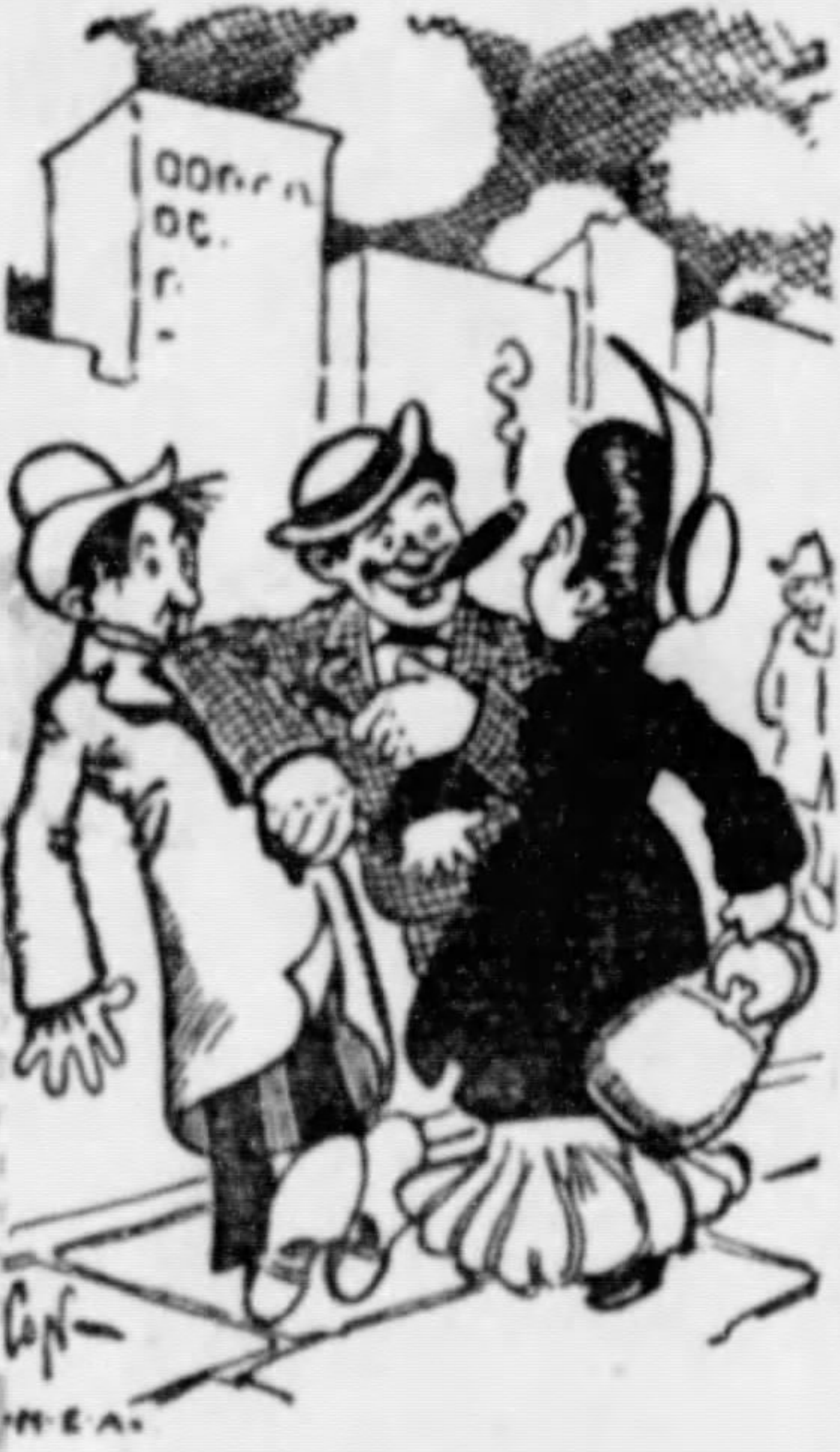


"Paw, how do you make a mare's nest?"

"By having a red-headed typewriter girl and not brushing my coat before I get home, hang it!"

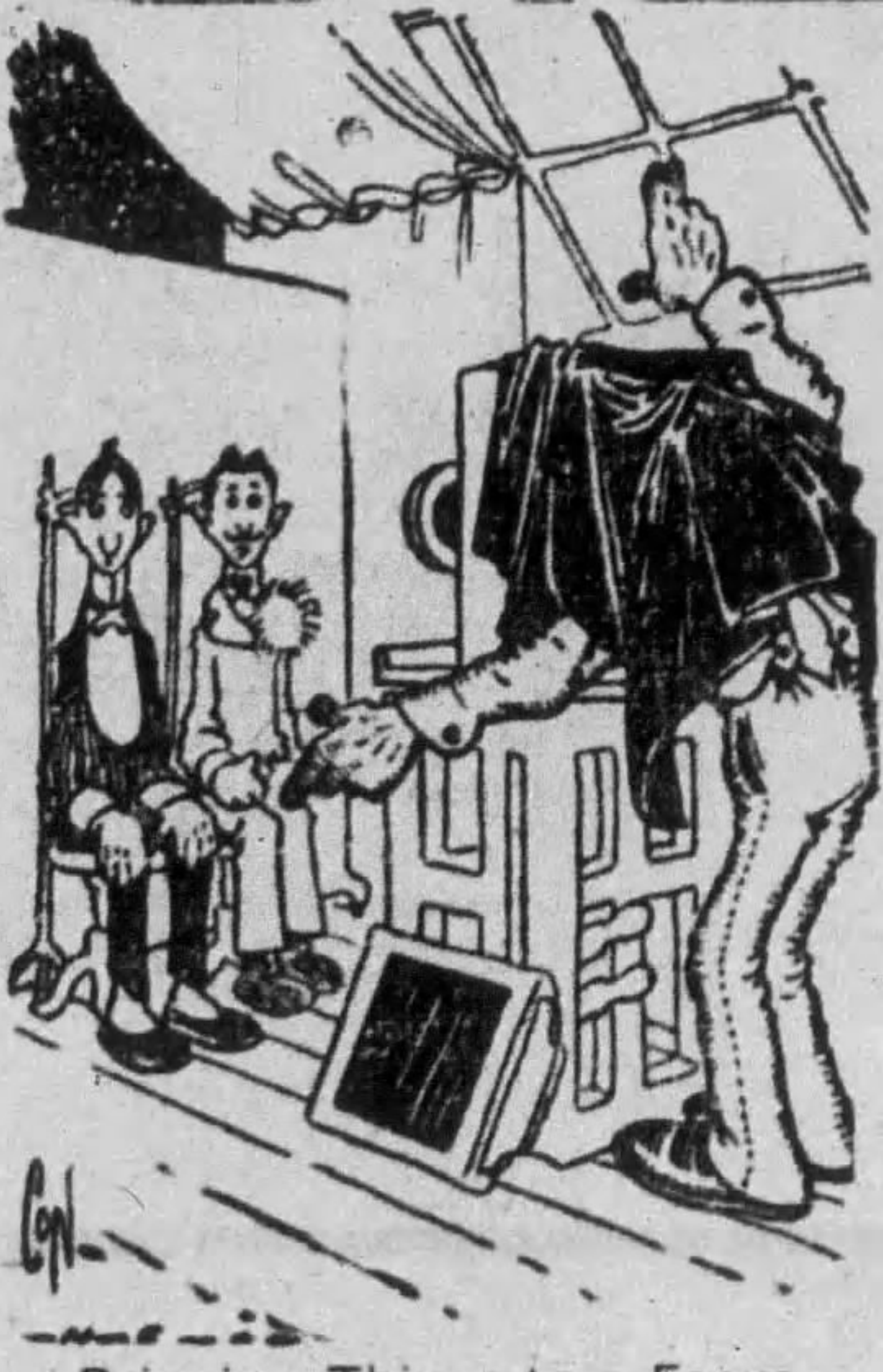


Some Fine Calling Cards.



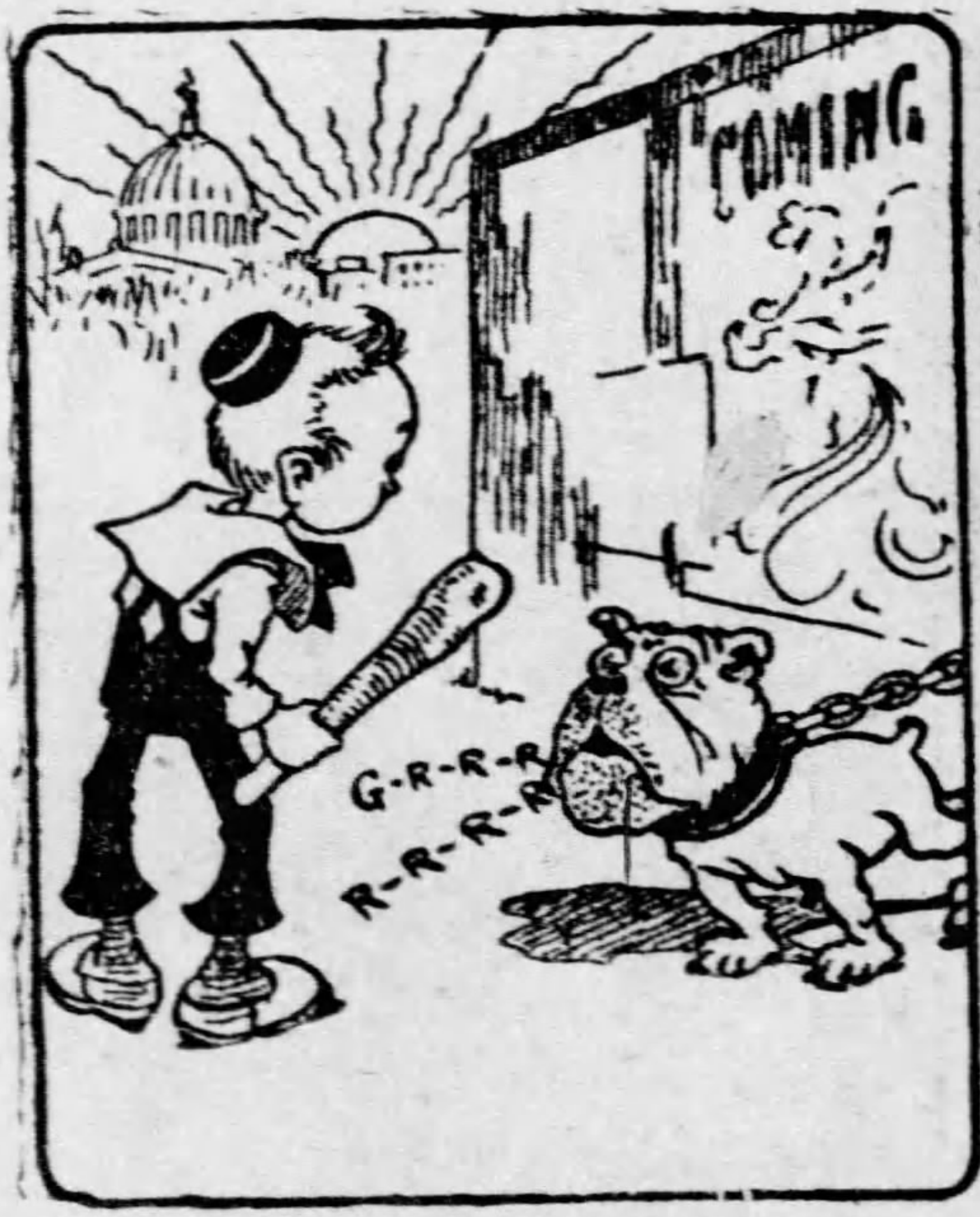
A-GO-BETWEEN

ST. PETERSBURG, March 7.—

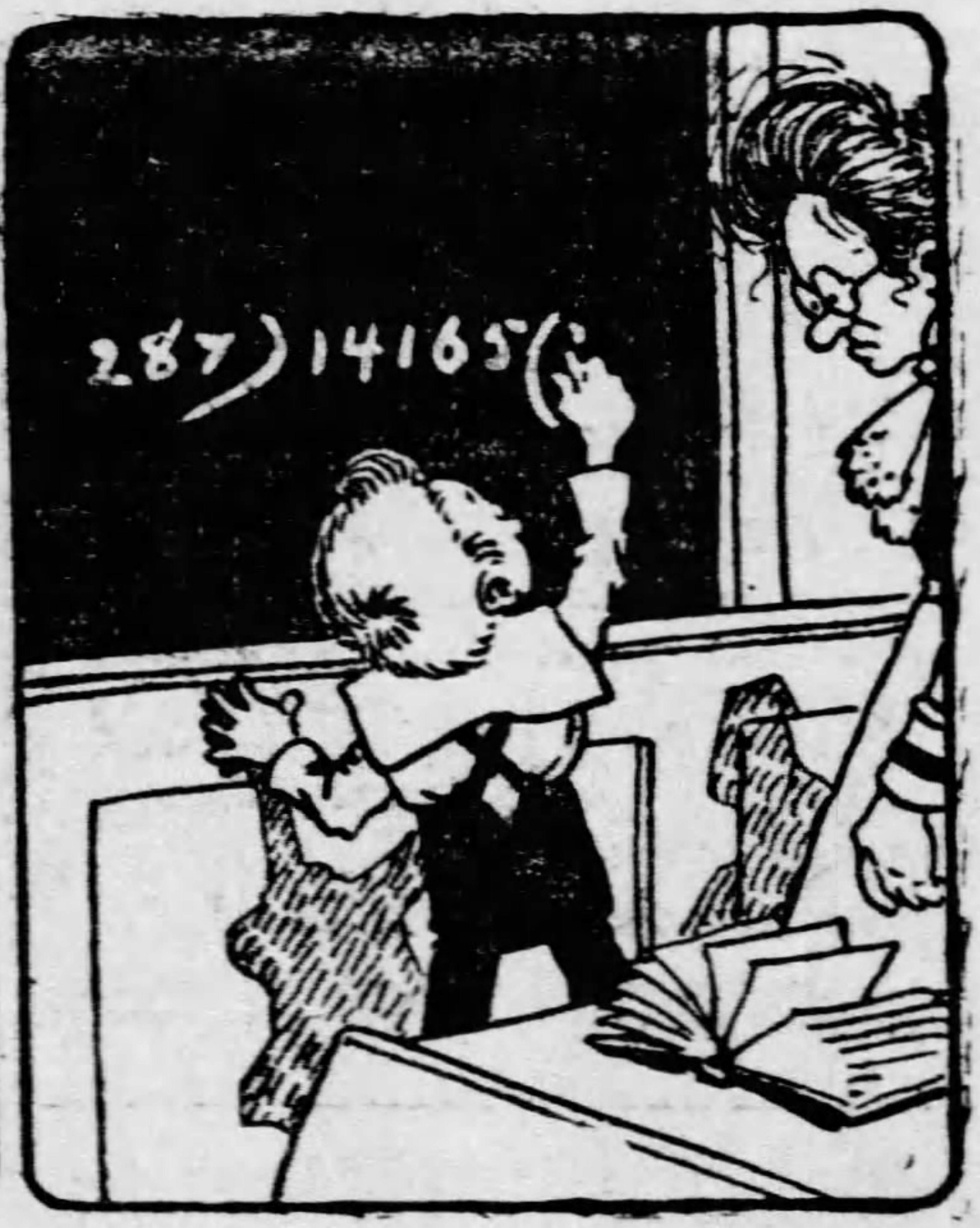


Bringing Things to a Focus.

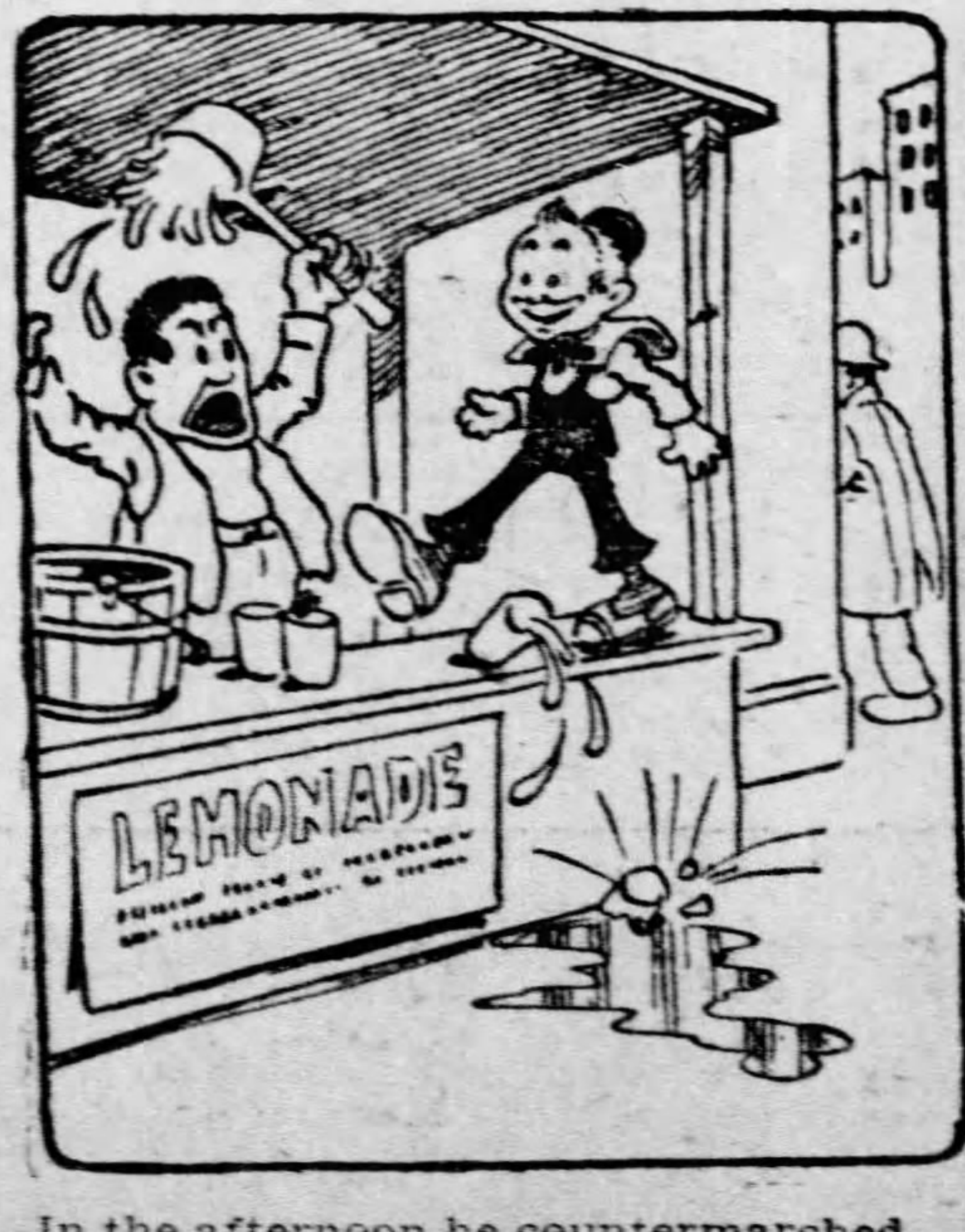
# DUKE MURPHY AT THE INAUGURATION


COMING
G-R-R-R
R-R-R-R

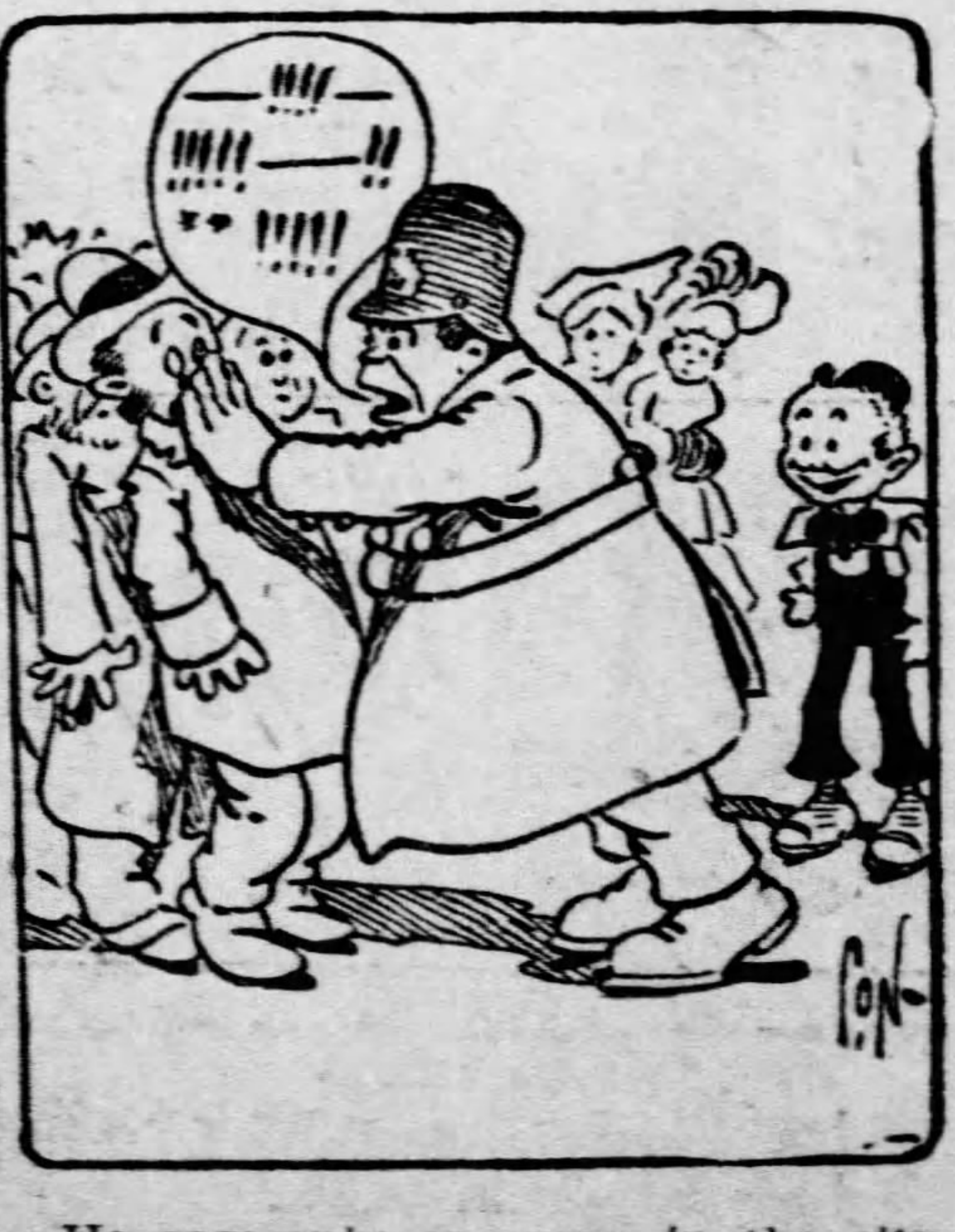
Duke was on hand with his club early in the day.



He was placed in charge of one of the long divisions.

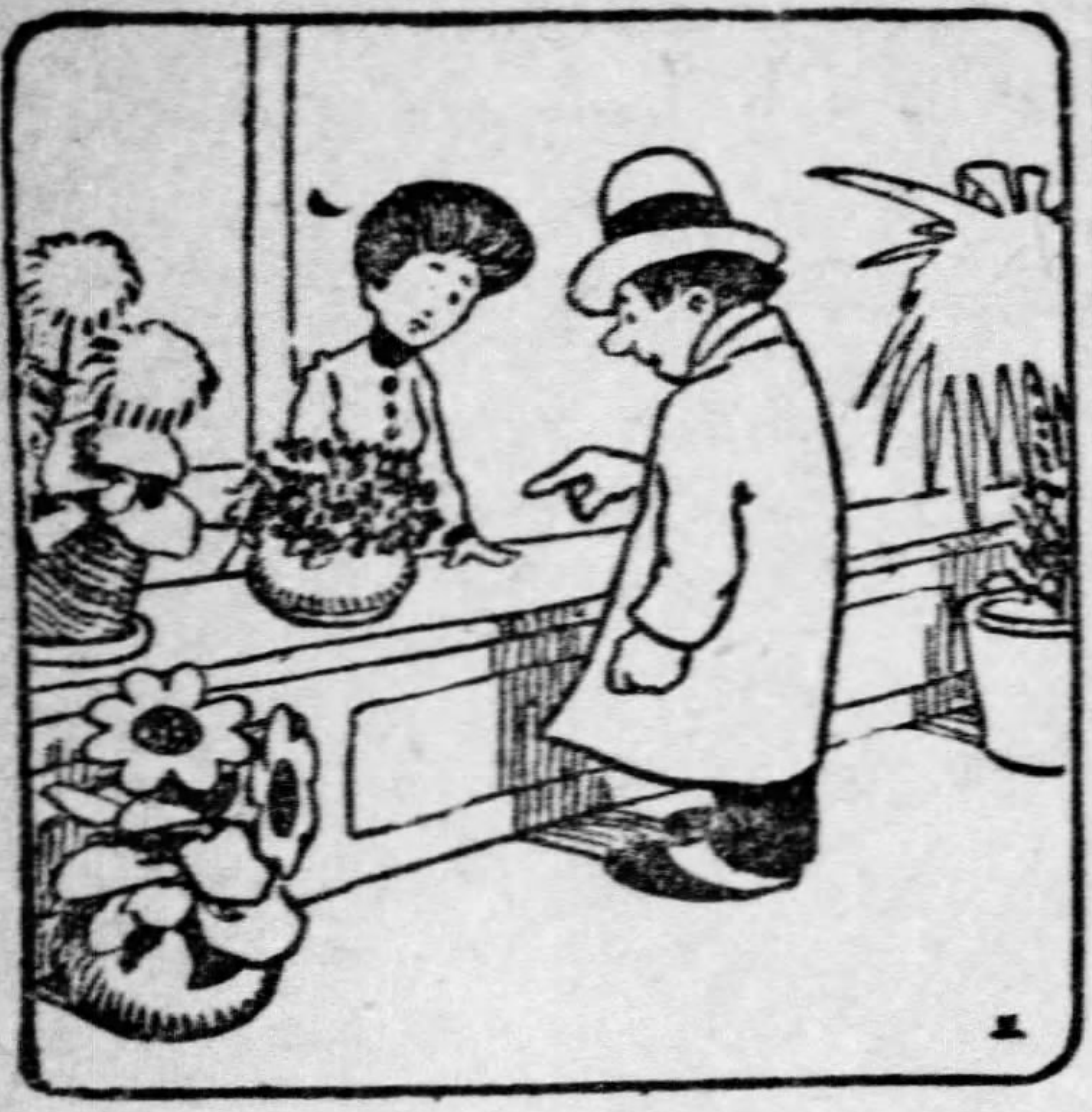


In the afternoon he countermarched on Pennsylvania avenue

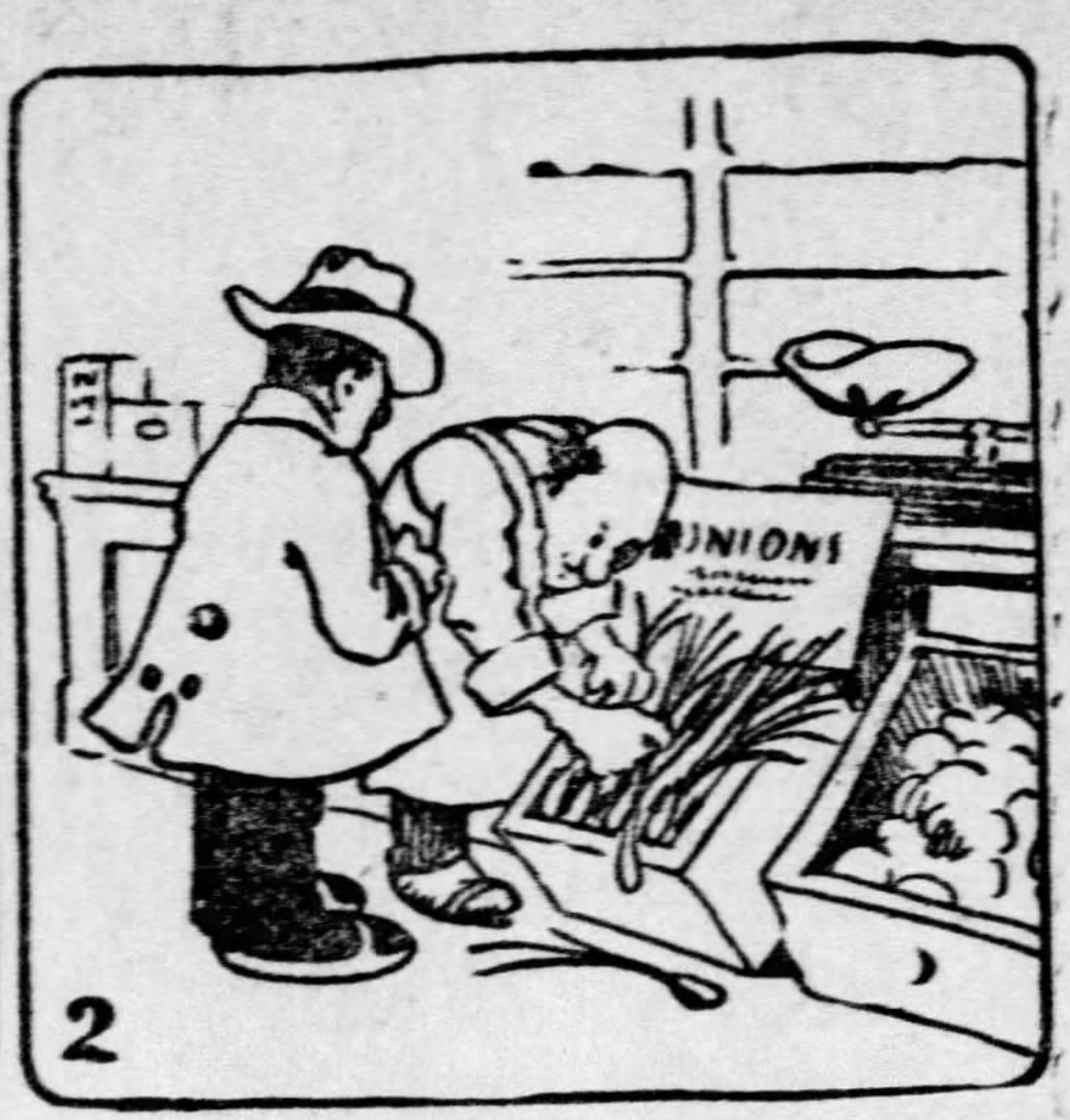


He saw only one man in the city take the oath of office.

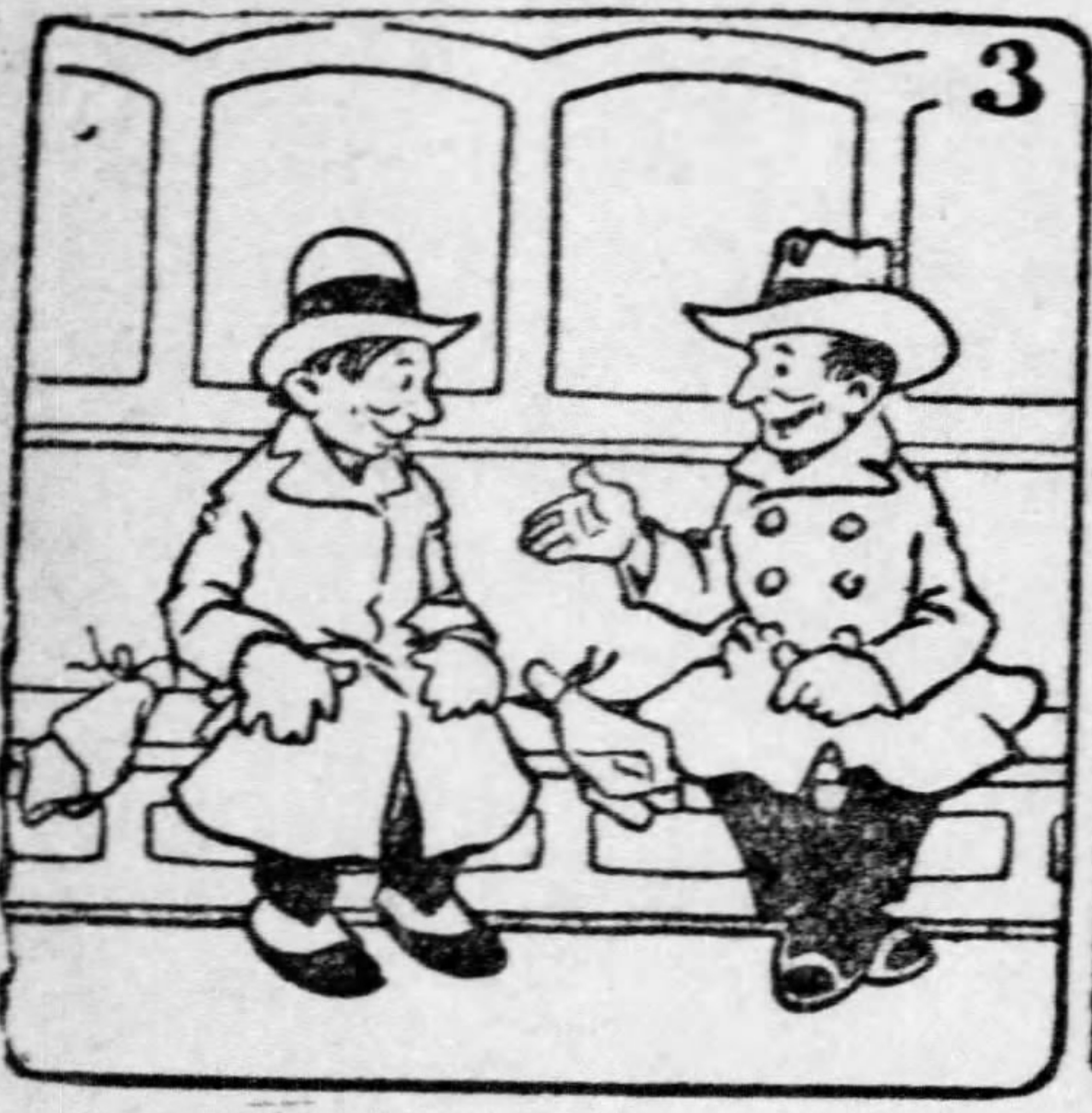
# SOME MEN ARE SUCH POOR MIXERS



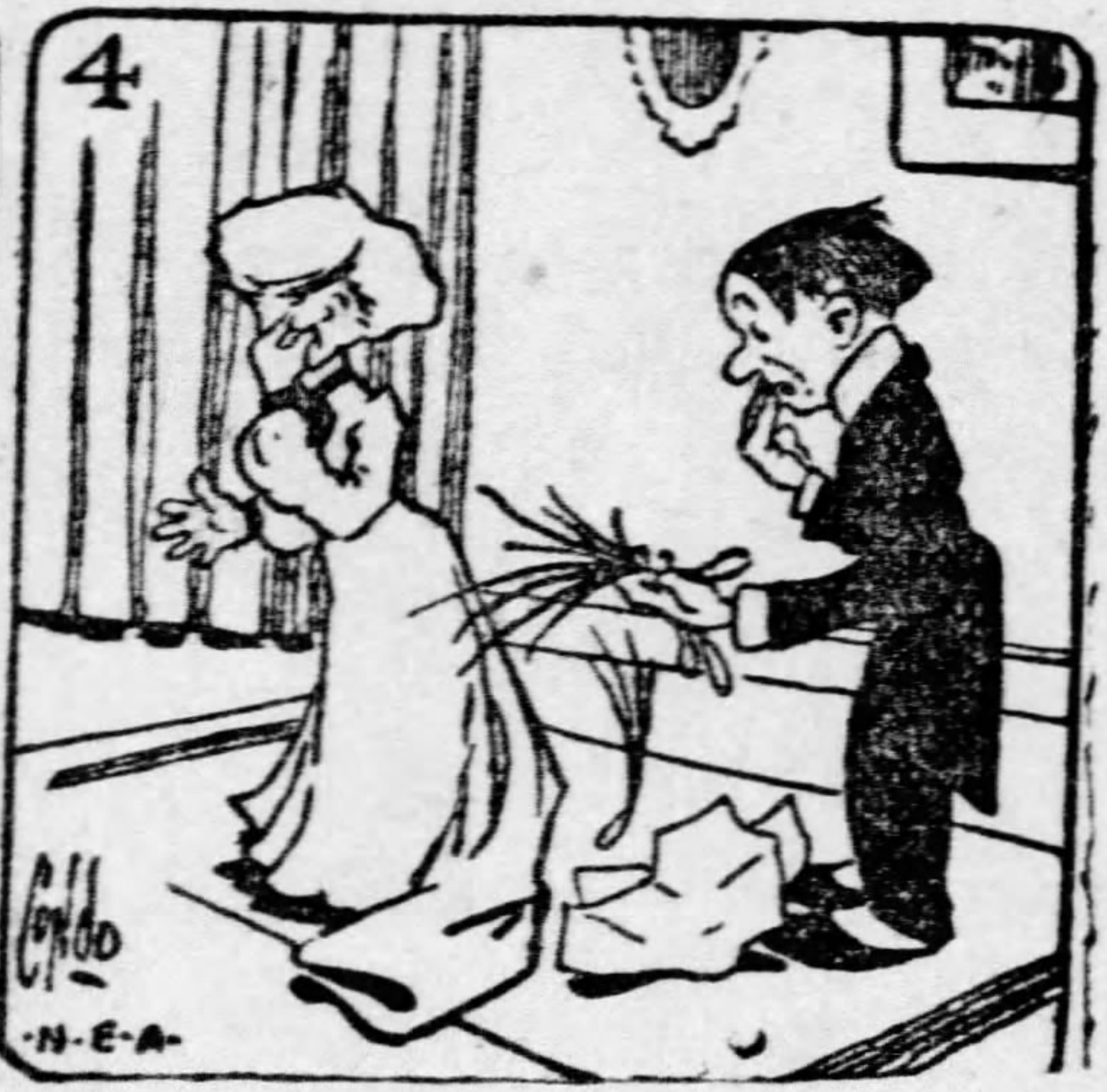
Thornbury Farnsworth bought $5 worth of beautiful roses to present to Miss Tessie Upperten.



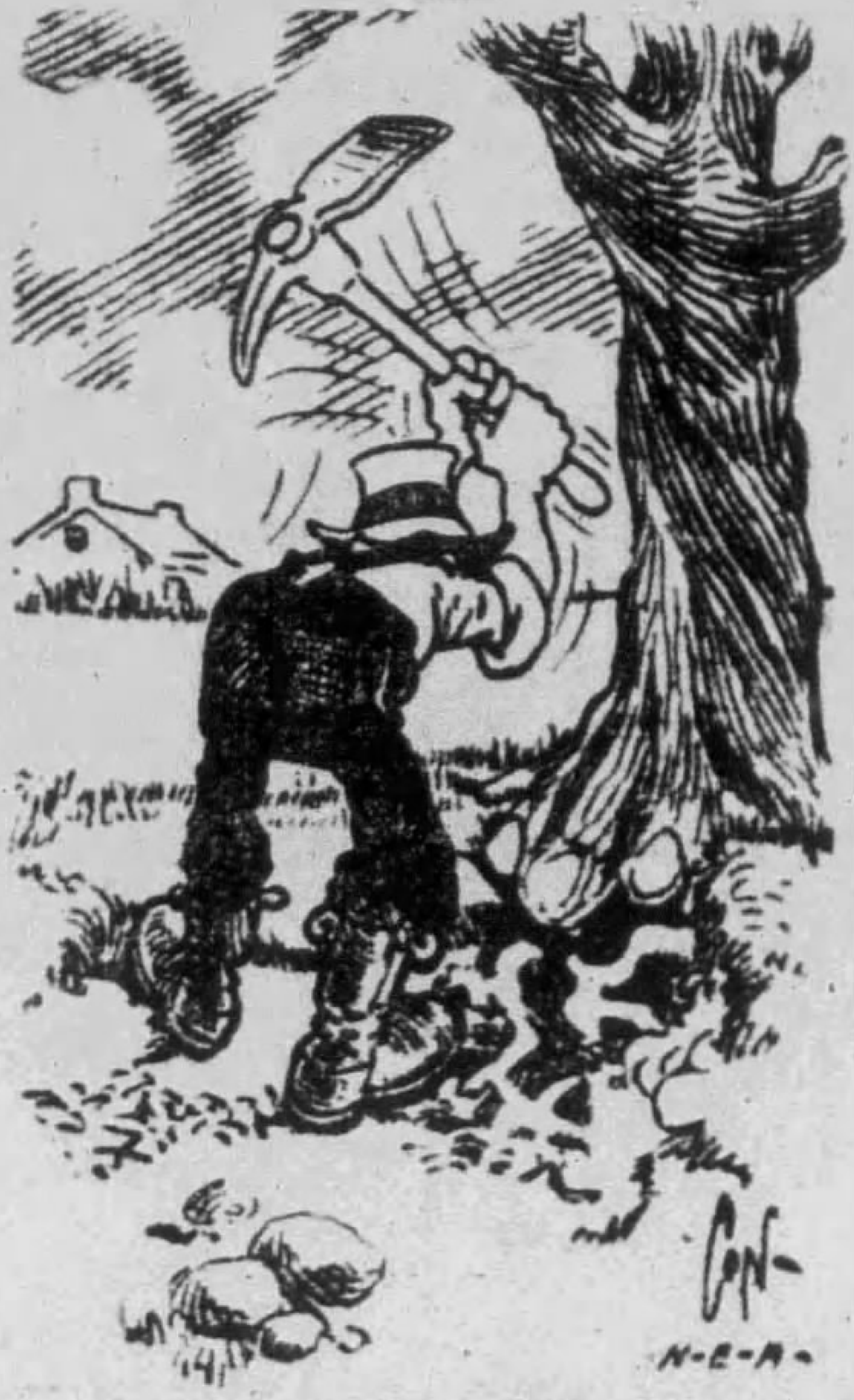
And his friend, John Homington, bought some lovely "Dutch roses" for a poker party lunch.



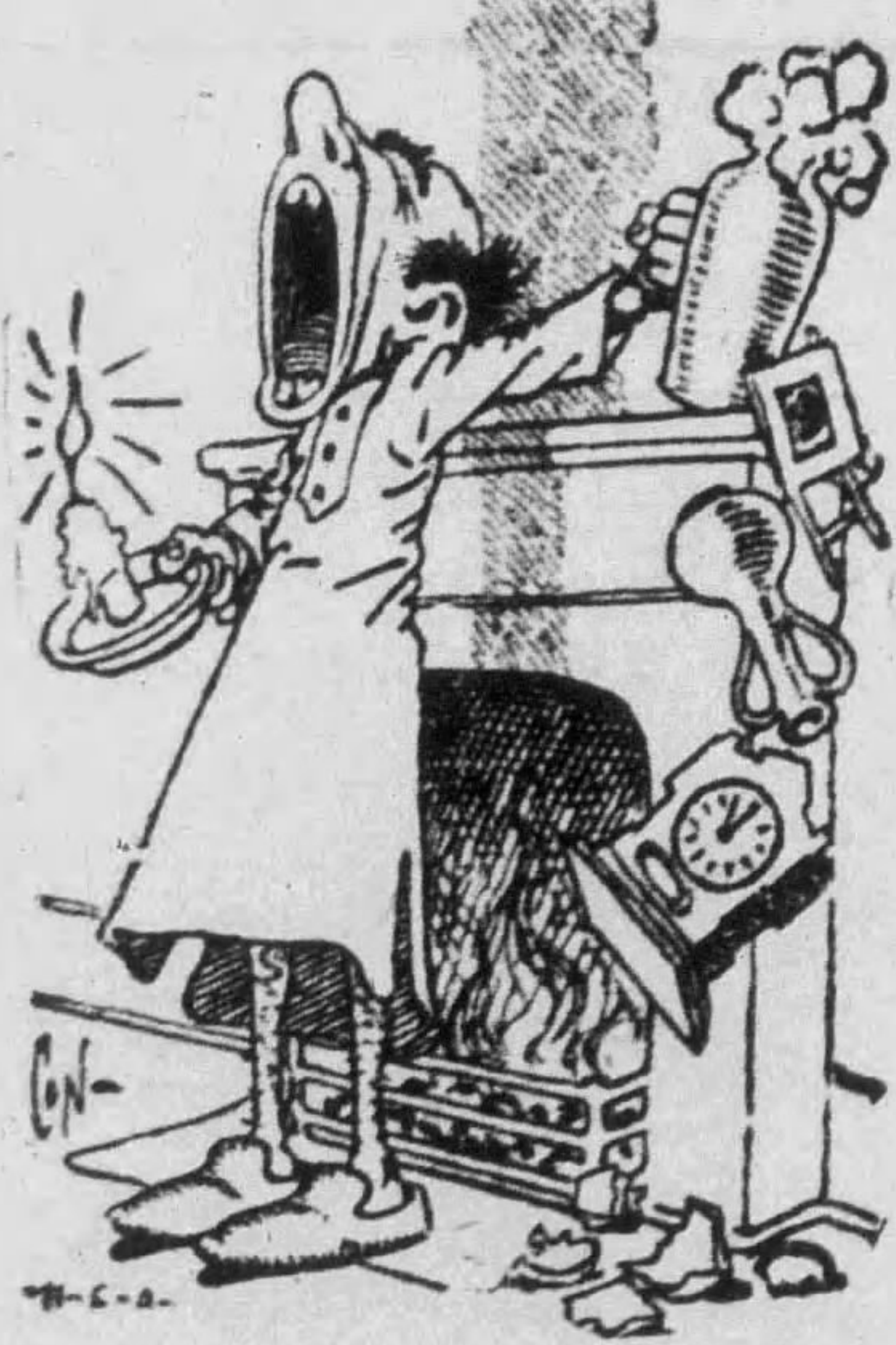
They met by chance on the car and had a pleasant chat of half an hour.



At Miss Upperten's Thornbury realized that he had taken the wrong package.

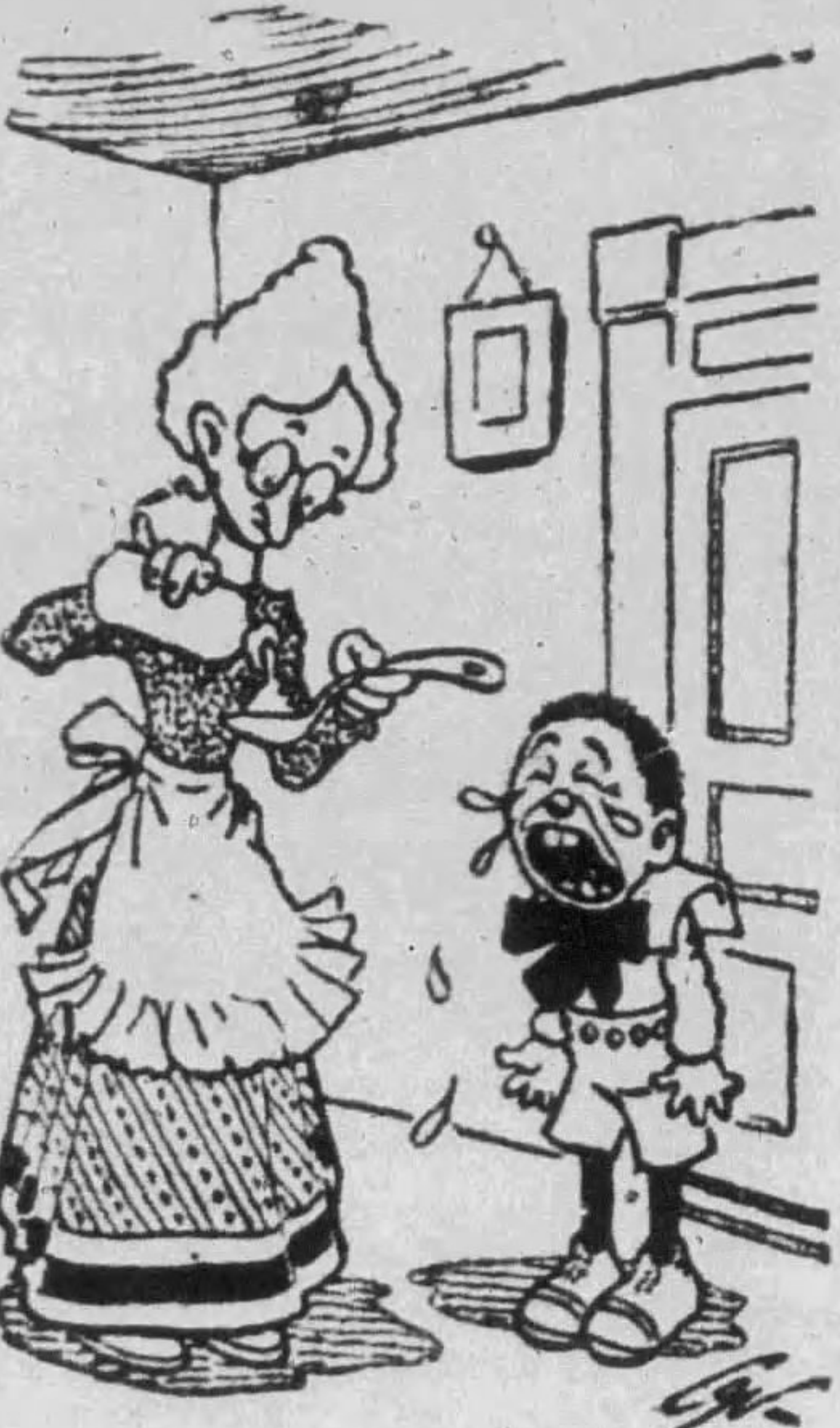


Getting at the Root of It.



Stretching Things a Little.

# HEARD AT THE GYM.

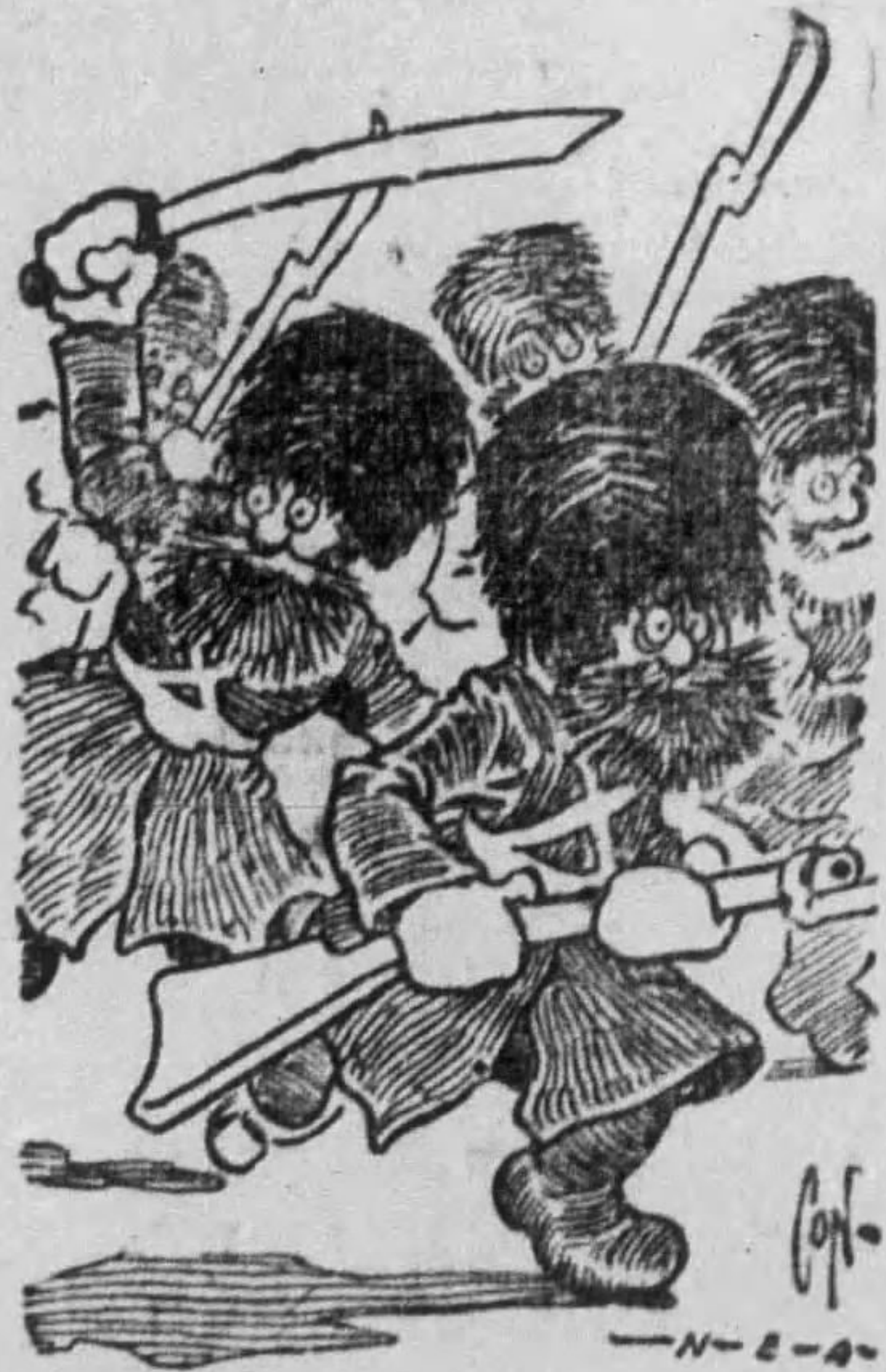


The Medicine Ball.

# HOW TO BREAK UP A PHONE ROMANCE

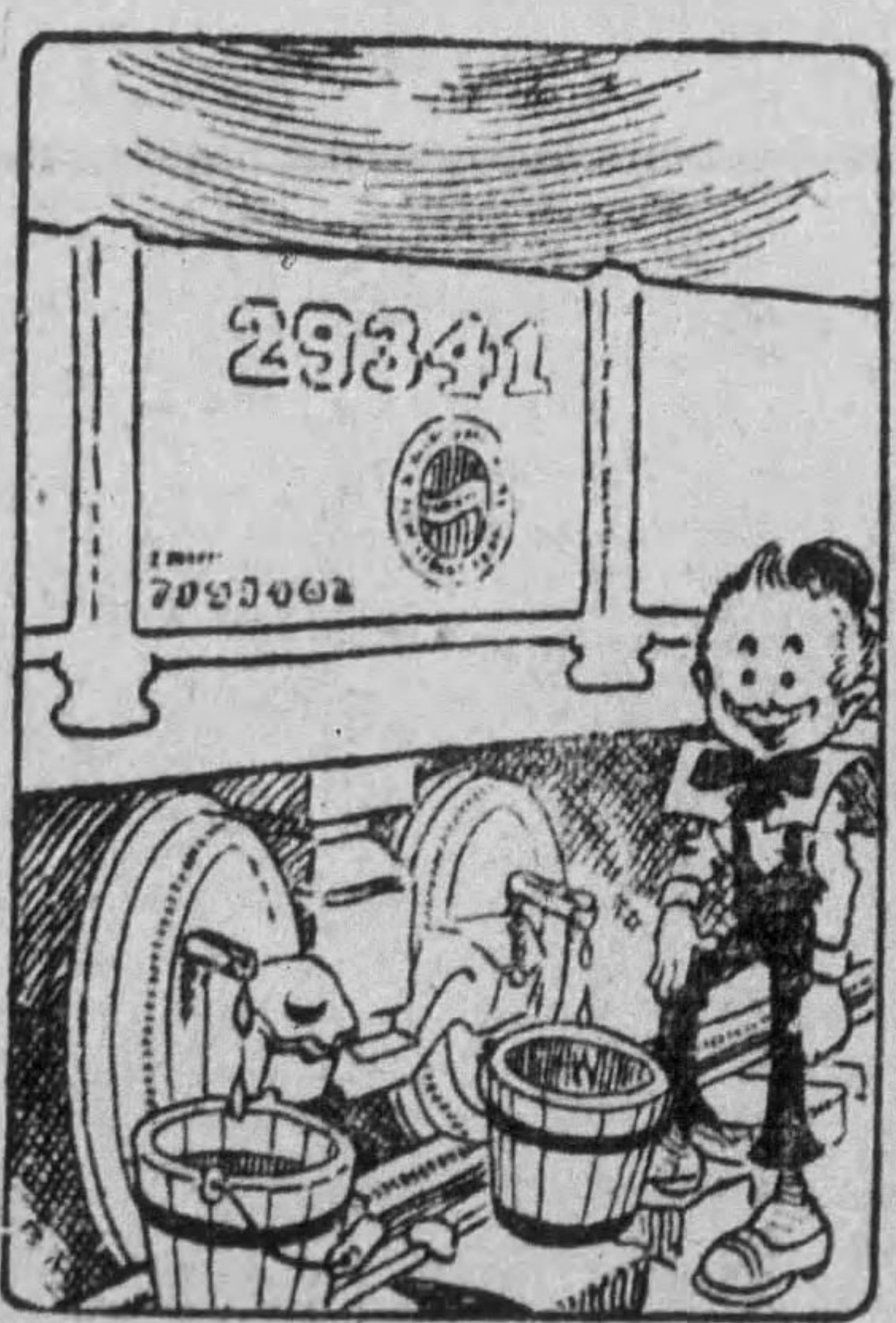
"Meet me at Hasherly's restaurant," said Willie Gusher, to the girl with the angel voice. "You wear a white chrysanthemum and I will, too, so we will know each other."

Willie retreated from the restaurant in a hurry, not knowing his employer had given $5 to the homeliest woman in town to impersonate the sweet voiced telephone girl.

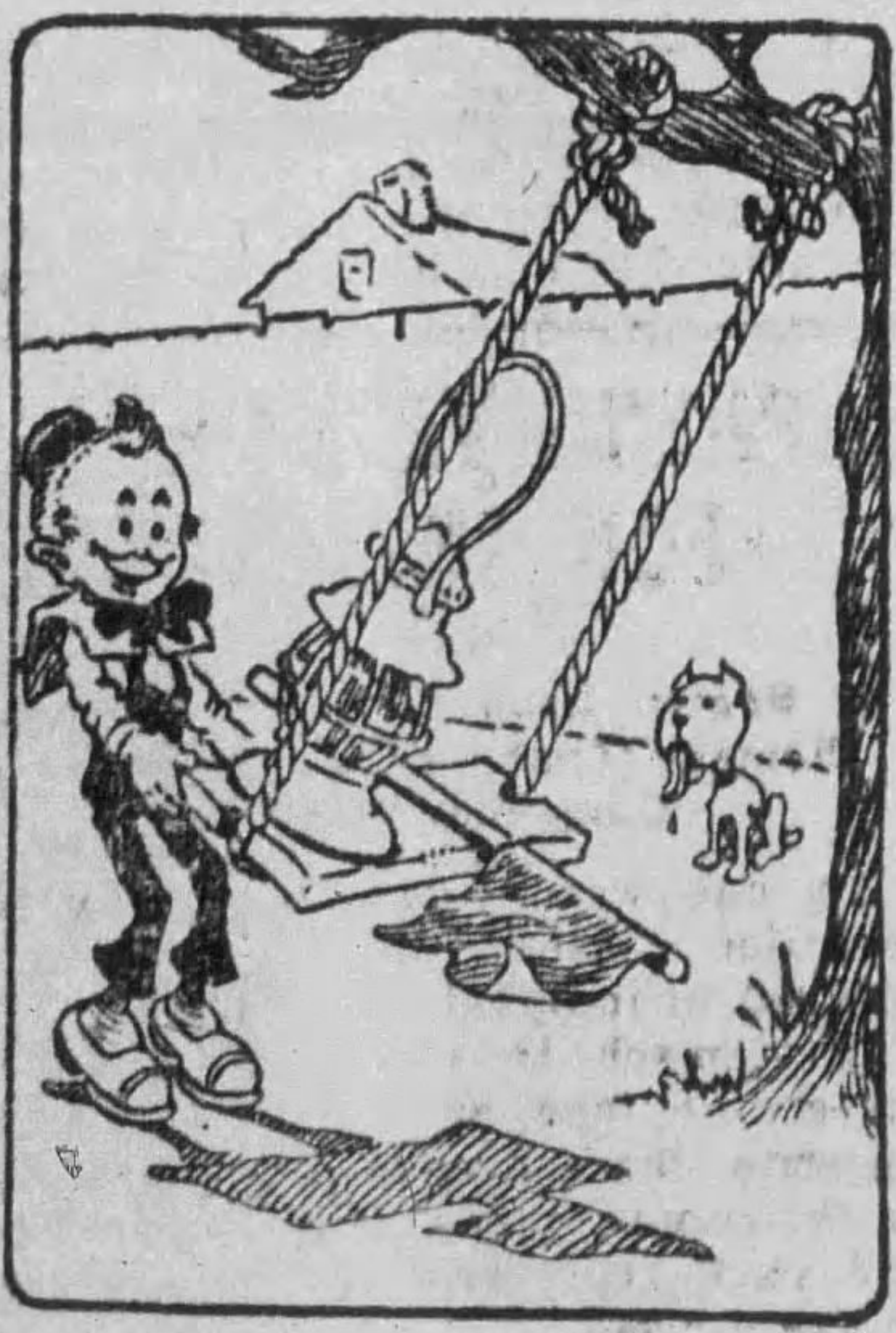


A Russian Sleighing Party.

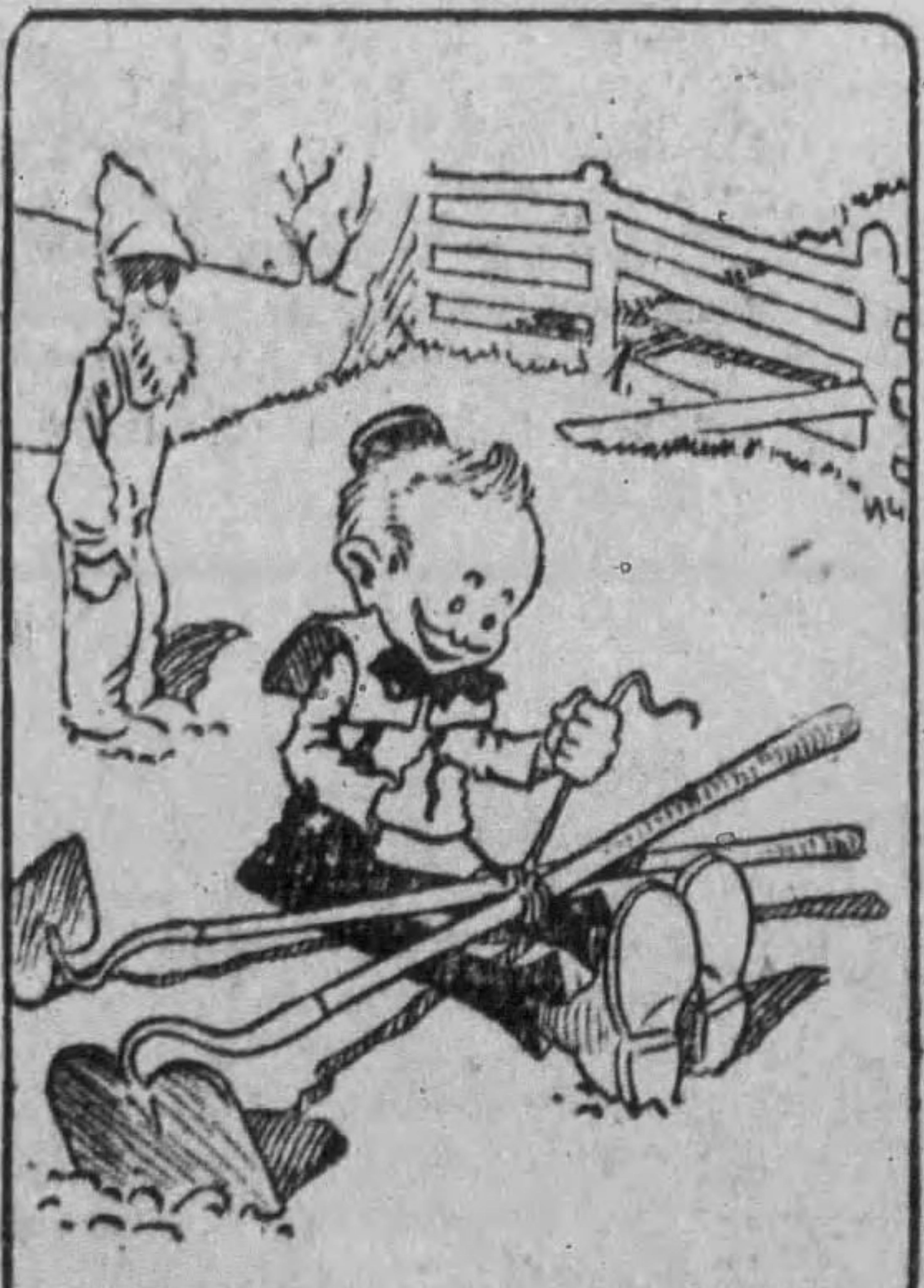
# DUKE MURPHY BACK ON THE RAILROAD



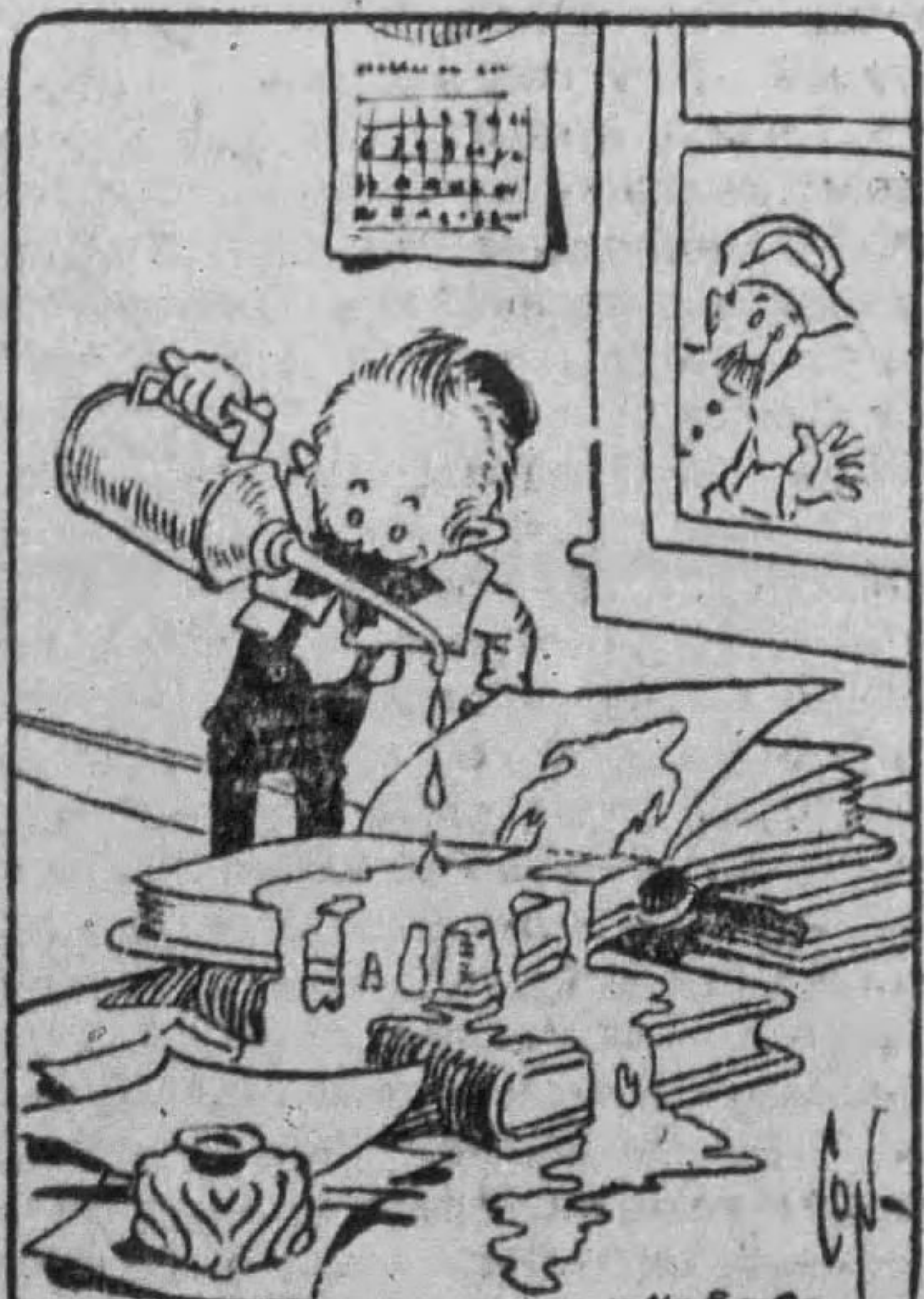
Duke tapped the wheels.



He swung the signals.

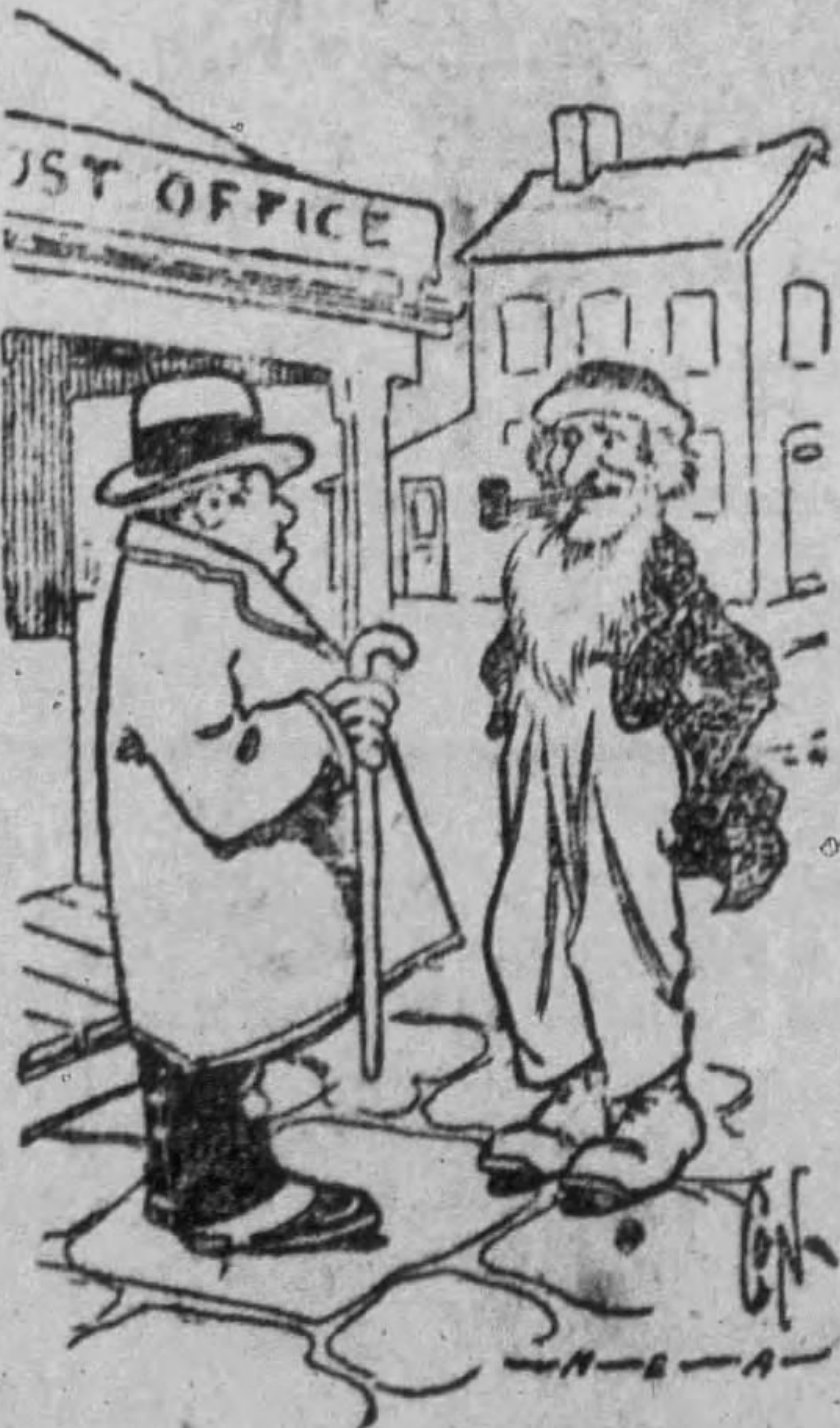


Joined the hose.



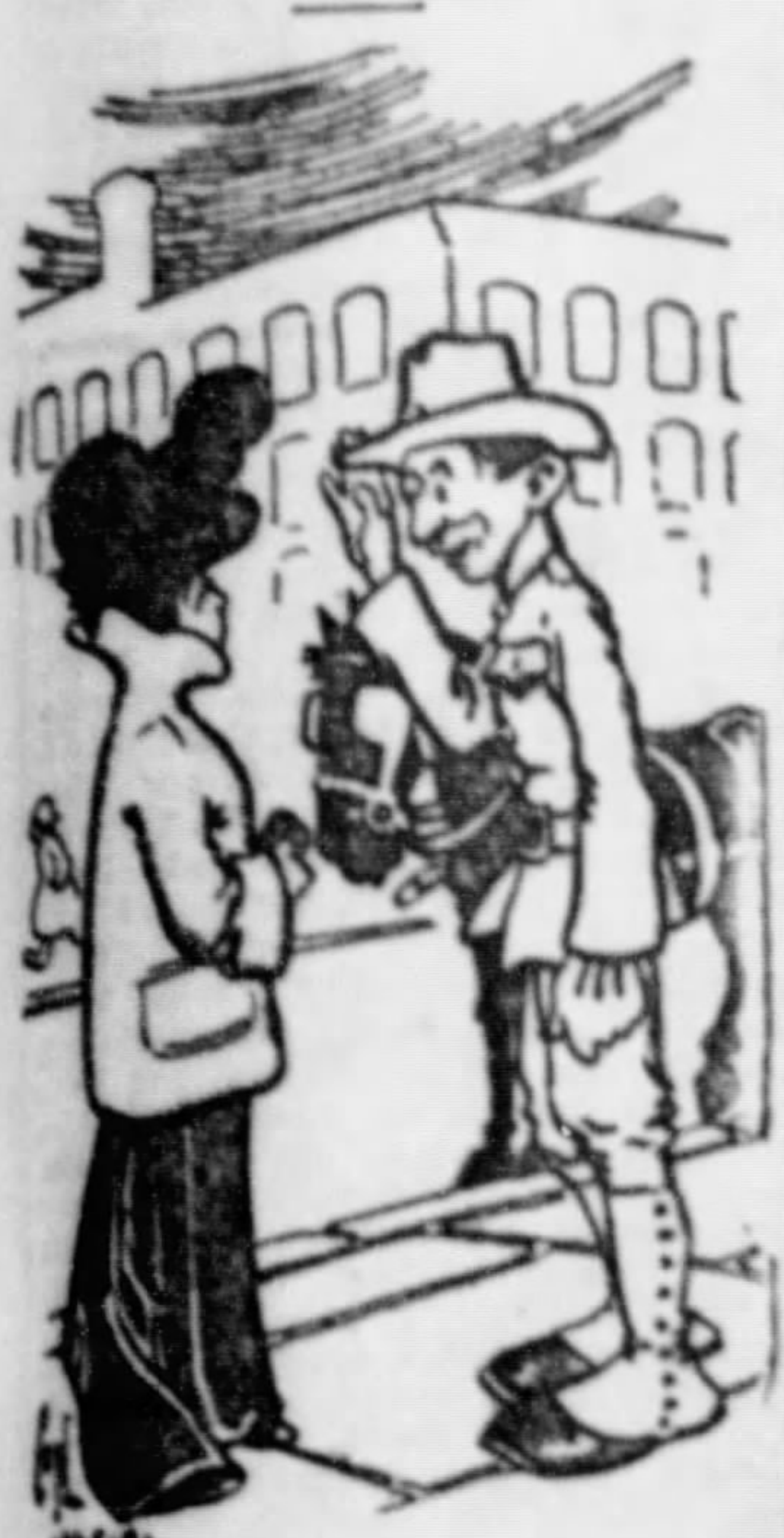
And oiled the Journals.

# QUITE DIFFERENT


ST OFFICE
Con
—N—E—A—

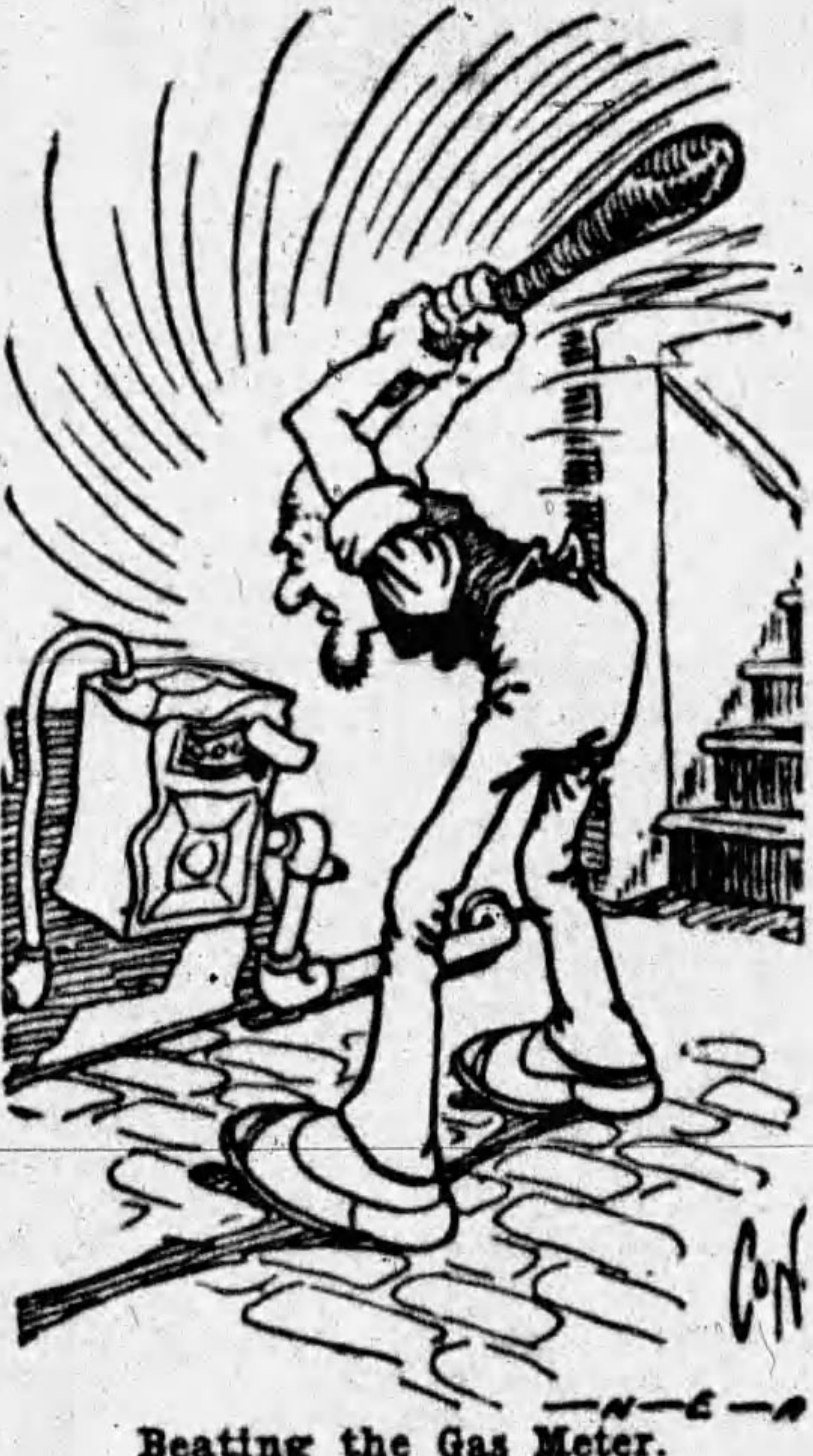
"Does your village support a brass band?"

"Wull, I can't say it supports one, but it stands fer one."

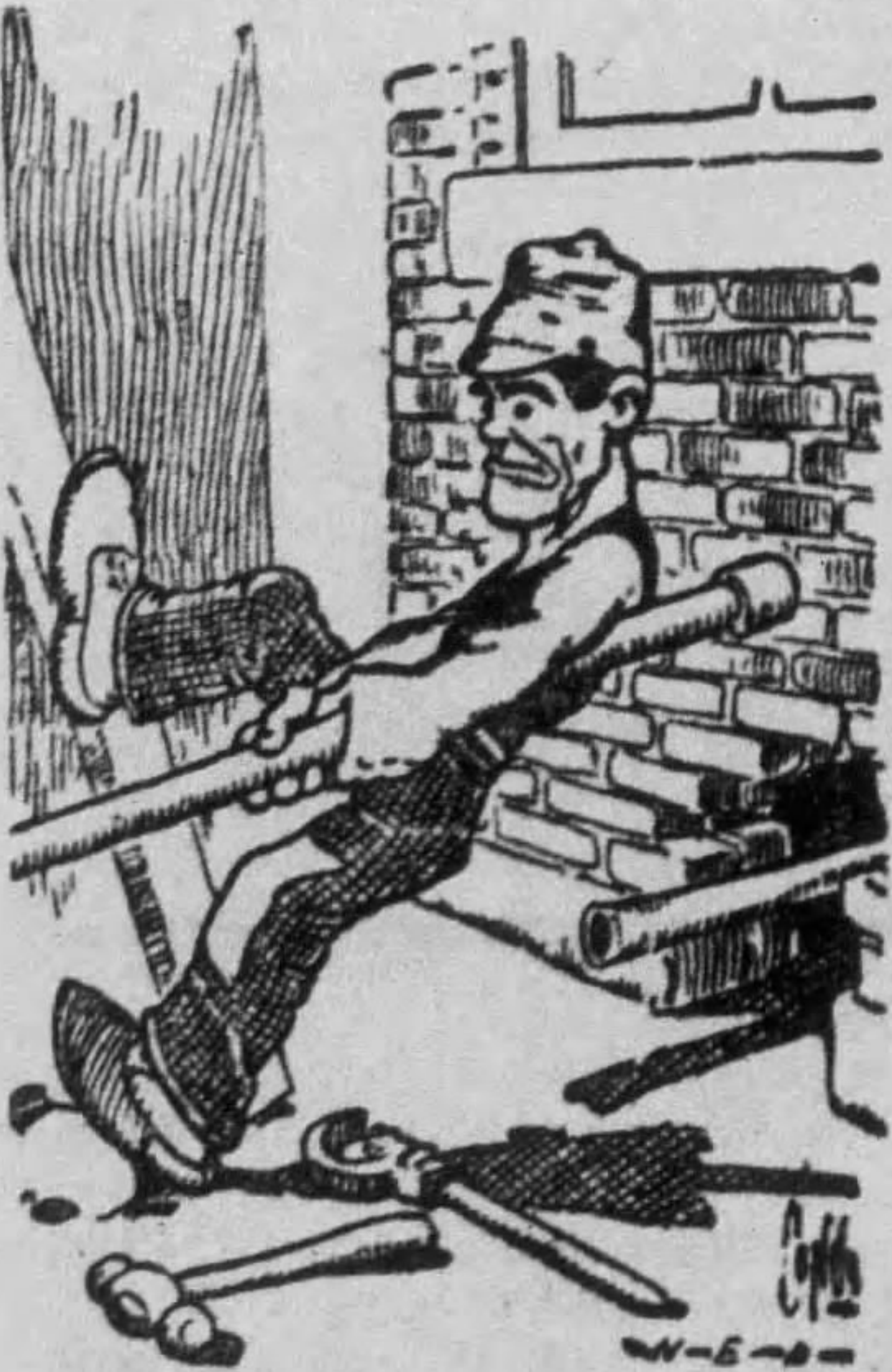


"I should think you would feel proud of your army record, lieutenant."

"Indeed, I am. I served two years in the Philippines and wasn't married to even one native."

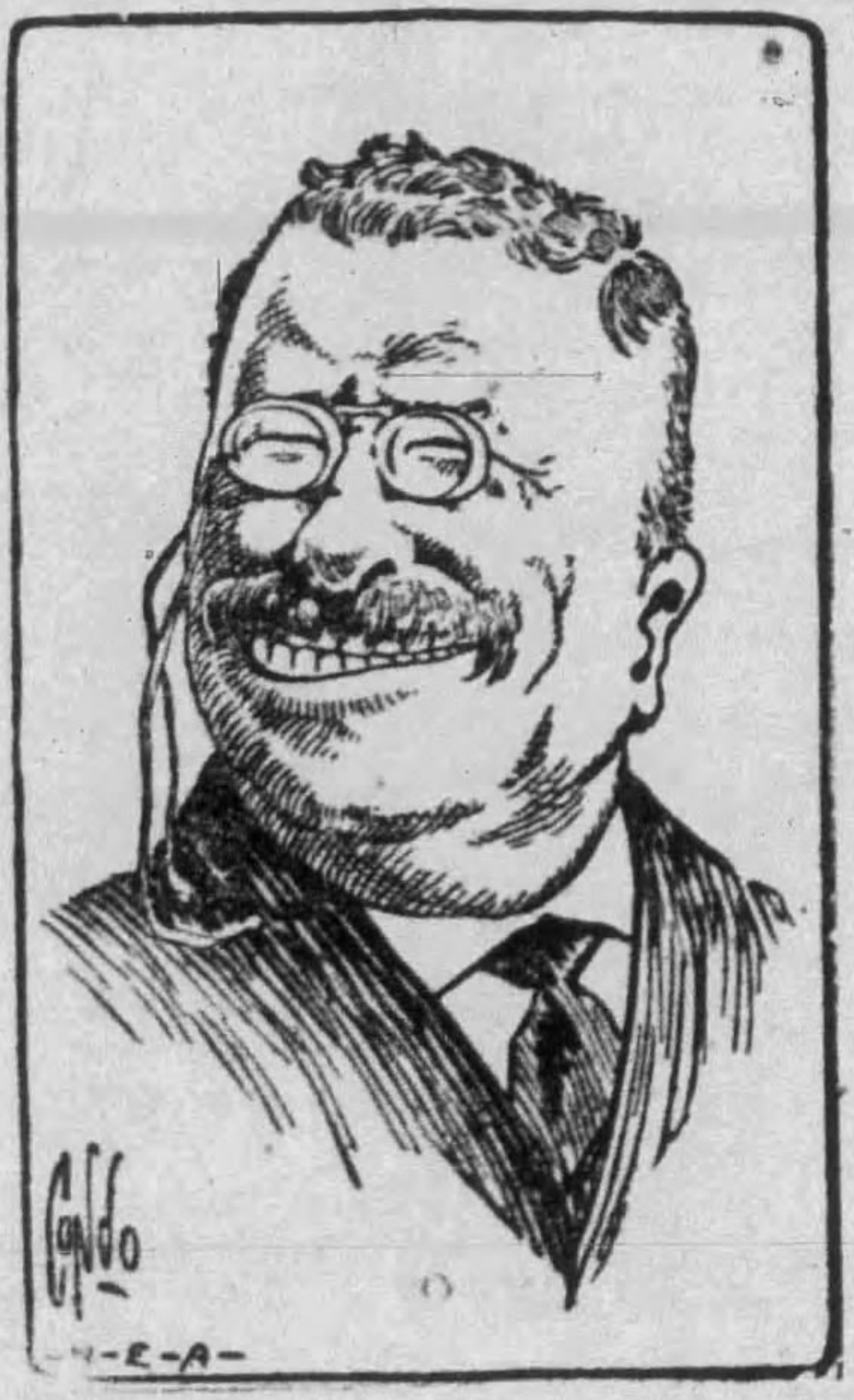


Beating the Gas Meter.



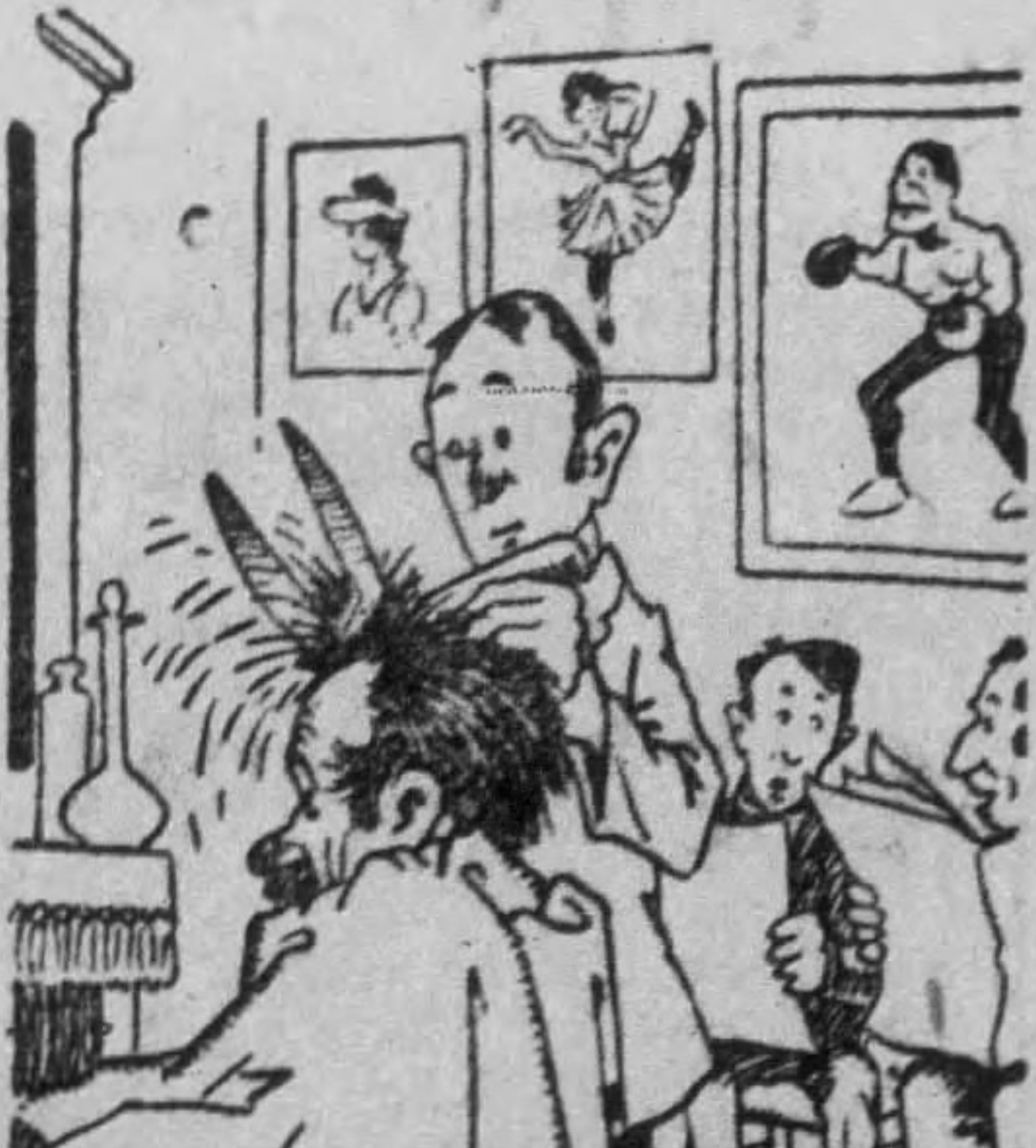
He Pulled Away at His Pipe.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE



The above is a hitherto unpublished picture of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, formerly of Oyster Bay, N. Y., but for some time past a resident of Washington, D. C. He will also make his home in that city for the next four years. In addition to being president of the United States, Colonel Roasevelt is an author of note. He has written a number of special messages to congress and wrote the inaugural address delivered at Washington, March 4.

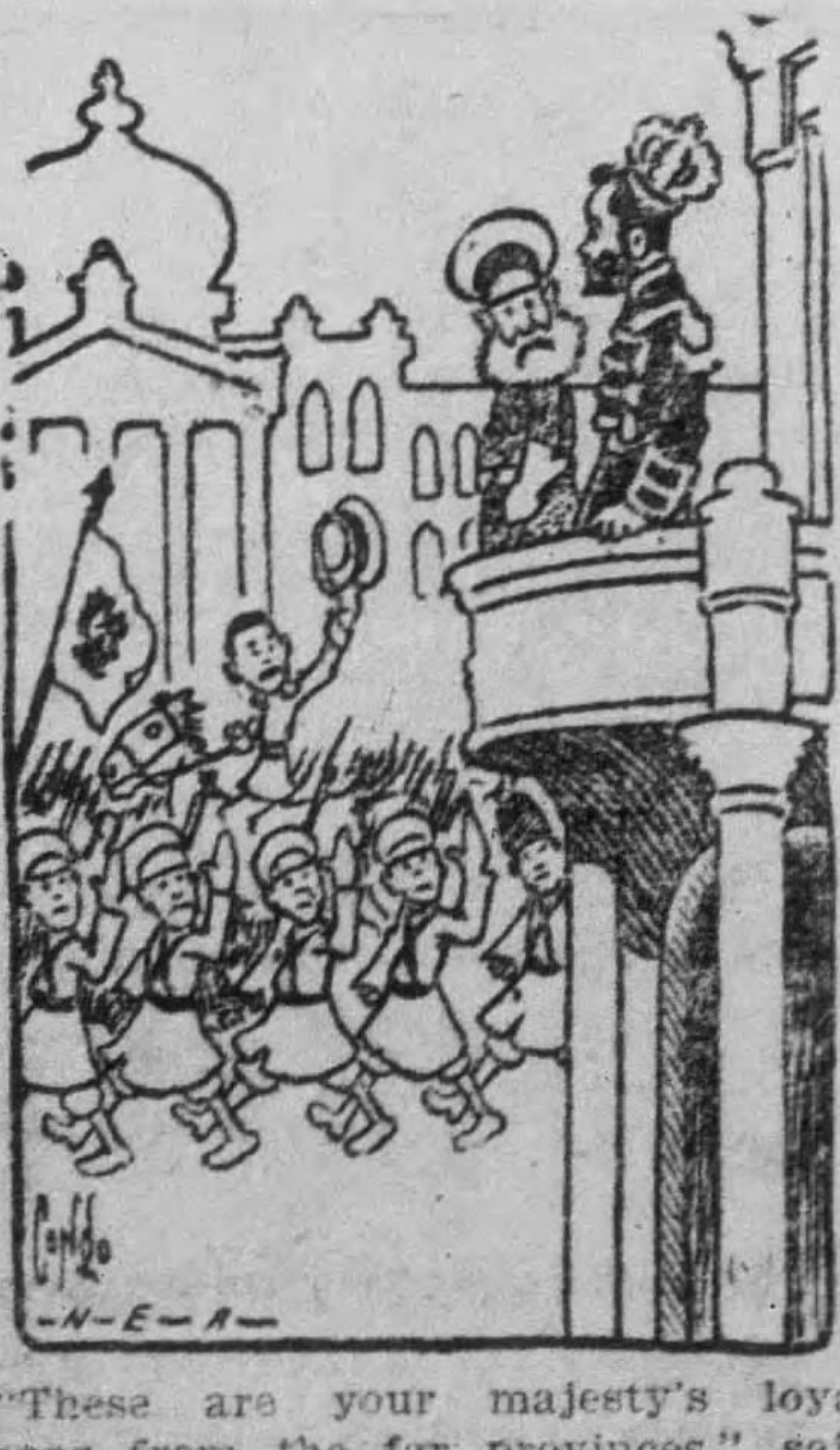
# NATURAL



"Shearer's talking awfulsarcastically to that fellow in his chair. I shouldn't think his customers would stand for it."

"Oh, they don't mind it. They know he's given to making cutting remarks."

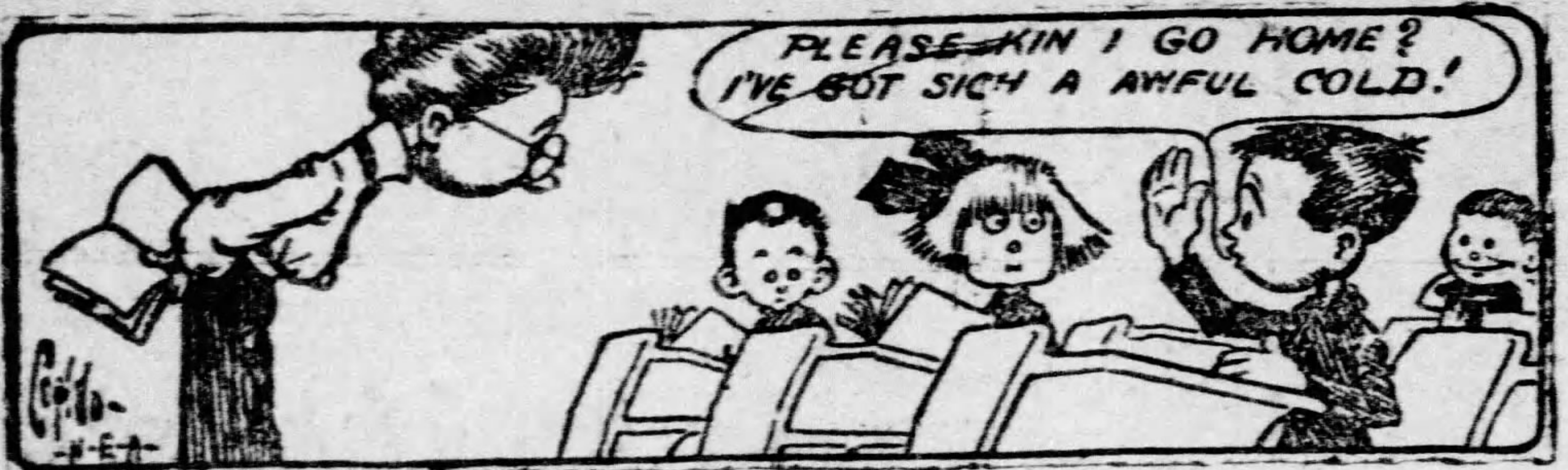
# THE CZAR'S QUIP



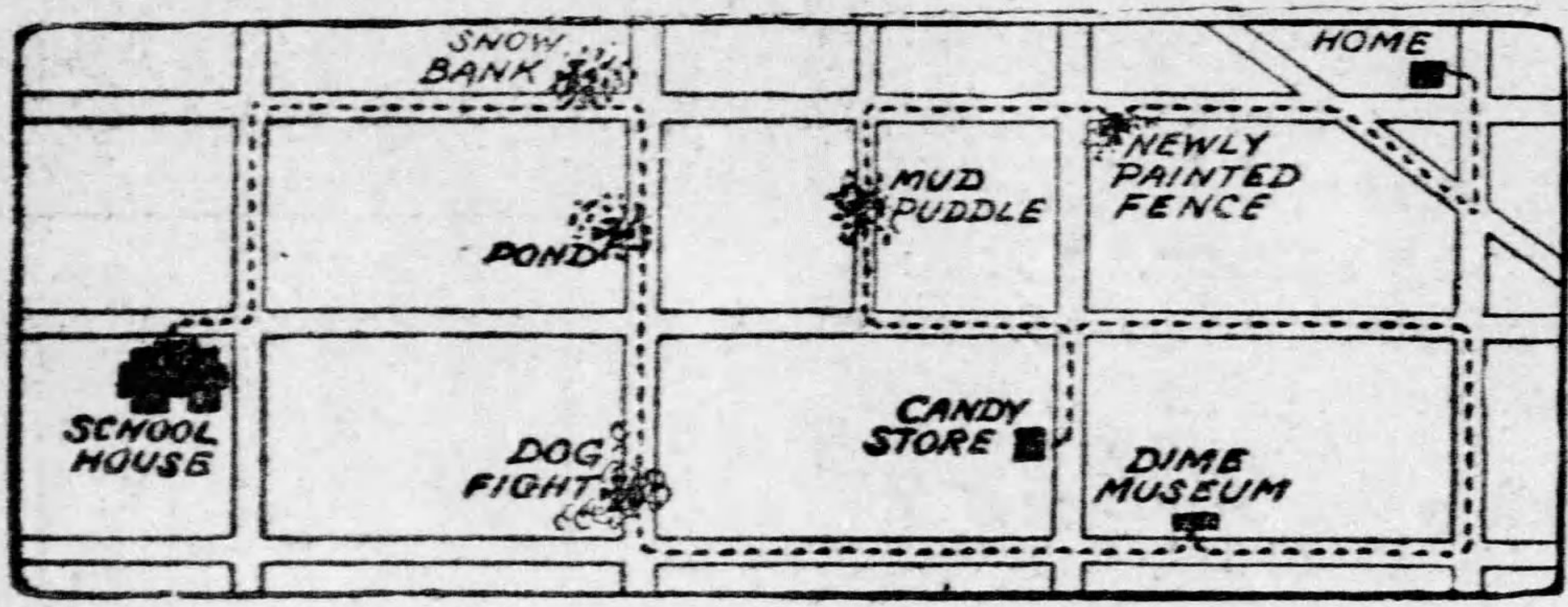
"These are your majesty's loyal troops from the far provinces," said the grand duke. "See your brave Polish soldiers."

"I see them," replied the czar. "I also see my Finnish."

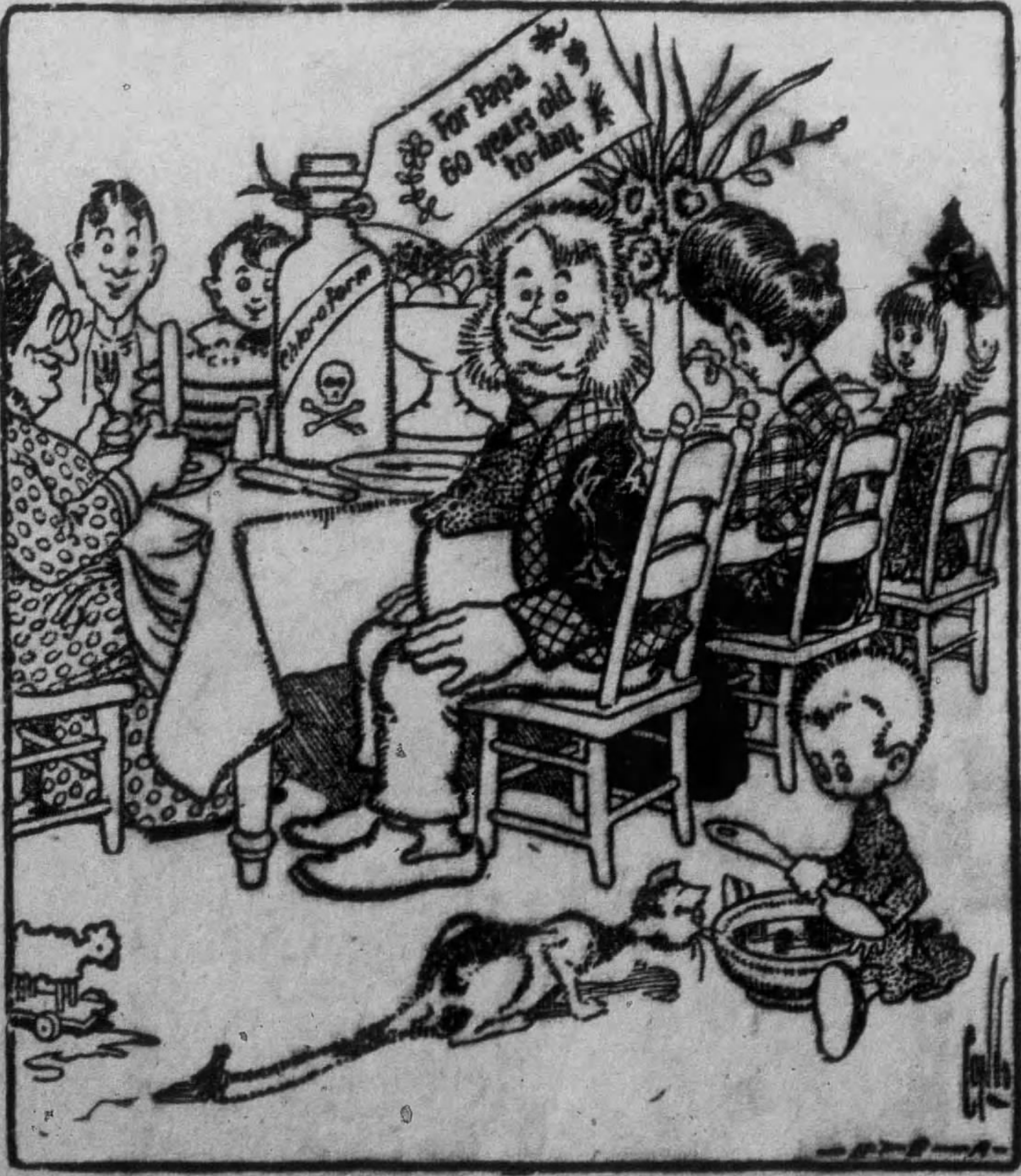
# A BOY CAN'T HELP IT.


PLEASE KIN I GO HOME? I'VE GOT SICH A AWFUL COLD!

He'll be so sick. He fears he may die in the school room.


SNOW BANK
HOME
NEWLY PAINTED FENCE
MUD PUDDLE
POND
SCHOOL HOUSE
CANDY STORE
DIME MUSEUM
DOG FIGHT

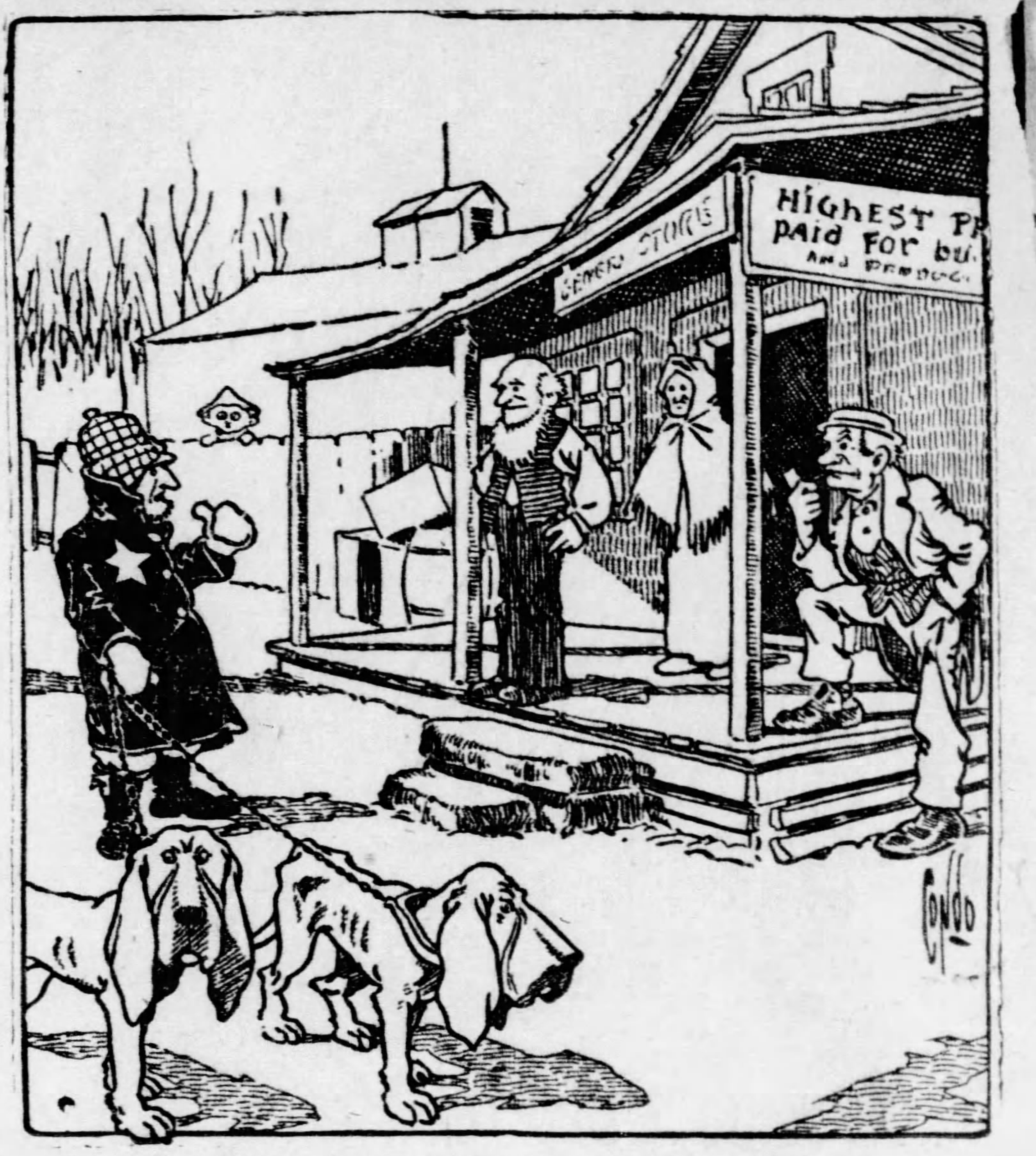
And when the teacher tells him he may go home he spends three hours on this route.


For Papa
60 years old
to-day
Chloroform

An Osler Birthday Party.

# THE ADVENTURES OF
# HAIRLOCK HONES

### As Told by Josh Wise



HAIRLOCK QUESTIONED THE STOREKEEPER.

## THE MISSING AUTO.

One pleasant mornin' in March, 1889, whilst me an' Hairlock Hones wuz havin' an interestin' discussion uv th' weather we wuz interrupted by his landlady bringin' in a card.

"Ha," says Hairlock, readin' th' card. "Show th' gentleman up." Turnin' t' me, he says: "Josh, we've been honored by a call frum Mr. Pellington Plunks, th' son uv one uv our richest steel magnates. I wonder whut he wants."

Hairlock didn't have t' wonder long, though, fer in a few seconds Mr. Pellington Plunks wuz in our midst. He looked at me suspicious like till Hairlock introduced us, tellin' 'im I wuz all right. Then th' feller sit down, an' Hairlock says: "You didn't come in yer autymobeel."

"No, I didn't," says Mr. Plunks, much startled. "How did you know that?"

"Because if you'd rode up in your machine I'd heard it chug-chuggin'," says Hairlock. "Besides, you ain't got your autymobeel clothes on, an' a gentleman uv your taste an' standin' wouldn't ride in an autymobeel with anything but autymobeel clothes on."

Mr. Plunks bowed an' says: "Thank you, Mr. Hones."

"Now," says Hairlock, "t' business. "Whut's th' reason I'm honored by this call?"

"I've come t' you," says Mr. Plunks, "t' have you recover my autymobeel."

"My dear sir," says Hairlock, "I must refer you t' th' police. I can't waste my time on such an easy thing."

"Wel, if you think it's an easy case you're way off," says Mr. Plunks. "Th' town police has been workin' on th' case fer two weeks an' ain't made no headway. Besides, if they find th' machine my name'll get in th' papers an' papa will be angry with me."

"Under th' circumstances," says Hairlock, "I'll take th' case. Tell me the facts uv it."

"It's like this," says Mr. Plunks. "Ev'ry three or four days fer th' last month somebody steals my machine, "uses it a day, sometimes two days, an' then brings it back. Last night it wuz took again. I dropped int' th' hotel a few minutes ago——"

"T' get a shave an' a shine," broke in Hairlock.

"Yes, but tell me how you knowed it," says Mr. Plunks.

"Tut, tut," says Hairlock. "I ain't got time t' explain things now. Go ahead."

"I heard my machine. You see, I have a peculiar horn on my machine an' I c'n always tell it. I heard it toot. When I reached th' street I seen th' machine goin' about 30 mile an hour, seven er eight blocks away. It turned up First street. Now, Mr. Hairlock Hones, I know I'll get th' autymobeel back, but whut I want is t' get th' feller th't runs off with th' machine—not t' have him arrested, but t' scare him so he'll quit pesterin' me."

"Good," says Hairlock. "We'll have th' thief before midnight t'night. But tell me, whereabouts wuz th' sprinklin' wagon th't you seen when you left th' hotel?"

"Why, you read my movements uz well uz though you'd been with me," says Mr. Plunks.

"Come man, quick, there's no time fer talk," says Hairlock.

"It was about two blocks from th' hotel."

"Comin' toreds you er goin' in th' same direction you wuz?"

"It wuz comin' toreds me, jest uz I wuz crossin' Ghand-av at th' corner uv Washington-st."

"Come, quick, we must go there," says Hairlock, an' grabbed 'is hat an' run, th' rest uv us followin' 'im. He jumped int' Mr. Plunks' hack an' so did we an' we drove t' Grand an' Washington in a gallop.

"Wait here till I come back," says Hairlock, an' away he went out Grand-av, right in th' middle us th' street, his head down, lookin' at th' autymobeel tracks an' the sprinklin' wagon tracks, fer all th' world like a hound on th' trail. He run three blocks an' back he come.

"Back t' my house, if you please, Mr. Plunks," says Hairlock, an' we drove back there.

On th' way back Hairlock shut 'is eyes an' studied th' situation uz only he could, an' me an' th' young feller, seein' from 'is manner th't he didn't want t' be bothered, said nothin'. When we reached Hones' lodgin's, he says, "Goodday, Mr. Plunks. I'll see you at your house at 8 t'night an' we'll talk with th' man th't's been pesterin' you.

"Josh," he says, "run over t' th' liv'ry stable an' bring my bloodhounds."

I had th' dogs back there in a jiffy an' found Hairlock disguised uz a country constable.

"Th' trouble with most detectives," says he, "is th't they depend too much on false whiskers. I wear 'em now an' then, but false an' artificial whiskers, like real an' cultivated ones, is no good if they ain't backed by brains. I'll be back this afternoon."

An' off he went, on a run. I didn't follow, but got th' story frum him afterwards. He went out First-st, th' bloodhounds catchin' th' scent an' leadin' th' way. On they went, out int' th' country, till they reached th' first crossroads. Right in front uv th' gen'ral store there, th' blood-hounds took sick, an' Hairlock give up th' chase, but he stopped t' ask th' storekeeper questions. "I'm th' consta-bill frum another county," he says, explanatory like.

Th' storekeeper told him th' autymobeel often went past there, but never came back, an' give 'im some other information.

"Them must be purty bad hounds uv yourn, not t' be able t' trail an autymobeel," says the storekeeper.

"Humph," says Hairlock, "they're sick. It'd make any dog sick t' have t' follow an autymobeel's scent long."

Hairlock come back home at 5 o'clock, an' at 8 sharp we rung th' doorbell uv Mr. Plunks' house.

"Bring your choofer in here," says Hairlock t' Mr. Plunks.

Mr. Plunks sent fer th' choofer, an' th' young feller come in.

"Now, my man," says Hairlock, "th' only thing I want t' know out uv you is why you steal that machine ev'ry now an' then."

Well, sir, the choofer confessed right there. He said he took it because he wanted a holiday. You see, when th' machine wuz gone he didn't have t' work, but his pay went on jist th' same. Then he cried an' begged so hard not t' be discharged th't Plunks promised t' keep 'im.

"Now tell me what made you toot th' horn down on Grand avenue, near th' hotel," says Hairlock.

"An old man wuz crossin' th' street an' I couldn't resist th' temptation t' make 'im jump. You see, I'd been turnin' th' trick so often I got reckless an' rash."

"That's all, an' good night, Mr. Plunks," said Hairlock. "Your choofer'll bring back th' machine. I'll send in my bill next week."

We took a carriage home an' on th' way Hairlock cleared up things for me.

"T' begin with," says he, "I knowed a man uz rich uz Plunks had a choofer an' uz th' machine couldn't be took while th' choofer wuz with him it wuz plain th' choofer wuzn't with him. Unbeknownst t' you an' Plunks I telephoned t' Plunks' house fer th' choofer's description. Then th' storekeeper in th' country gimme a description uv th' man in th' autymobeel an' it tallied with th' choofer's."

"How did you know young Plunks had a shave an' a shine at th' hotel?"

"Because there wuz lint on his coat, which there wouldn't uv been if he'd shaved himself, an' because th' heels uv his shoes wuzn't polished."

"An' how did you know he met a sprinklin' wagon?"

"I seen 'is shoes wuz spotted up by th' drops uv water."

"But tell me why you followed th' tracks down on Grand street?"

"Ah, my dear Wise, that wuz a master stroke, if I do say it myself," says he. "I c'd tell by th' tracks th't th' choofer hadn't turned out fer th' wagon, so I figured his clothes wuz spattered an' spotted with water. On my way home from th' country I went 'round t' Plunks' house an' by bribing th' cook I got her t' go t' th' choofer's room an' see if he'd changed his black suit, which wuz th' one he wore in th' autymobeel. She found he had an' let me look at th' pants. By using my pocket microscope I c'd see th' spots easy."

"Where d'you s'pose he'e been keepin' th' machine?" says I.

"I didn't think that worth while lookin' into."

"But what beats me is why he took th' machine out," says I.

"Double fudge, Josh!" says Hairlock. "He's a girl out in th' country. I s'posed anybody'd uv knowed that."

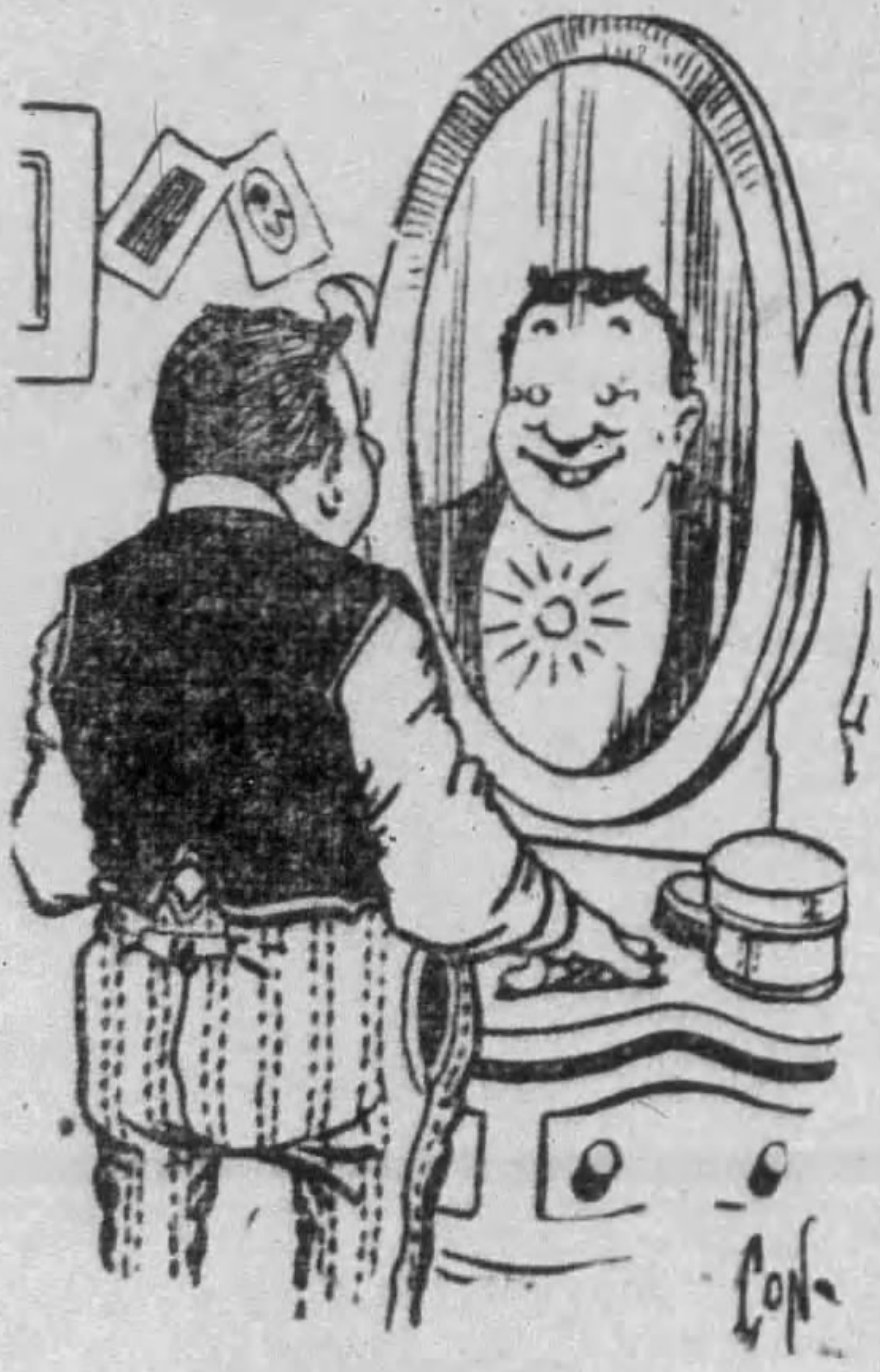
# THE WICKED STAGE BOY'S REVENGE.

TORPEDOES
CONDO
-N-E-A-

I'll get even with that drummer. I'll put a lot of torpedoes under this paper. Just wait till he hits this drum!

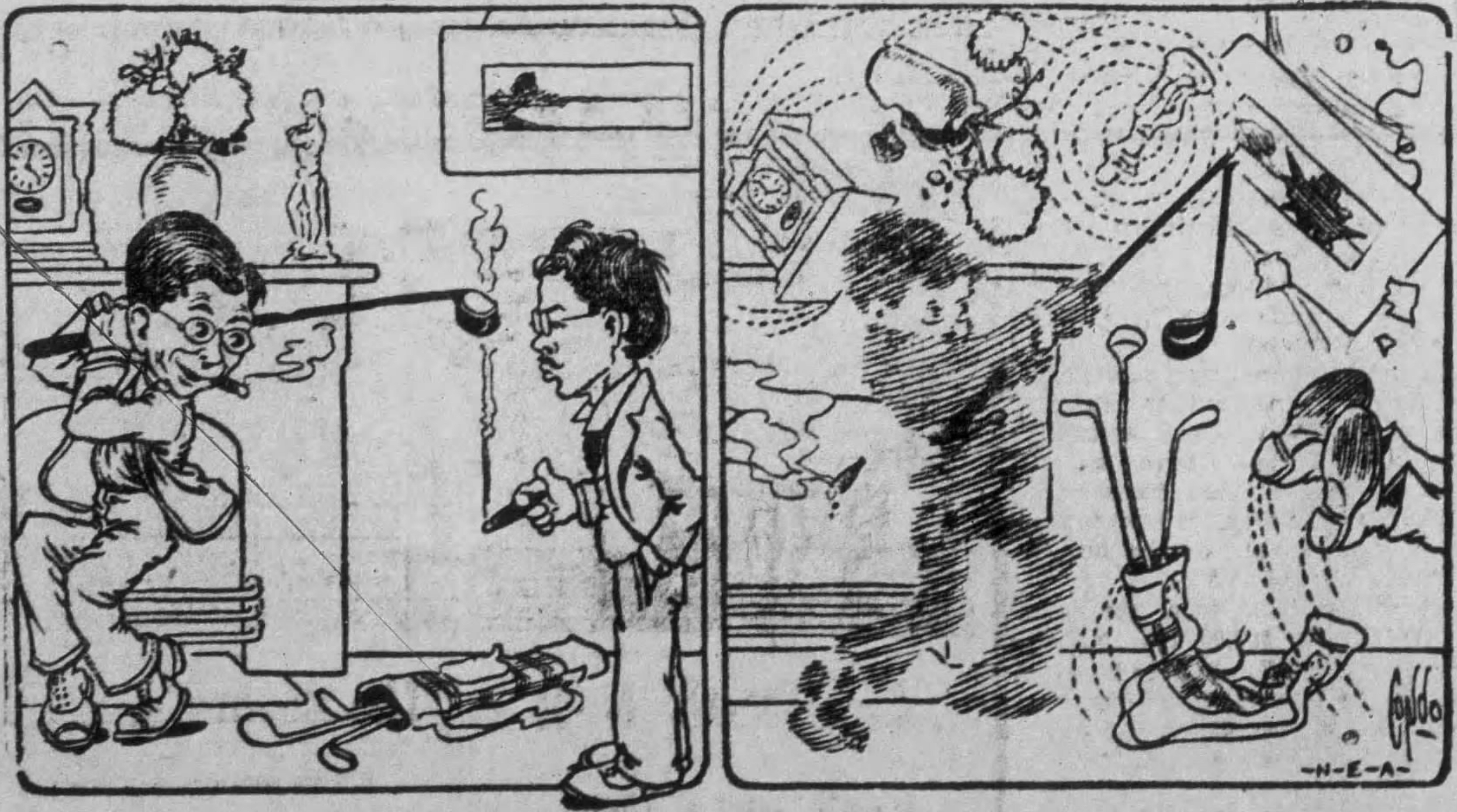
Fortunately for the bad boy, the overture was from Wagner, and the fireworks couldn't help exploding.

## Heard in the Game.



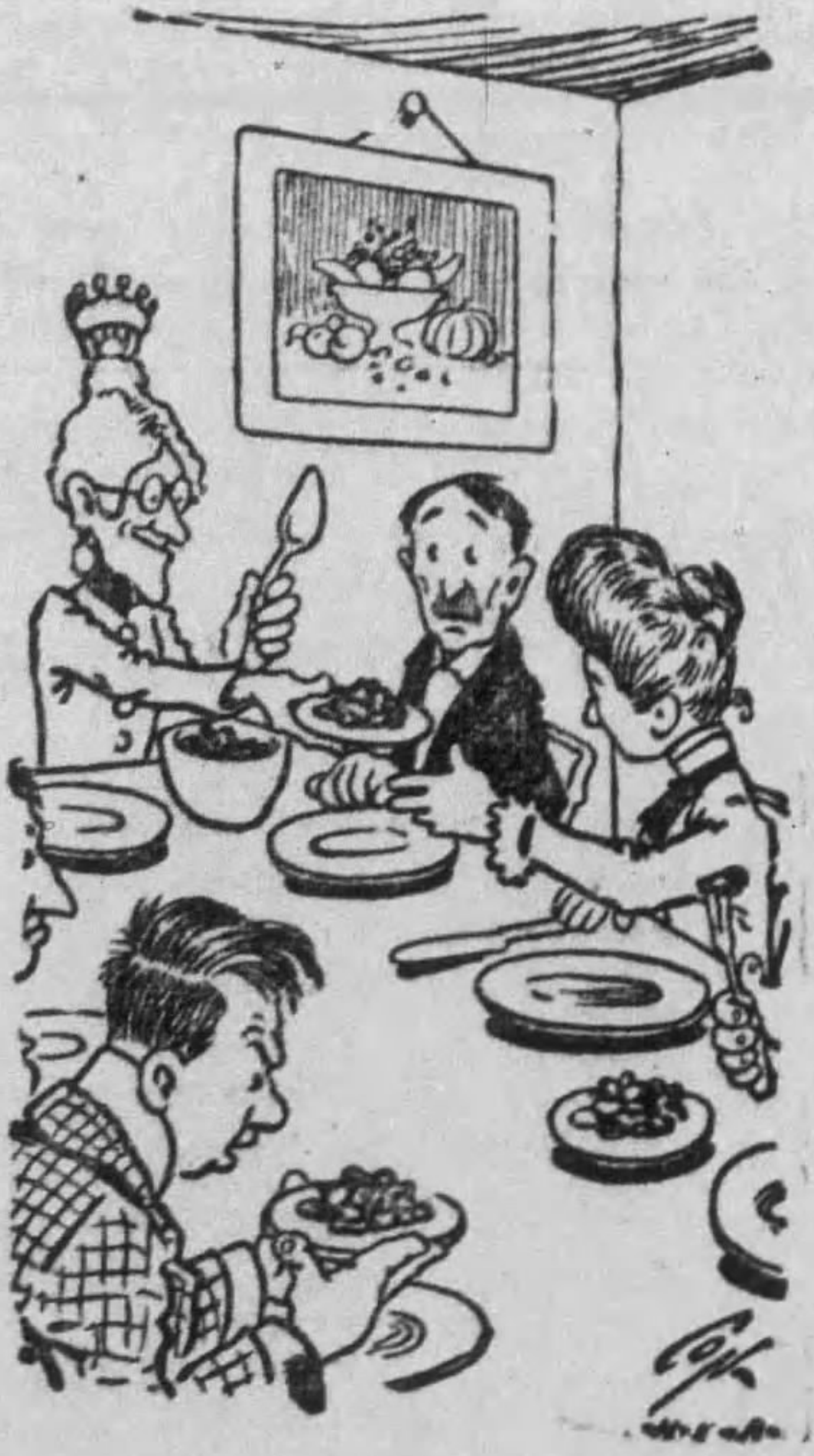
SEEING HIS RAISE.

# SURE, IT'S A GREAT GAME

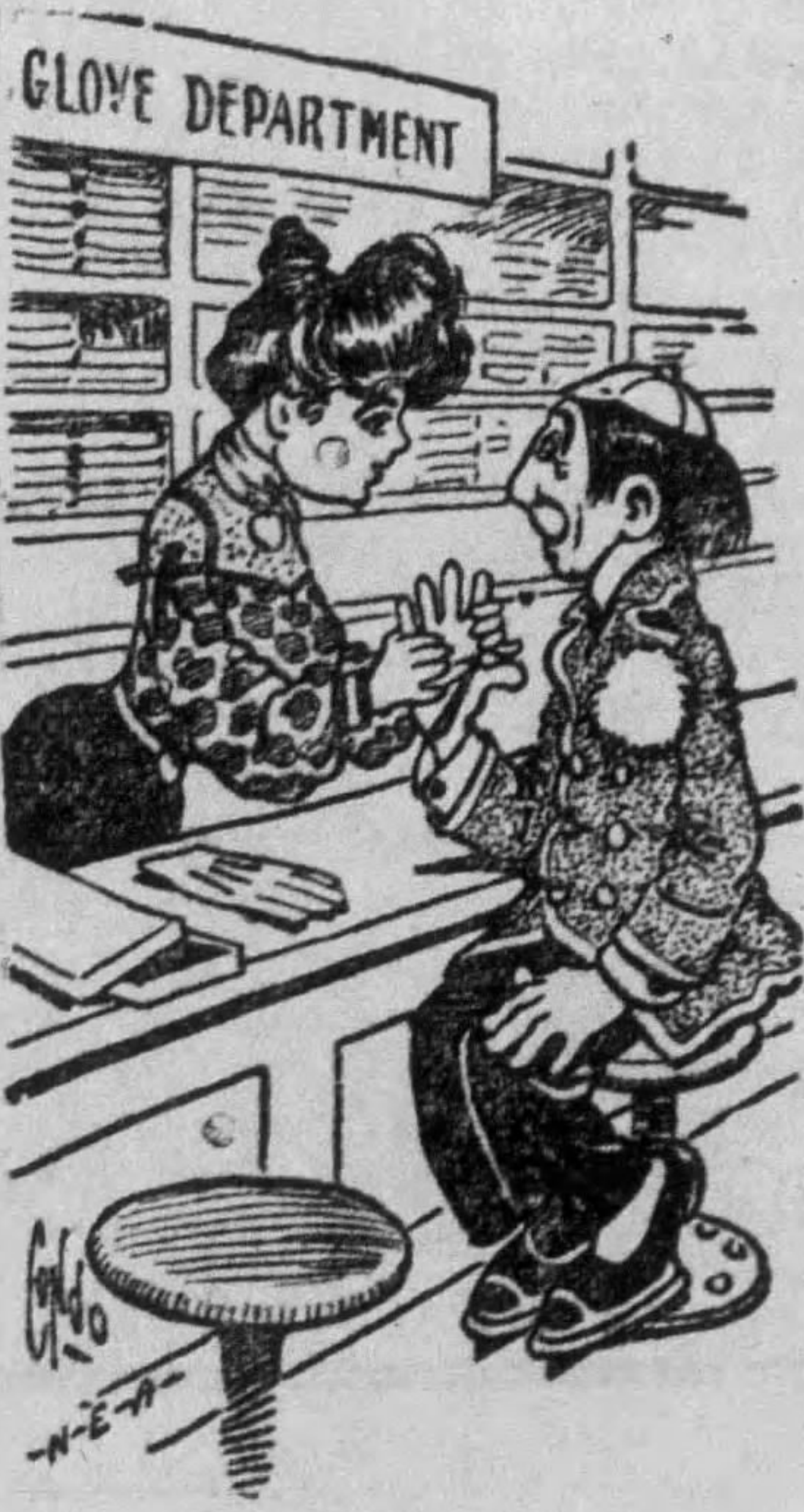


Ye take yer driver an' gie it a str-r-ong swing.

Hoot, mon!!!

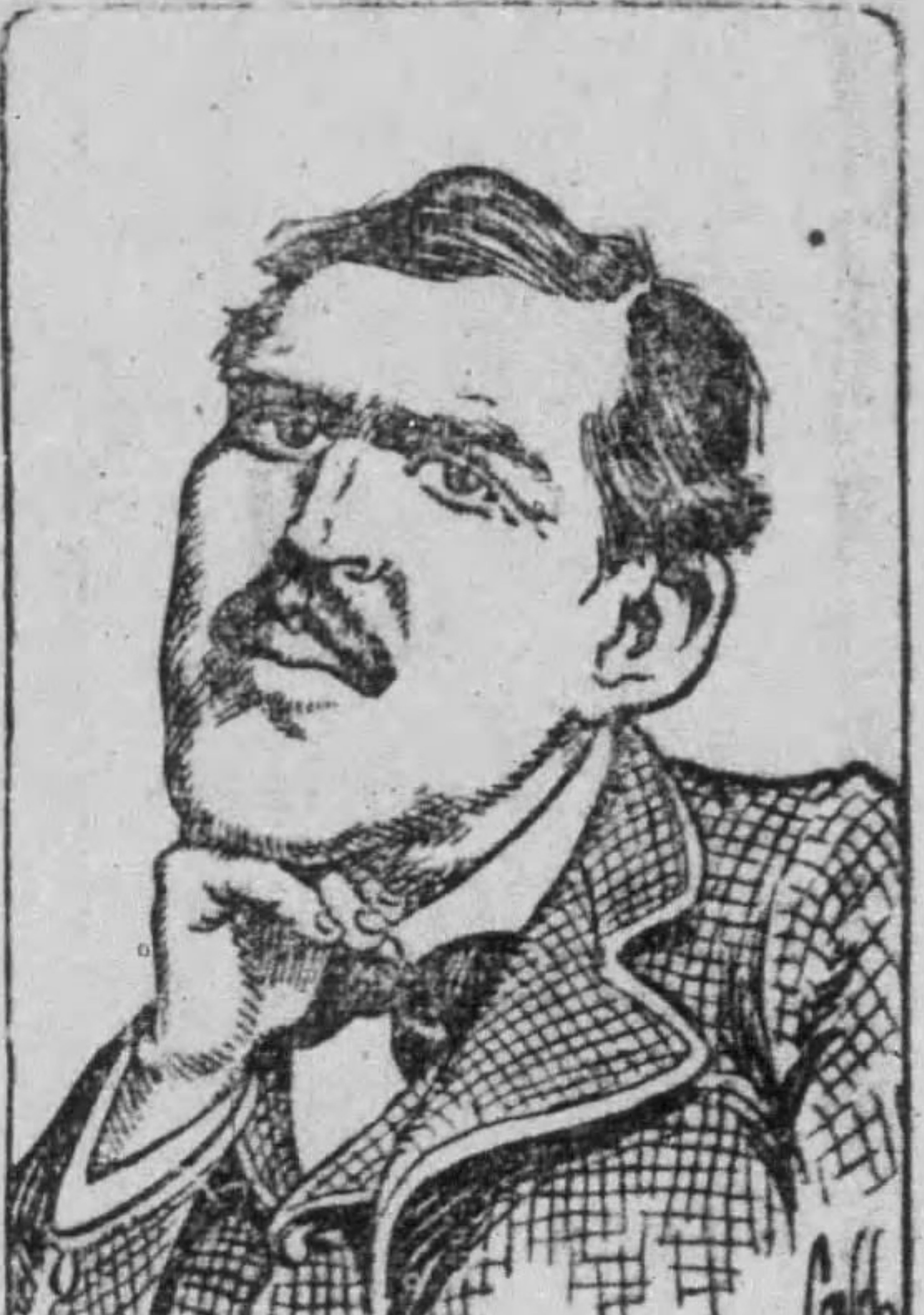


THE PRUNING SEASON IS AT HAND.


GLOVE DEPARTMENT
Condo
-N-E-A-

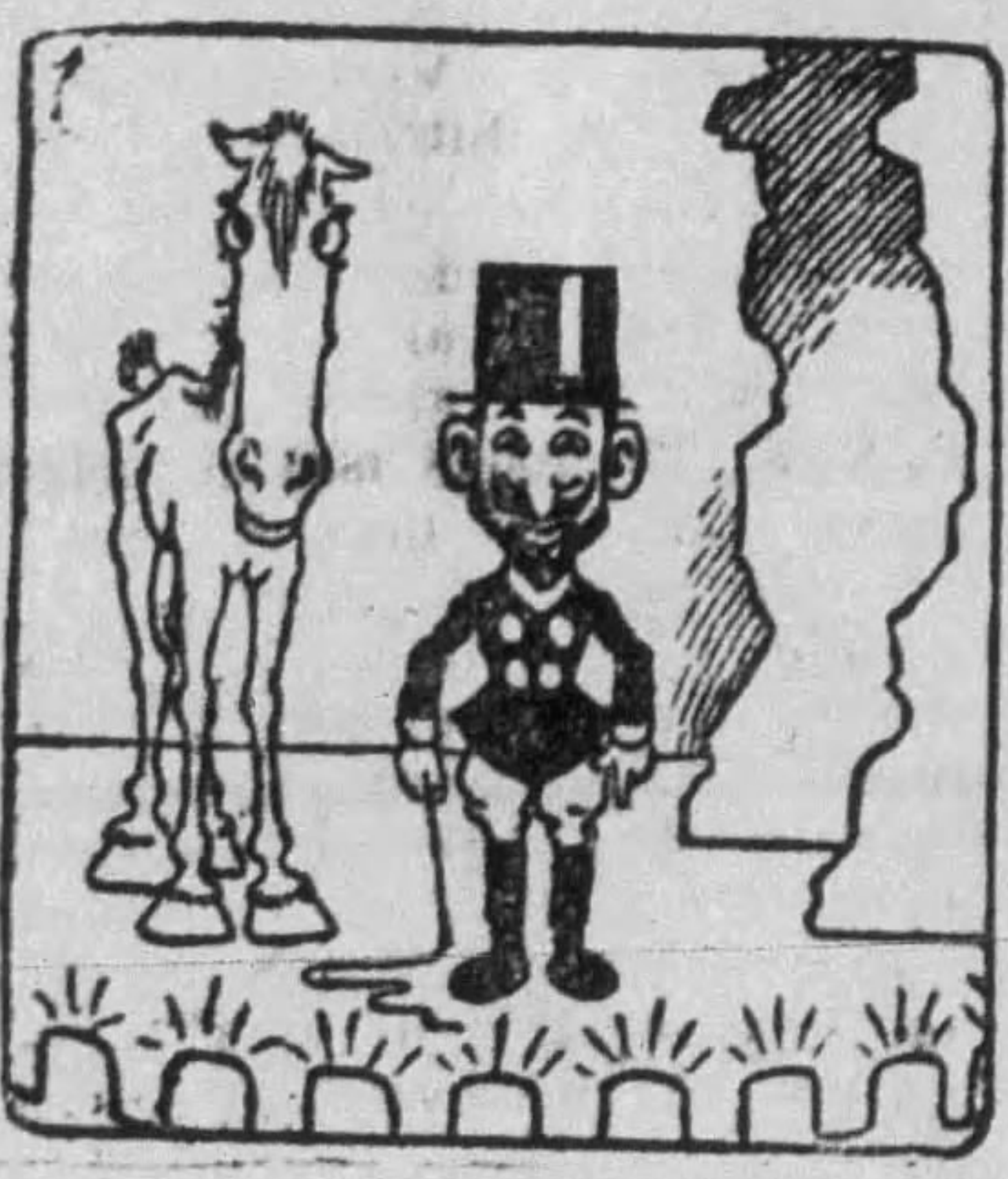
A Counterfeiting Job.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

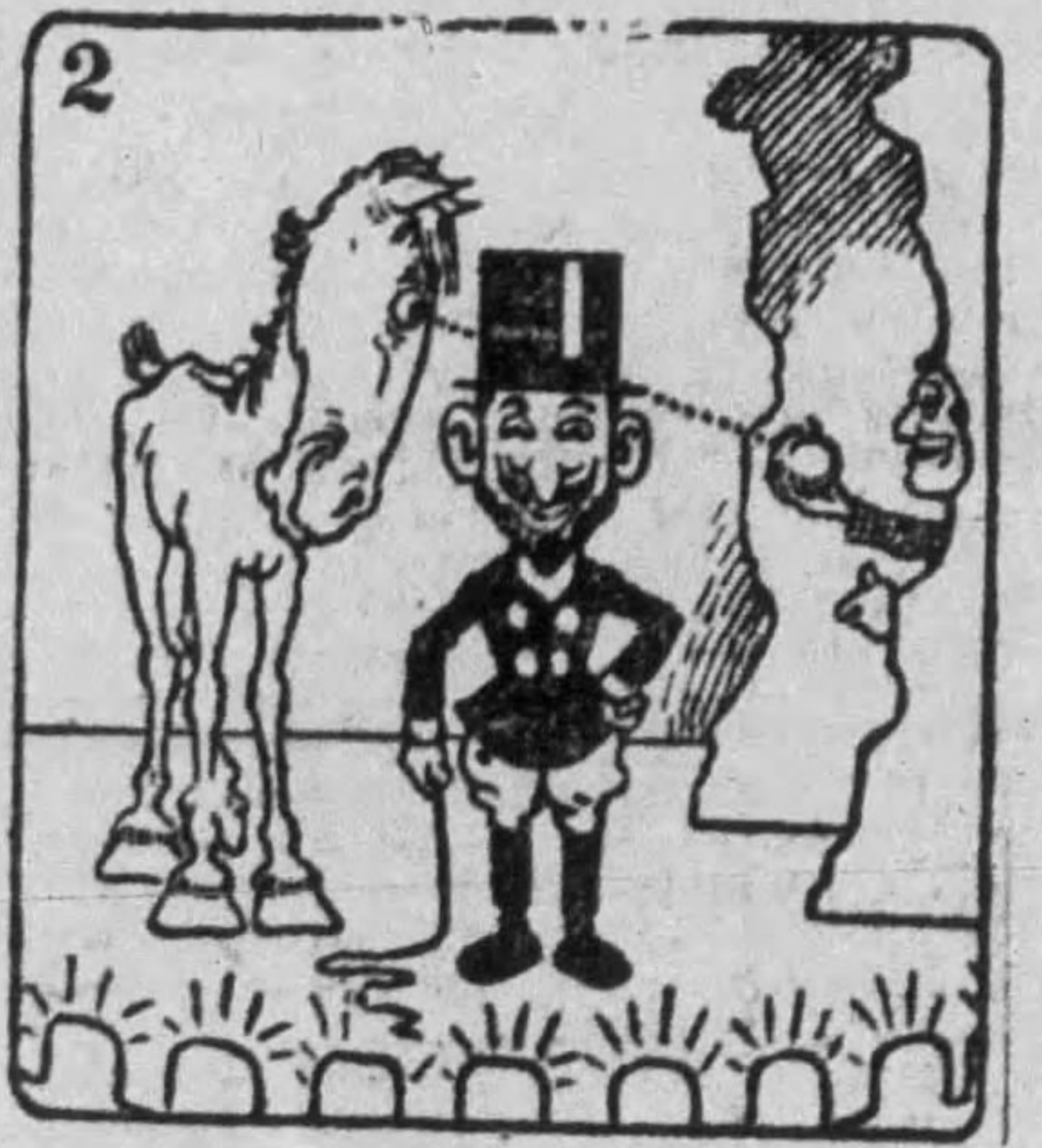


For the benefit of the few persons who may not recognize the above picture as that of James R. Garfield, it is hereby announced that the portrait is one of the latest and best of Mr. Garfield, showing him in what is known as the Mrs. Pat Campbell pose. Mr. Garfield is a young man, but is greatly feared by the trusts. He was born in Ohio, where he is well known. Although never a resident of Kansas, he is well known in that state, too.

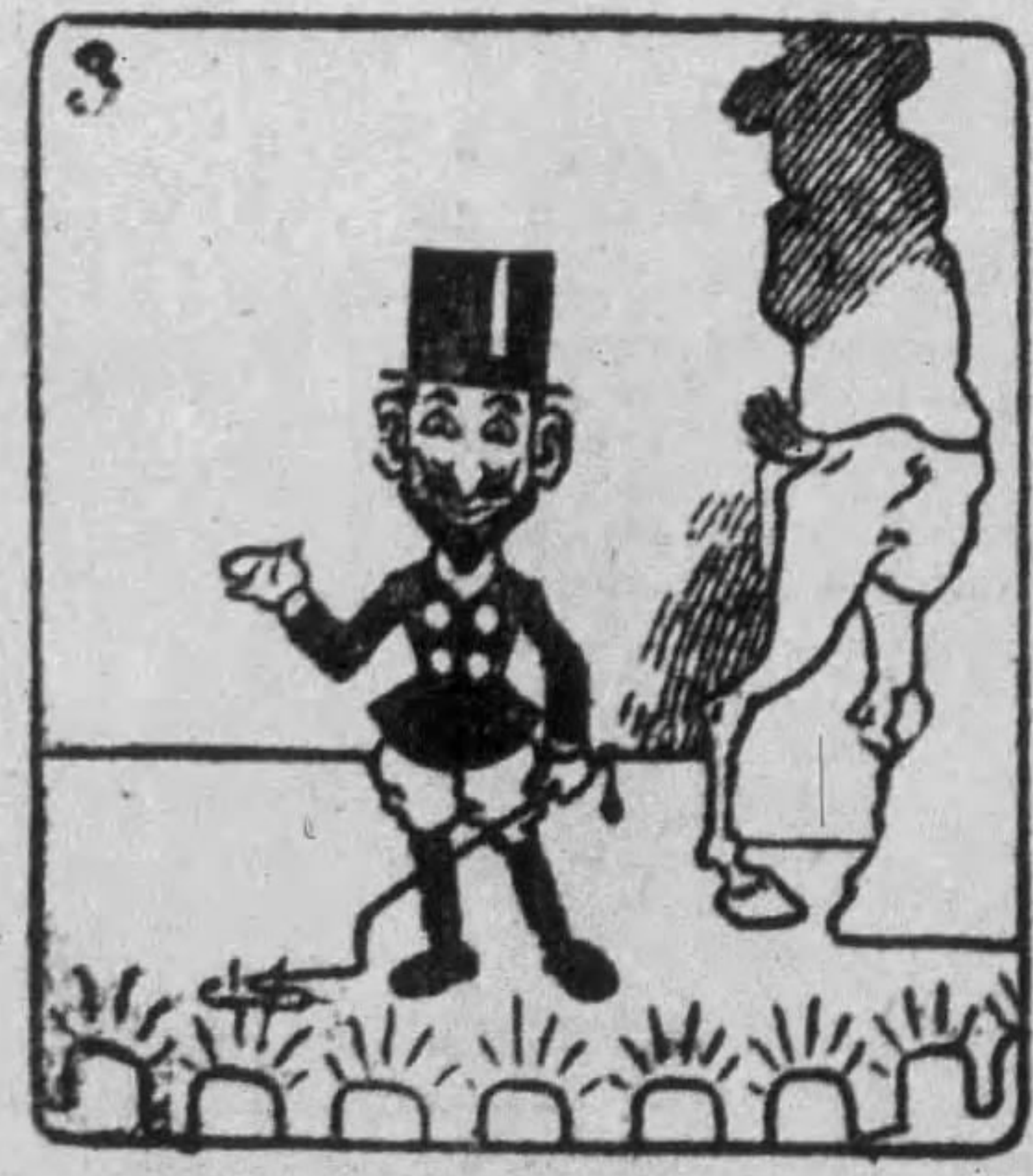
# THE HORSE THAT MADE GOOD



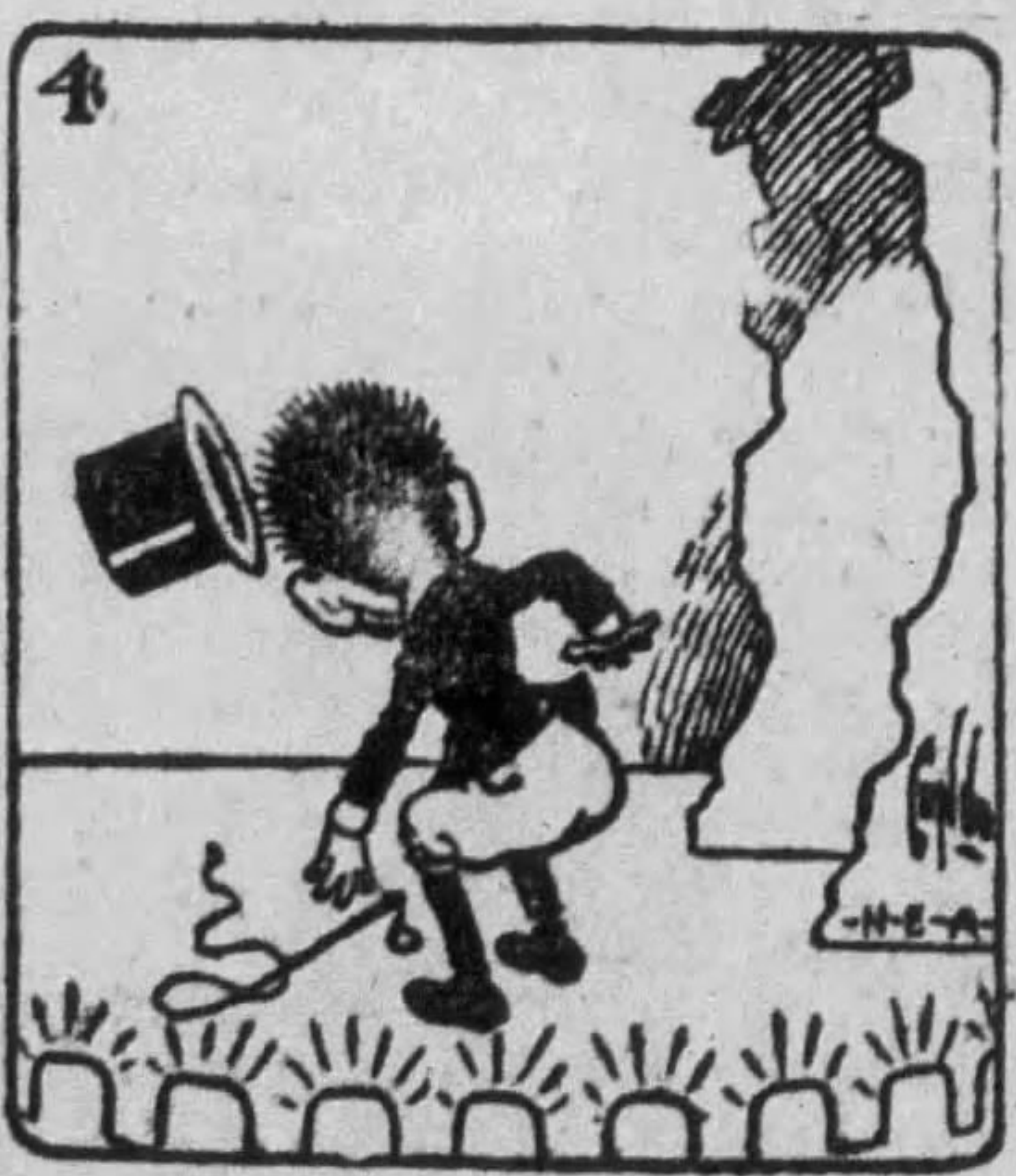
"Ladeez an' zhenmen," said the professor, "ze horse can reason as well as you an' I——"



Just then the horse saw one of the wicked stage hands holding out a fine red apple.

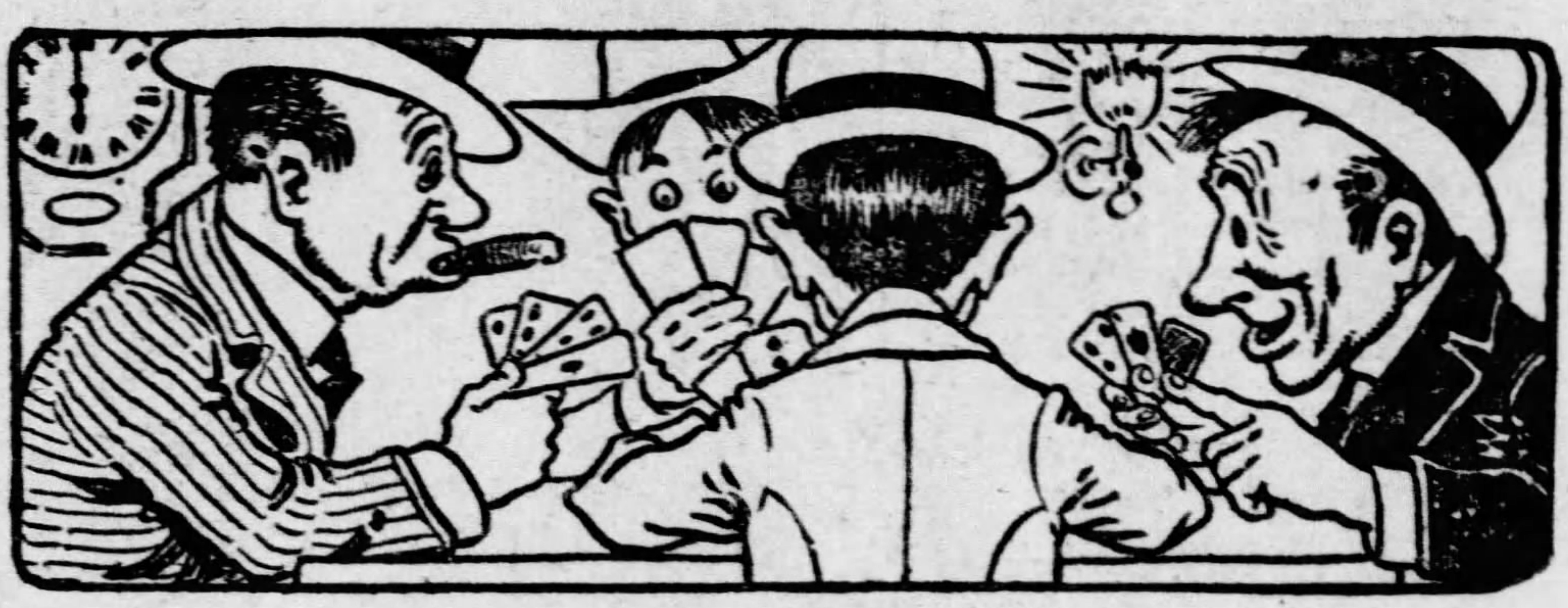


"I will prove it to you," continued the professor.

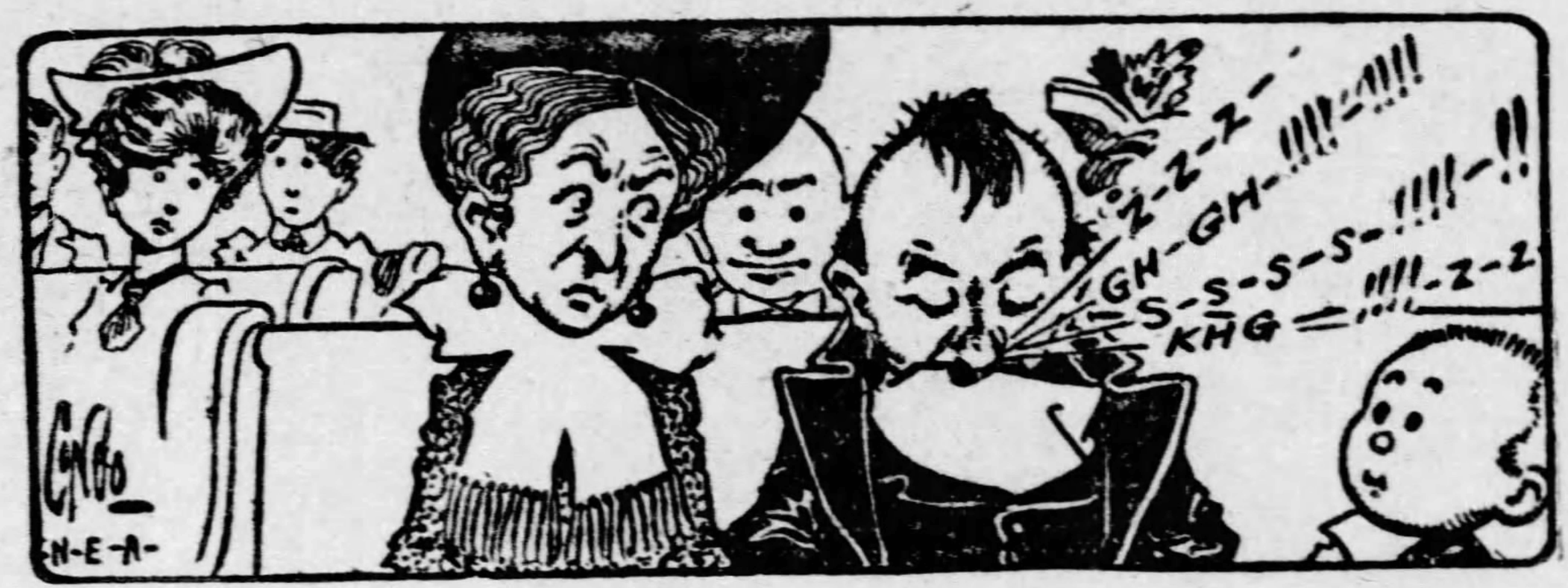


"Mon Dieu! ! !"

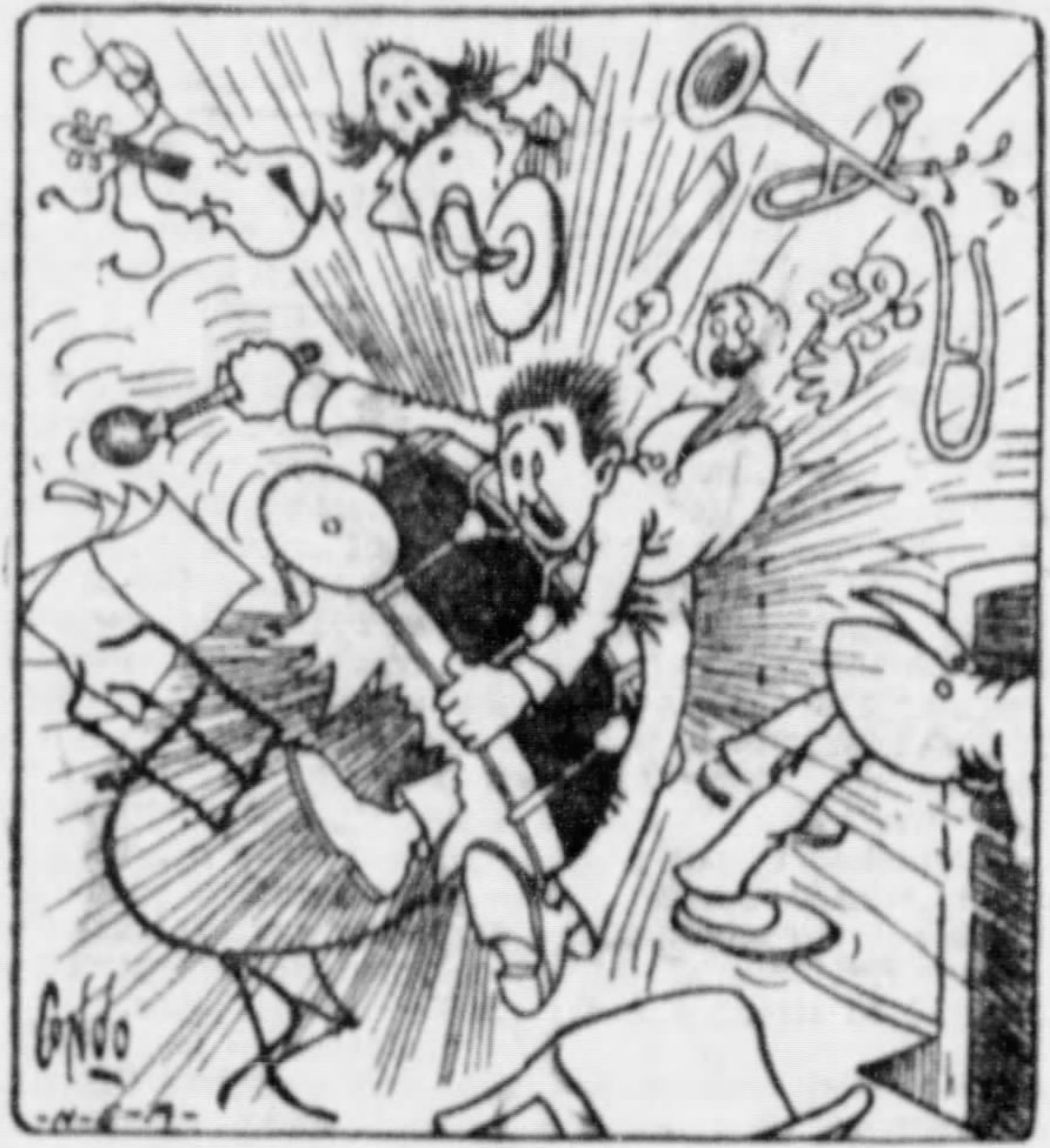
# WHY IS IT A MAN



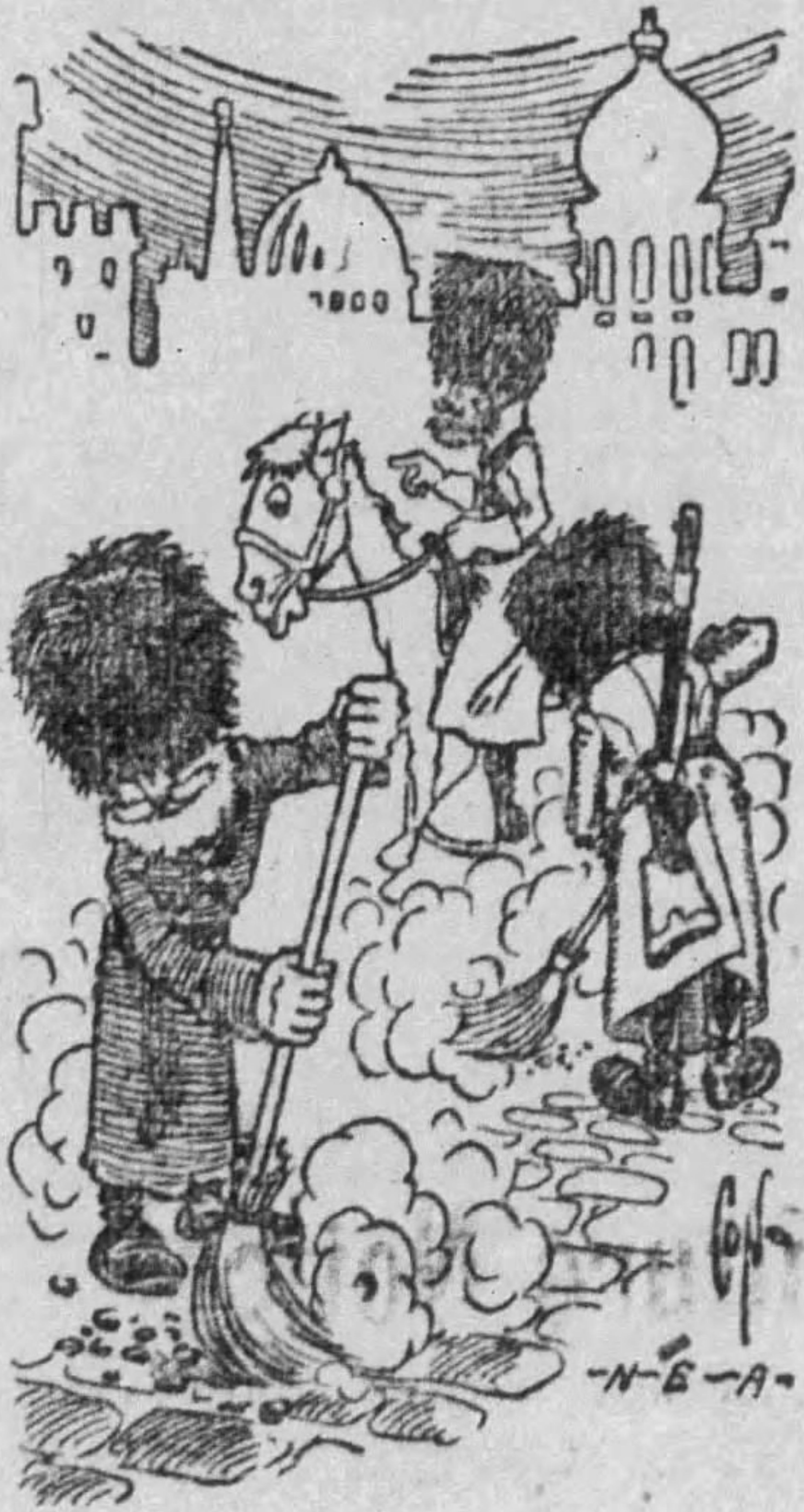
CAN DO THIS UNTIL 6 A. M. WITHOUT NAPPING


Z-Z-Z-Z-
GH-GH-!!!!-!!!!
GH-S-S-S-!!!!-!!
S-S-
KHG=-!!!!-Z-Z
Condo
N-E-A-

AND CAN'T STAY AWAKE HALF AN HOUR IN CHURCH?

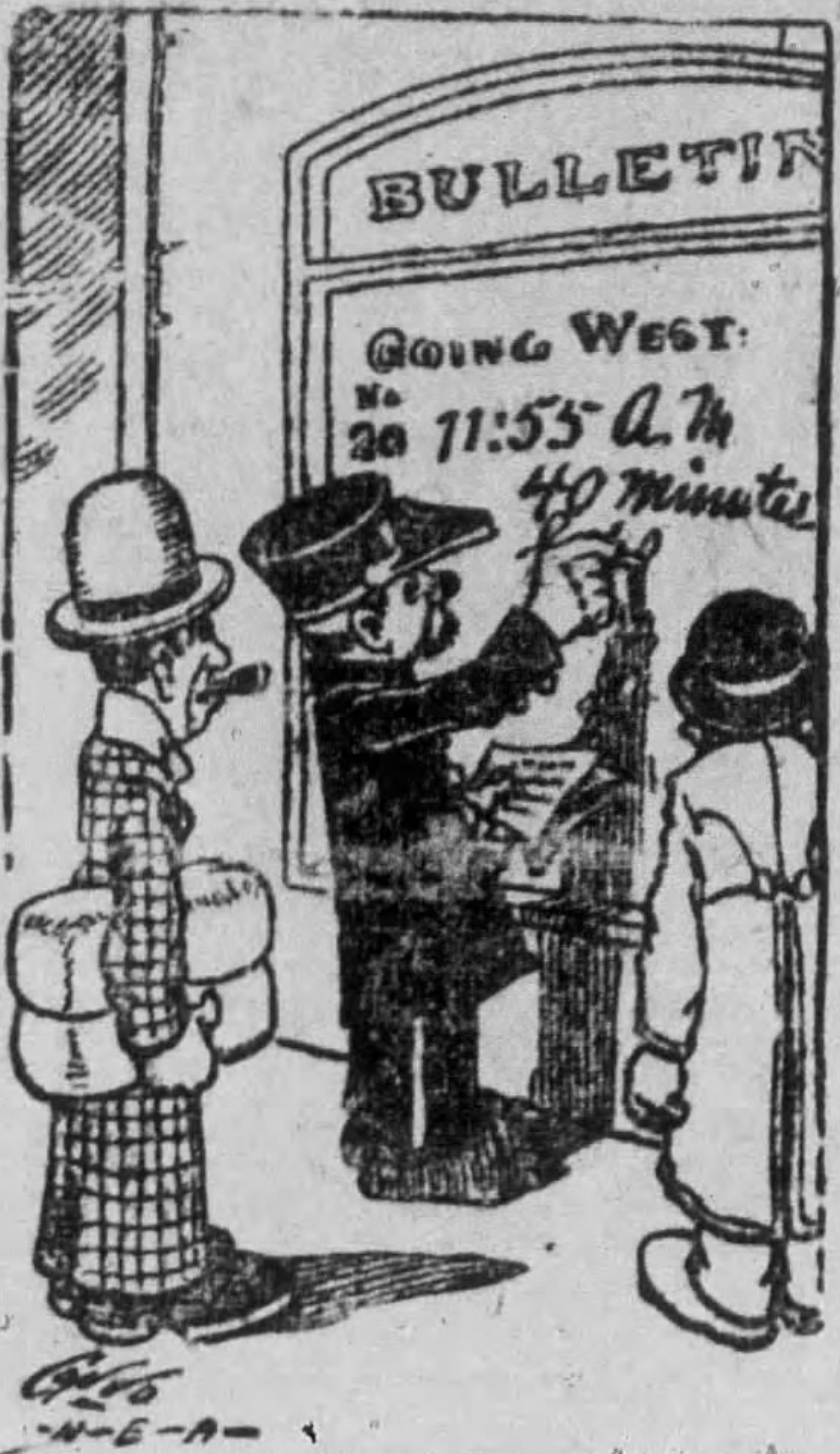


A PASSAGE FROM "PARSIFAL."



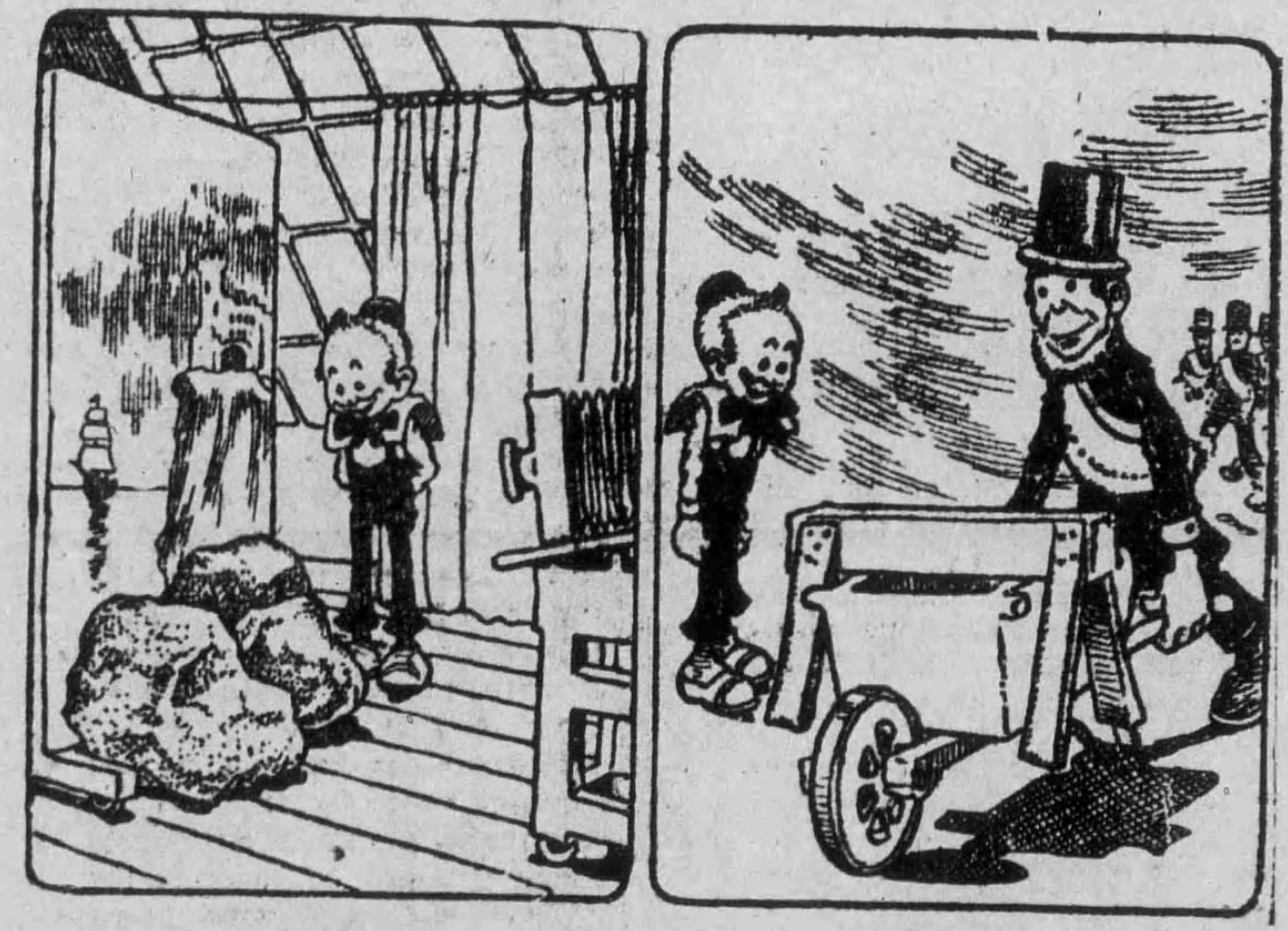
Acting under orders issued by Colonel Hawkspshawski, the Cossacks swept the streets.—St. Petersburg dispatch.

# SOME MILITARY TALK


BULLETI
GOING WEST:
No 20 11:55 A.M
40 minute
N-E-A

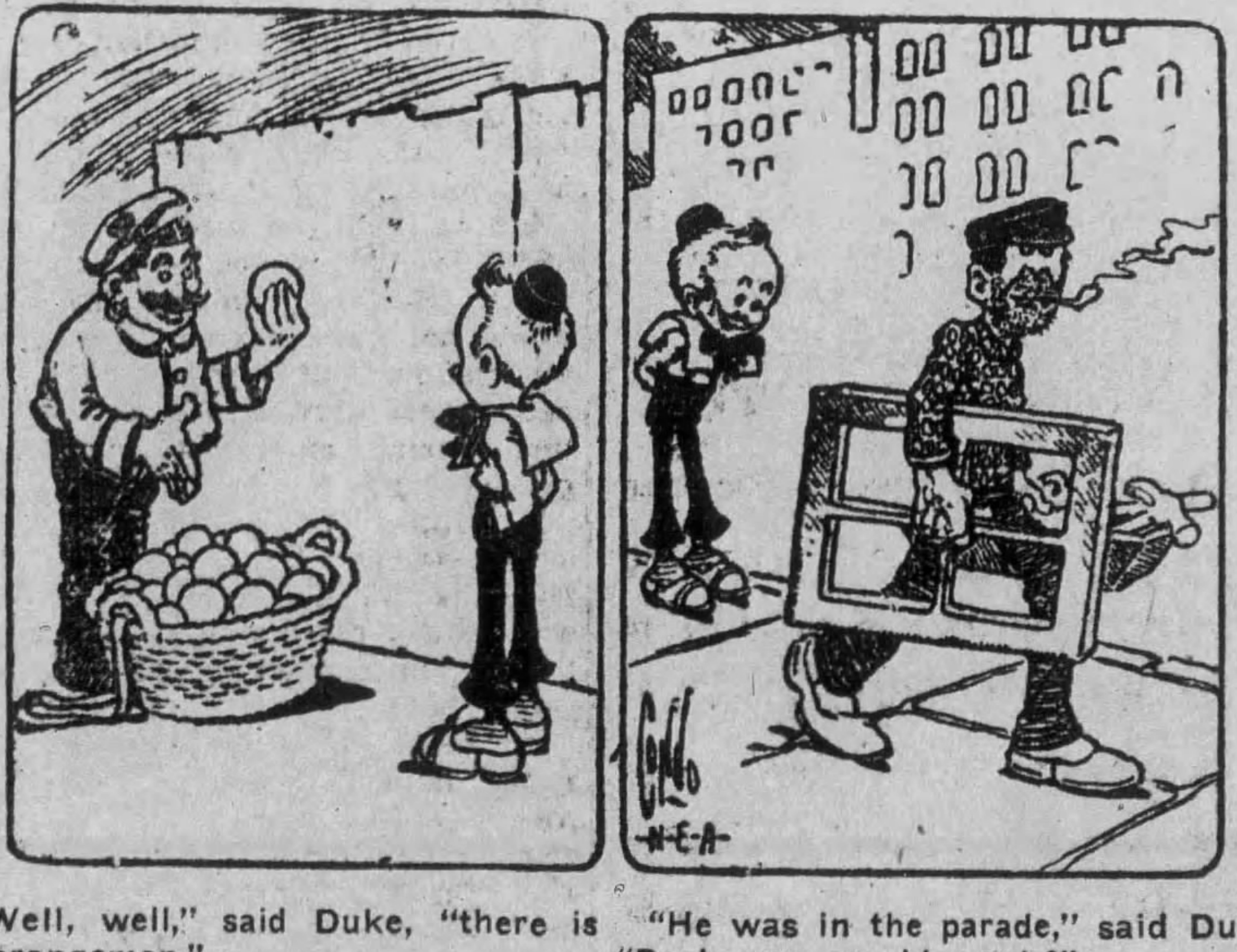
Marking Time.

# DUKE MURPHY SPENDS THE 17TH IN DUBLIN



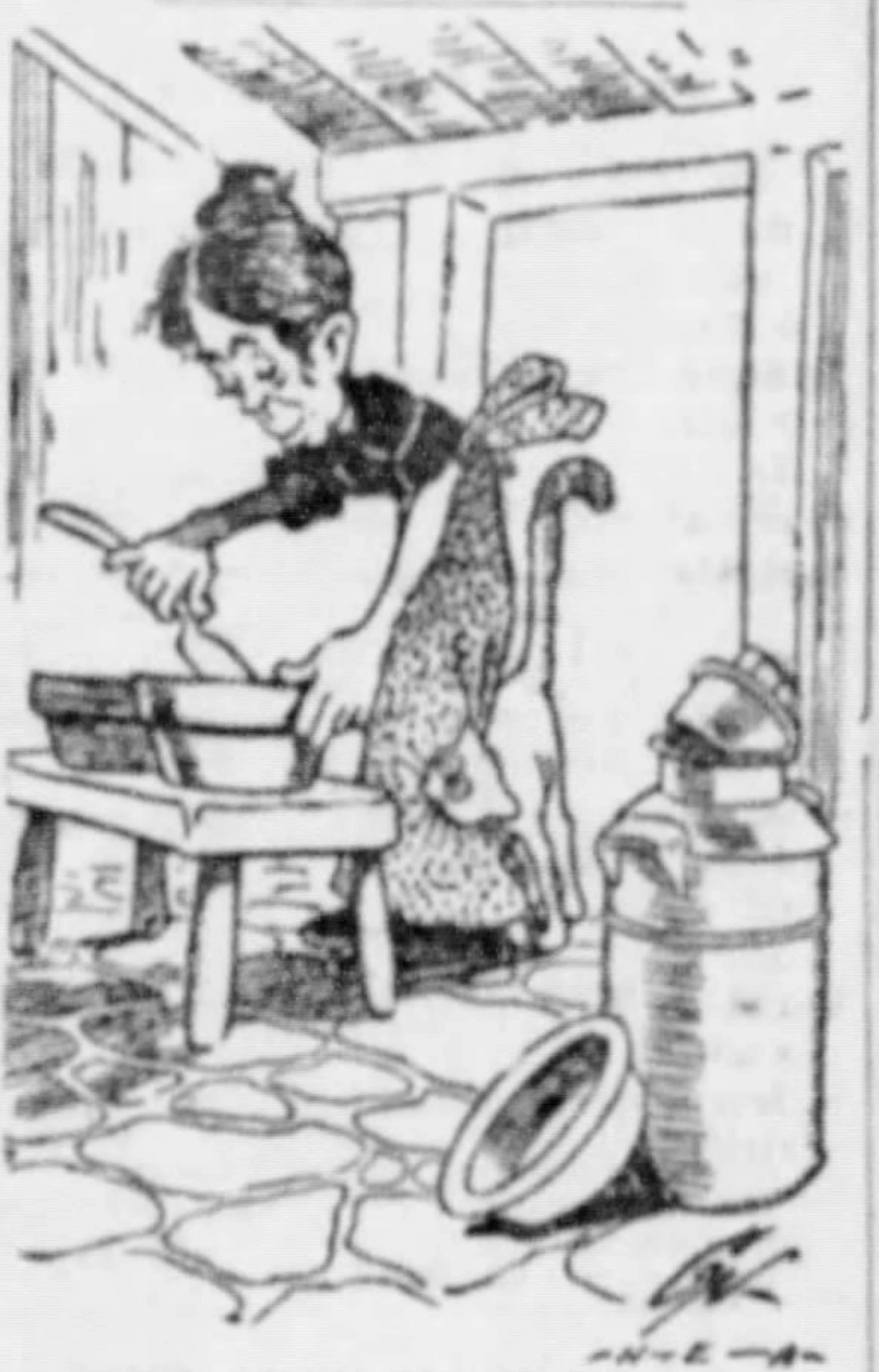
Duke's First View of the Beloved Shamrocks.

He saw the marshal wheel his horse.

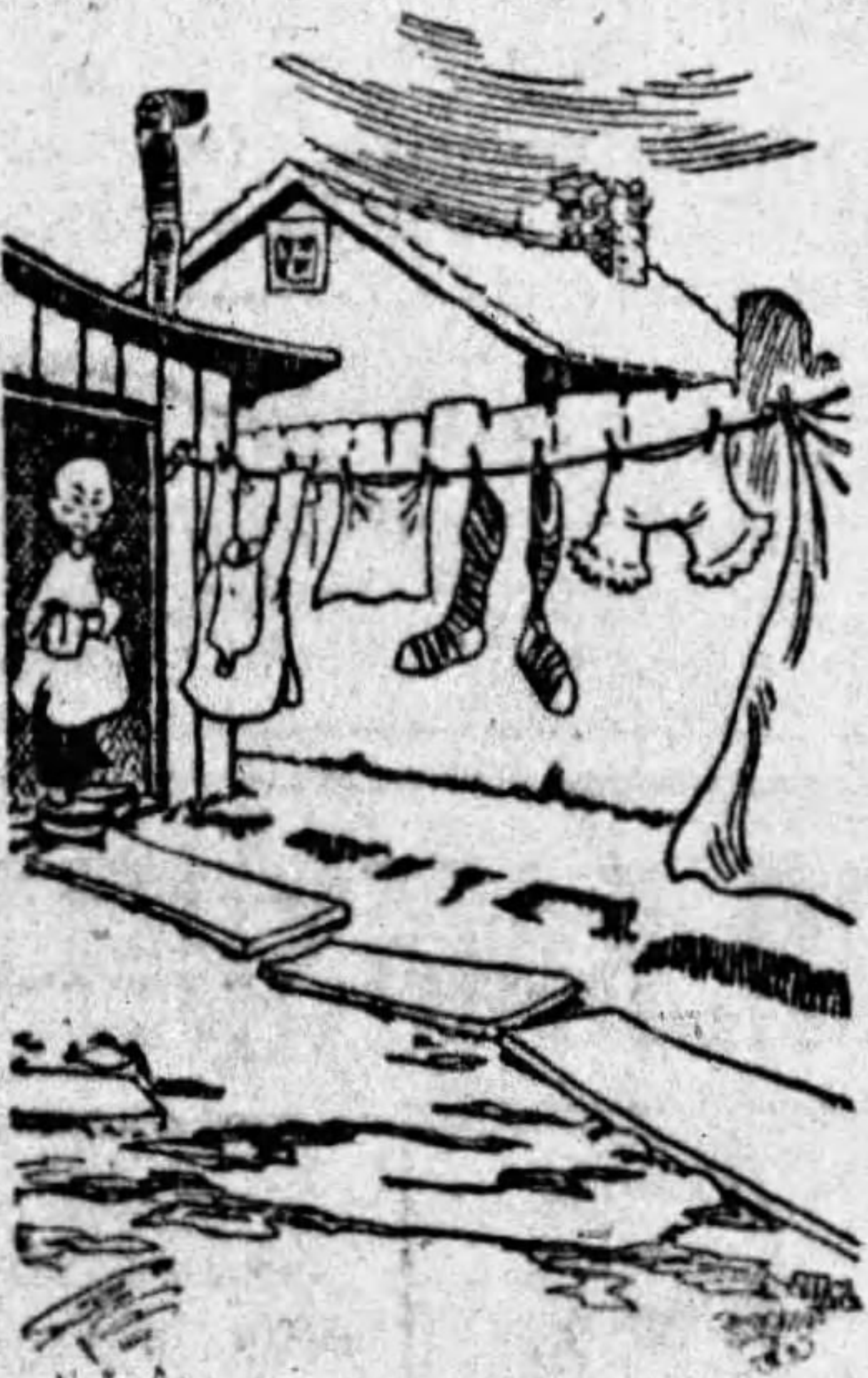


"Well, well," said Duke, "there is an orangeman."

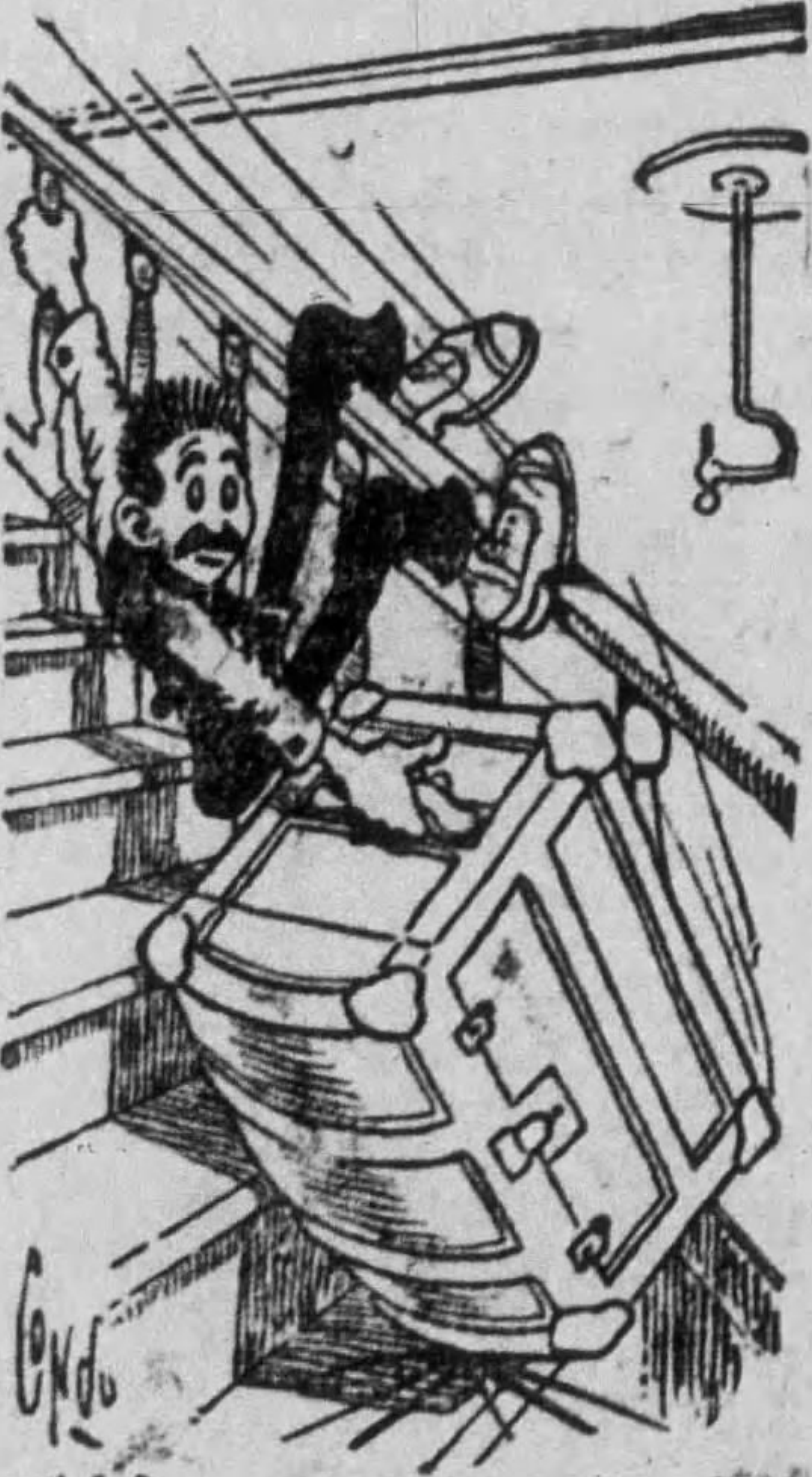
"He was in the parade," said Duke. "Don't you see his sash?"



SHE JUST SKIMMED IT.



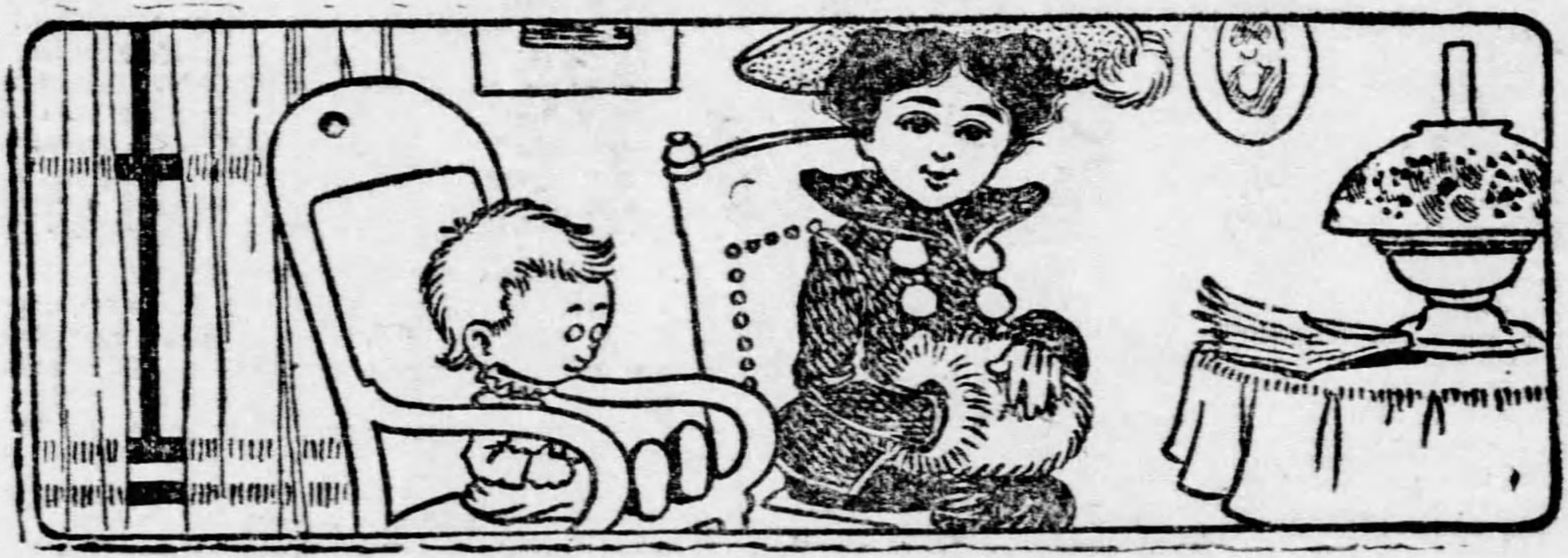
Ying Lee's Favorite Hang Out.



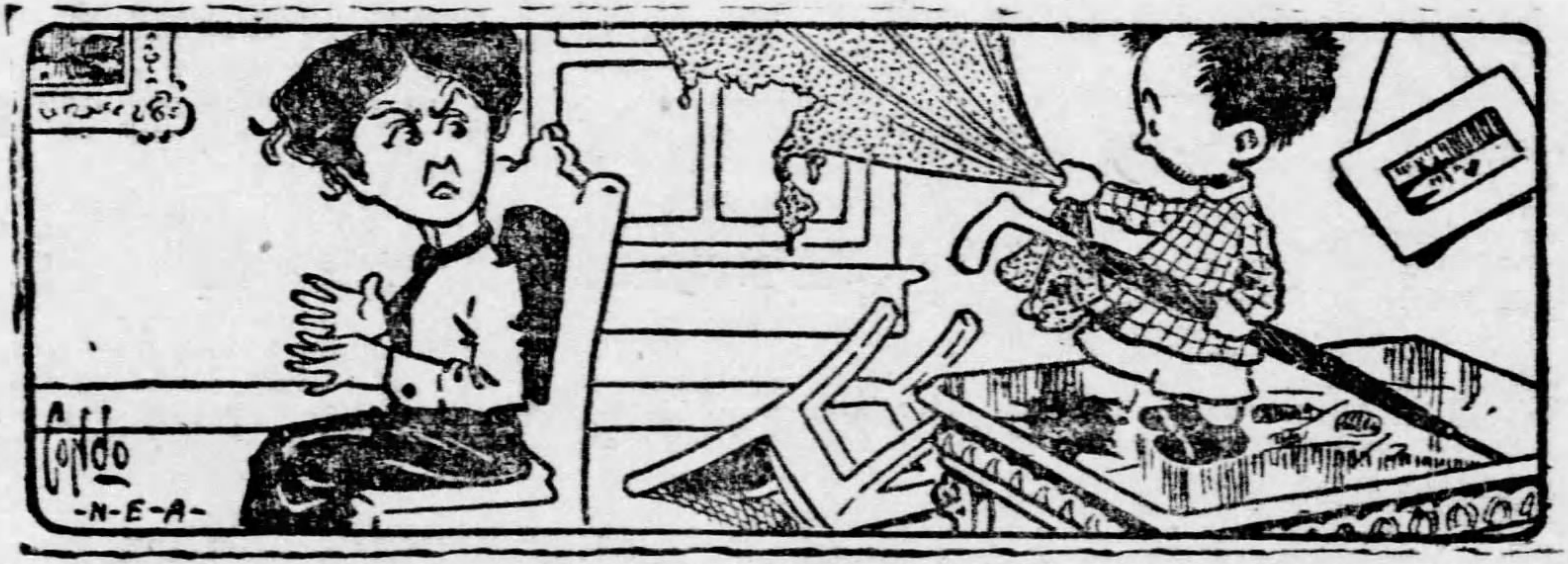
-N-E-R-

Checking His Baggage.

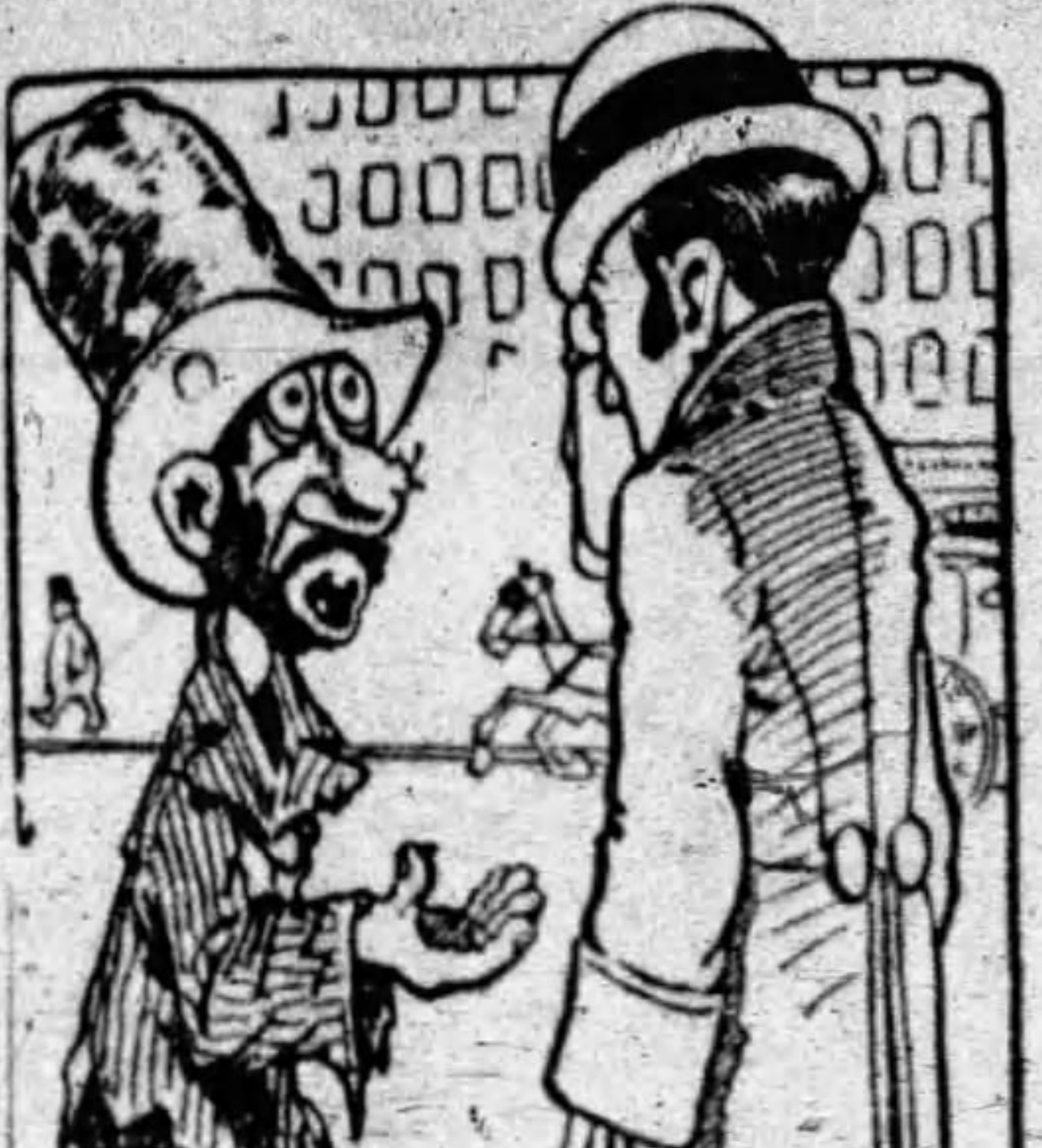
# HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED



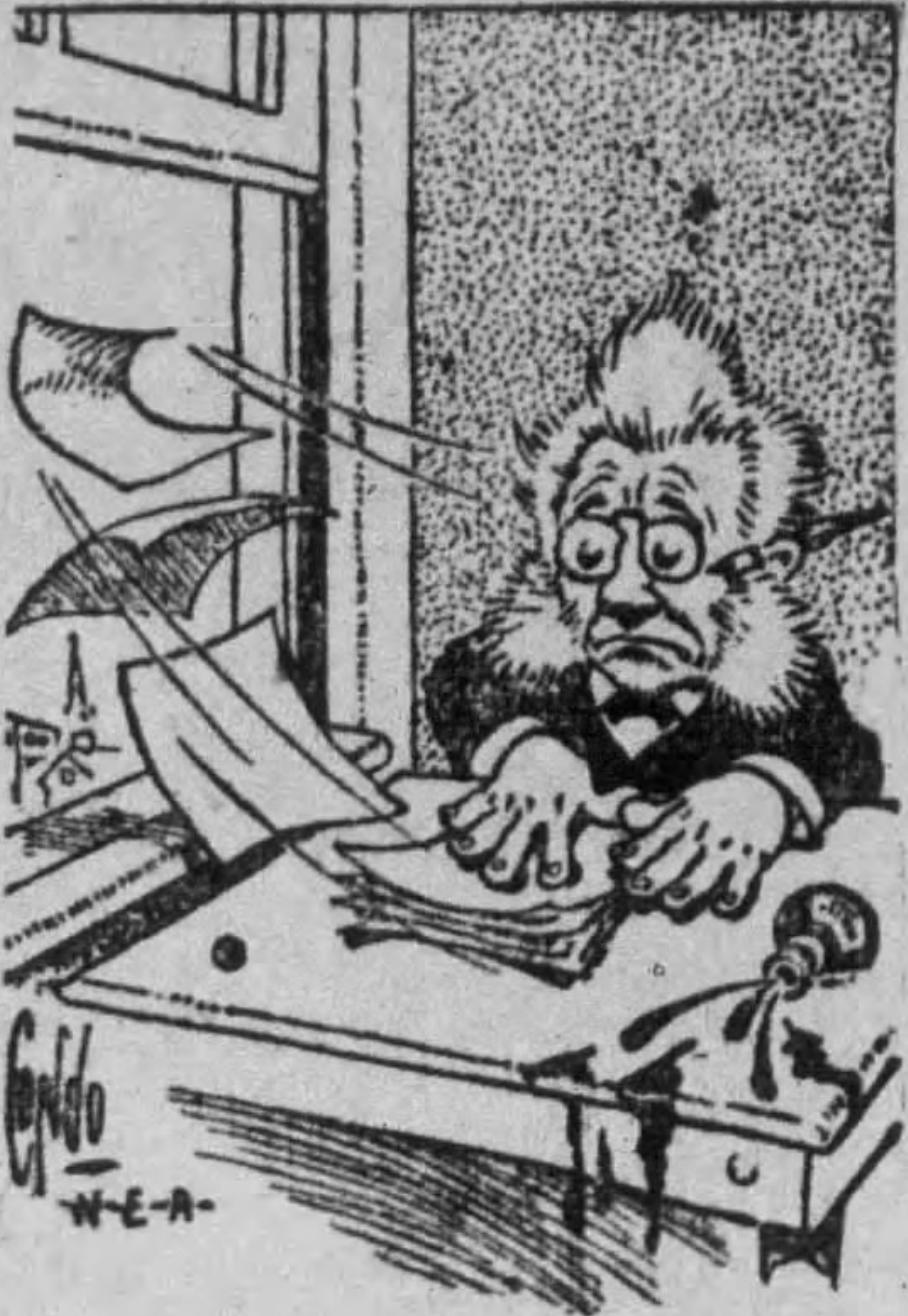
How well your own little Reginald behaves when you call on Mrs. Jones?



And how Mrs. Jones never tries to make her little Clarence behave when he starts out on a campaign of destruction?

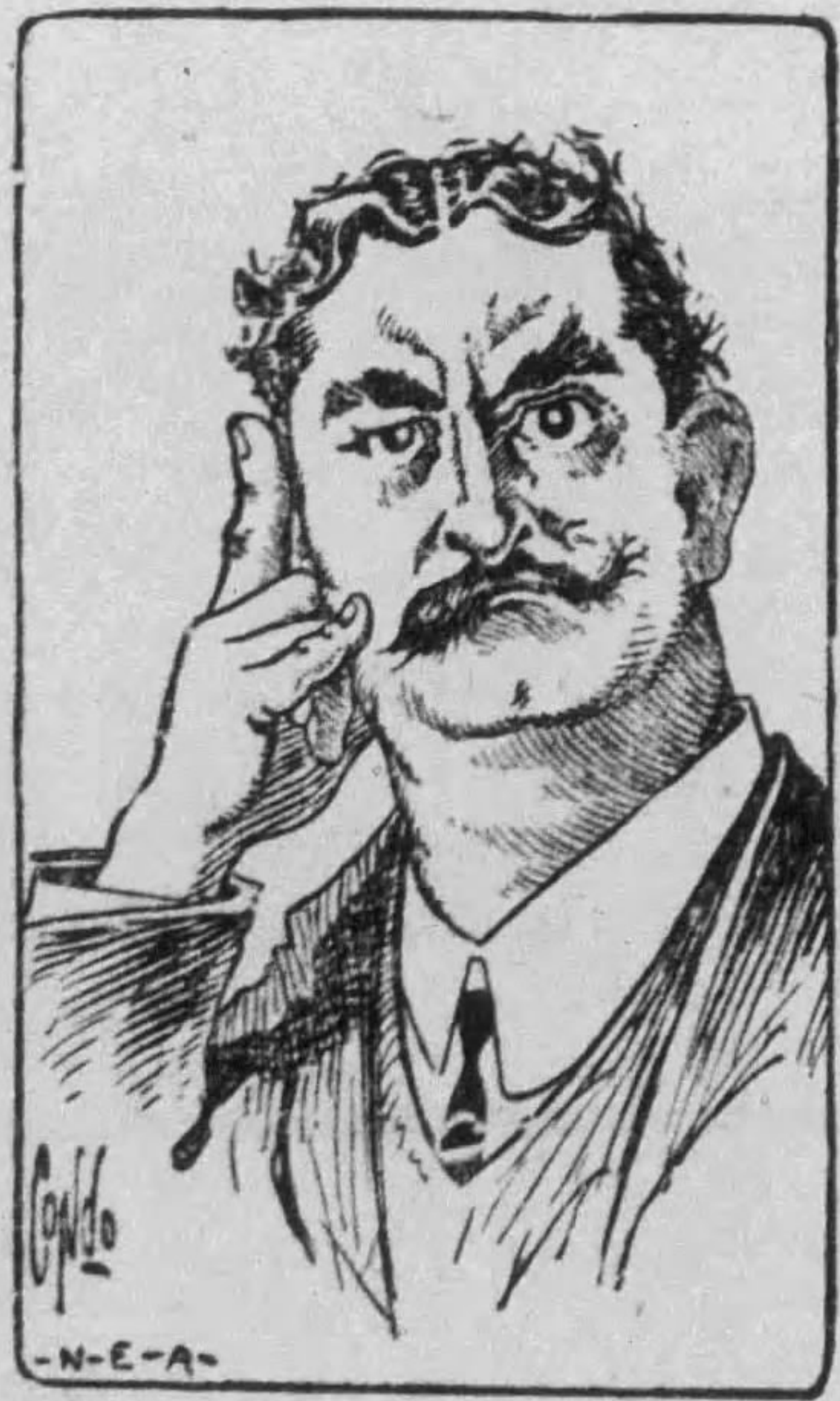


"Something Queer Struck Me the Other Day."



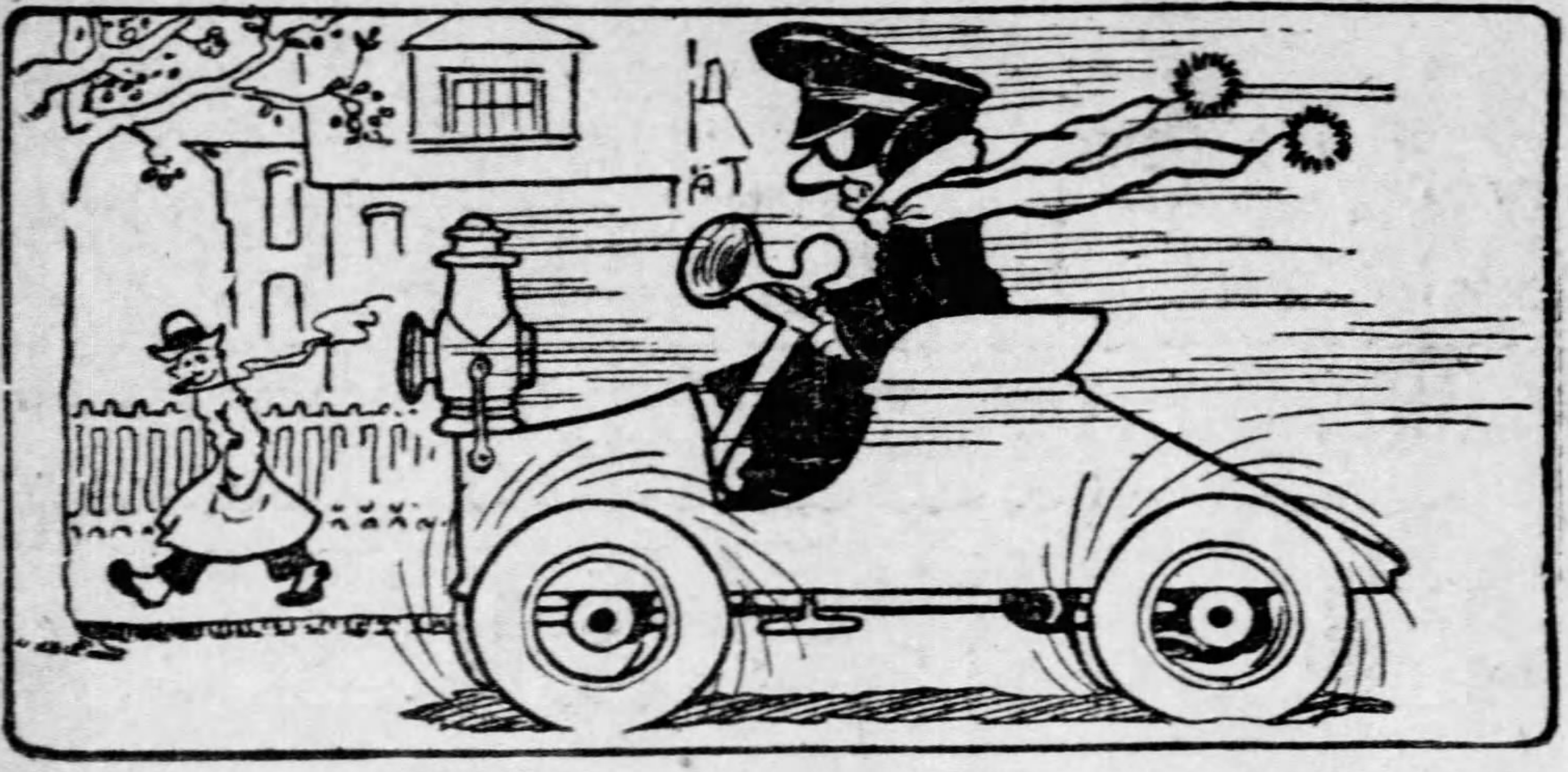
Three Sheets in the Wind.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

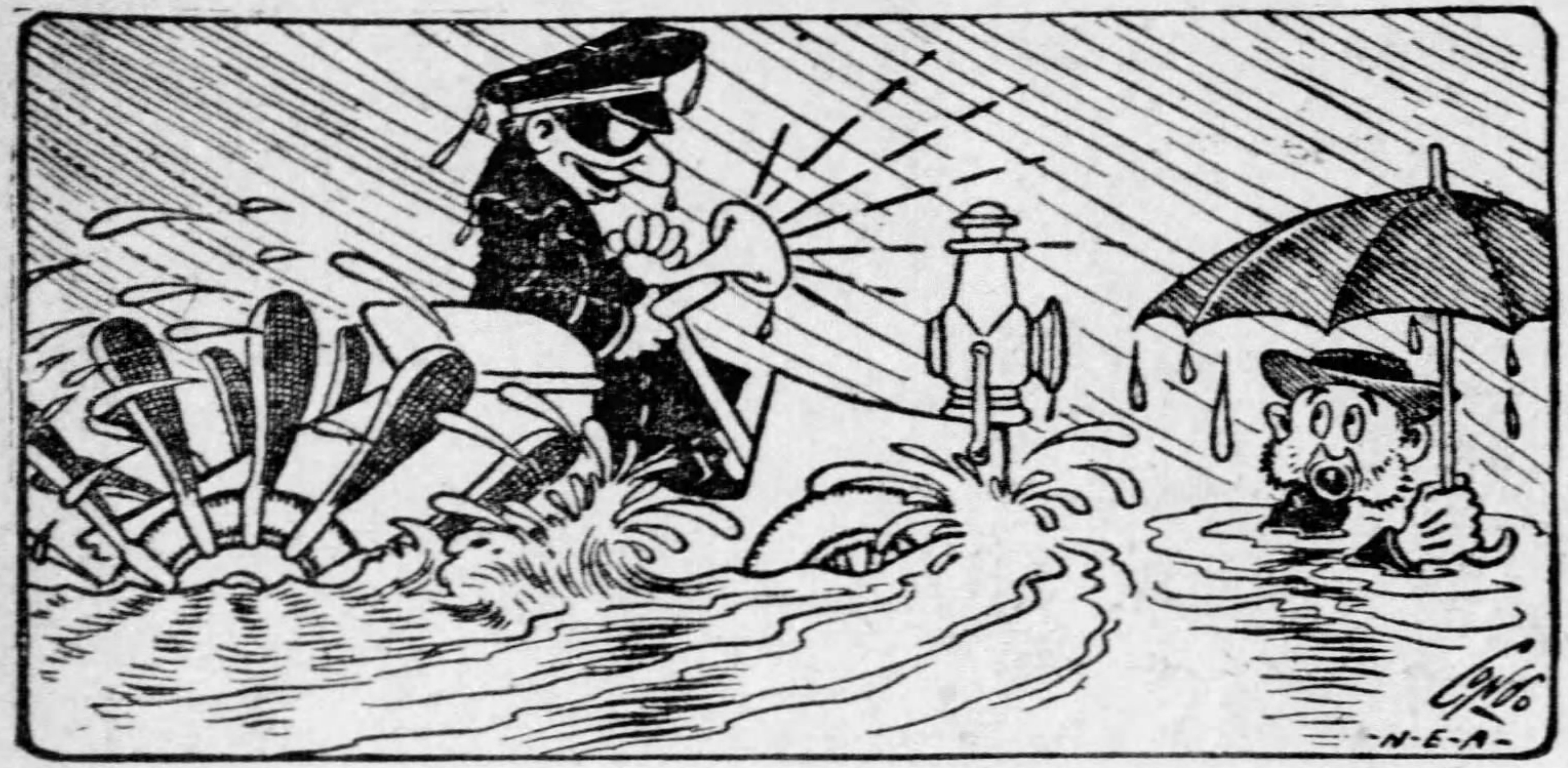


It need hardly be explained that the above picture is one of Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, Mass. In addition to being from Boston, Mr. Lawson has claims to fame that would fill all the pages of two or three ordinary sized newspapers. Besides he is the only man in the country not too modest to repeat his achievements, so to learn all about him read some of his own writings. Mr. Lawson is the author of an unexpurgated edition of the life of "Gas" Addicks. In justice to him it should be said that, although he is immensely wealthy, he has never tried to become a United States senator.

# JUST THE THING FOR SPRING



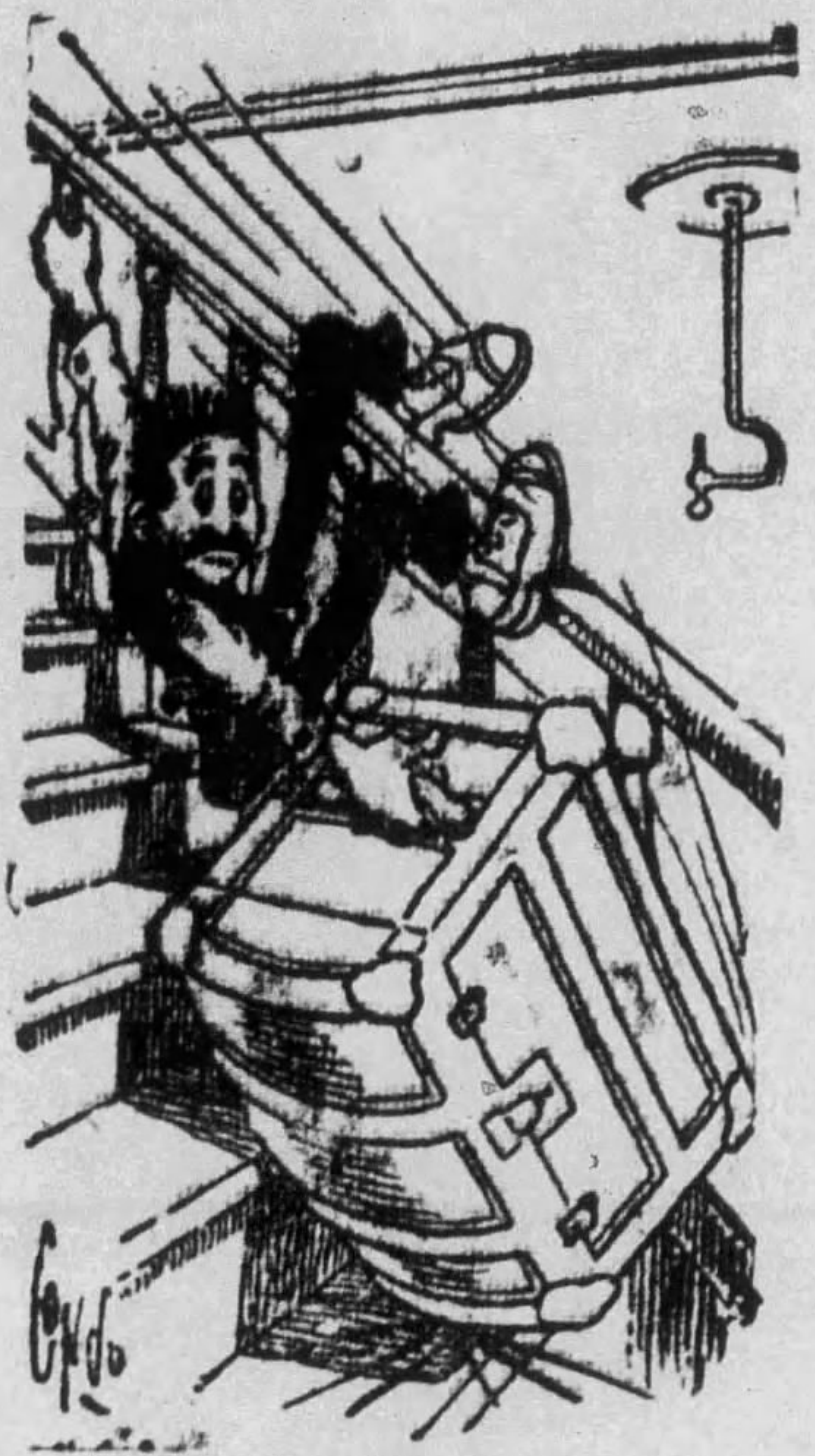
YOU CAN GO DOWN TOWN THIS WAY IN THE MORNING



AND BE CERTAIN OF REACHING HOME SAFELY AT NIGHT.

THERE IS A VAST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN

# The Usual Way



"Checking His Baggage."

AND

# The Only Way

To Have Your Baggage
Moved.

## TELEPHONE 4028

And We Will Call For
or Deliver Your Baggage in the Proper Way.

WE CHECK YOUR BAGGAGE
DIRECT TO DESTINATION

Anywhere or on any Railroad in the United States

## OMAHA
## TRANSFER CO.

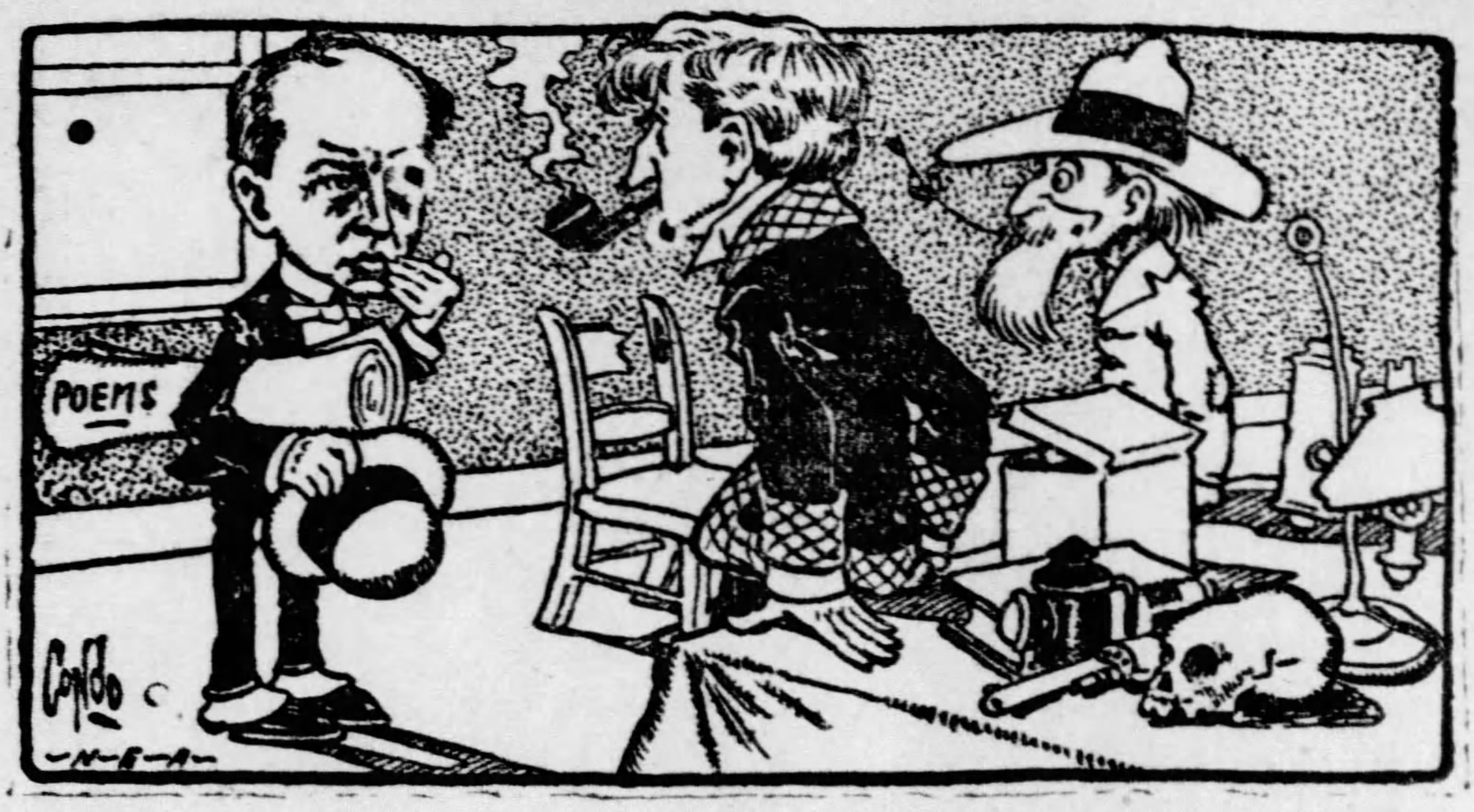
"The Only Way"

**208 So. 14th Street**

W. A. PAXTON, President.
M. A. SHARP, Vice President.
HARRY SHARP, Sec. and Treas.
J. C. SHARP, Gen'l Manager.

# THE ADVENTURES OF
# HAIRLOCK HONES

### As Told by Josh Wise



"—— an' Stole My Pome, 'Oh, Spring, Wilt Never Come?' " He Says.

## THE STOLEN POEM.

Hairlock Hones wuz whut might be called a prosaic feller, prosaic in th' real meanin' uv th' word. I never in my life seen a feller th't hated poetry like he did an' he told me oncet he hadn't read a pome since he'd left school. He said he wuz born th't way and th't he'd been opposed t' pomes from th' time his father an' mother read th' Mother Goose pomes t' him. He wuz always in some trouble on account uv 'em when he went t' school, bein' suspended an' expelled an' licked time an' time again fer not havin' a recitation ready. He run away frum school ev'ry day fer a year rather'n recite one poetical recitation before th' school. He never did see why people wasted any time readin' poetry an' he didn't know whether Ella Wheeler was th' name uv a new kind uv tooth powder er a corset. One day I mentioned somethin' about a man stranglin' his wife t' death an' he says, "Oh, there wuz a case like that years ago. William Shakespeace made notes uv it. The principals muz Mr. and Mrs. Othello."

"D'you know who Shakespeare wuz?" says I.

"I never thought t' look it up," says he, "but I suppose he wuz at th' head uv a private detective bureau."

He wuz sore when I told 'im Shakespeare wuz a poet. "Anyway," he says, "he must uv been unusual good poet."

Knowin' Hairlock's feelin's uz I did I wuz surprised when 'is landlady told 'im one mornin' th't there wuz a poet wanted t' see 'im, t' hear 'im tell 'er t' bring th' gentlemen t' his room.

"Howdydo, sir," says Hairlock. "Your name?"

"Steadwin Brooks, th' poet," says th' young man.

"Pardon me, Mr. Brooks, if I seem t' be personal," says Hairlock, "but I fear you're not eatin' meat enough t' keep up your health an' strength."

"I'm a vegetarian, I never eat meat," says th' poet.

"That only goes t' prove whut I said," says Hairlock. "I don't see how you c'n live without eatin' meat."

"Well,' says th' poet, "one-half th' world don't know how th' other half lives, you know."

"Good,' says Hairlock, laughin'. "Now tell me, Mr. Brooks, whut c'n I do for you?"

"Somebody broke int' my house las' night an' stole my pome entitled, 'Oh, Spring, Wilt Never Come?' " he says, "an' I want t' get th' pome back. I c'n sell it fer at least $100 an' I don't want t' lose it."

"Really, Mr. Brooks," says Hairlock, "I never touch a case fer less'n 200 cash in advance, but this is a novel one, quite extryordinary. I c'n recall only one case uv a pome bein' stole an' uz I have a theery regardin' pomes th't I want t' test I'll recover your property fer you without charge."

"Thank you, sir," says th' poet. "If you'll come t' my house with me I'll let you look over th' ground an' see how th' thief gained entrance an' soforth."

"Not at all necessary," says Hairlock. "I'll have your pome by 6 o'clock t'morrow evenin', mebby by this evenin'. But t' be sure, come 'round an' see me t'morrow night. But before you go, tell me how your anti-vaccination society is gettin' along."

"We're makin' satisfactory headway. We're disseminatin' th' truth, spreadin' tracts filled with figgers an' facts, showin' how thousan's an' thousan's uv innocent chil—"

"Yes, yes. I know," Hairlock broke in. "But tell me this: D'you b'lieve dogs goes t' heaven?"

"Not all dogs, Mr. Hones. Good dogs do, bad ones don't."

"But you b'lieve there's a dog heaven?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Dyou b'lieve—yes, I know you b'lieve in th' transmugular oscillation uv th' pathonogetic theory uz applied t' pulsative gravitation."

"I'm not sure th't I b'lieve in it altogether, but there's more in it th'n most people b'lieve. But how did you know I wuz interested in these questions. I'm sure you never even seen me before, but you know—"

"Detective instinct, detective instinct, my dear Brooks,'" says Hairlock. "Good night. Tomorrow at 6."

When th' young poet got out uv hearin' Hairlock burst out laughin'.

"You had th' young feller beat," says I. "And you had me beat, too."

"Well, I never had anything easier," he says. "I've always had a theery th't a feller th't wrote pomes had a lot uv—uv—bugs, I guess they're called."

"Whut wuz th't transmuguy stuff you wuz talkin'?"

"Stuff an' nonsense," says Hairlock. "It's nothin' but walla-walla talk. But now t' get th' pome back."

First uv all, Hairlock telephoned t' th' newspaper editors, sayin' he wuz anxious t' buy a job lot uv poetry, an' if any poets come in with a spring stock, would not they be so kind uz 't send 'em t' him? Wouldn't they? You c'n bet they would. They'd send 'im a large bunch uv pomes an' poets an' thank you, Mr. Hones, fer th' favor. Then he telephoned to a couple uv other places, I didn't pay any attention t' where, an' finally he set down an' read carefully th' first editions uv th' afternoon papers.

"I thought so," he says t' himself. "I thought so," an' he sent fer two fellers th't worked on a movin' van. He had them two sit in th' next room, warnin' 'em not t' make any noise, but t' come in when I notified 'em an' grab th' feller he wuz talkin' to an' overpower him.

"As fer you, my dear Wise, when I wink, you git up quietly an' notify th' fellers without attractin' th' thief's attention," says Hairlock. "Don't you git mixed up in th' tussel. You're too old t' rough it like we're goin' to."

Purty soon they begin comin', old poets an' young ones, long-haired an baldheaded ones, males an' females. Hairlock'd read each pome an' tell th' feller it wuzn't just whut he wanted. They kept comin' till late at night.

"I didn't have any idee so many poets got int' th' newspaper offices in one day," says I.

"Oh, they ain't all been sent by th' editors," said Hairlock. "Some ux 'em wuz, but here's whut attracted lots us 'em," an' he handed me an afternoon paper an' pointed t' this advertisement:

POEMS WANTED—Highest cash prices paid for poems, spring and otherwise. Fine chance for amateurs. Call 73 Becker st., W. S., bringing specimens.

"We'll call it off fer tonight," says Hairlock, about 11 o'clock, an' he ordered the two movers t' report at 8 th' next mornin', whilst I stayed all night at th' lodgin's.

There wuz a big line ux poets th' next mornin'.

"I'll see th' feller with th' pale skin an' bushy whiskers first, says Hairlock t' th' landlady, an' she let that one int' th' room.

"Howdydo, sir," says Hairlock. "Whut's th' title uv your poem?"

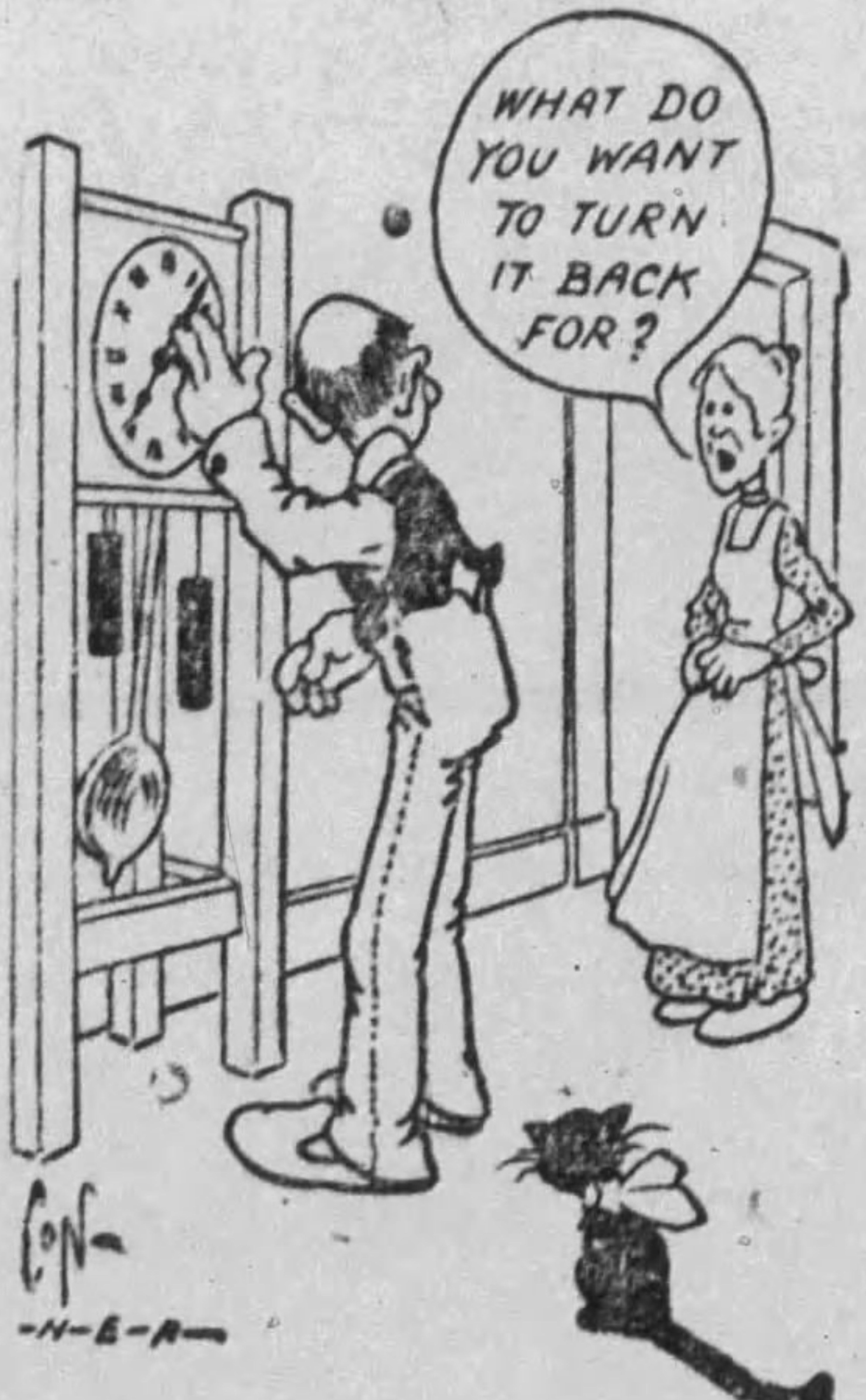
"I call it 'Oh, Spring, Wilt Never Come?' an' it's th' world's greatest spring pome," says th' feller.

"Let's see it," says Hairlock, an' he winked at me. Uz I wuz slippin t' th' other room t' notify th' movers, Hairlock says, "Aain't you th' brother uv th' Czar of Russia?"

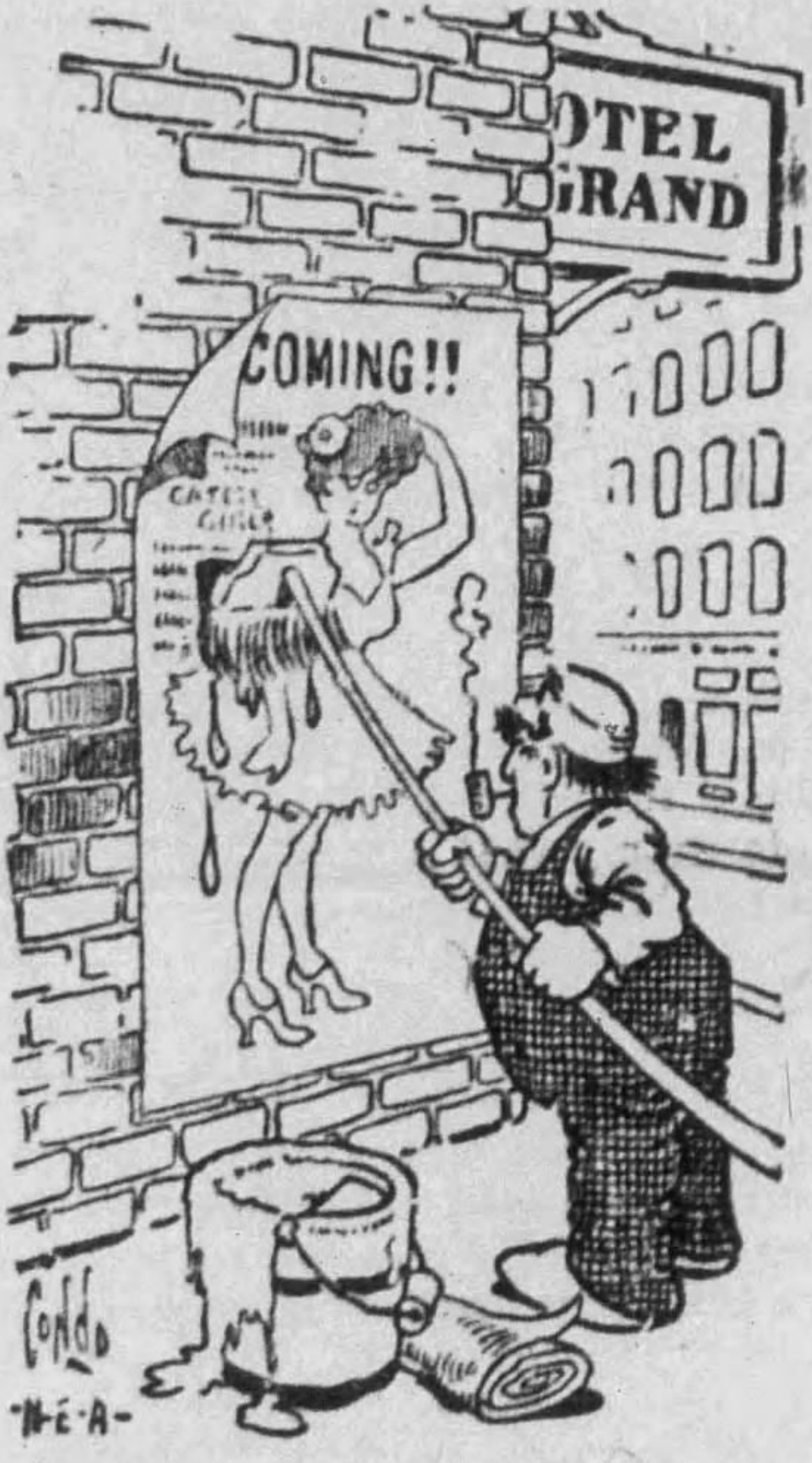
"No, I'm General Kuropatkin," says th' feller handin' over th' pome.

While Hairlock wuz readin' it th' movers grabed th' feller an' Hairlock put th' handcuffs on 'im before he c'd resist.

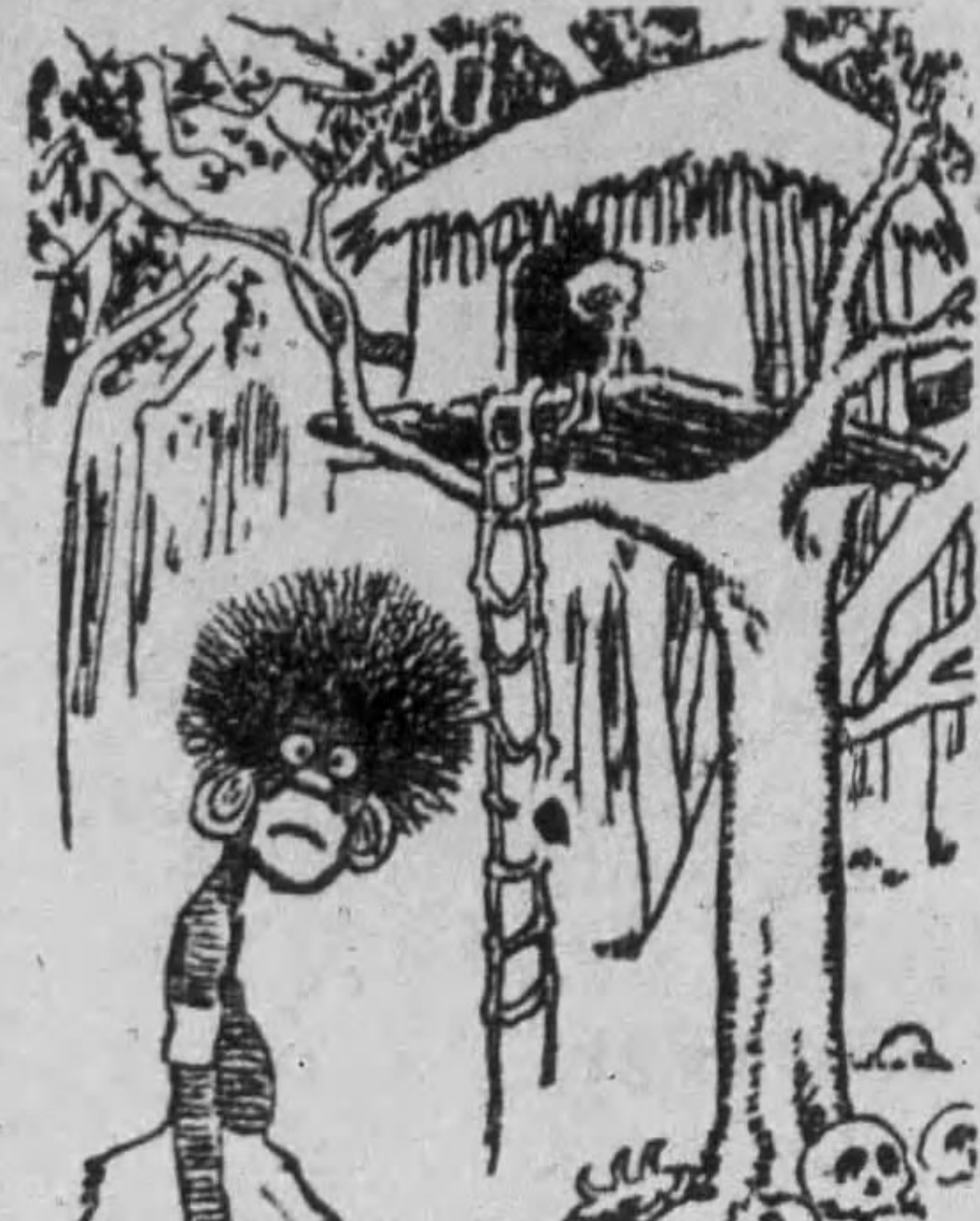
"It turned out jist uz I figgered," says Hairlock. "Josh, telephone t' th' hospital fer th' insane an' tell 'em we've captured th' feller th't escaped night before last."


WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TURN IT BACK FOR?
CON
-N-E-A-

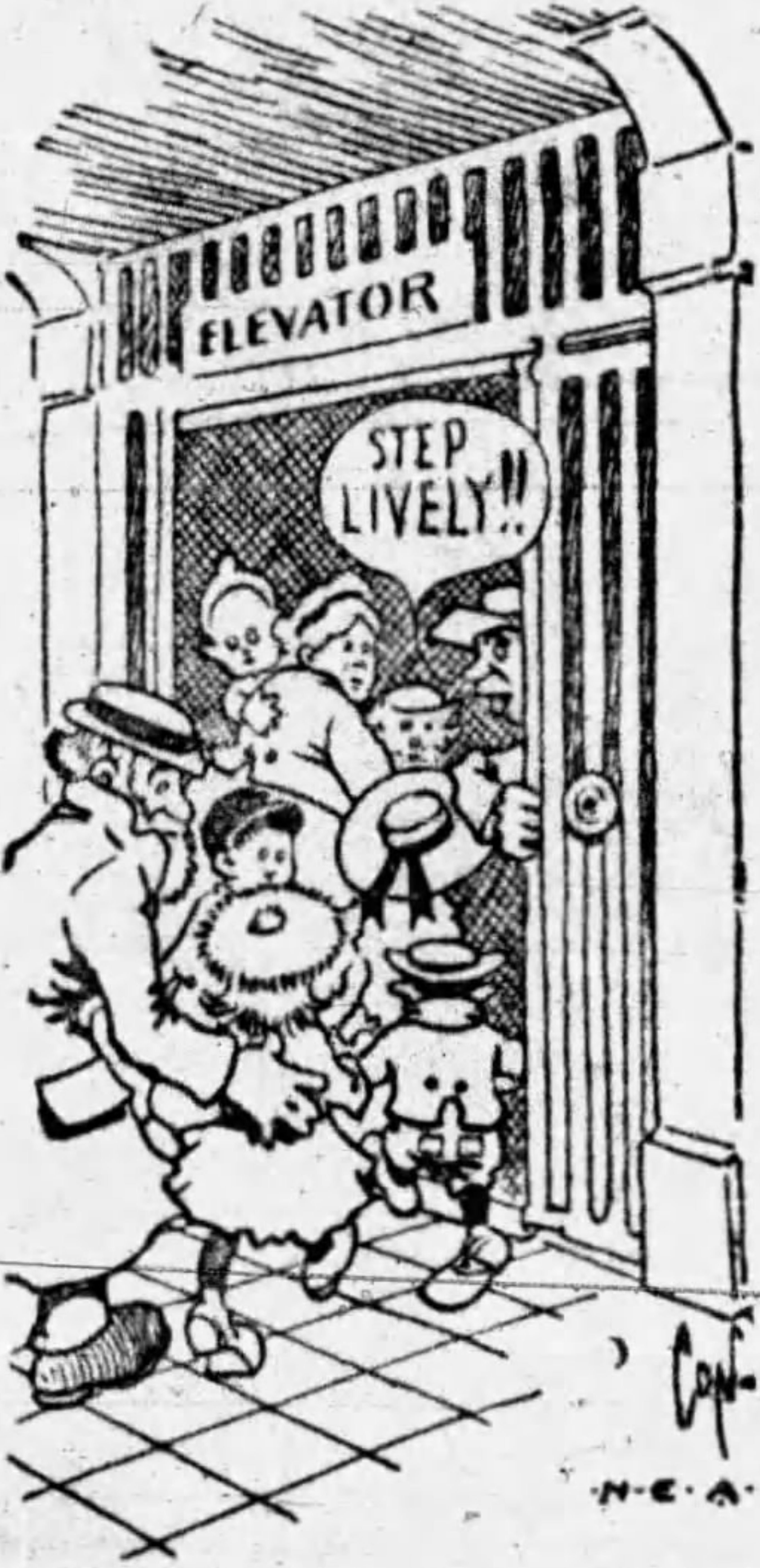
Beating Time.


OTEL
GRAND
COMING!!
CATCH GIRLS
Condo
N·E·A

He Put Up at the Grand Hotel.

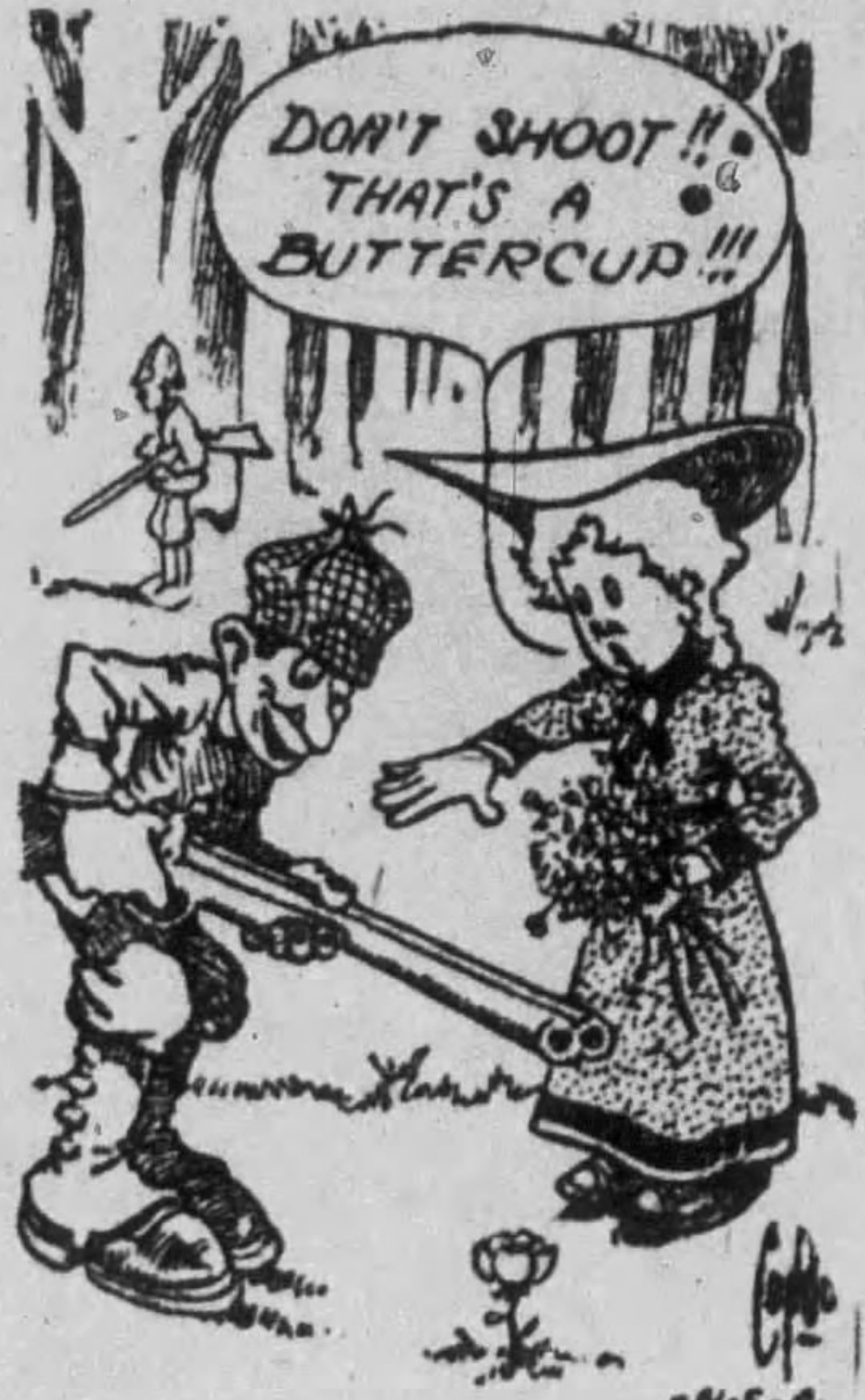


He Believed It Was Wise to Keep Up His Property.

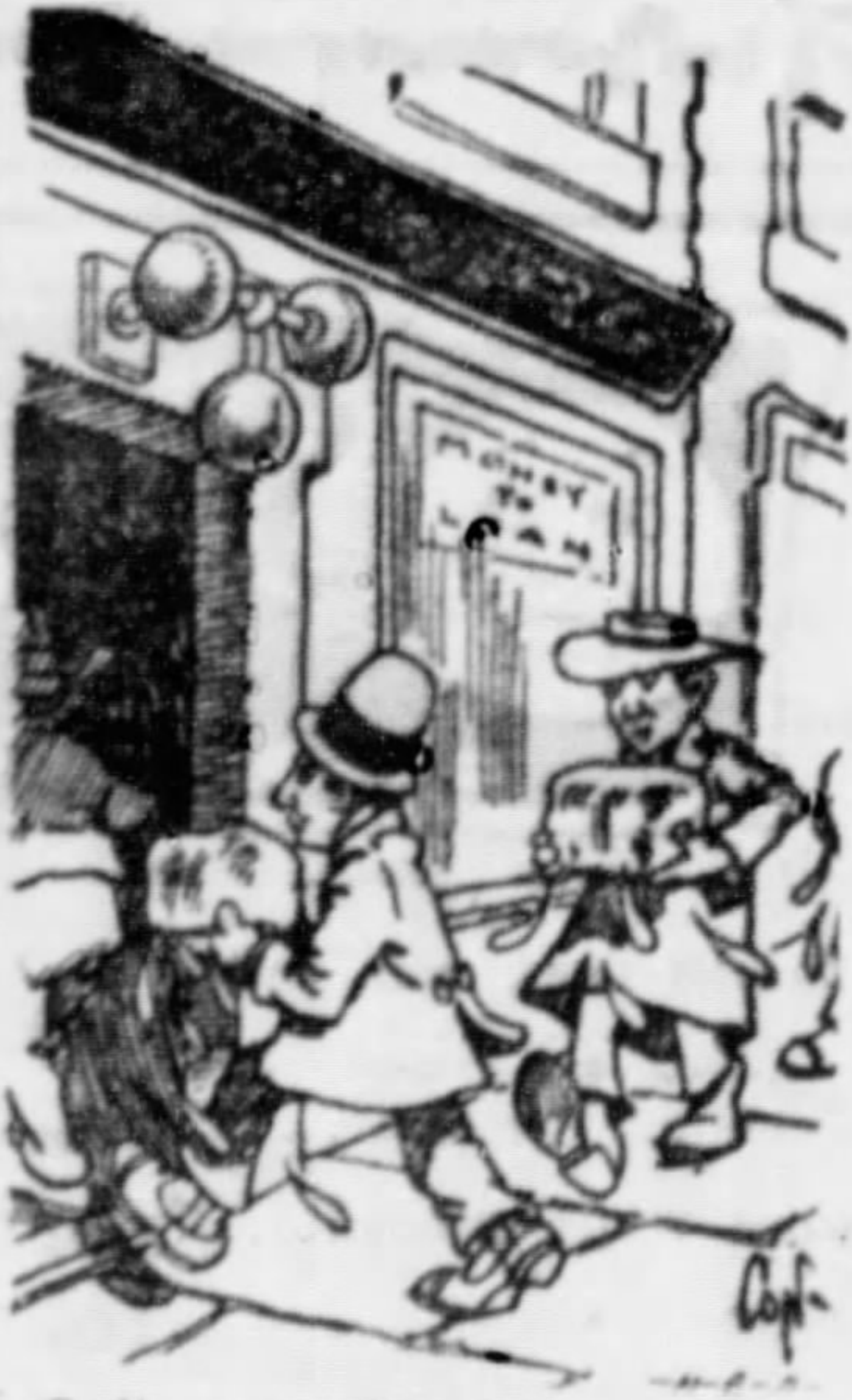

ELEVATOR
STEP LIVELY!!
CON
N·E·A

Bringing Up a Large Family.

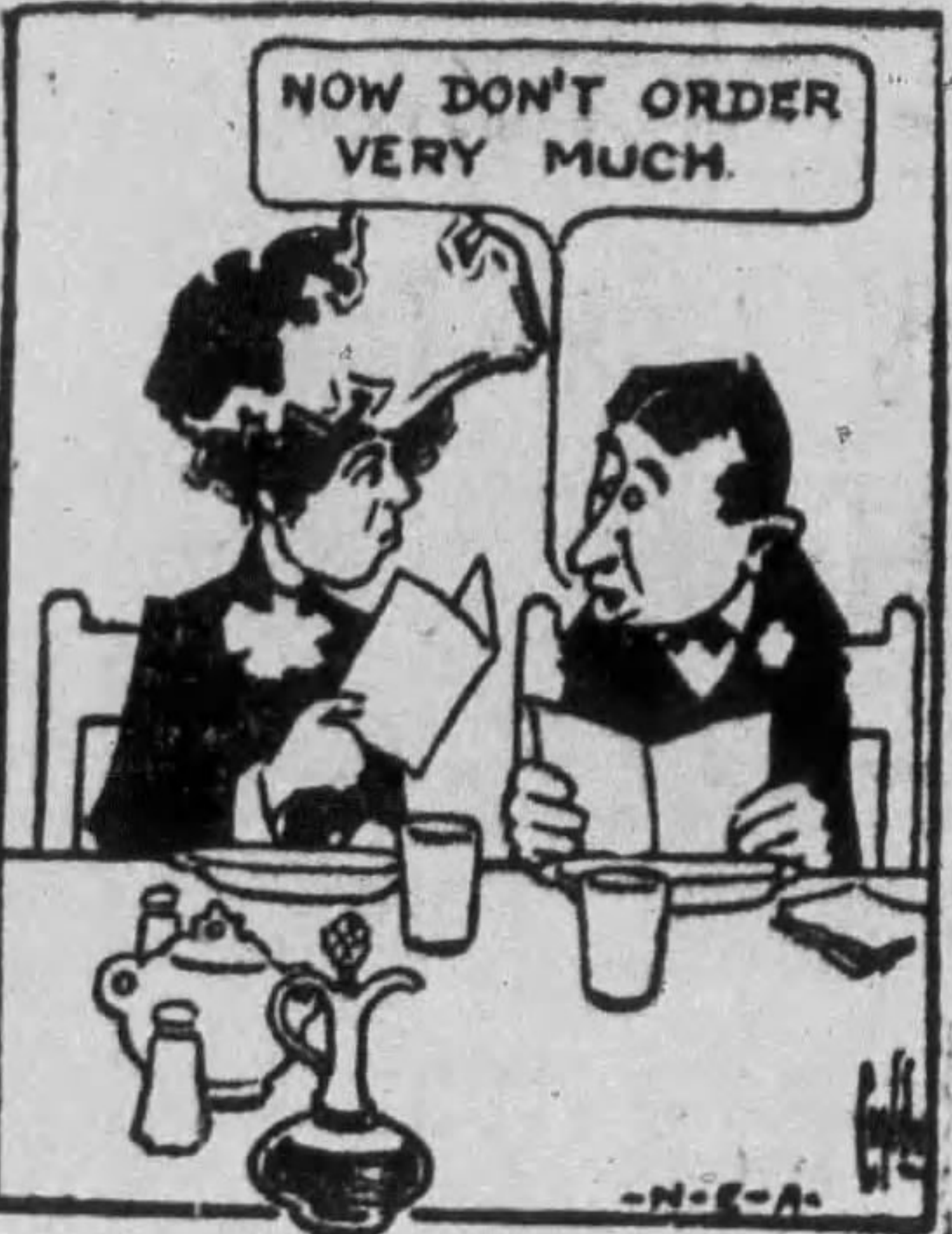
## Violet Hunting the Rage.


DON'T SHOOT!! THAT'S A BUTTERCUP!!!
Condo
-N-E-A-

Violet hunting seems to be all the rage as there were several parties out violet hunting Monday afternoon.—Monticello (Fla.) News.

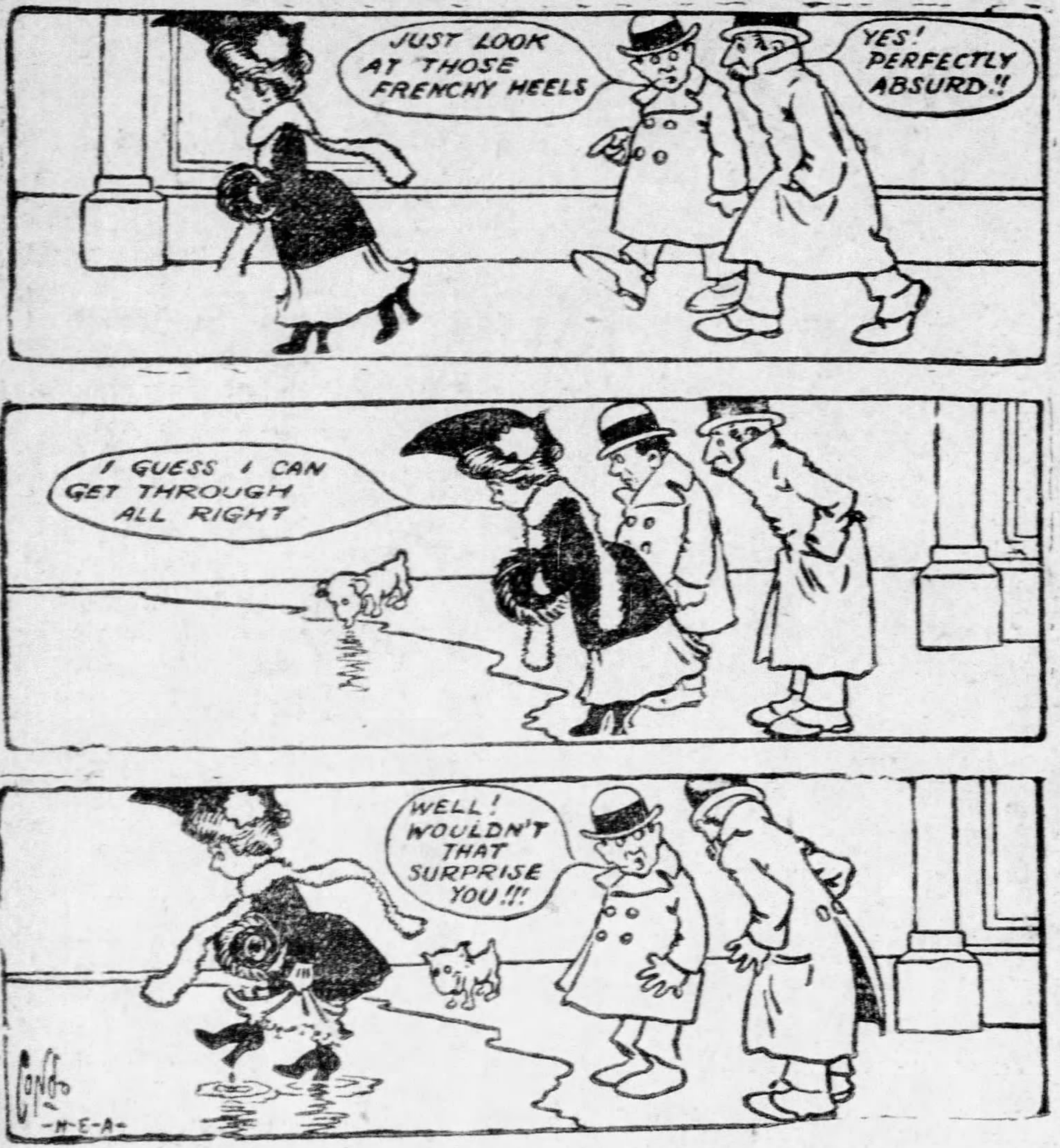

MONEY TO LOAN

Quite a number here are putting up ice.—Knoxdale correspondence, Antwerp Bee.


NOW DON'T ORDER VERY MUCH.
-N-E-A-

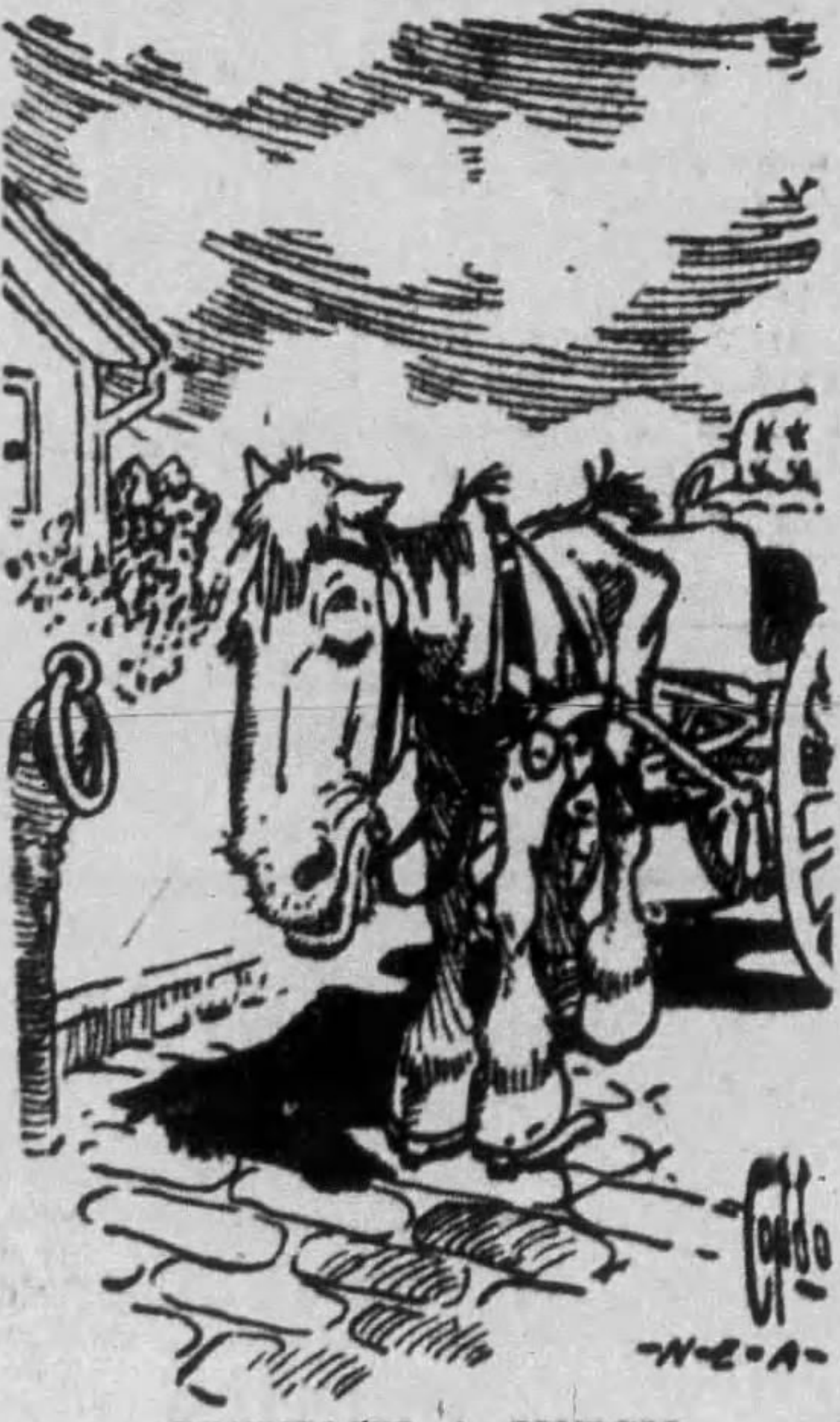
HER CLOSE FRIEND.

# HOW CRITICS WERE SILENCED


JUST LOOK AT THOSE FRENCHY HEELS
YES! PERFECTLY ABSURD!!
I GUESS I CAN GET THROUGH ALL RIGHT
WELL! WOULDN'T THAT SURPRISE YOU!!!
CONDO
-N-E-A-

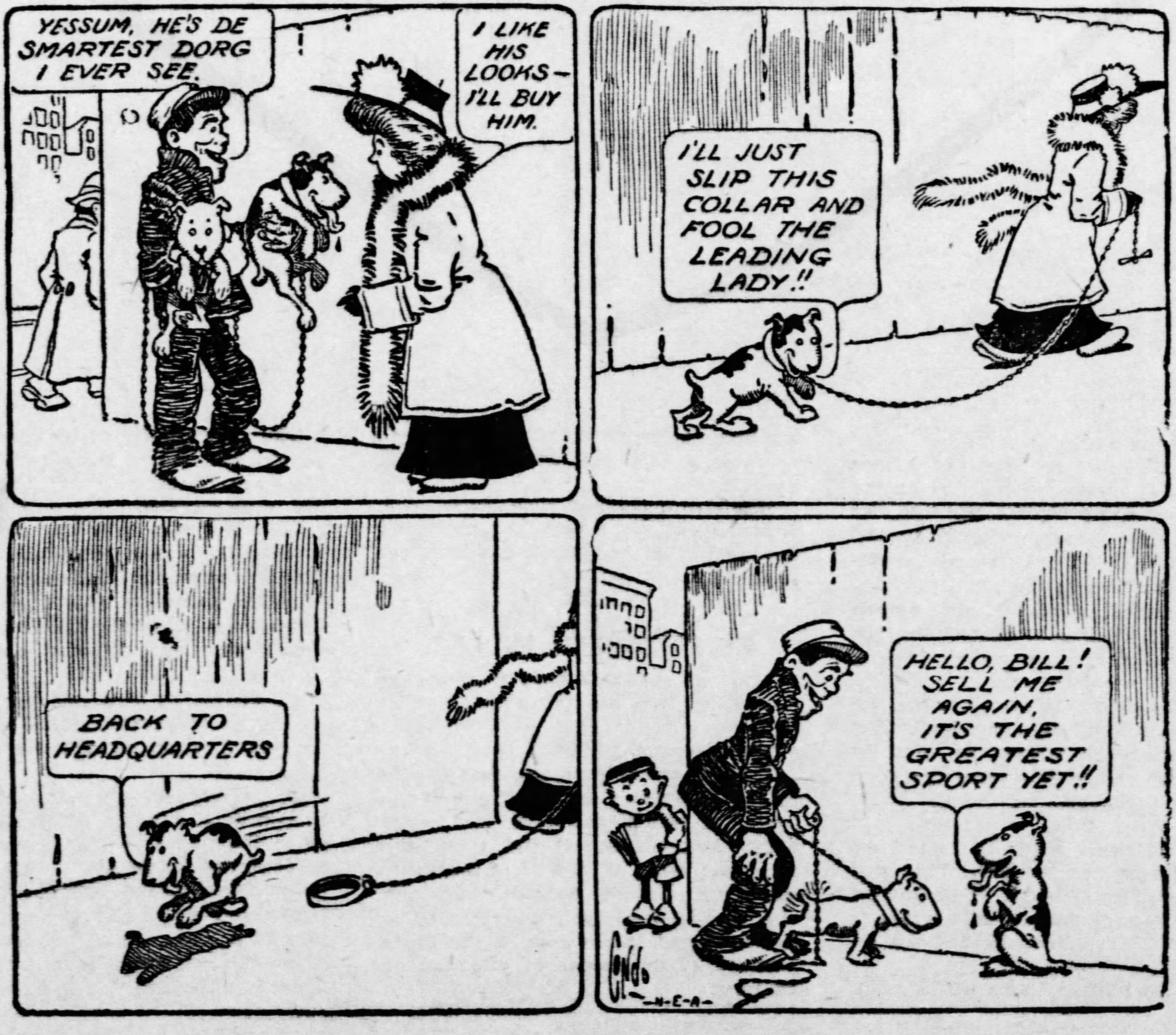
# HOW HAROLD MADE AN IMPRESSION

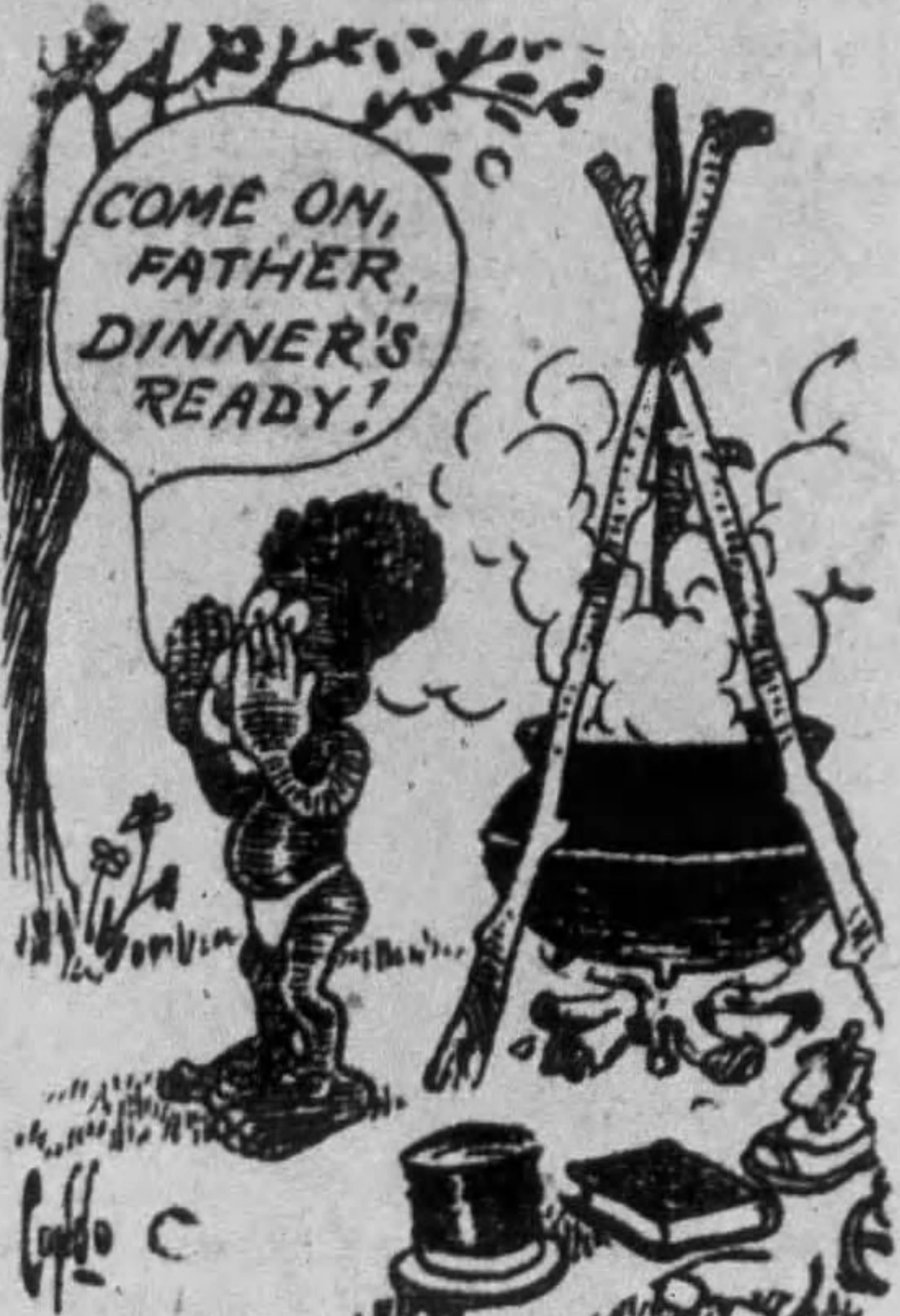
HIS INTENTIONS WERE THE BEST IN THE WORLD, BUT THINGS DIDN'T TURN OUT RIGHT.



WITHOUT A HITCH.

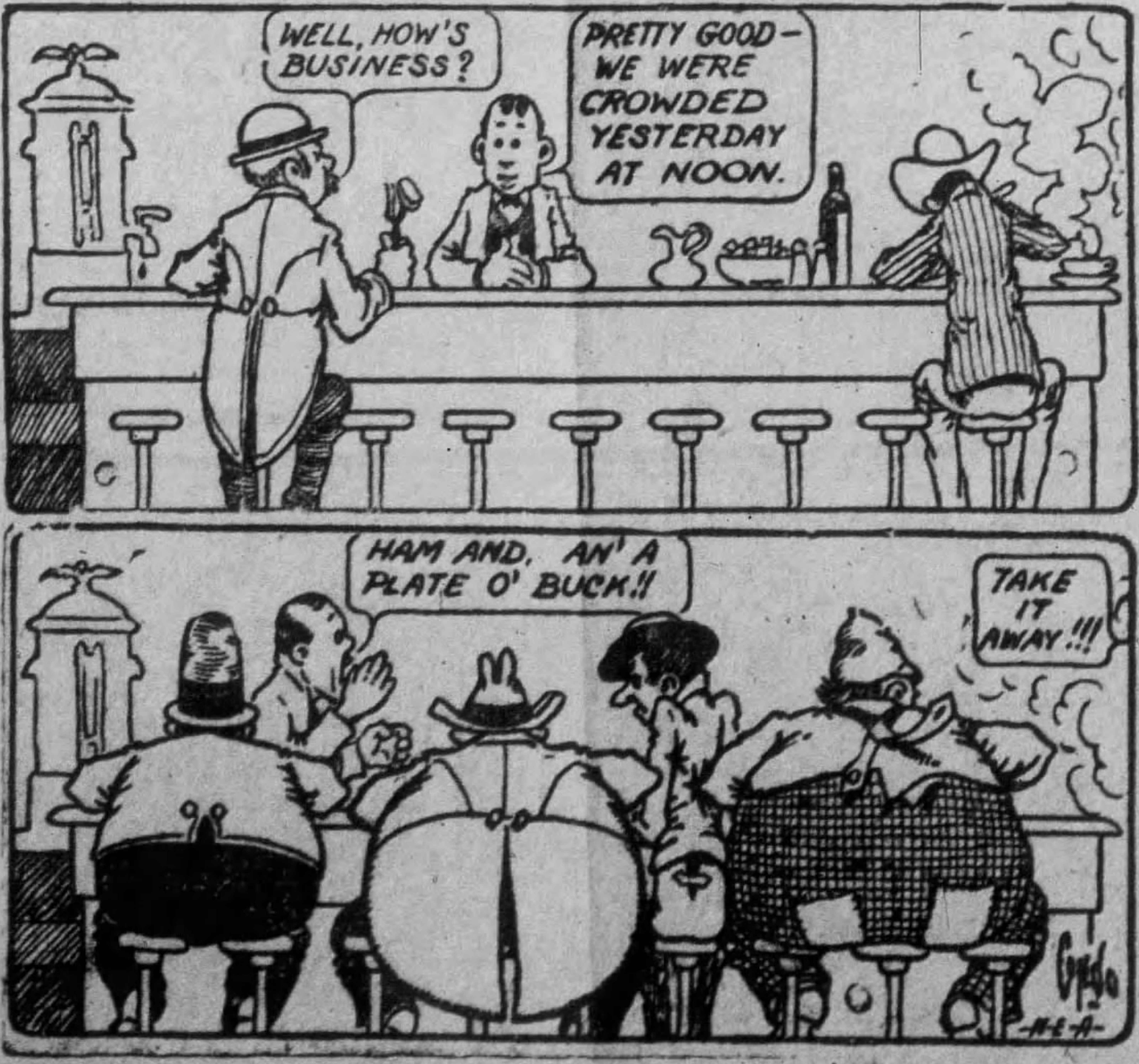
# THE BAD DOG MAN'S BUNCO GAME

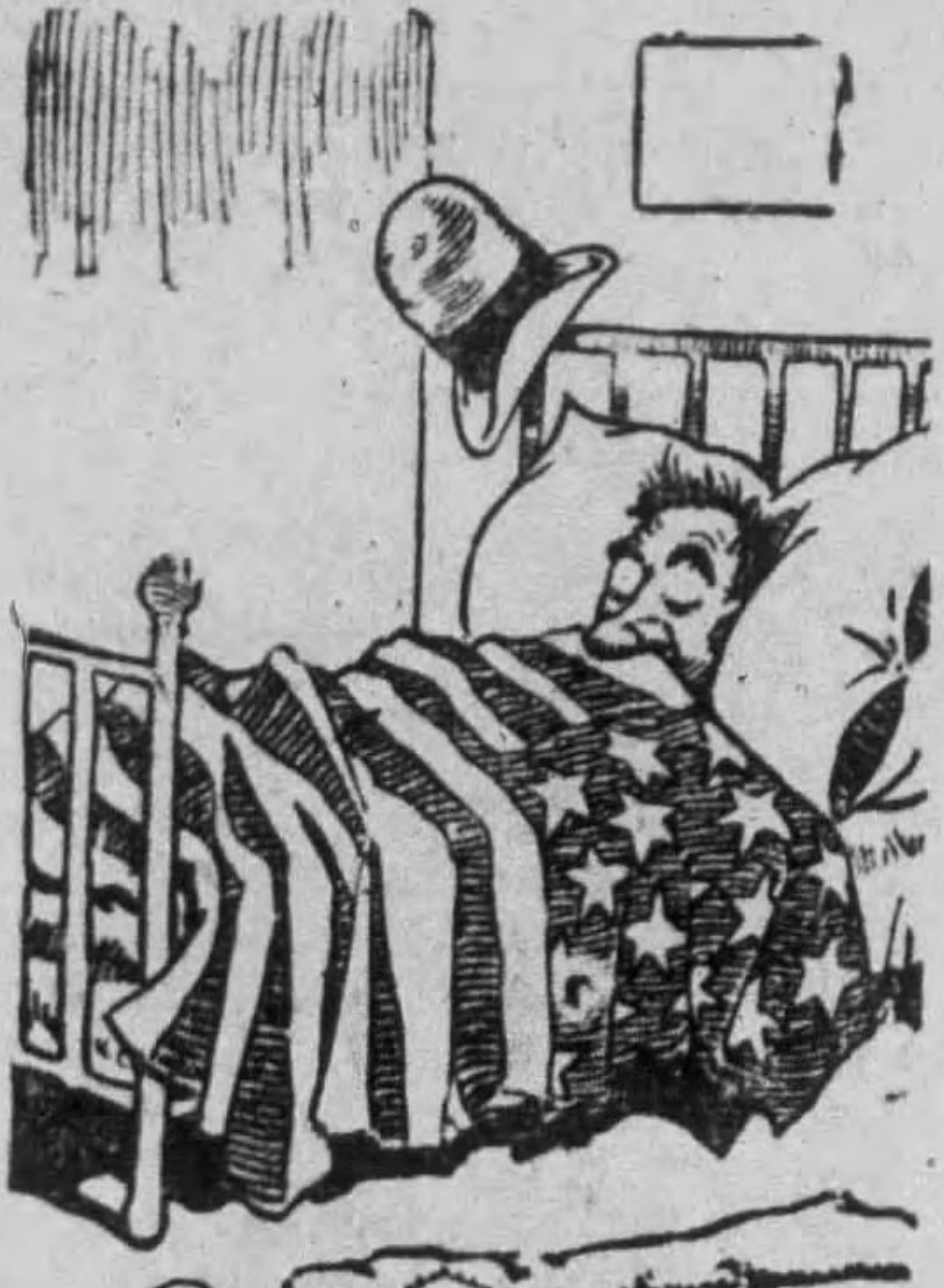

YESSUM, HE'S DE SMARTEST DORG I EVER SEE.
I LIKE HIS LOOKS— I'LL BUY HIM.
I'LL JUST SLIP THIS COLLAR AND FOOL THE LEADING LADY.!!
BACK TO HEADQUARTERS
HELLO, BILL! SELL ME AGAIN, IT'S THE GREATEST SPORT YET.!!
CONDO
N-E-A


COME ON, FATHER, DINNER'S READY!
Condo
-N-E-A-

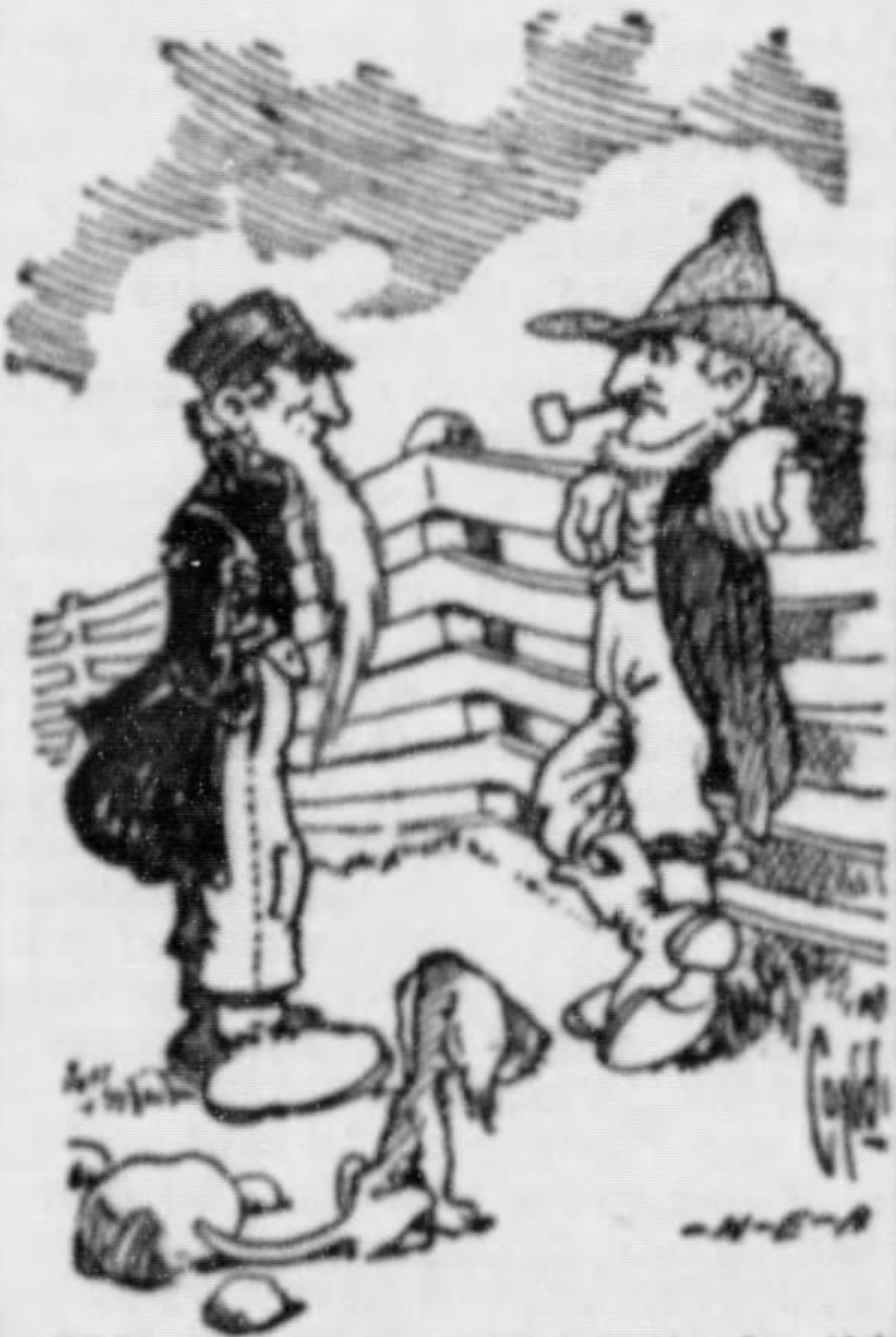
THE CALL OF THE WILD.

# IN FACT, BUSINESS WAS HEAVY


WELL, HOW'S BUSINESS?
PRETTY GOOD - WE WERE CROWDED YESTERDAY AT NOON.
HAM AND, AN' A PLATE O' BUCK!!
TAKE IT AWAY!!!
Condo
-N-E-A-



He Covered Himself With Glory.



"Did our congressman vote fer th' mileage grab bill?"

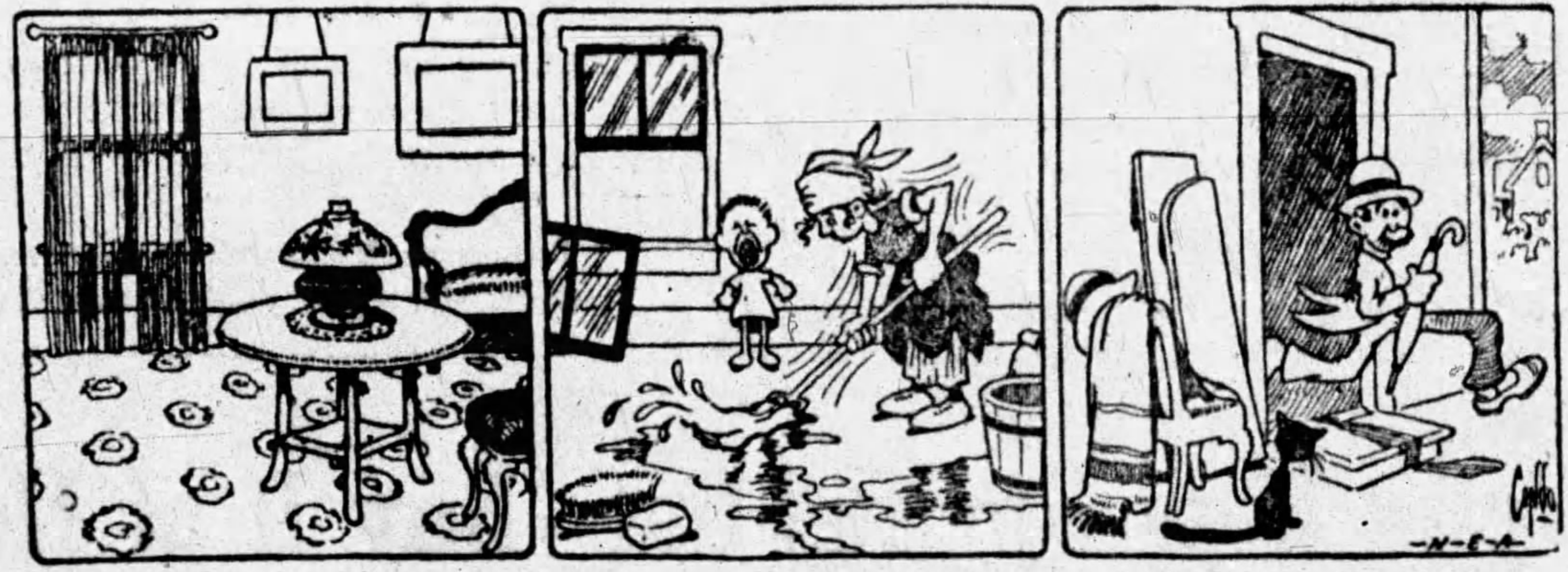
"Yes he owned up he voted fer it."

"Well, drat th' dod blasted cuss, he's uz crooked uz a ram's horn. Whut th' tarnation made 'im do it?"

"He said ef he didn't vote fer it they'd shut off his free seed supply."

"Wull, uv course, ef he was forced int' it, that's diffrunt."

# HOUSECLEANING IS (SEE SHERMAN ON WAR).



8 A. M. 9 A. M. 9:01 A. M.

# BEATING THE BACHELOR TAX

I SEE IT'S UP TO ME TO SIDE-STEP THAT TAX COMMISSION— I'LL GET MARRIED!
BACHELOR'S TAX
$50.00
JUST THINK, HENRY, THIS CUTE LITTLE EASTER BONNET ONLY COST $32.00
BUTCHER'S BILL $46.00
GROCERY BILL $27.00
BILL
BILL
BILL
CONDO
4-5-1

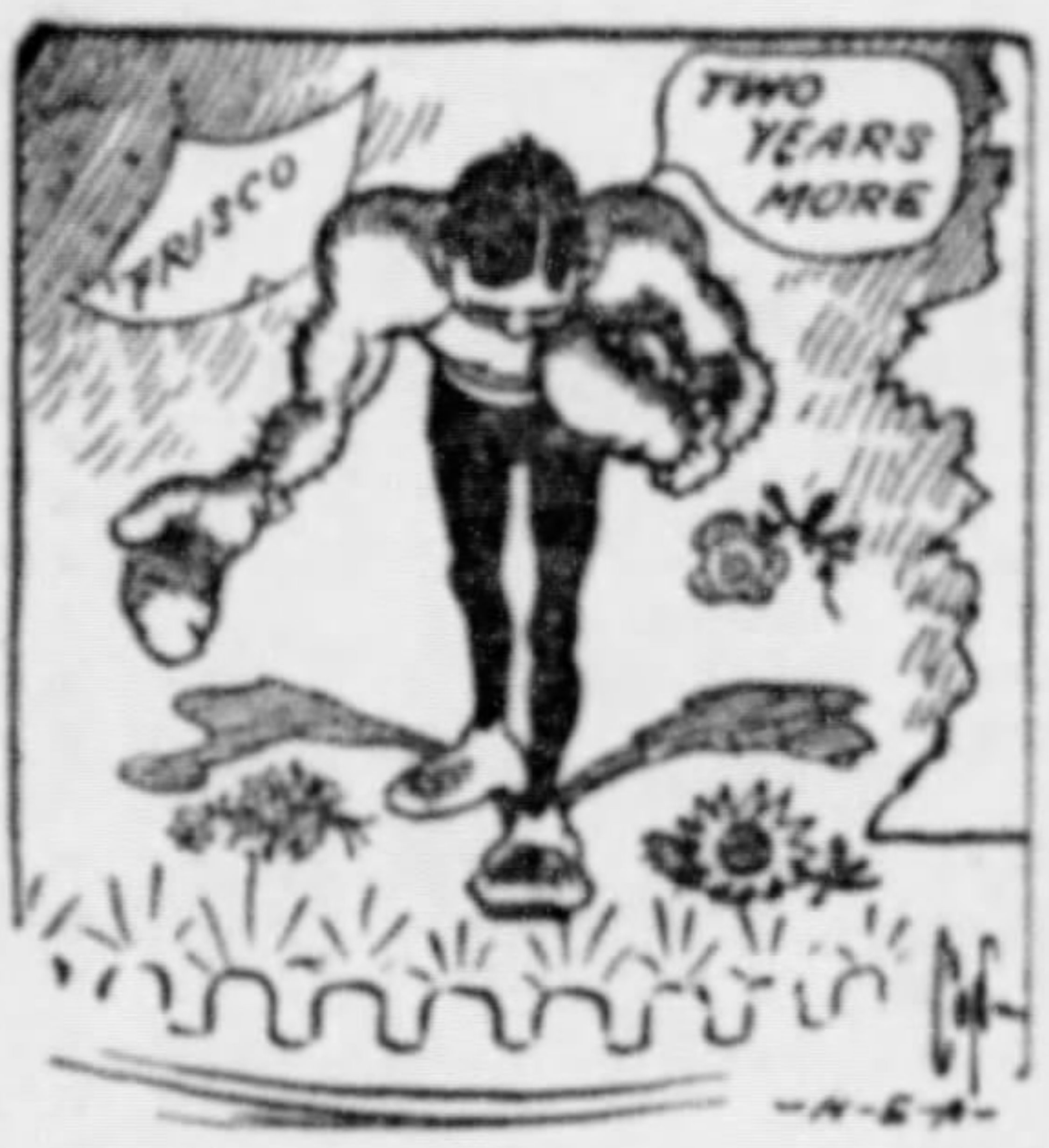
# CORBETT'S GOSSIP

BY JAS. J. CORBETT.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

## FIGHTS NOT BARRED IN 'FRISCO.

"Pugilism to the front again," is the slogan in San Francisco. Senator Ralston's anti-fight measure was hiplocked by the legislature and sent flying through the air for two years more. It means fun galore for the ring fans in California and 'Frisco in particular for the next two years at least.



While the Golden state lawmakers were busy with the Ralston bill, the Yankees down in York state were goosting the Frawley bill, which permits of 15-minute amateur bouts.

Of course the former is the more important because it permits the clubs in California to continue holding long-distance contests between professionals, while the Frawley measure allows but five rounds at the most.

What effect the steps taken in the two states will have on the sport remains to be seen. It is to be hoped that the promoters of the game will use enough sense to boost the sport, and not knock it.

In New York, where there has been no fighting, it is more liable to receive careful attention, but out on the coast there is a lot of haggling going on all the time between the manager of this club and that, between Morris Levy, of the Hayes Valley club, and Alex Greggains, of the San Francisco club, and Jim Coffroth, of the Yosemite club. It was their selfish actions that almost put the sport under the sod on former occasions, and after the narrow escape this time they ought to realize that it is entirely too dangerous to keep up the scrapping between themselves.

## WALCOTT TO DO STUNTS.

After a temporary retirement for six months, Joe Walcott, the simon-pure welter-weight champion, again announces his intention of doing things in the squared circle. Joe tried to get gay with the business end of a popgun, and the result was a perforated mitt, which may interfere some with his ability. If it doesn't, then let the talkative ones within the reach of a sawed-off black look out, for Joe, for his weight, is about the toughest nut the game has ever seen. What chance would "Buddy" Ryan, the present claimant to the welter title, have with him? Walcott is billed to do things to one George Gunther, dubbed the Melbourne Kangaroo, at Portland, Me., in the near future, and unless the latter is several pounds over the average scrapper, Joe will blow out his candle in quick order. And if Joe gets back in the pugilistic limelight it will mean a quick ending to the present welter-weight, B. Ryan.

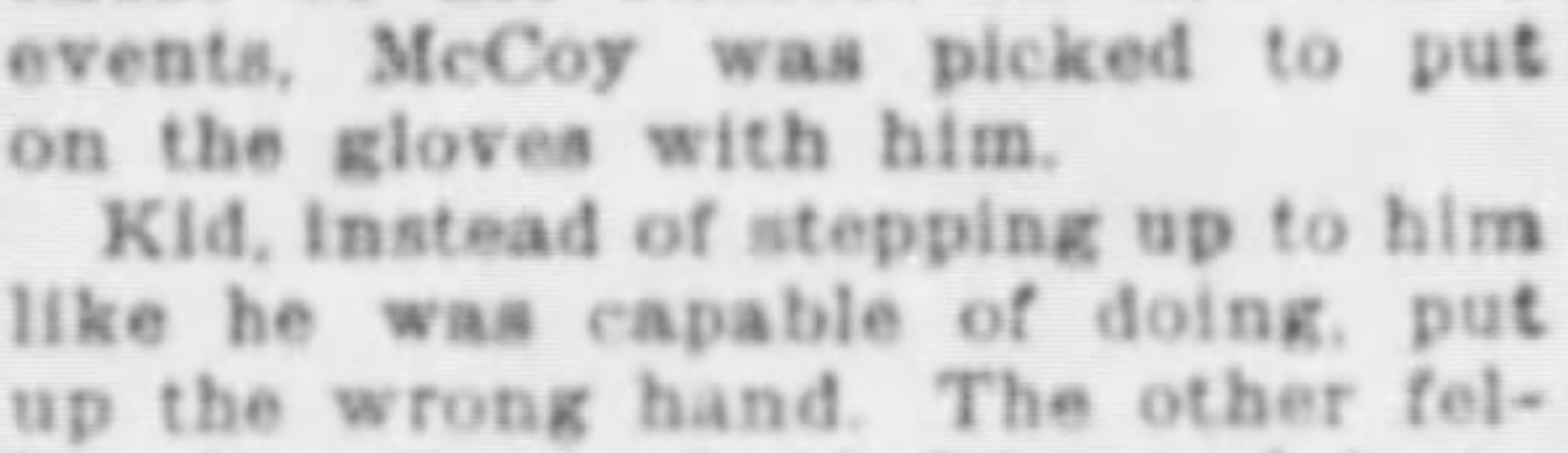
## SECONDS SHY AT KNOCKOUTS.

A knockout in a prizefight will be an unknown thing in the course of another two years in San Francisco. It has got so that the seconds of a fighter are keenly on the lookout, and generally able to decide for themselves whether the fight is over before the final wallop comes. It is lots better for seconds to say "lost" than "K. O." Take the fight between Corbett and Nelson only a few weeks ago. The Denver lad would have gone down in one of those peaceful sleeps in 10 more seconds had the battle gone on, but his seconds were too wise for that, even if he saw his star fastly falling behind the horizon of oblivion. The sponge was thrown in the ring, and when the records are published Nelson will not be recorded with a knockout, but with a win, and Corbett a "lost."

## HOW KID M'COY KIDDED HIM.

Kid McCoy is one of the greatest actors the ring has ever developed. Not a long while ago he was on his way to South Africa to rest up. On his way over on the boat a series of athletic exercises and contests were arranged, in which McCoy was very active. He took several first places and became quite a hero. After the games were over a set of gloves were produced and sparring matches arranged. There happened on the boat on that a trip a very clever fellow who had done a lot of amateur work in the ring. Because of his success in the other events, McCoy was picked to put on the gloves with him.

Kid, instead of stepping up to him like he was capable of doing, put up the wrong hand. The other fellow laughed and tried to explain to him the first principal of fighting or boxing as it was called on the boat. Everyone aboard looked to see McCoy get his block knocked off. Well, Kid started to dance around like a kitten at play with a mouse before devouring it.

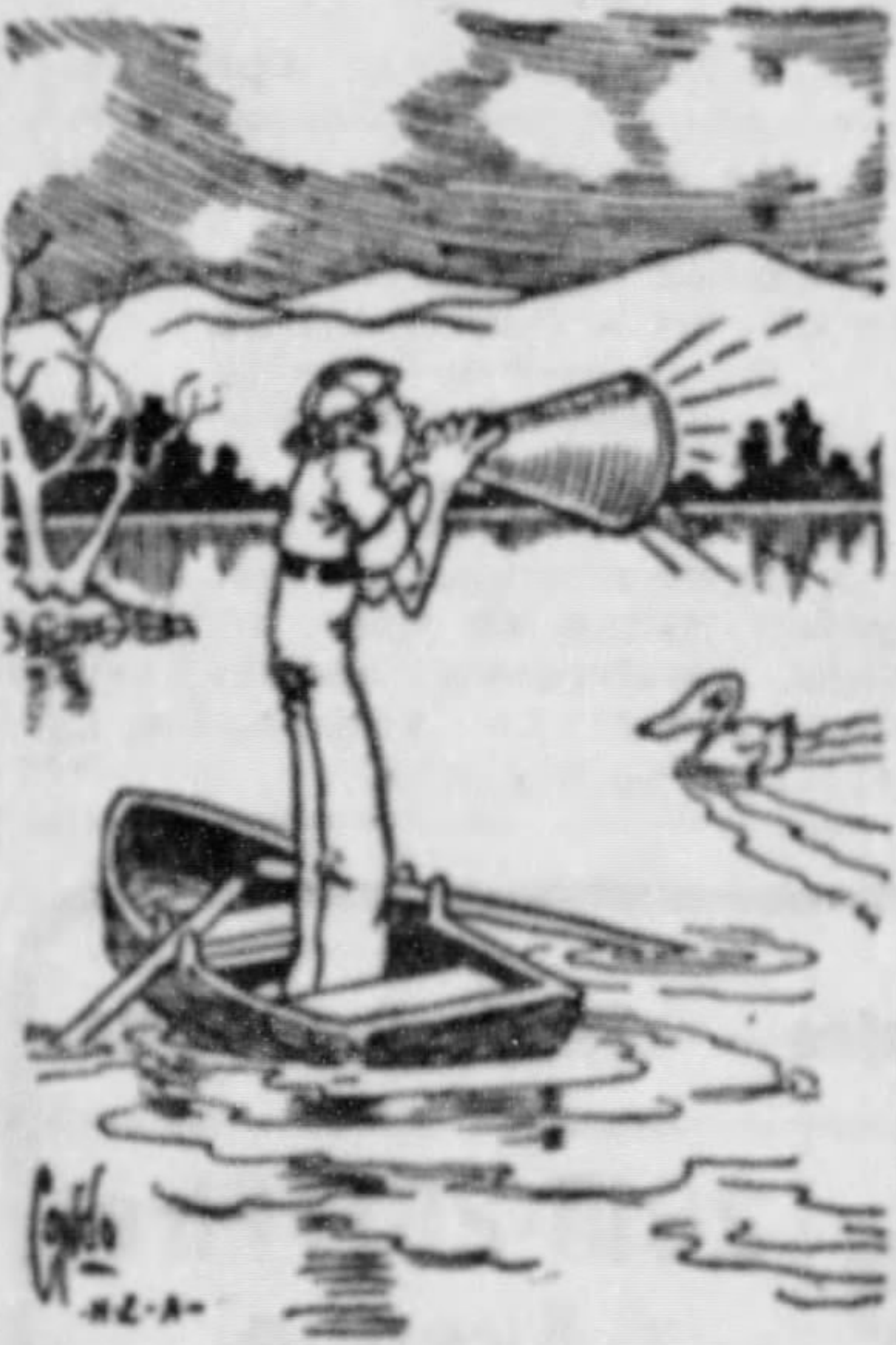

OH, MY, THAT'S NO WAY TO BOX!
McCOY
-N-E-A-

After about 20 minutes of fun the other fellow looked seriously at McCoy and said: "I believe that if you were to turn your attention to fighting you would make a good man." Kid thanked him and smiled.

One of the men who sailed on the same P. & O. steamer that McCoy took to south Africa, was a wealthy Britisher who knew a Britisher when he saw him, so he thought, and liked the game very much. He met McCoy and said to him that if he would go in for it he could make some money meeting the champion of South America. McCoy was willing but the Britisher wanted to see McCoy up against a tougher proposition before he would risk his money on him, so he arranged a match with a professor in South Africa after they landed. McCoy took the genial teacher through a couple of rounds and it pleased the Britisher so much that he at once declared his willingness to back him.

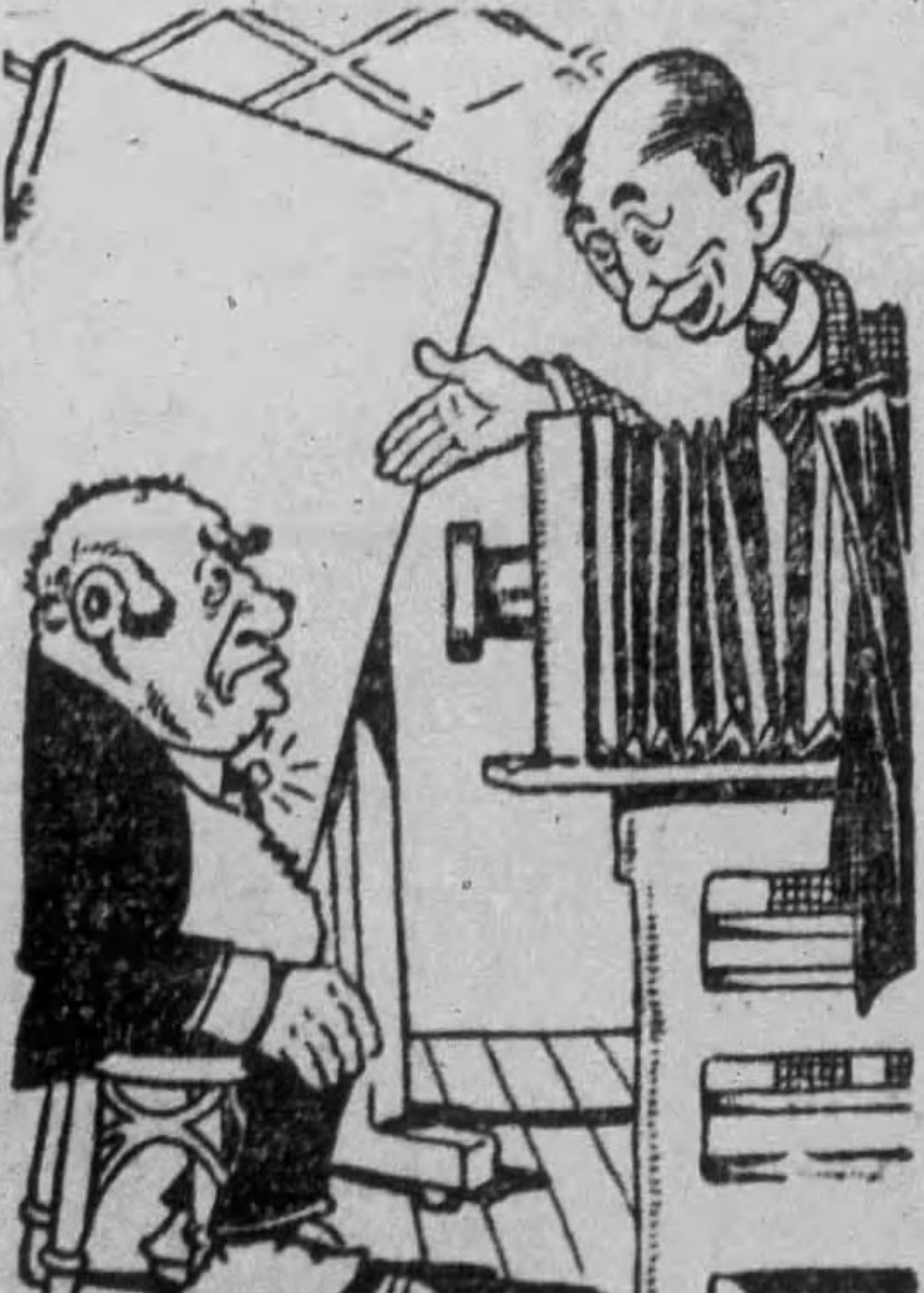
Unfortunately at that time McCoy was taken sick and had to drop boxing. When he recovered someone had discovered his similarity to a picture of Kid McCoy and the stuff was off. McCoy to this day will tell you that was the fastest thing that he overlooked.

Jas J Corbett

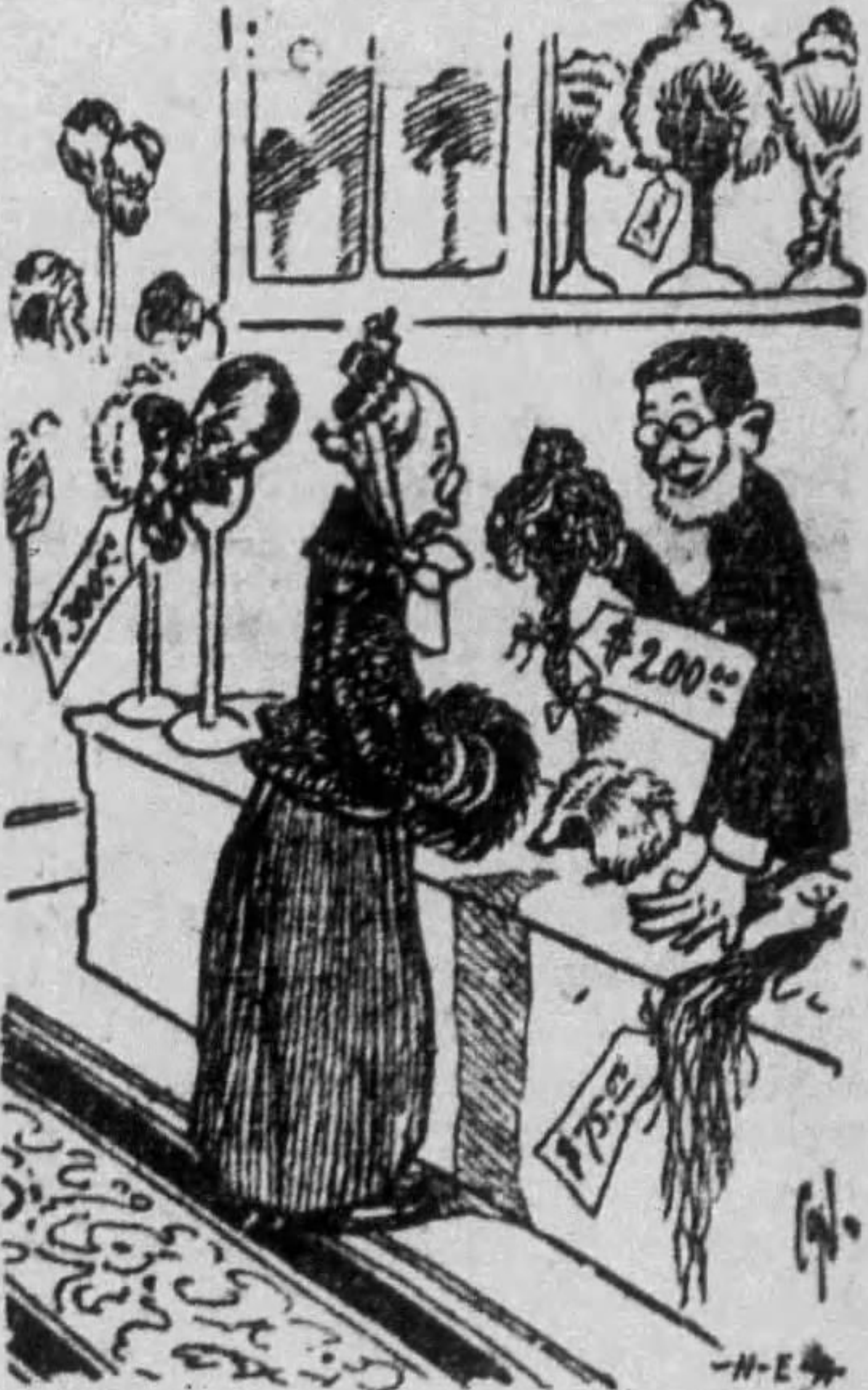


HE SPOKE AT GREAT LENGTH.

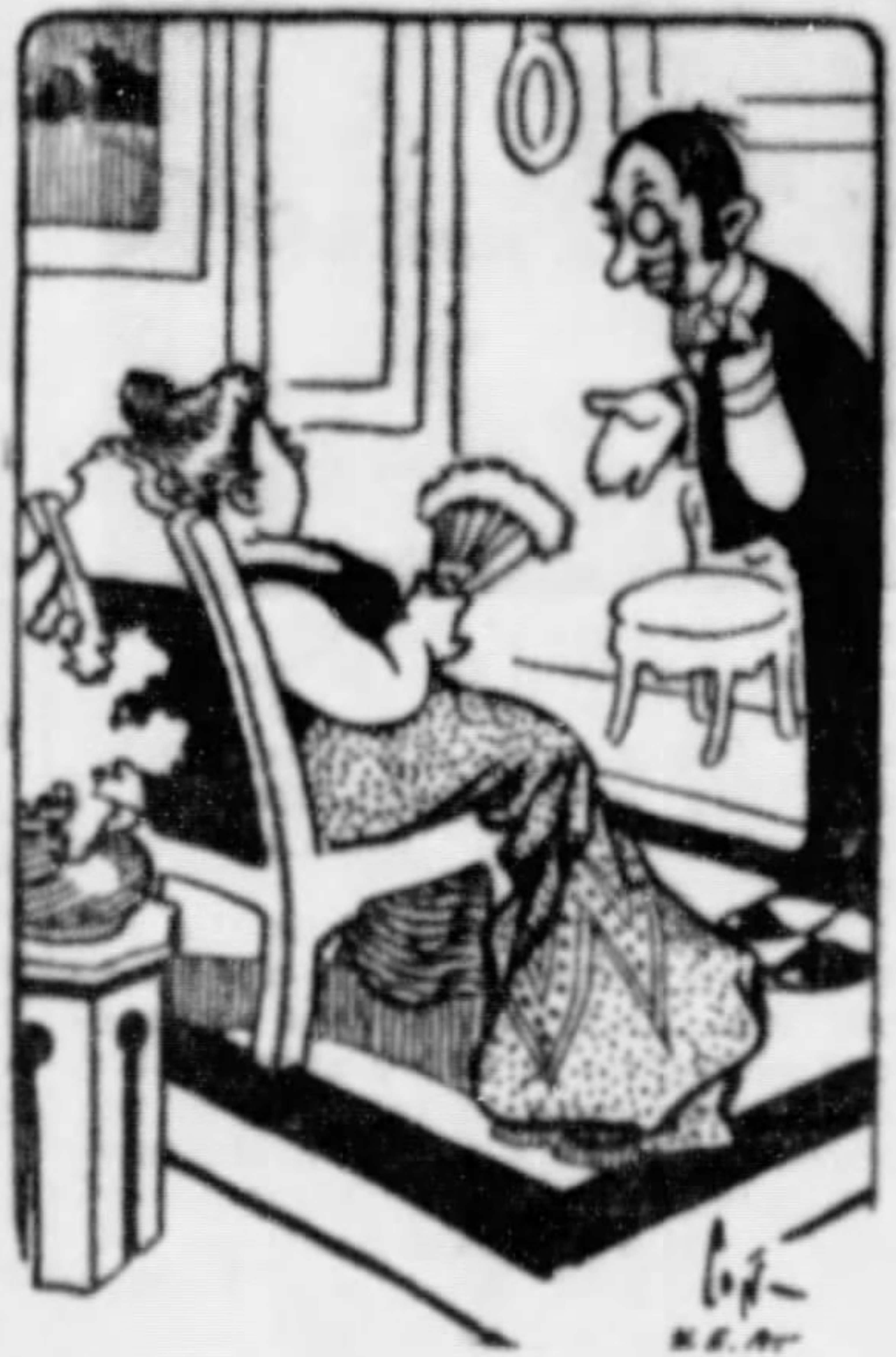
# IMPOSSIBLE



"Look pleasant, please."
"I can't. I'm from Chicago."


$300.00
$200.00
$75.00
-N-E

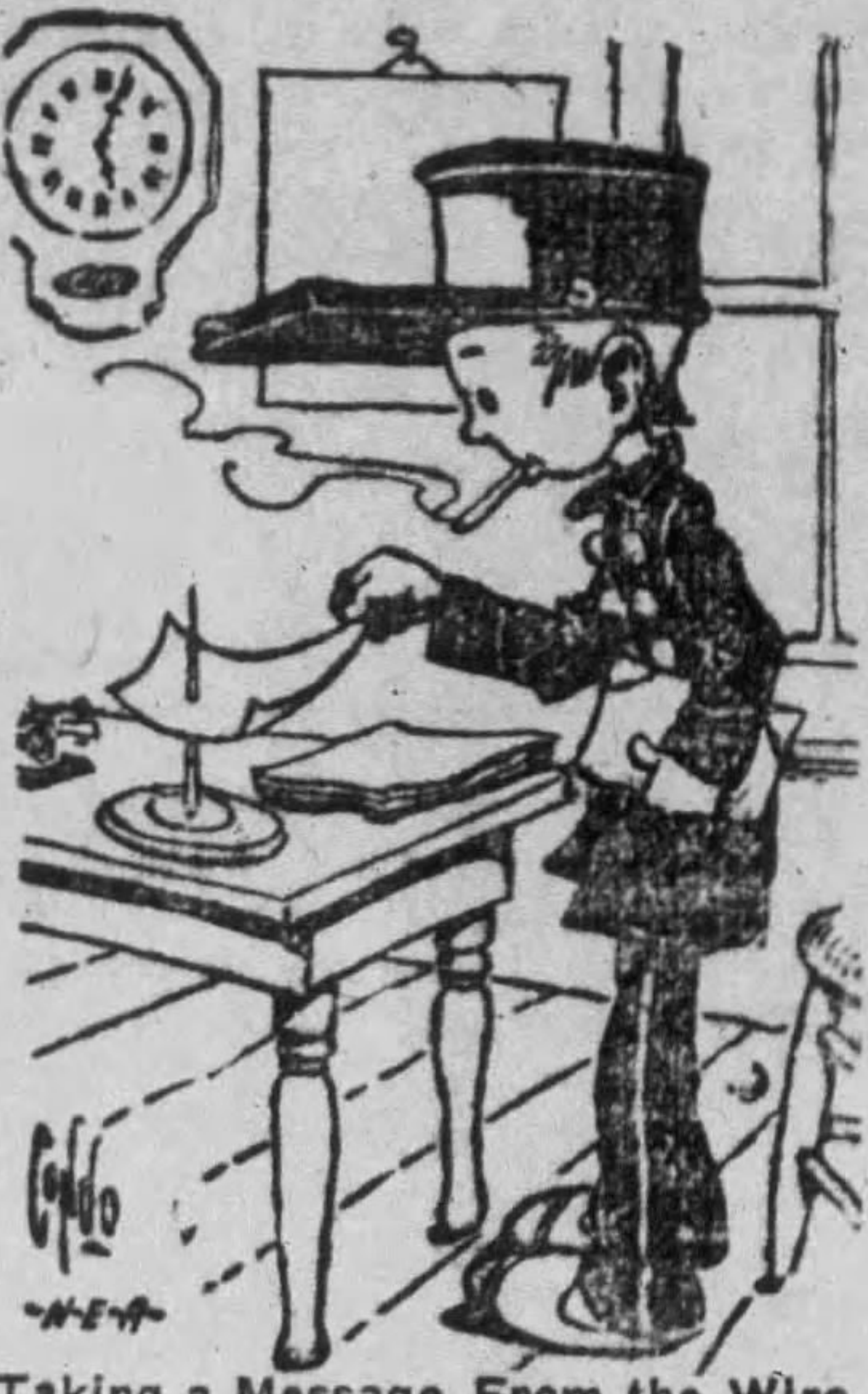
A Wealth of Hair.



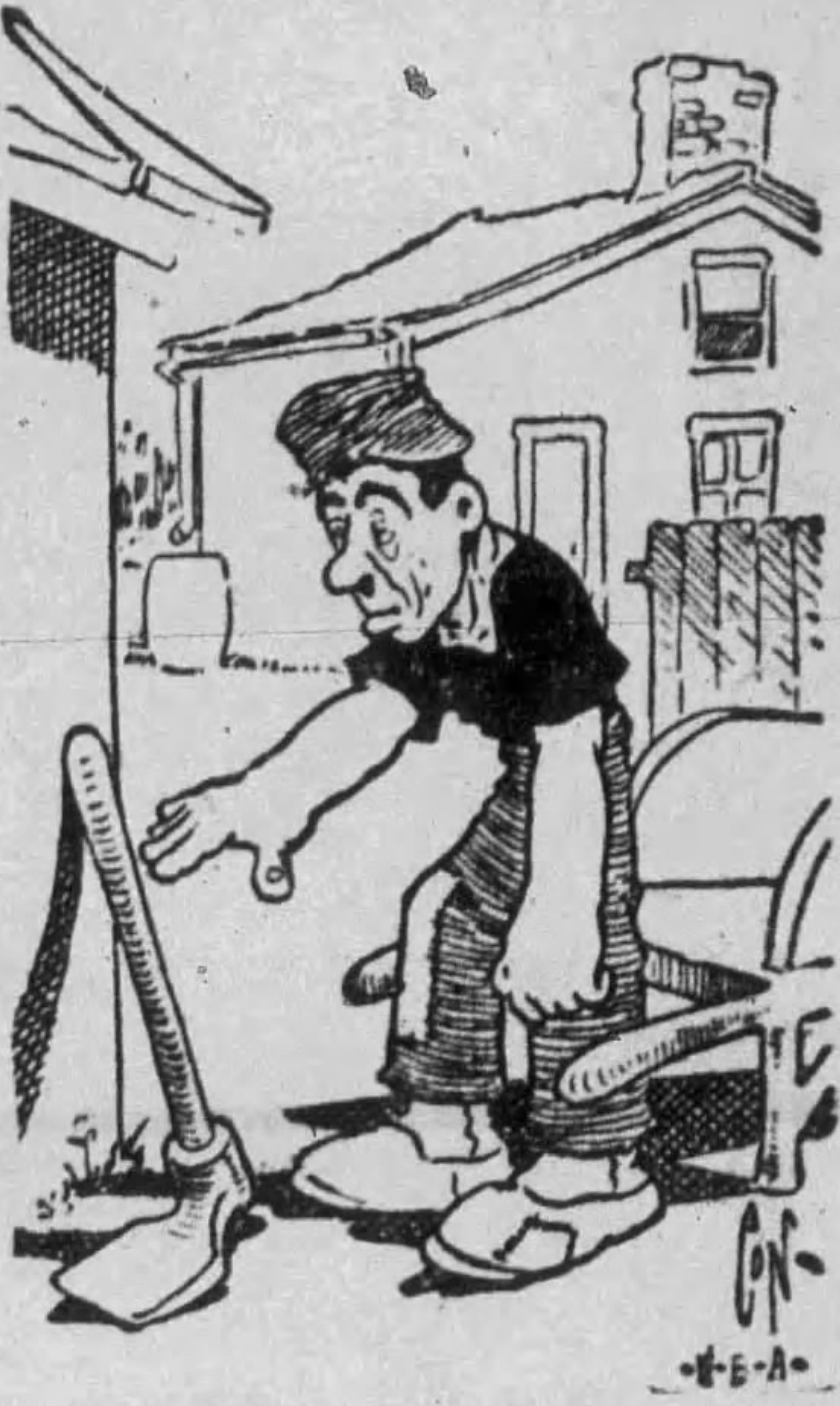
"I suppose you play cricket, Lord Sloberly."

"No—aw—I nevah played a game in all me life."

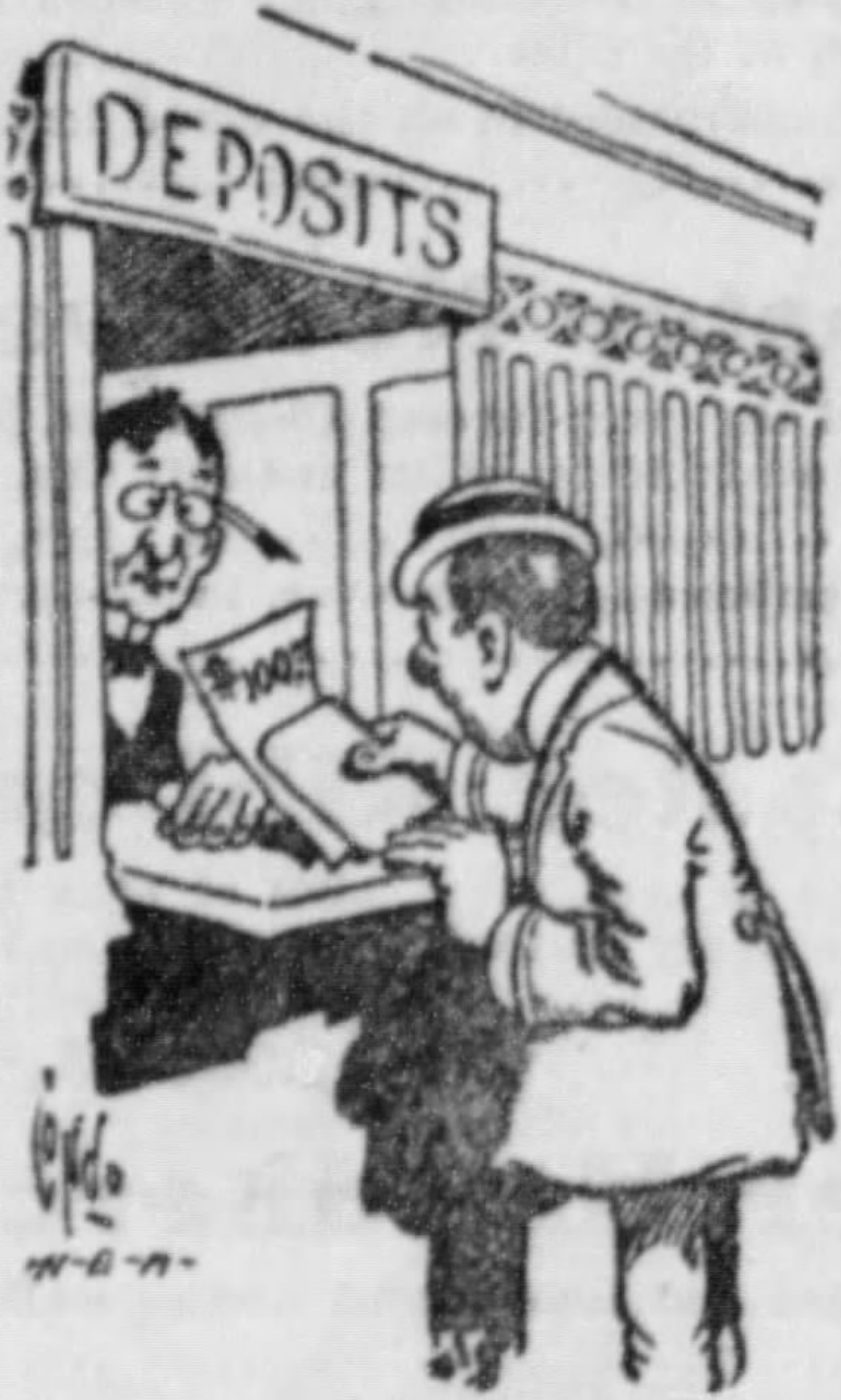
"Why, I thought you said you served seven years in the English army!"



Taking a Message From the Wire.

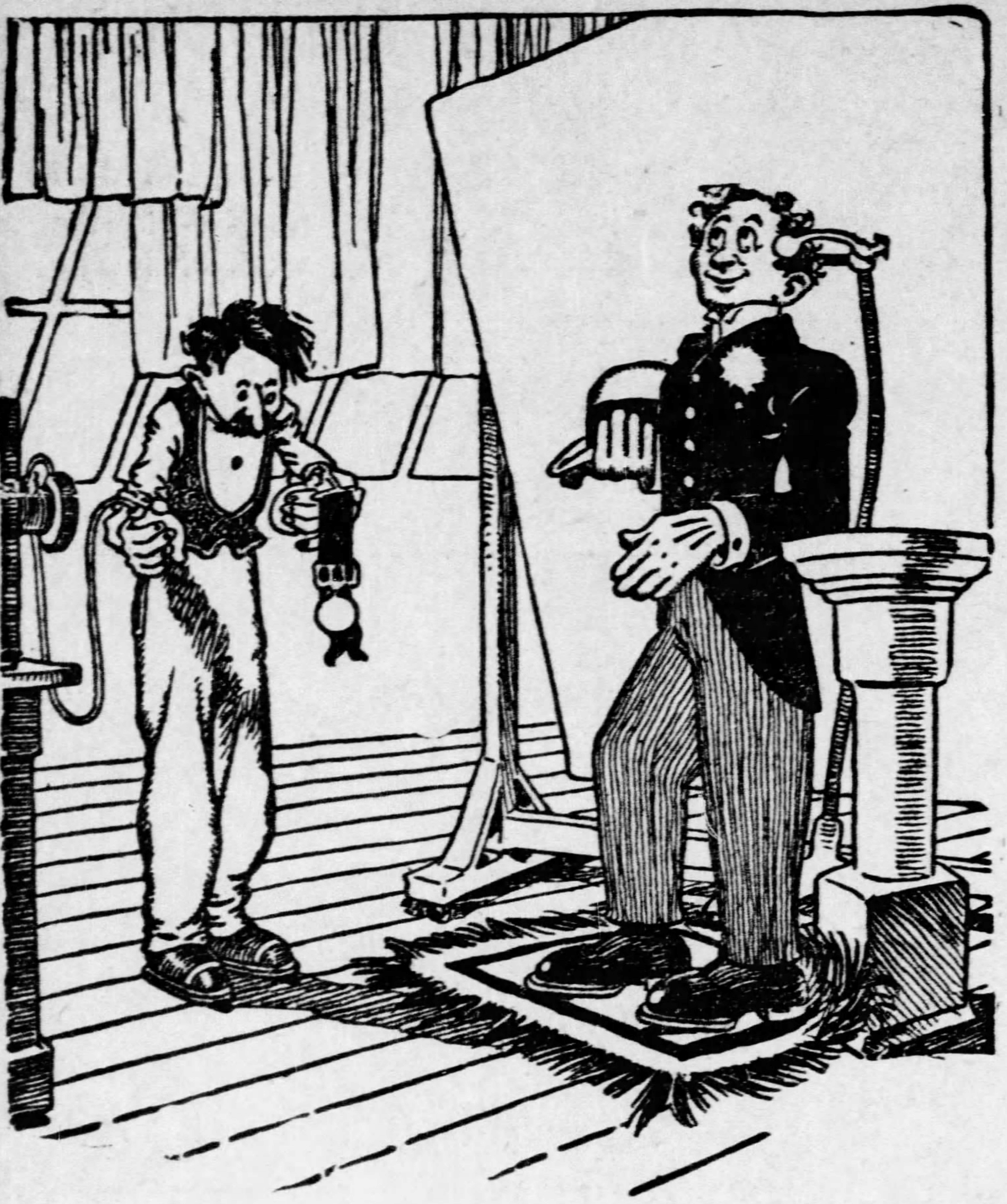


Taking His Grub.


DEPOSITS
$100

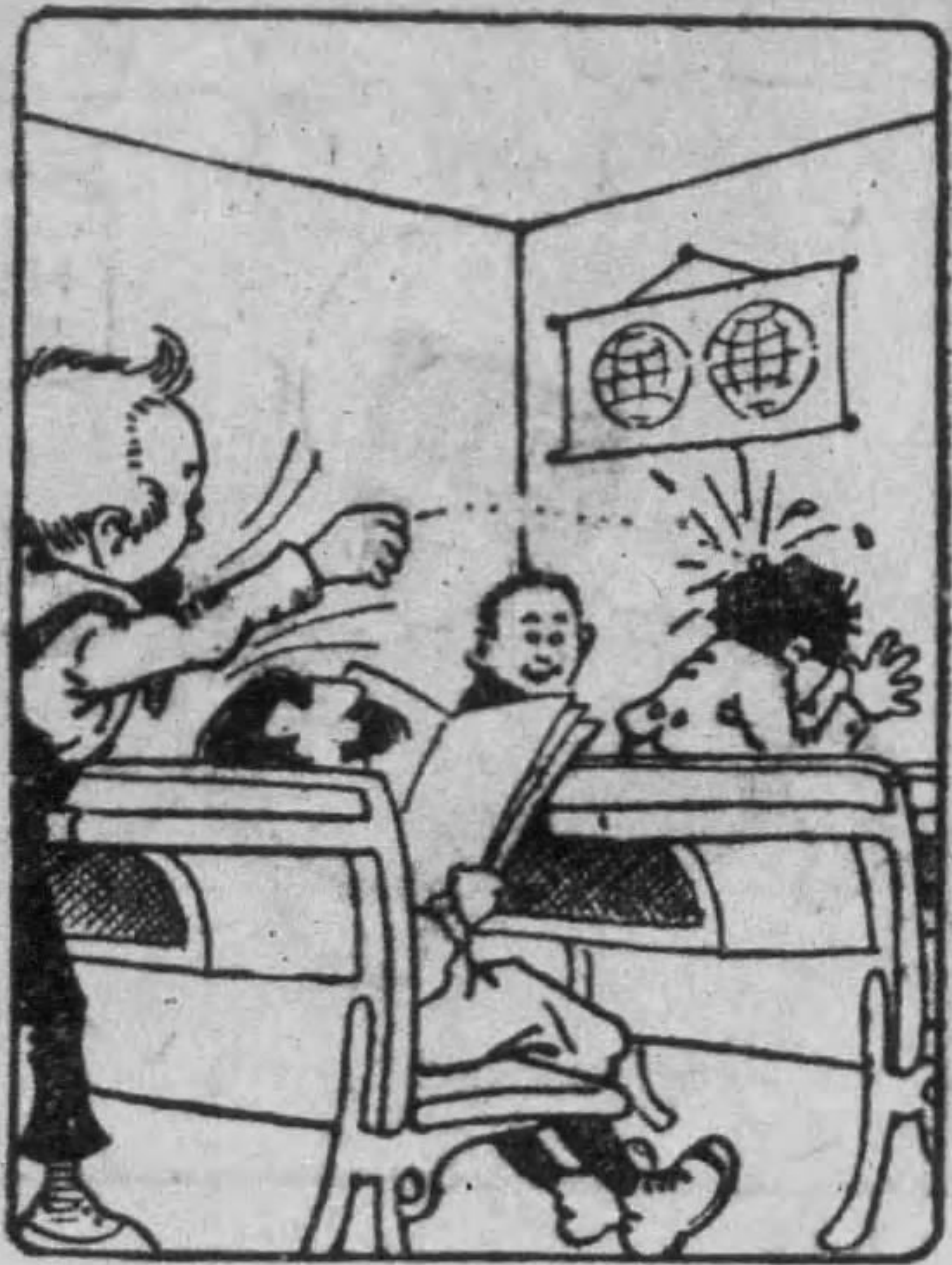
A CENTURY PLANT.

# CAN ANYBODY TELL WHY?

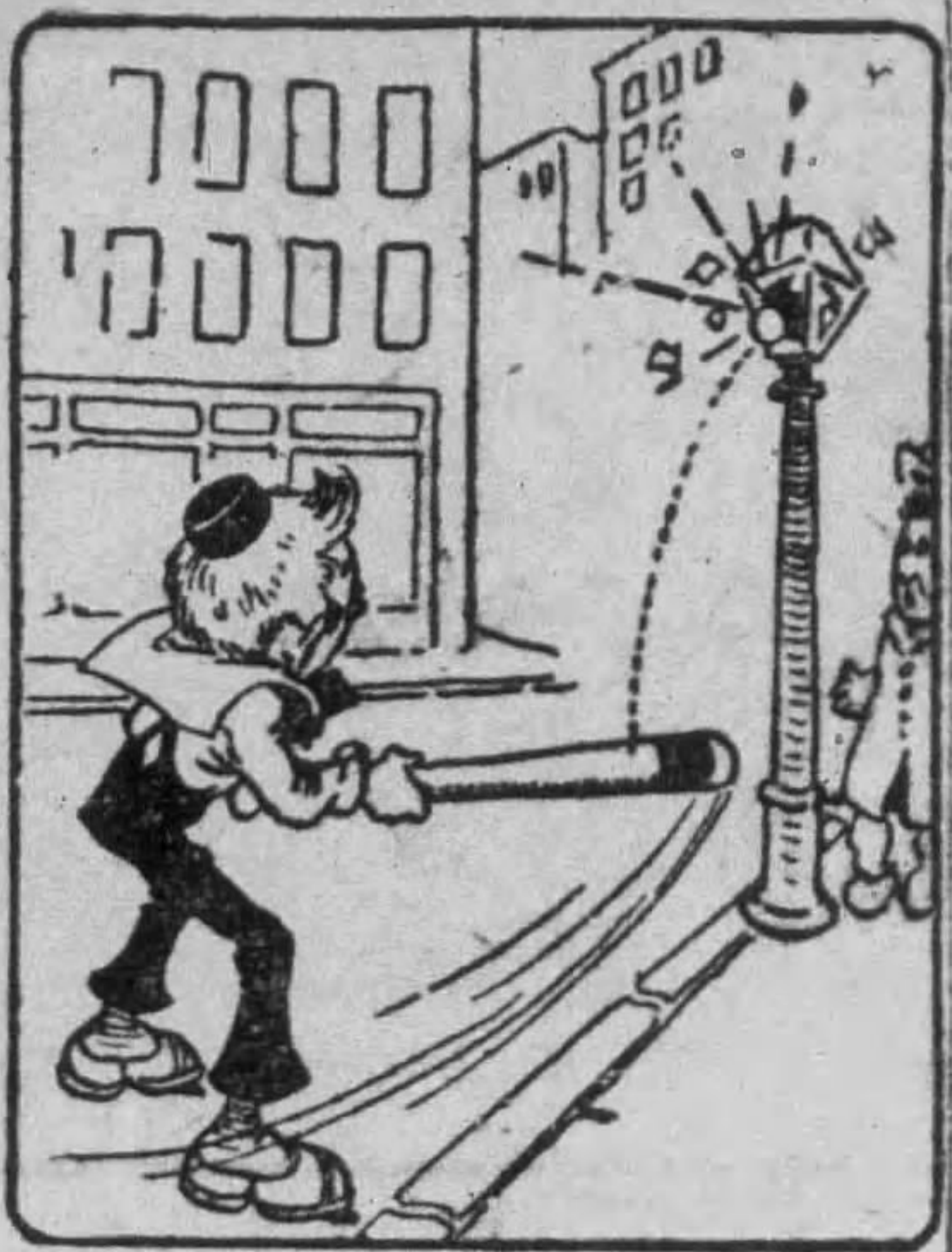


A man always thinks he looks like this when his picture is being taken in a gallery? (And he generally does look like that.)

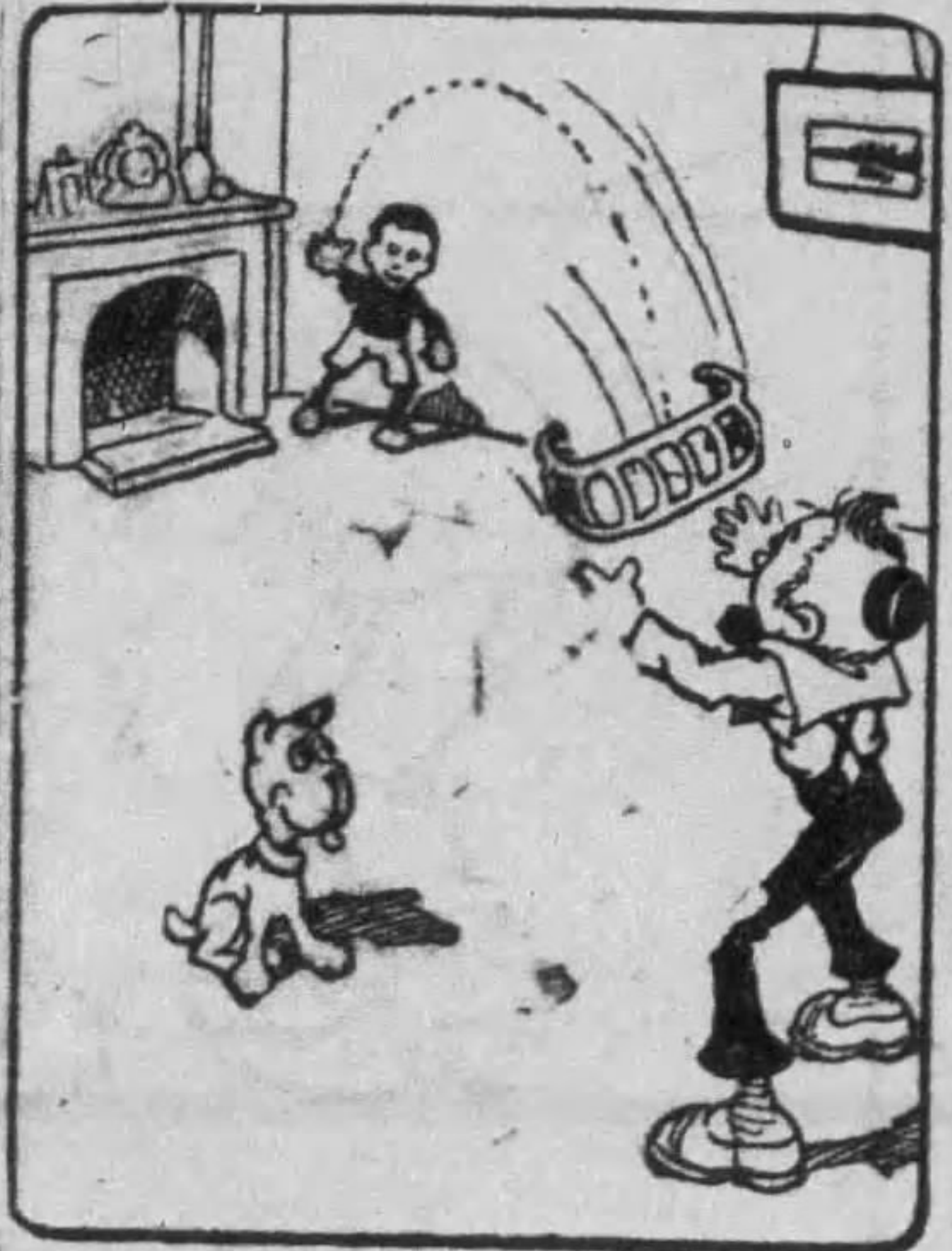
# DUKE MURPHY IN BASEBALL



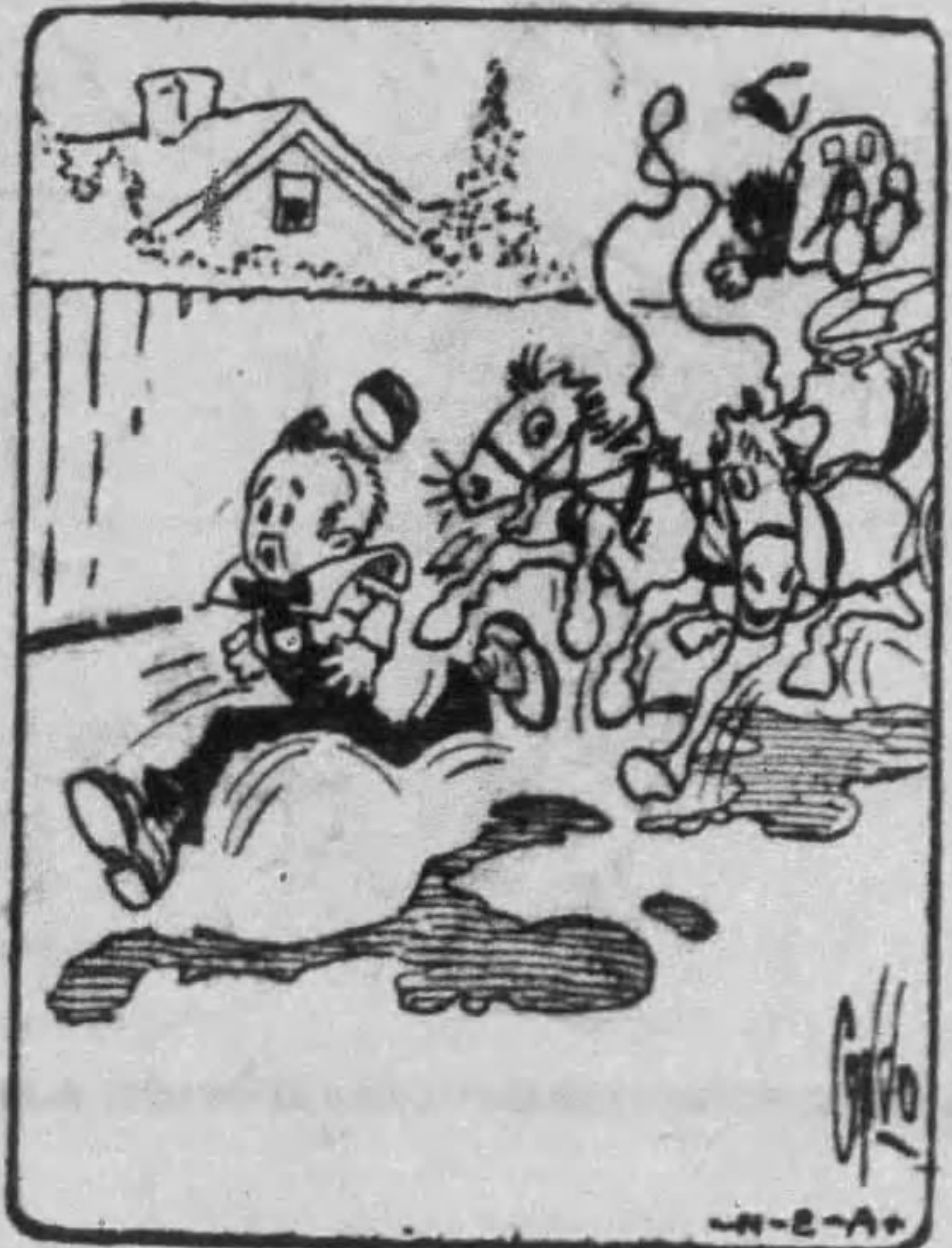
Duke mastered the spit ball.



He was a light batter.

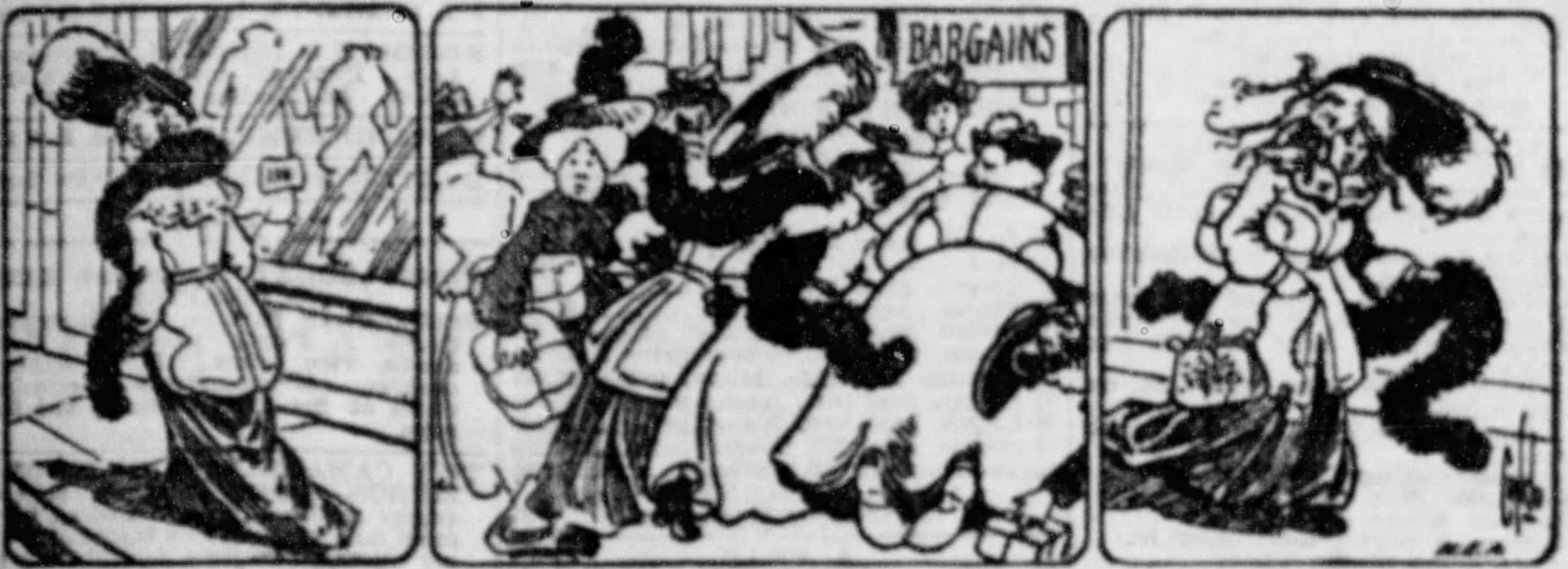


But a great catcher.



And led the team in running.

## A STUDY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE.

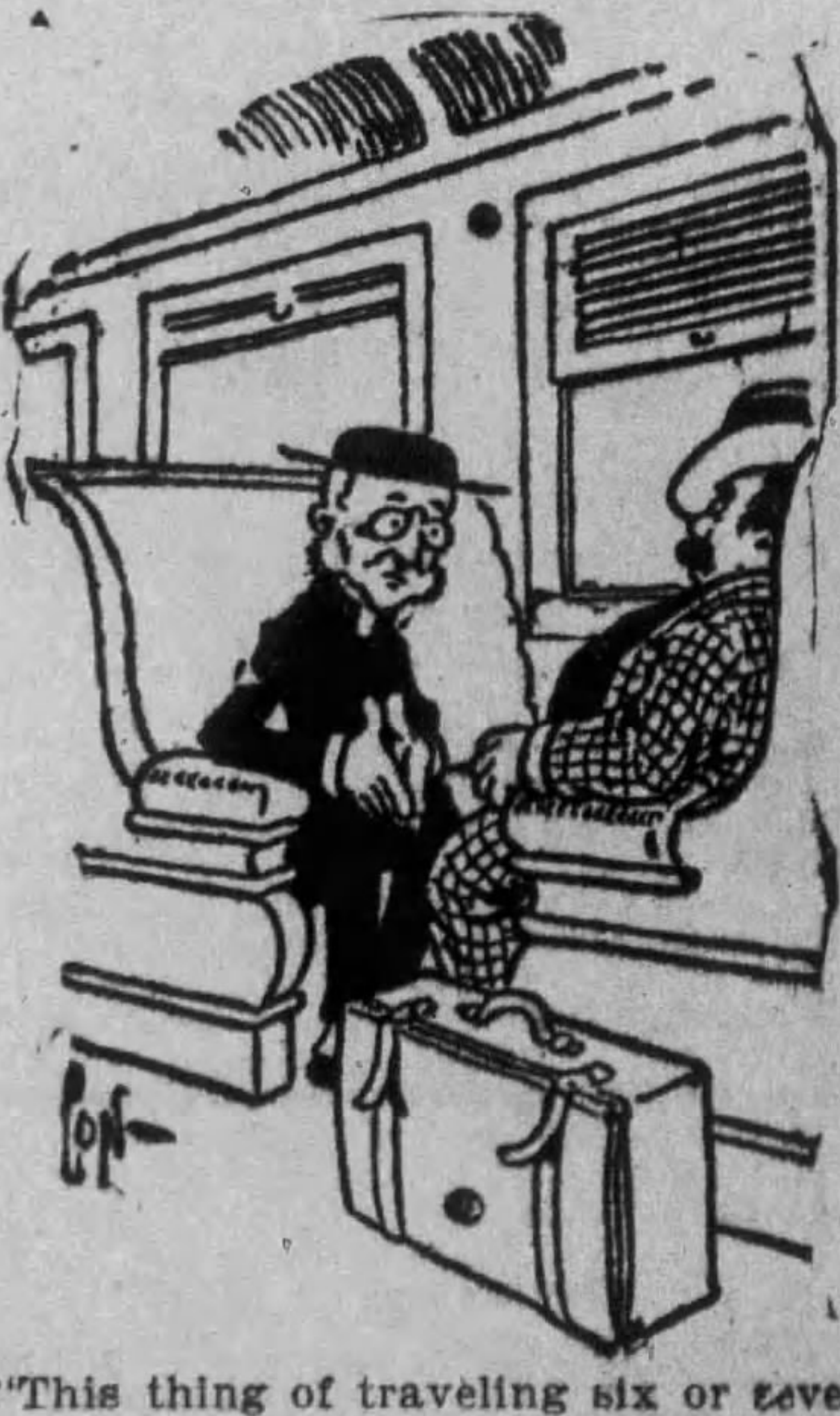


Mrs. Shepley Chase had resolved to lead the simple life.

And she put the theory into practice at the glove sale that afternoon.

Hereafter she'll do shopping in the same old way.

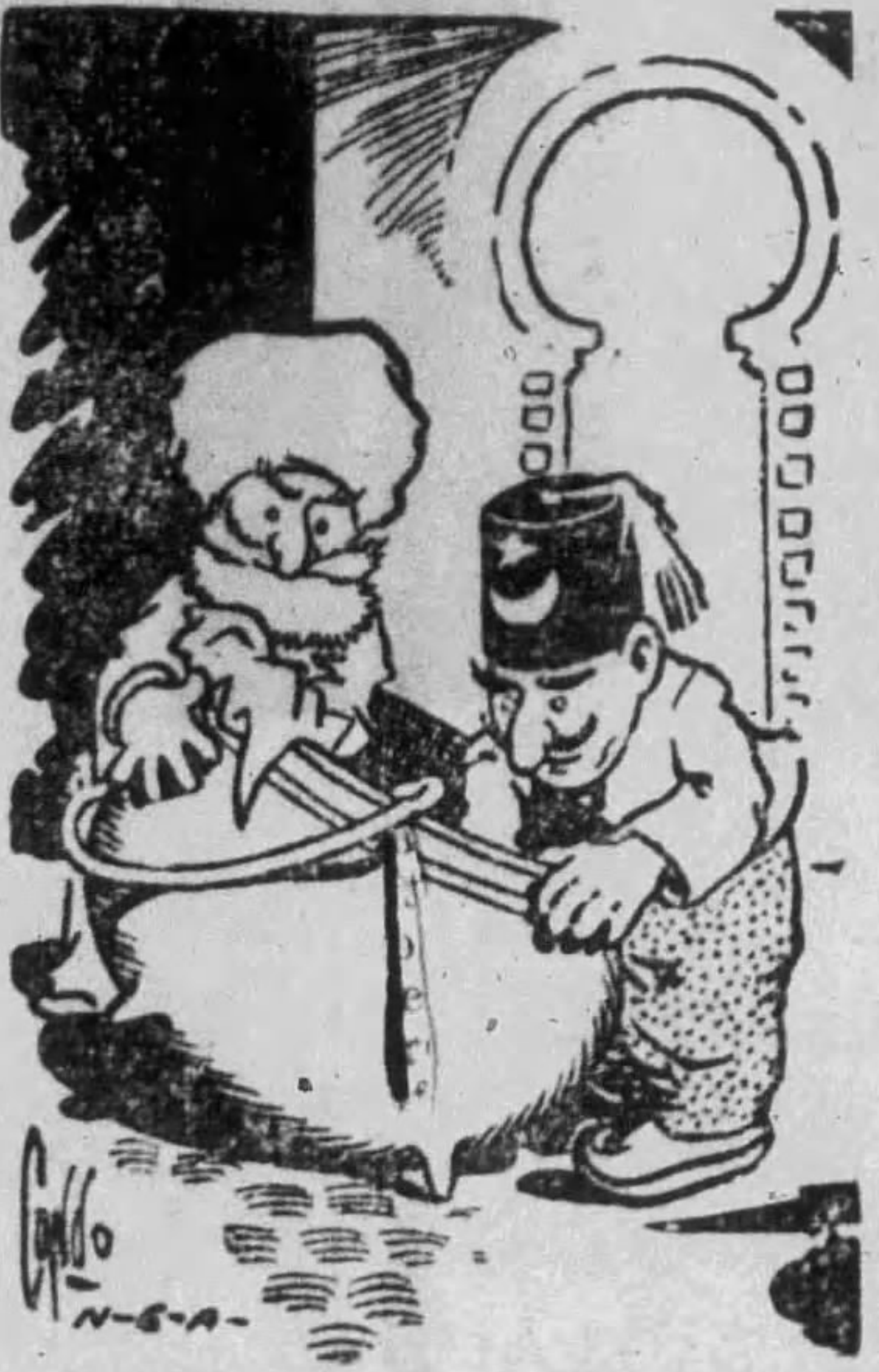
# THE WRETCH!



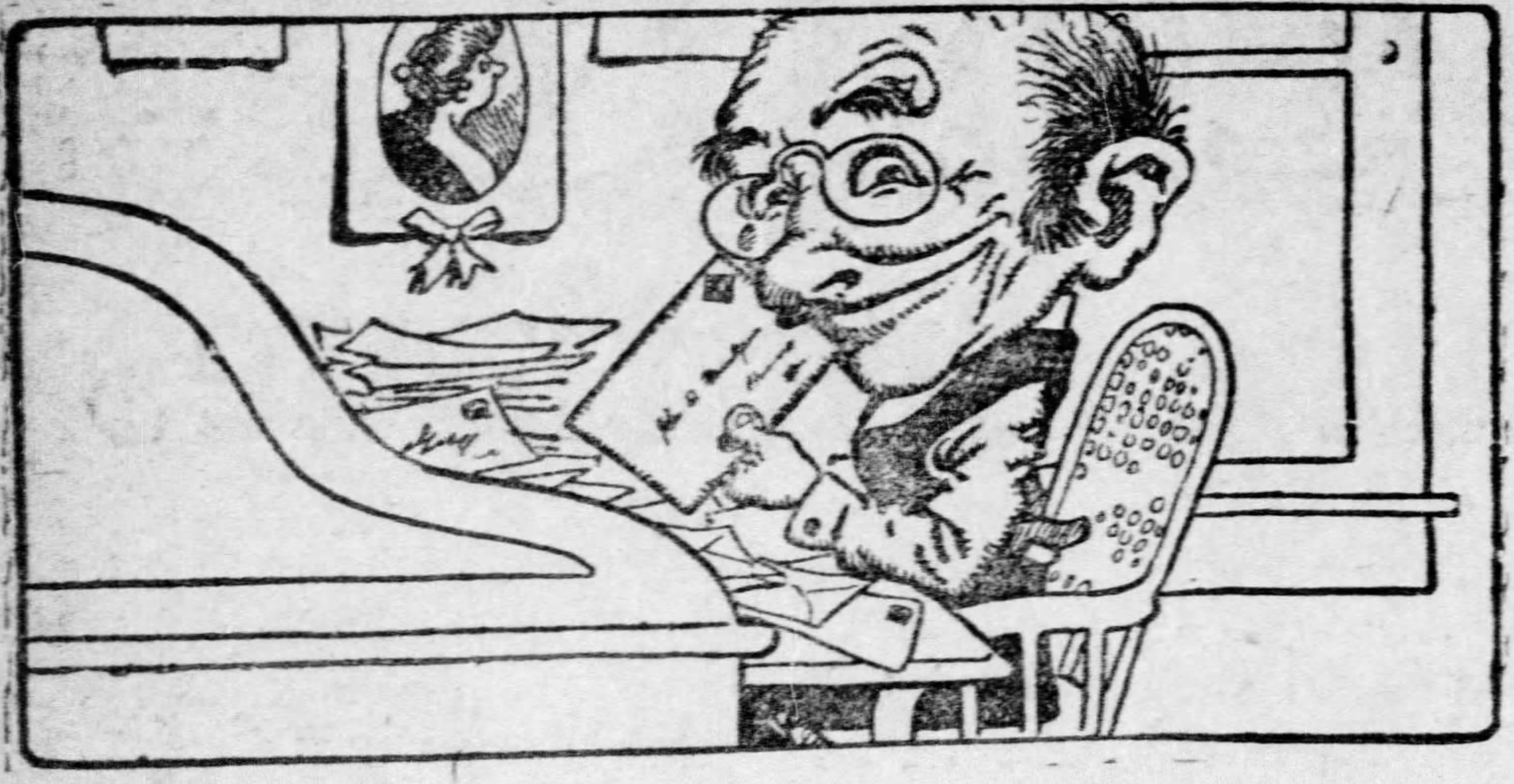
"This thing of traveling six or seven months a year must be mighty unpleasant for a married man."

"It is. It keeps me busy writing letters home."

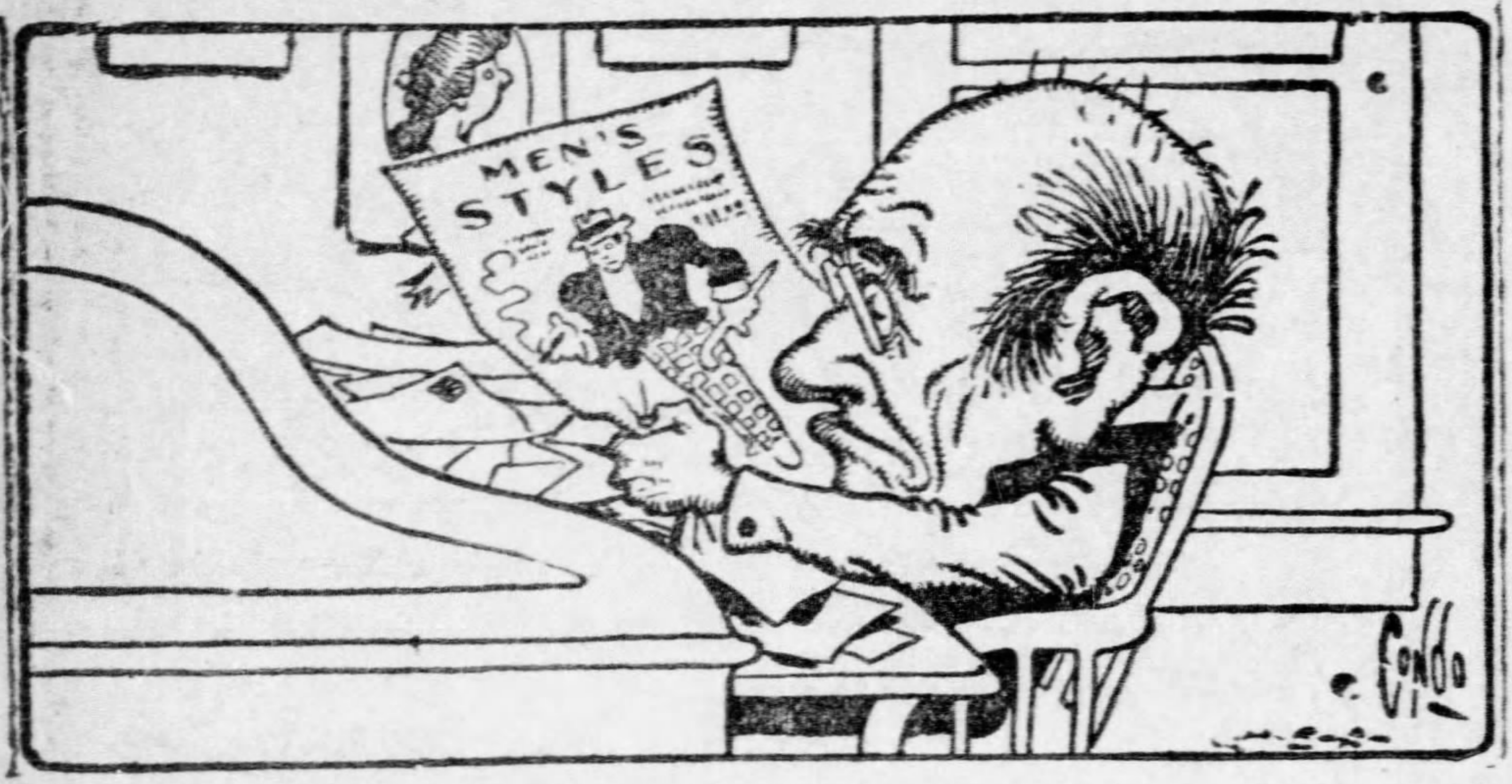
## Wiped Out by Turks.



# HOW FONDEST HOPES DECAY



"Ha, ha! Isn't that the neat little hand? And perfumed, too. I've made a hit with some little beauty."



"Confound these fellows, making a man waste his time opening mail to look at such rubbish!"

# The Adventures of HAIRLOCK HONES

As Told by Josh Wise

## EXIT HAIRLOCK HONES.

Many a night I've set in front uv my warm grate an' toasted my shins and wondered whut became uv Hairlock Hones—wondered whether he wuz killed by some criminal he'd exposed, er someone th't put 'im out uv th' way t' prevent 'im frum interruptin' some work he'd planned out, er if he wuz still on earth, a terror t' evil doers. It didn't seem possible t' me th't any criminal could uv outwitted 'im fer his intellect wuz th' finest I ever heard uv.

Ah, but he wuz keen, wuz Hairlock Hones. I remember oncet a certain millionaire, a man Hairlock had never saw before, called on 'im t' hire 'im t' recover $250,000 worth uv bonds. Without introducin' 'imself th' man stated 'is business.

"When did you discover these bonds wuz stole?" says Hairlock.

"I discovered it week before las'," says th' man.

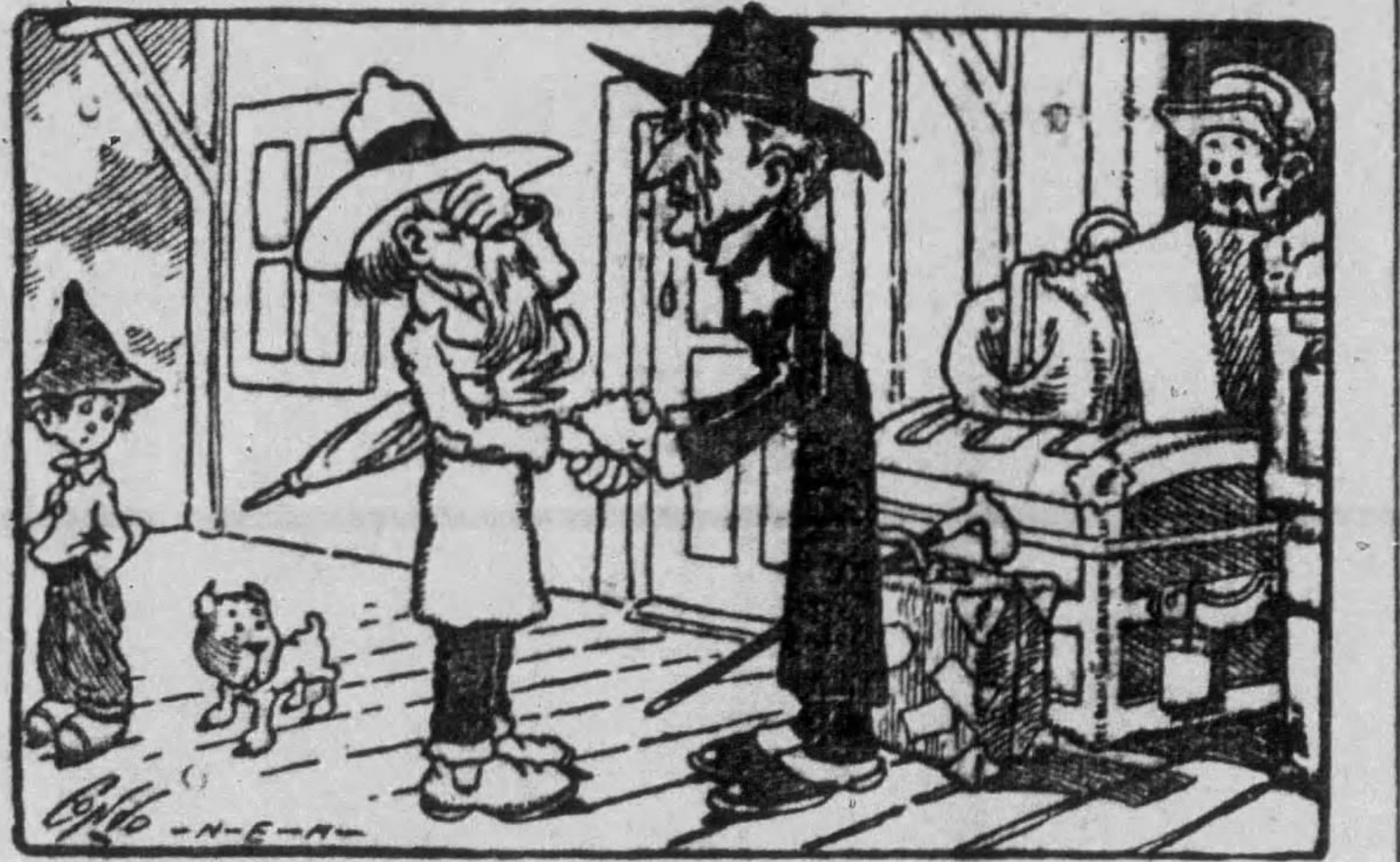
"Ah, indeed," says Hairlock, "an' when did you leave Philadelphia?"

Uv course th' millionaire wuz took back by that, but he says, "I left there five days ago an' got in at 10 this mornin'."

"You had a berth on th' right-hand side uv th' sleeper, didn't you?"

"Why, Mr. Hones——"

"I see th' right side uv your face is darker'n th' left, showin' you had th' right side t' th' window—th' dust an' smoke makin' it darker'n th' left side."



"Goodby, Old Friend, Goodby," Says Hairlock.

Another time he fooled th' local chief uv police, who'd come t' him t' help in runnin' down a bank robber.

"See that feller across th' street?" says Hairlock. "Now that man's looks don't mean anything t' you, but they tell a long story t' me. I mean th' short, smooth-faced feller talkin' t' th' one with whiskers. I c'n see at a glance that he wuz born in th' country, probably in Indiana—yes, I'm sure in Indiana. He has trouble in buyin' shoes t' fit 'im, gen'rally has 'em made t' order. I sh'd say he wuz a horse trainer by trade, an unmarried man, has liver trouble, smokes a pipe an' ain't been t' church in fifteen years, not countin' funerals."

The chief laughed.

"I know you're a wonderful man, Mr. Hones," says he, "but you're pipin' sure."

"My dear chief," says Hairlock, "I assure you ev'ry word I've uttered is true. More'n that, I'll venture t' say that man's wearin' a suit uv clothes he bought in Canada, an' I'll wager he's got a fur lined coat at home."

"You've got t' show me," says th' chief.

"My dear chief, I can't give away all my trade secrets, an' anyway it wouldn't be proof. You go over an' ask th' feller if whut I said ain't true."

"By heck," says th' chief, "I will."

Back he comes in a few minutes, an' says, says he, "Mr. Hones, we common p'lice are only amachers compared t' you. Ev'rything you told me is true, but hanged if I c'n see how you seen it."

Hairlock wouldn't tell th' chief how he'd read th' man's history an' I wuz bustin' t' find out.

"How did you know all them things, Hairlock?" says I when th' chief went.

"My dear Wise," says Hairlock, "in some ways you're no charper'n a p'liceman. Why, that feller wuz Sam Evans, an' I've known 'im fer thirty years."

Poor Hairlock, poor Hairlock! I wonder if he's still jiu jitsin' th' evil doers! I got a telephone message frum 'im one mornin' tellin' me t' come t' his lodgin's uz fas' uz I could. When I got there I found th' room badly tore up, his trunk bein' packed an' his dress suit case an' grip packed.

"Old friend," says he, "I sent fer you t' say goodby. I got a message las' night t'ht makes it necessary fer me t' leave—p'raps forever. I may see you again, I may write t' you. An' you may never see me ner hear frum me. If not, I want t' say goodby forever. When I got th' message I packed all my records uv crime, my false whisker catalog an' fiddle an' they went t' th' depot at midnight. I'm puttin' th' last uv my things in this trunk. Here's a pair uv handcuffs I want you to keep uz a token frum me."

I tried t' get 'im t' explain, but he wouldn't tell much.

"Fer years," says he, " th' criminals in th' big cities have been tryin' t' kill me. There has always been a price on my head—$10,000 t' any man th't c'd kill me. They've put up many a plot, but I've always got th' best uv 'em ev'ry time. You know, th' criminals in each town are organized int' gangs an' each gang contributed so much t' a general fund t' pay th' reward fer killin' me. But I've made it so hot fer 'em I've busted up nearly all th' gangs. But they've got t'gether again in several cities an' they're goin' t' meet in New York next week an' form a trust. Ah, there'll be brains at th' head uv that trust, my dear Wise, an' they'll make it hot fer me. I've shipped my records an' books t' a friend of mine in New York. In a few hours I'll be goin' east. T' throw them off th' track, I'm goin' on a Niagara falls excursion."

"Th' transfer man's here fer your trunk, Mr. Hones," his landlady yells.

"All right, I'm ready," says Hairlock, slammin' down th' trunk lid.

"Tell 'im t' come up an' get it."

Hairlock an' me helped 'im downstairs with th' things an' clum upon th' wagon an' rode t' th' depot, both uv us too grieved t' say anything.

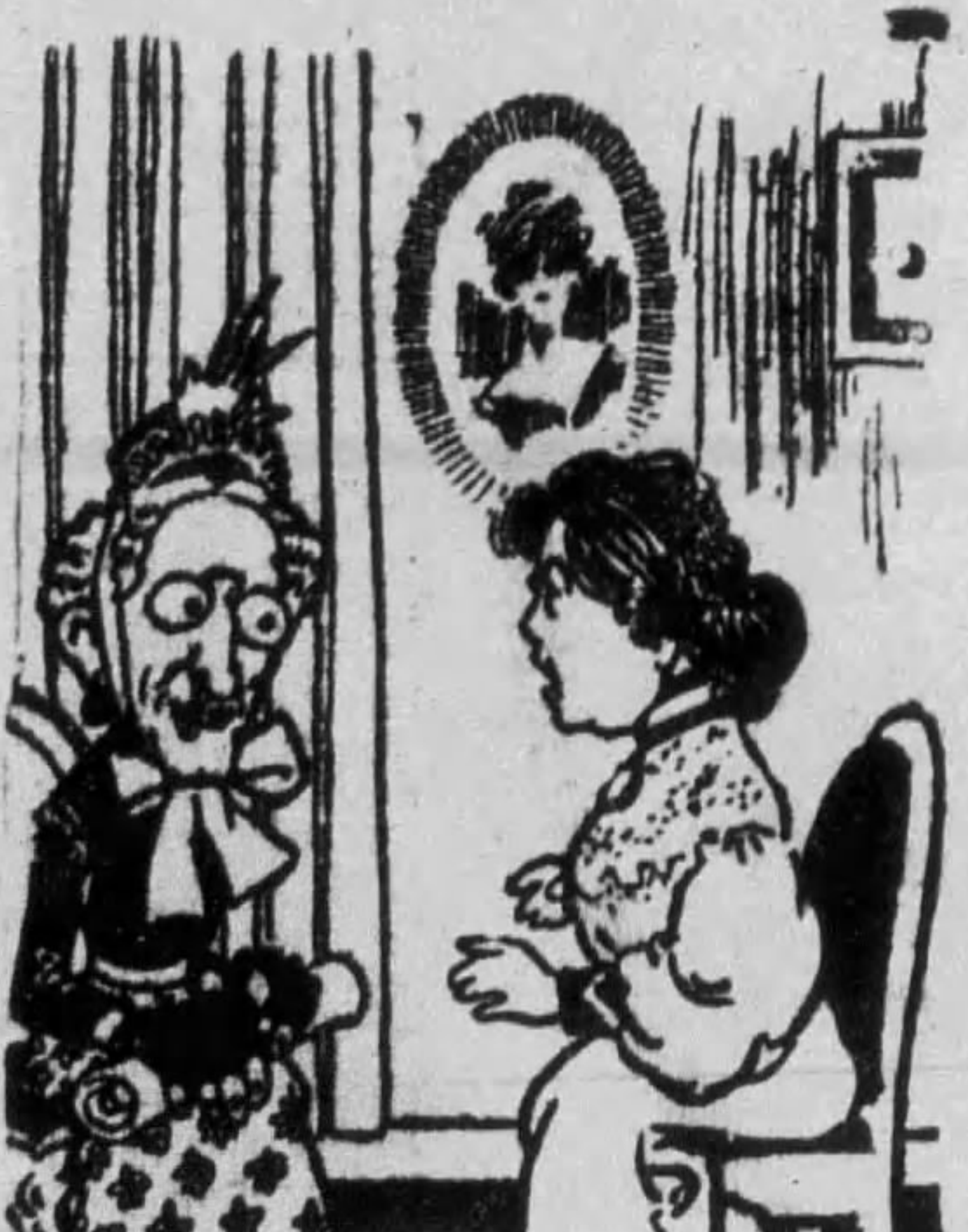
Uz th' train come in sight Hairlock grabbed my right hand with both his'n an' squeezed it in a friendly way th't touched me. He held my hand fer a minute.

"Goodby, old friend, goodby," says Hairlock. "Goodby."

Th' baggagemaster told me afterwards a tear dropped frum each of Hairlock's eyes. I don't know. I covered my own with my free hand t' hide th' tears th't I wuz sure wuz there.

A minute later he jumped on th' train an' I turned with a heavy heart when I heard th' conductor yell, "All aboard!" I heard th' engine puff and heard th' wheels rattle over th' rails. But I wuz too broke up t' look, an' I meandered sadly home.

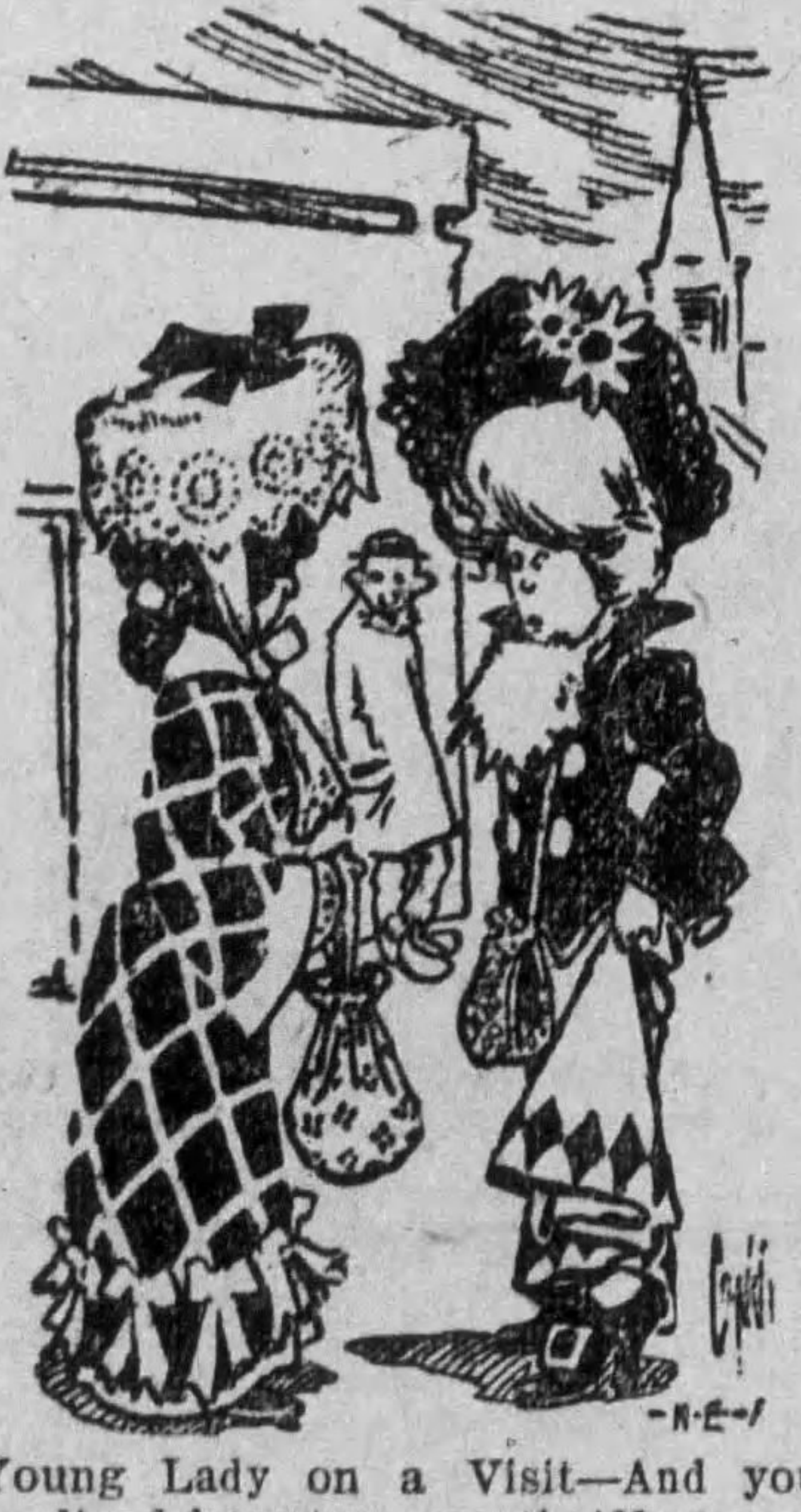
# SO SHE COULDN'T STOP



"Are you going to join our anti-cigarette league and stop cigarette smoking."

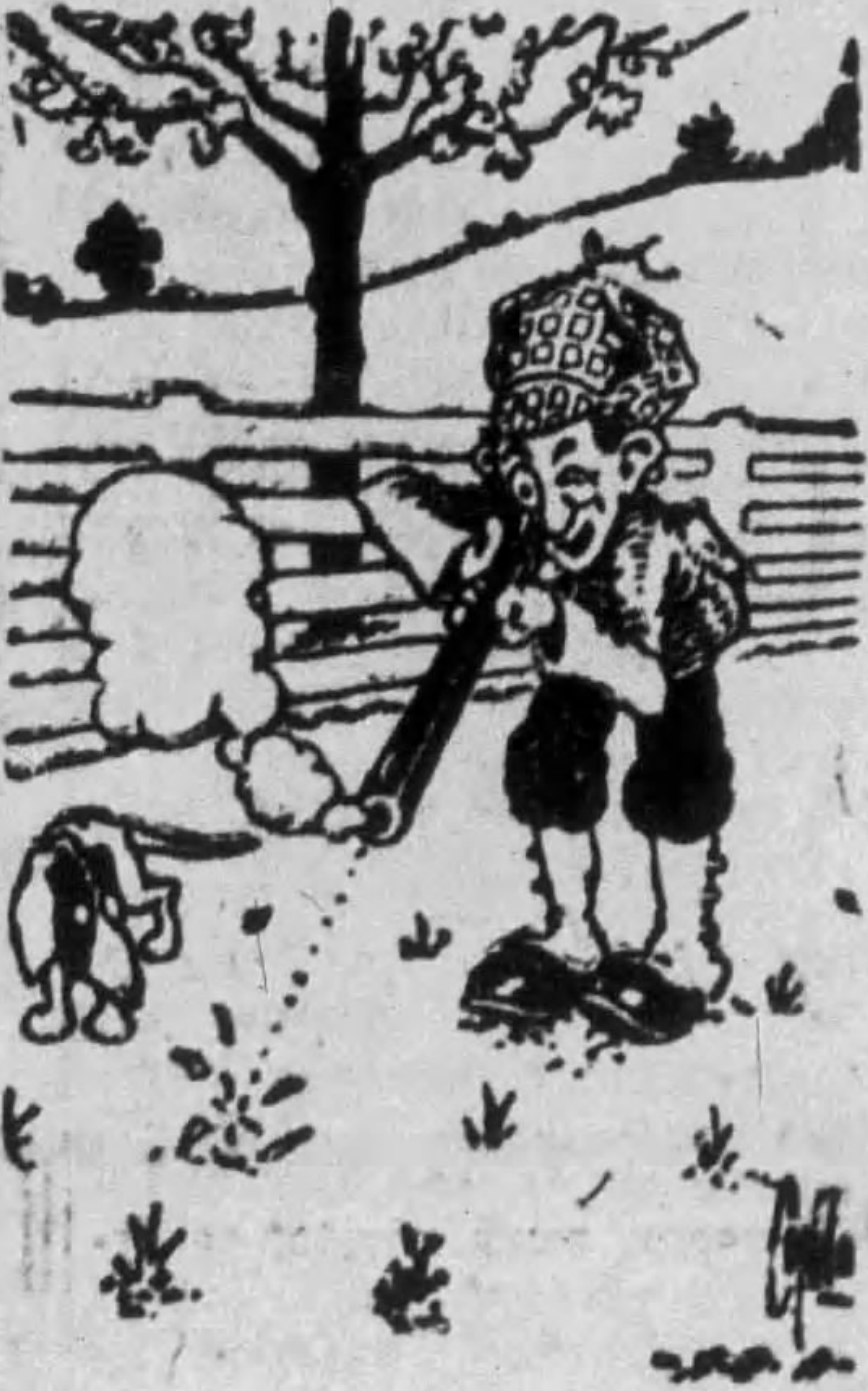
"You are insulting! I don't smoke cigarettes."

# THE REAL QUESTION



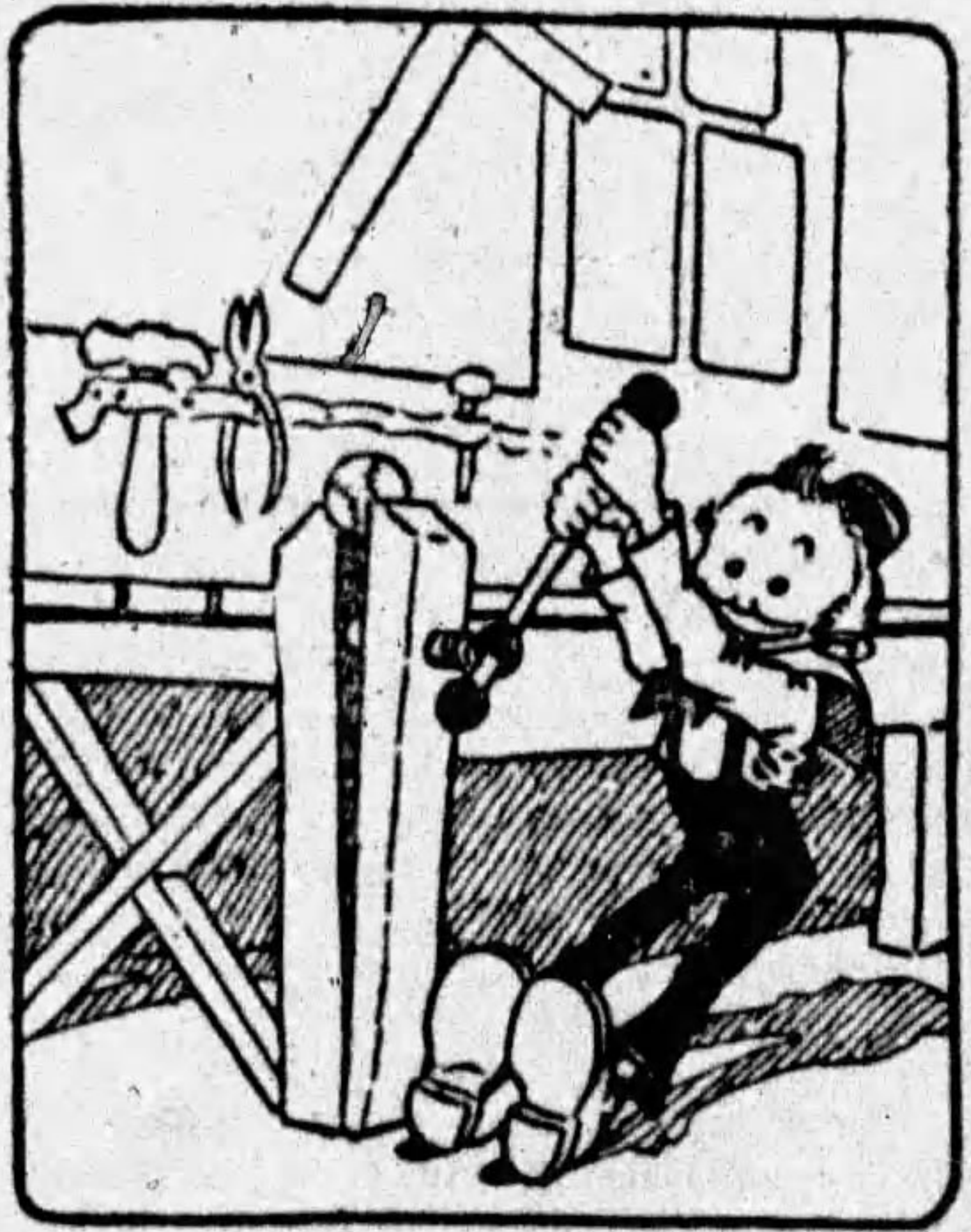
Young Lady on a Visit—And you have lived here two months! Have you got used to the town yet?

Y. L. Recent Settler—Oh, yes, we're used to it. But I don't know whether or not the town is used to us.

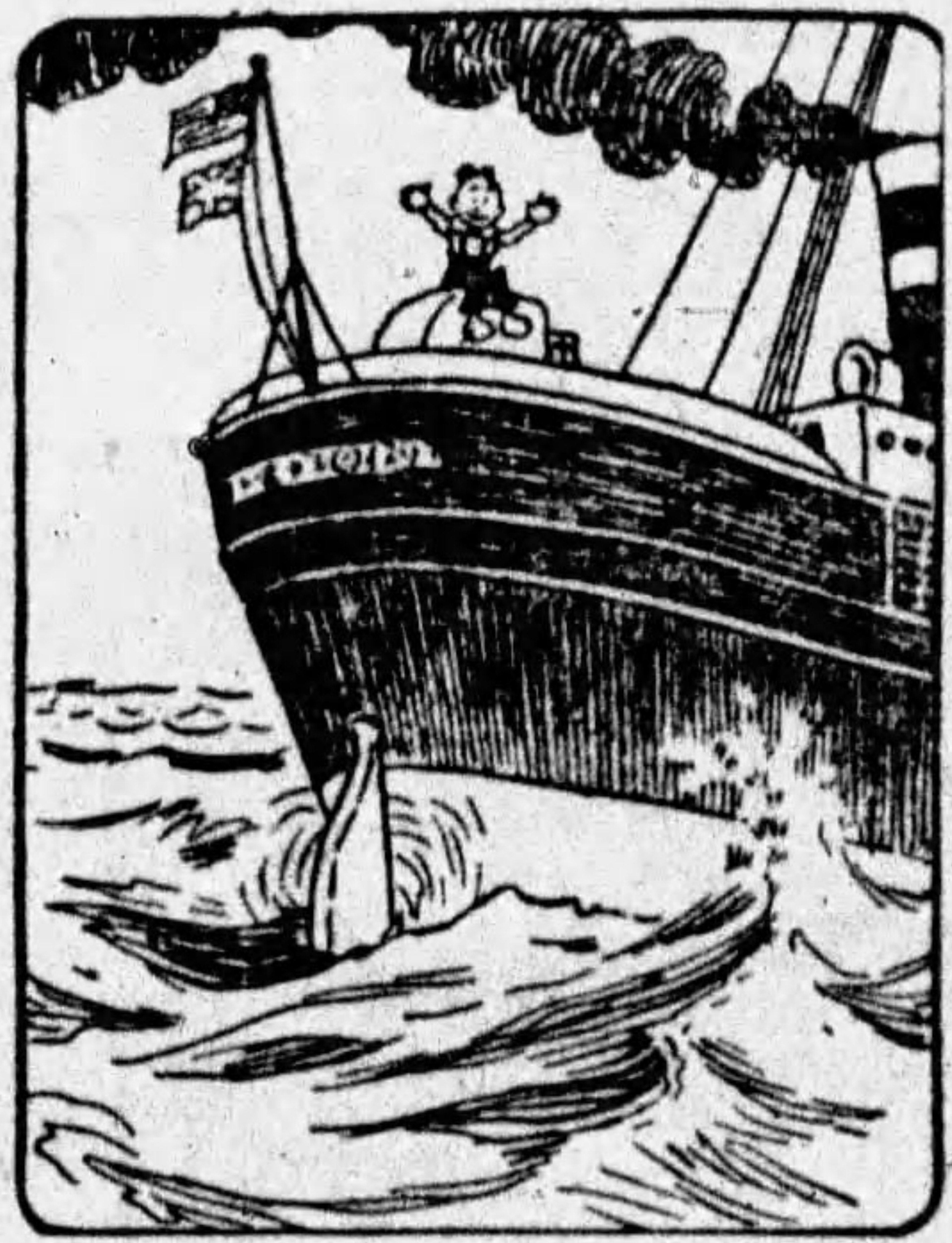


Shooting the Shoots.

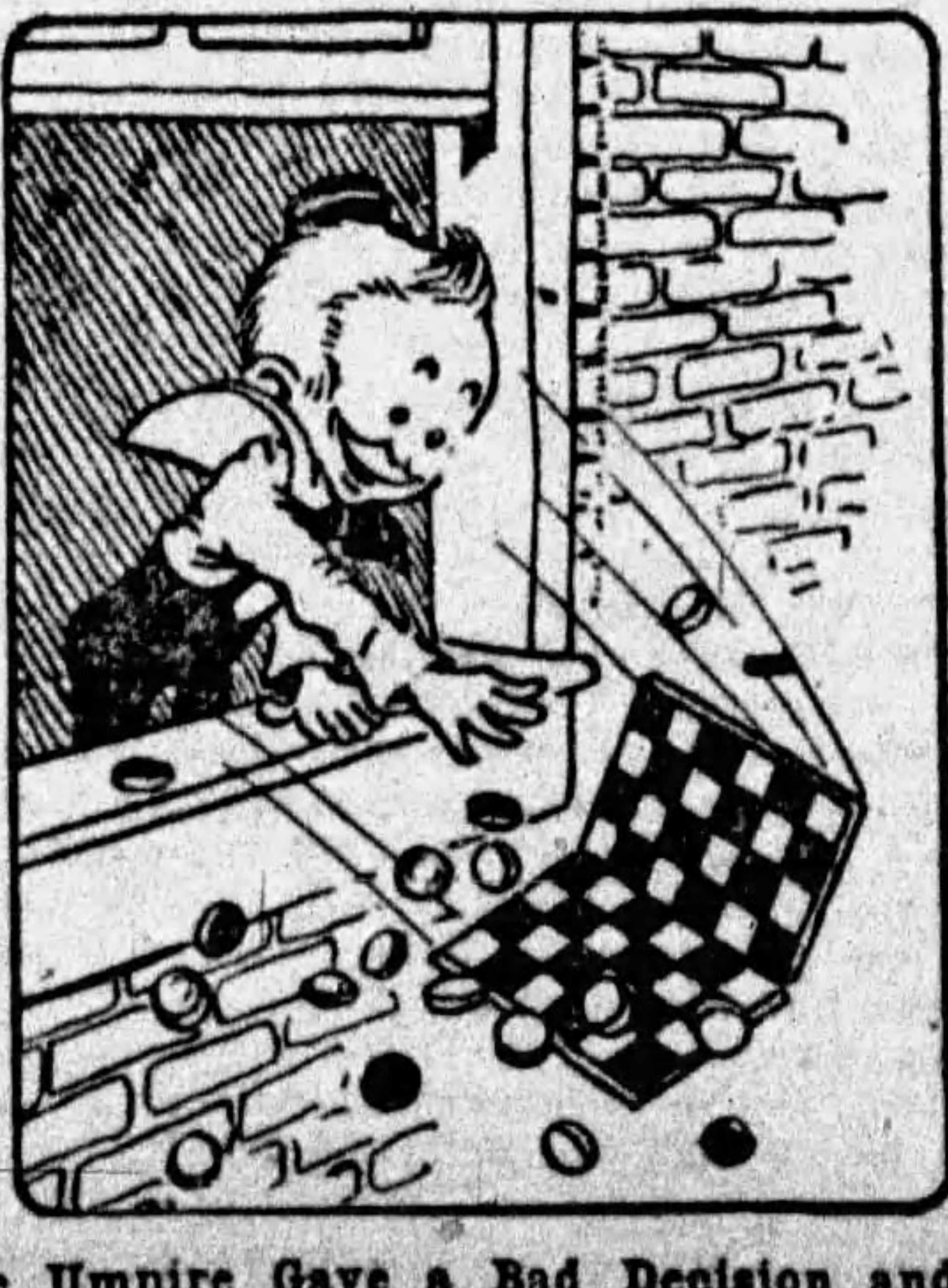
# DUKE MURPHY ON THE DIAMOND.



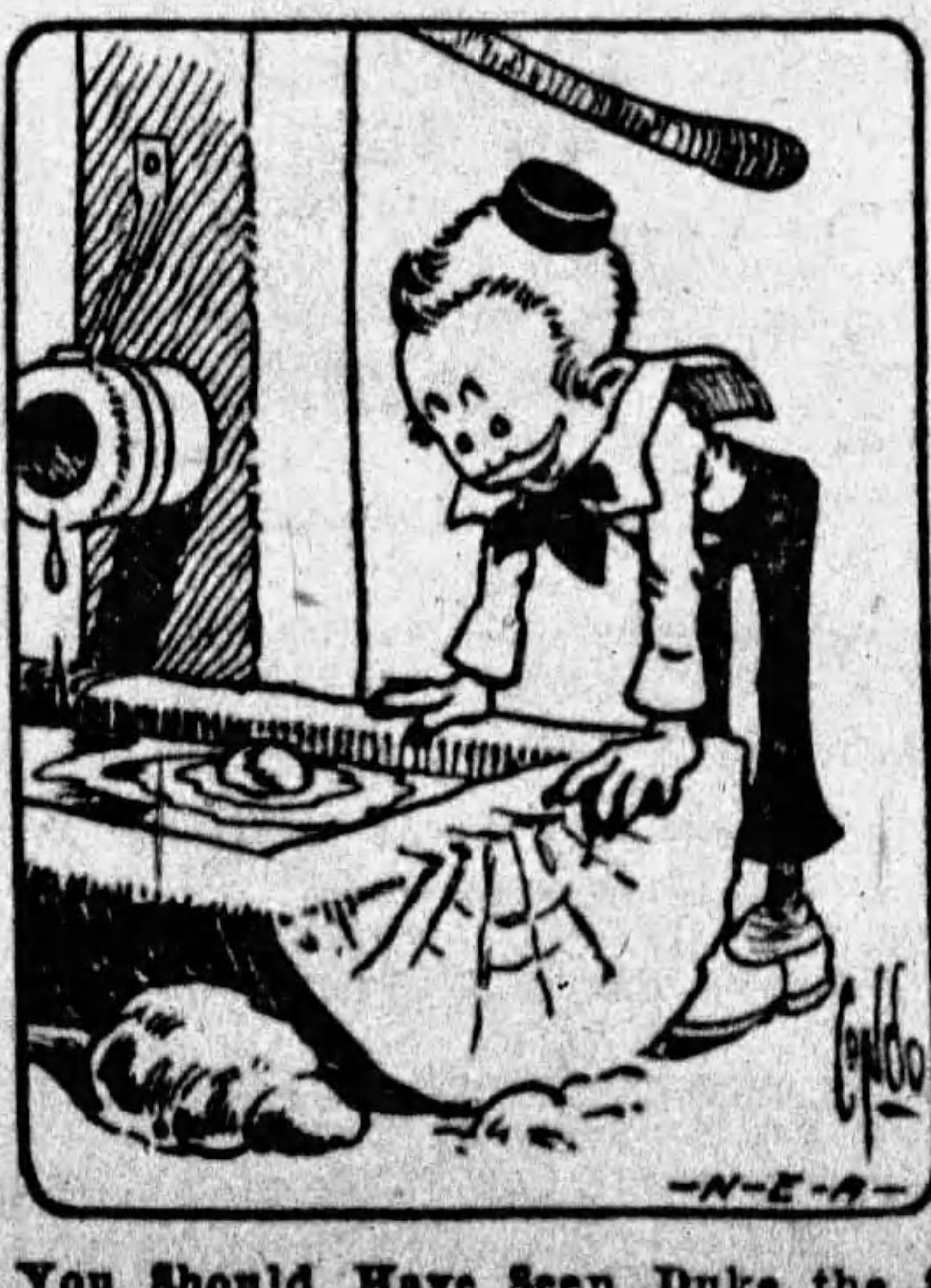
Duke Squeezed the Ball.



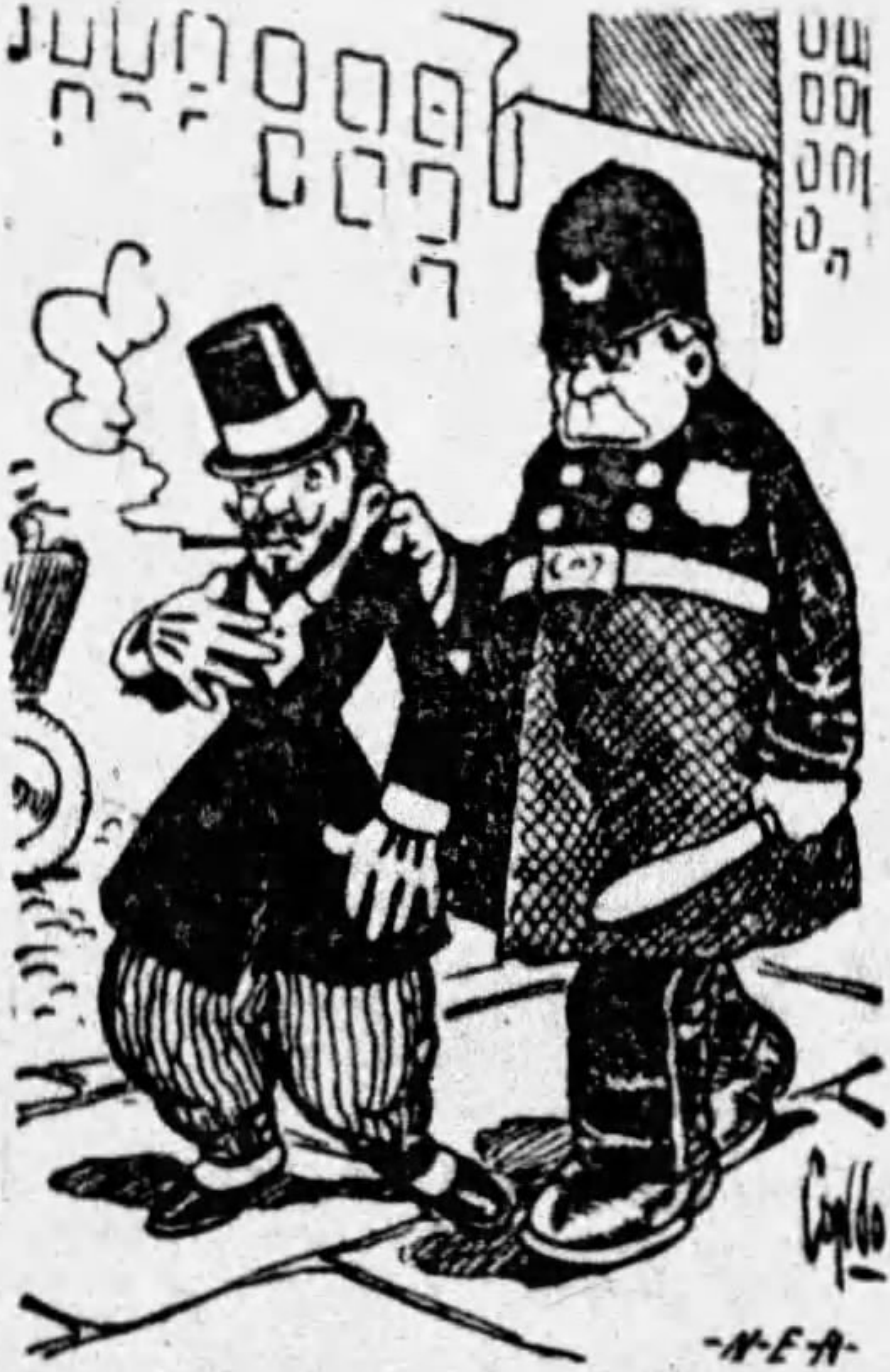
He Went Out on a Liner.



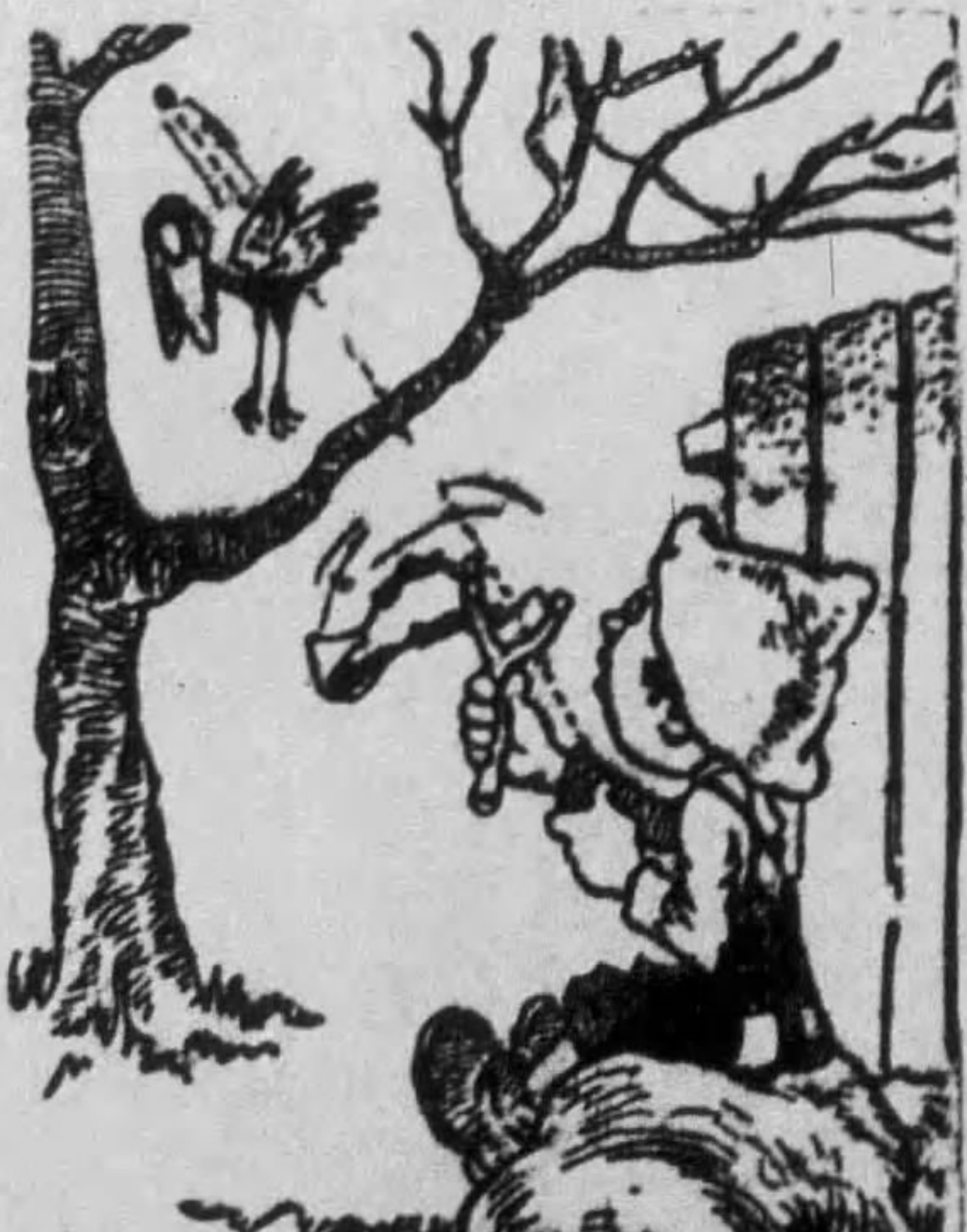
The Umpire Gave a Bad Decision and Duke Threw the Game.



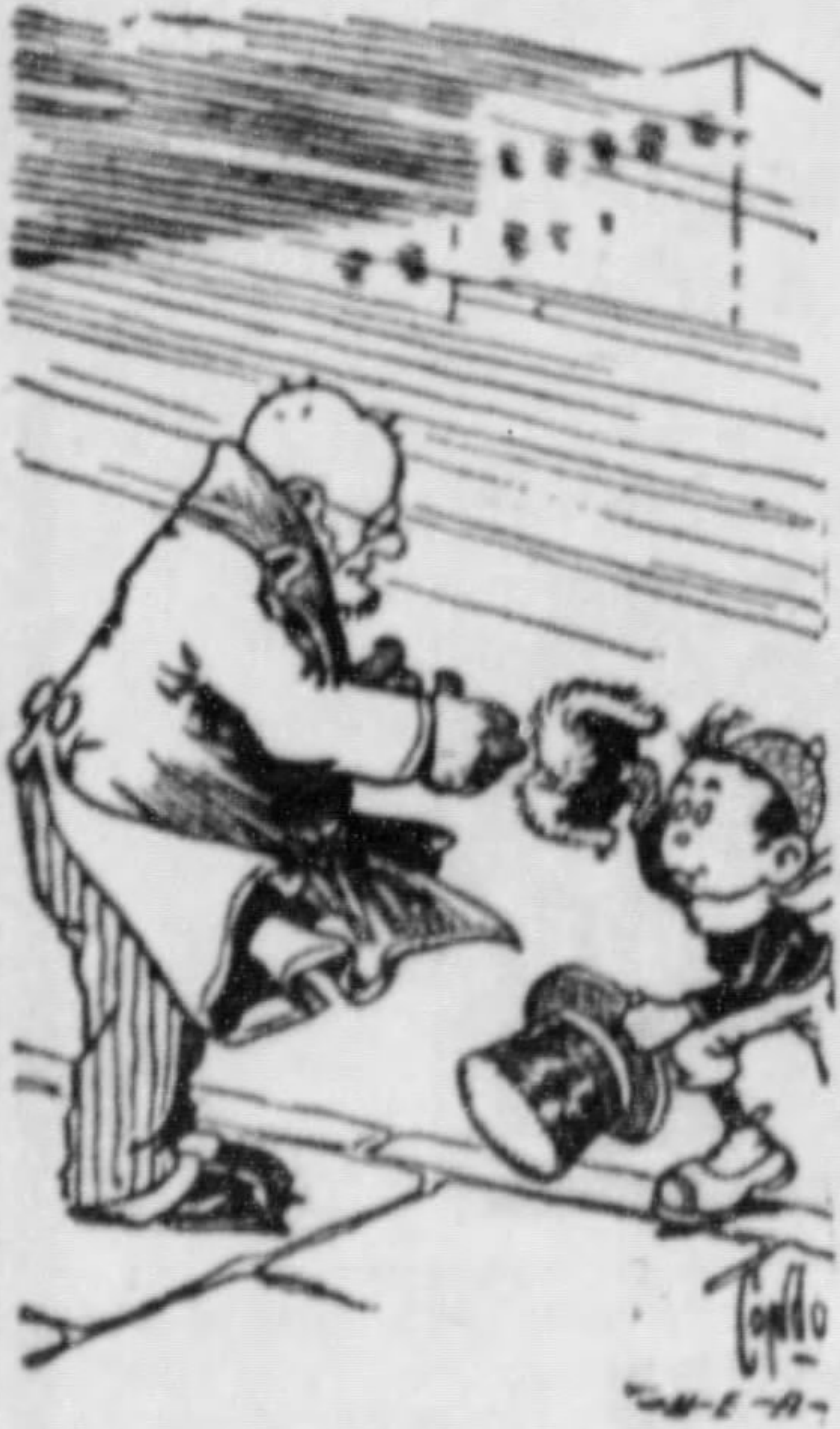
You Should Have Seen Duke the Soak the Ball.



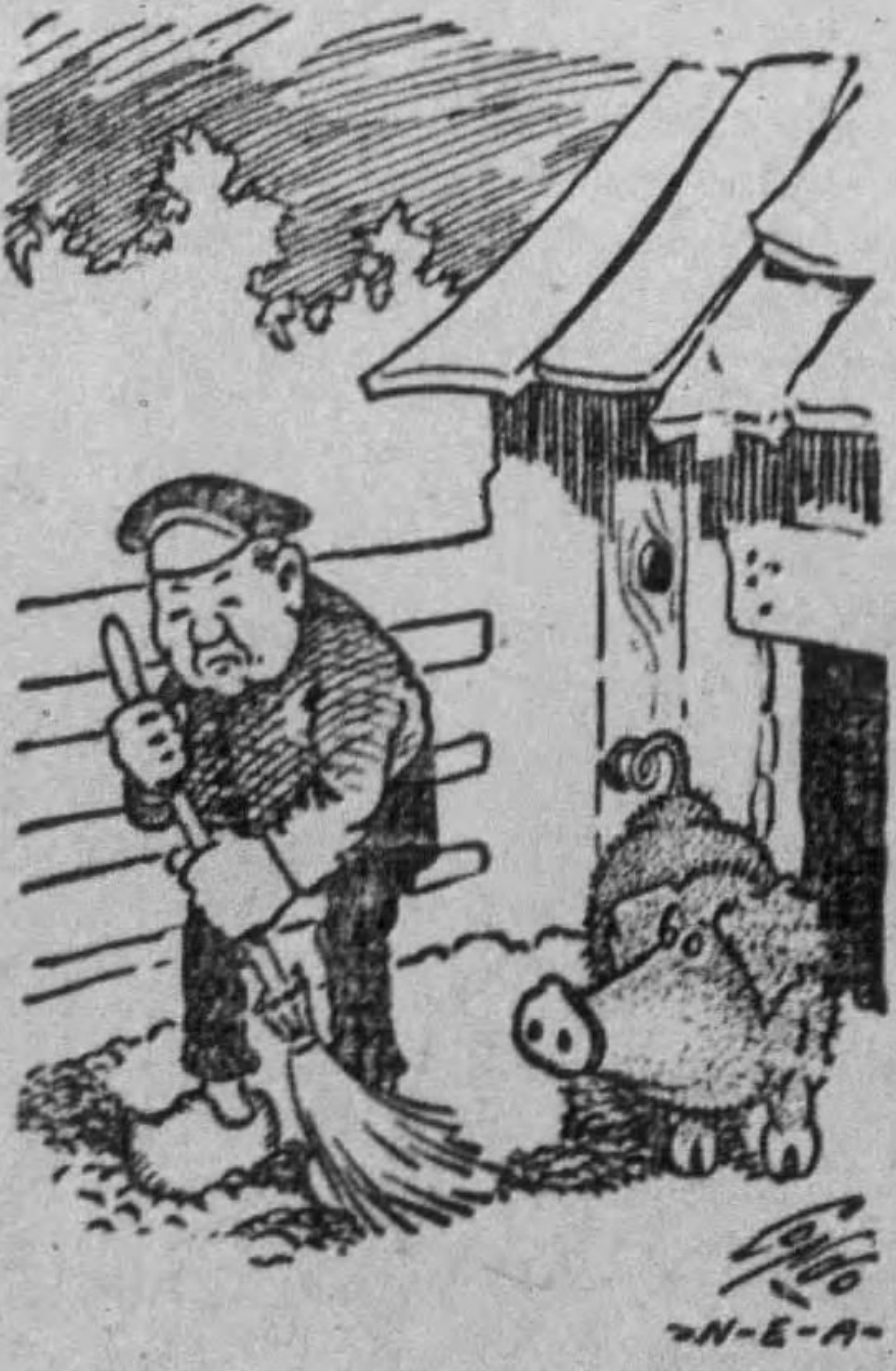
Taking a Full Count.



Taking a Snap Shot.

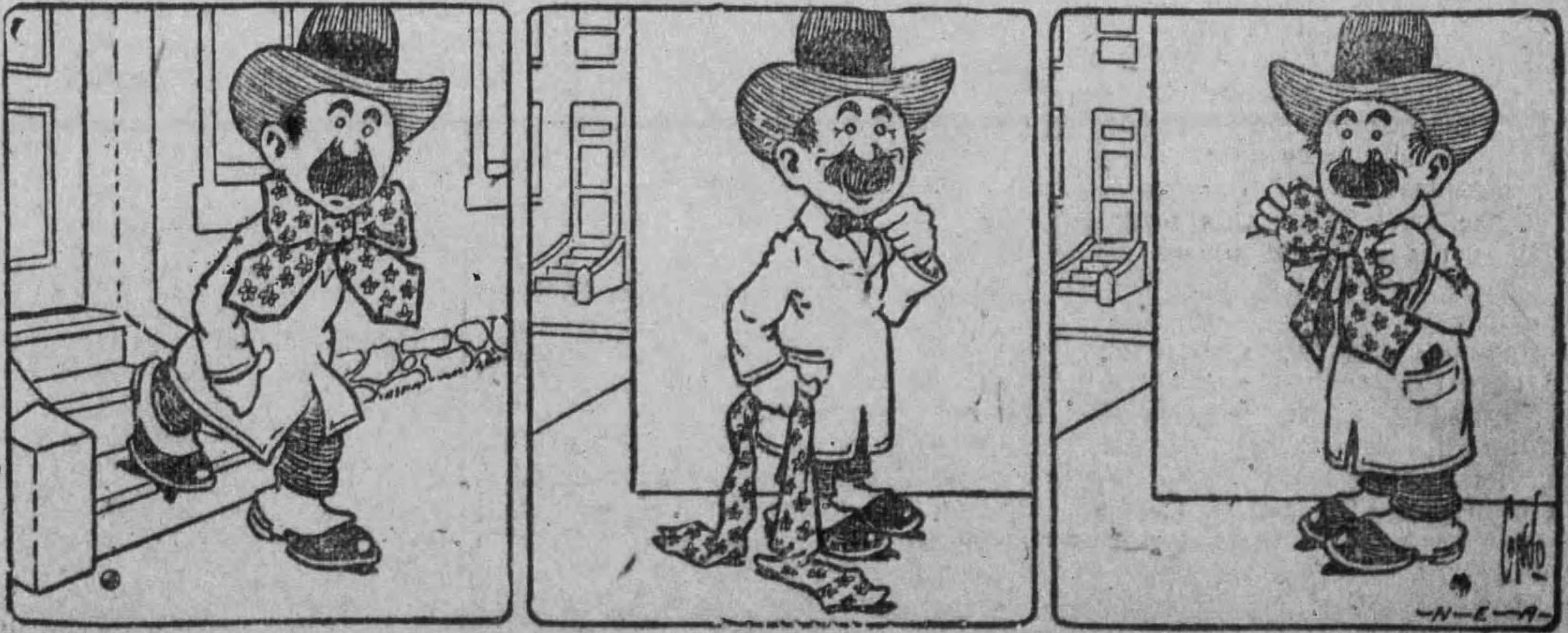


A HAIR RESTORER.



An Imported Penwiper.

# BILKINS ALWAYS WEARS THE TIES HIS WIFE BUYS

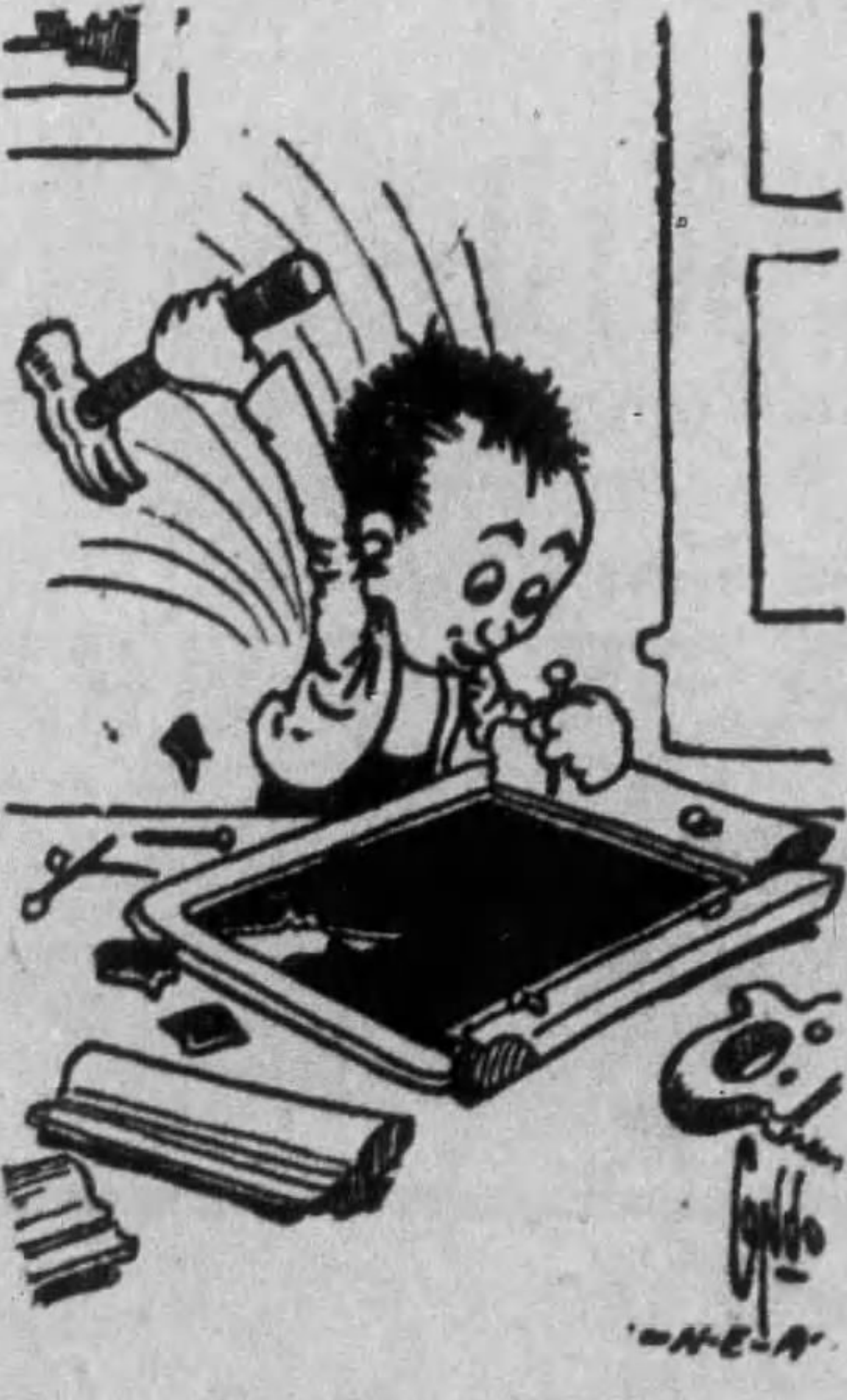


That is, he wears them when he leaves home

Then he makes a quick exchange to another.

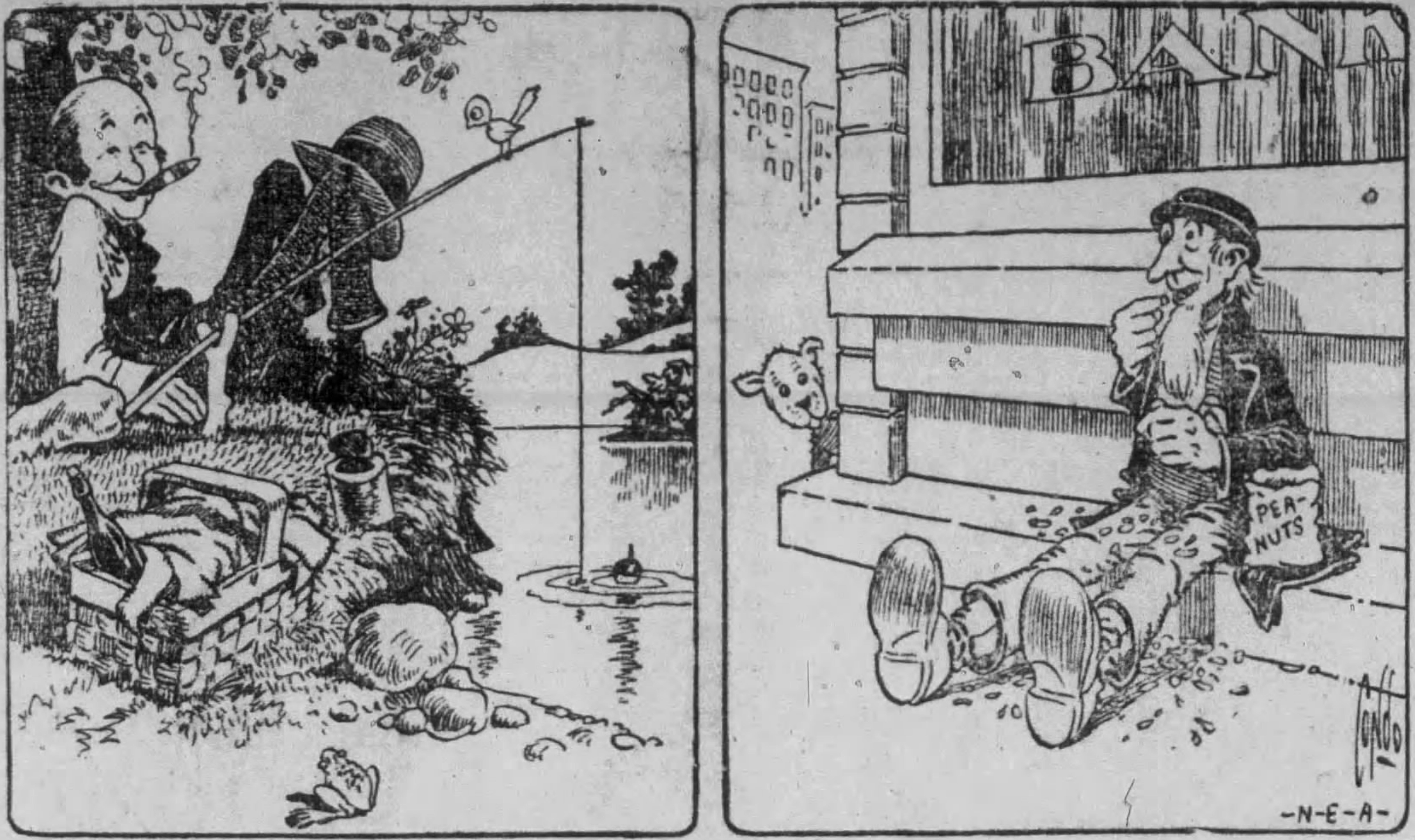
And on his return again puts on the original

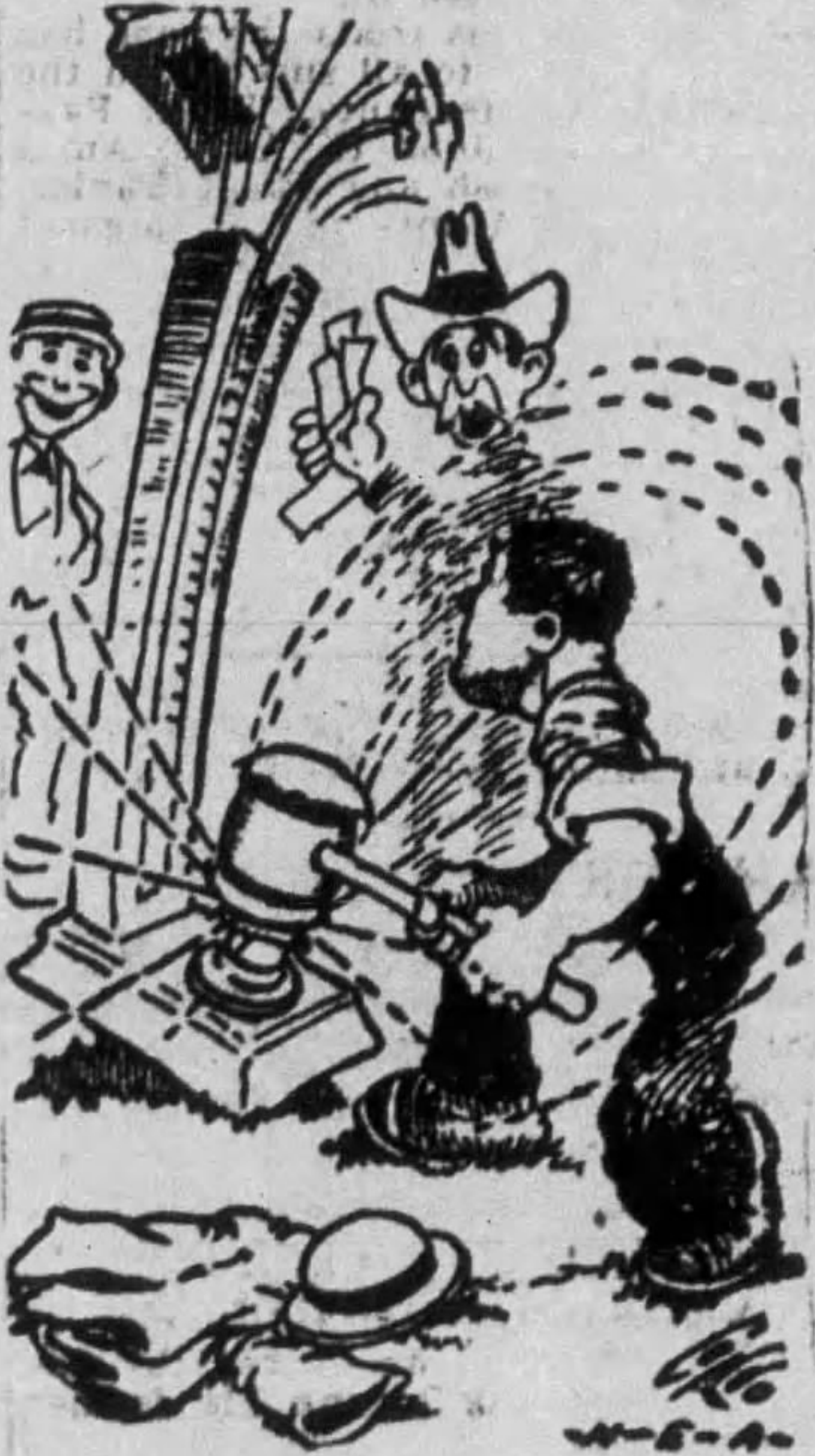
## Some Political Talk.



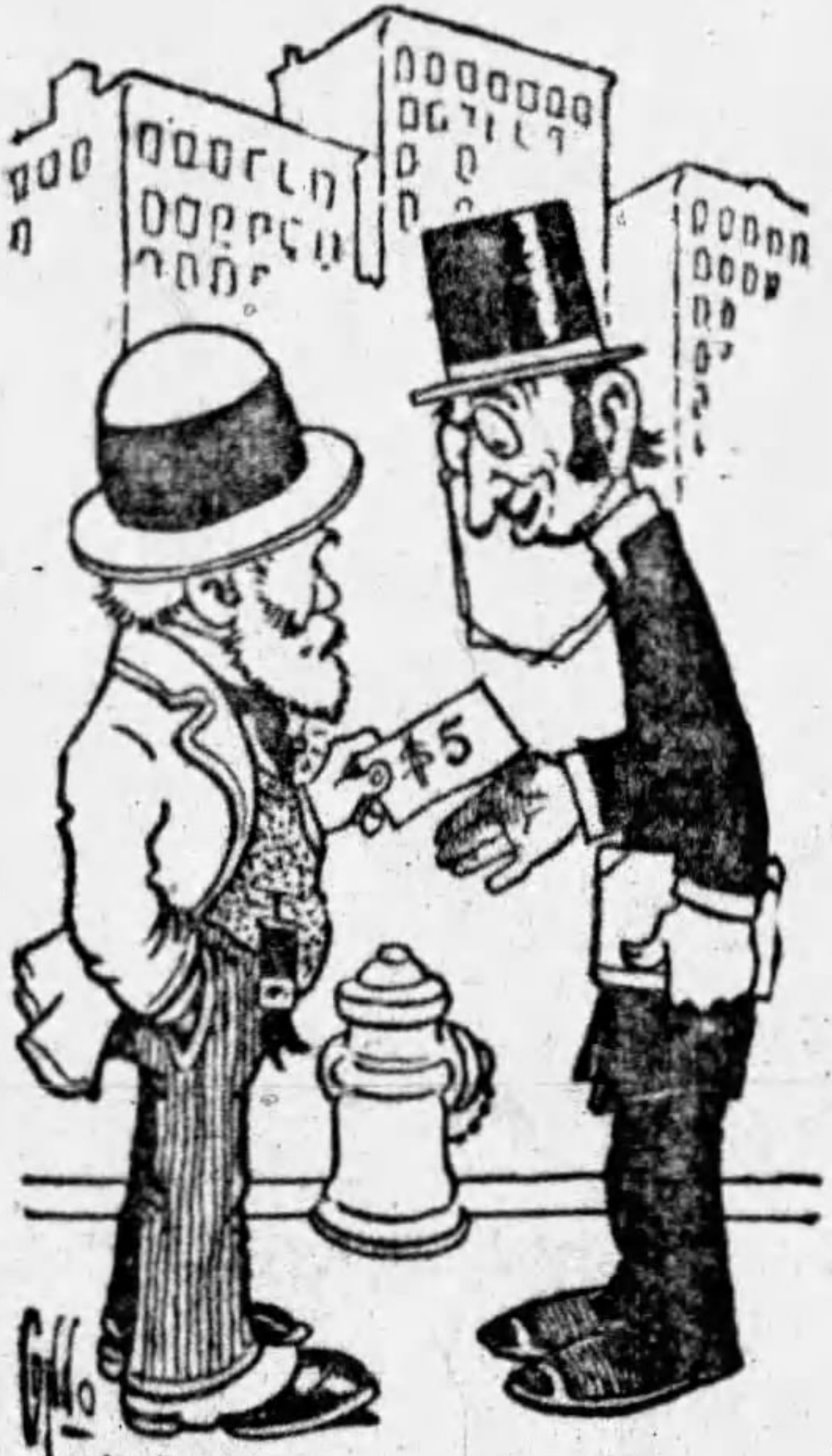
FRAMING A SLATE.

# SPRING AMBITIONS


BAN
PEA-
NUTS
Condo
-N-E-A-

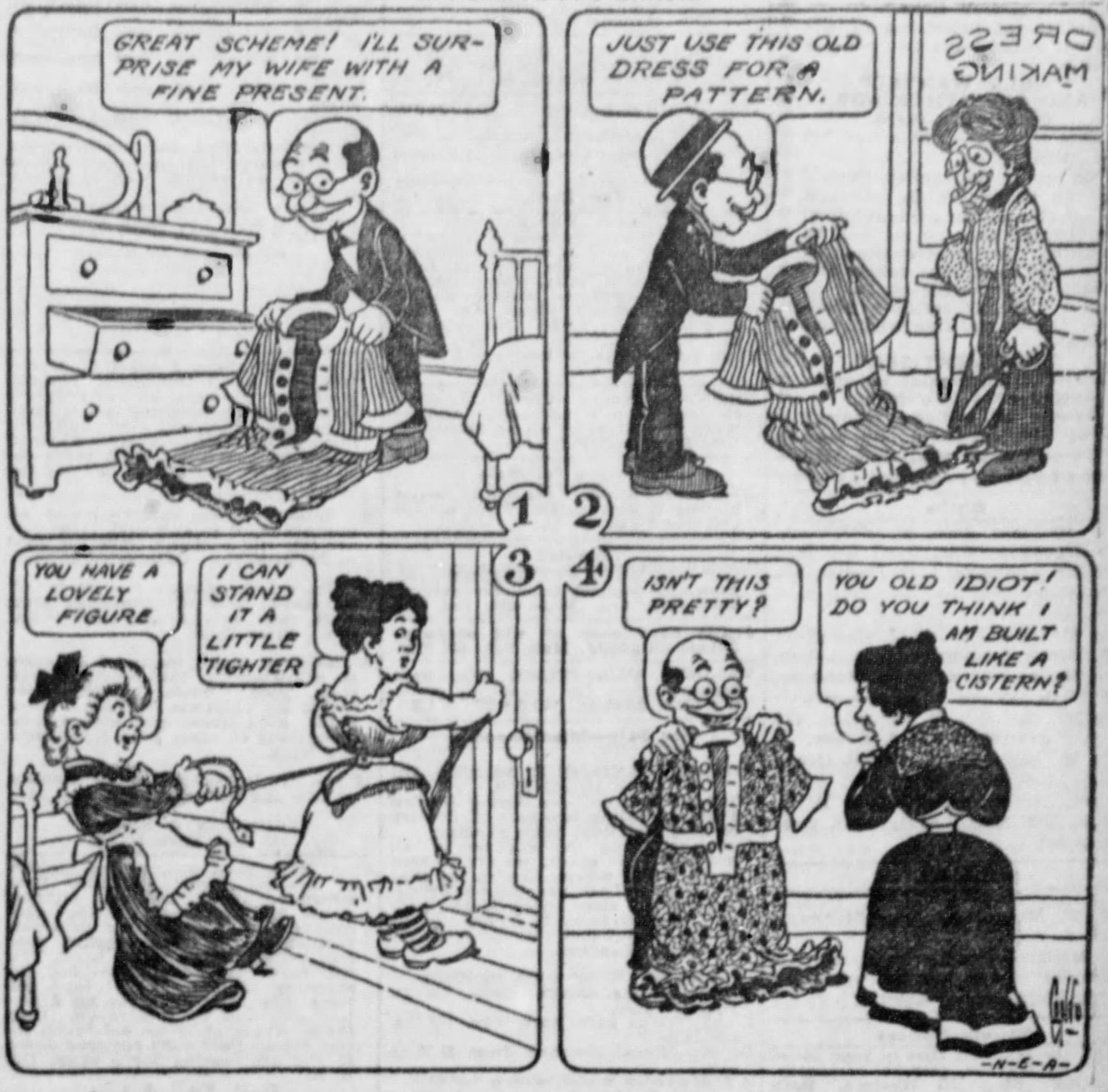


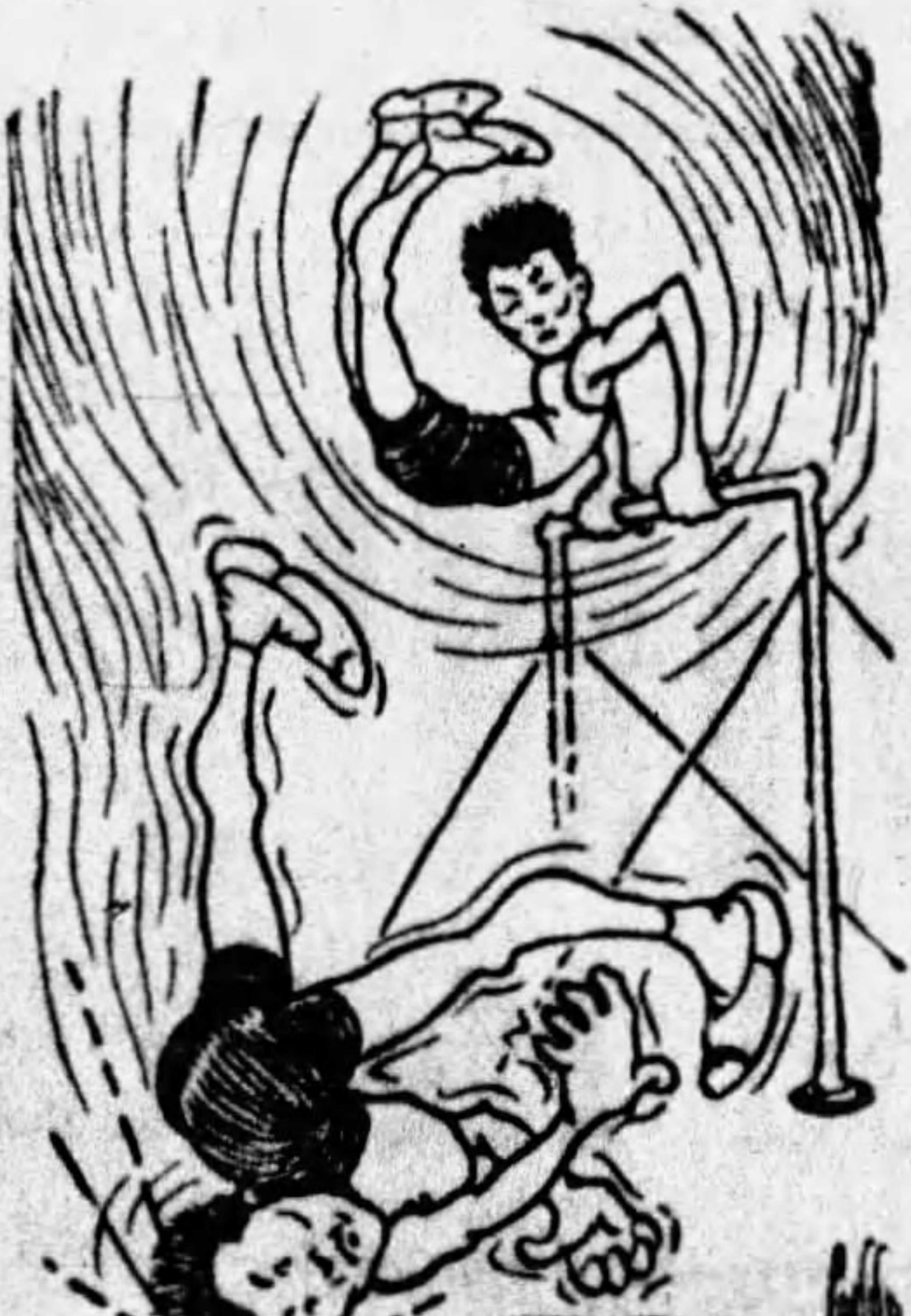
A Striking Demonstration.



Five Dollars to the Good.

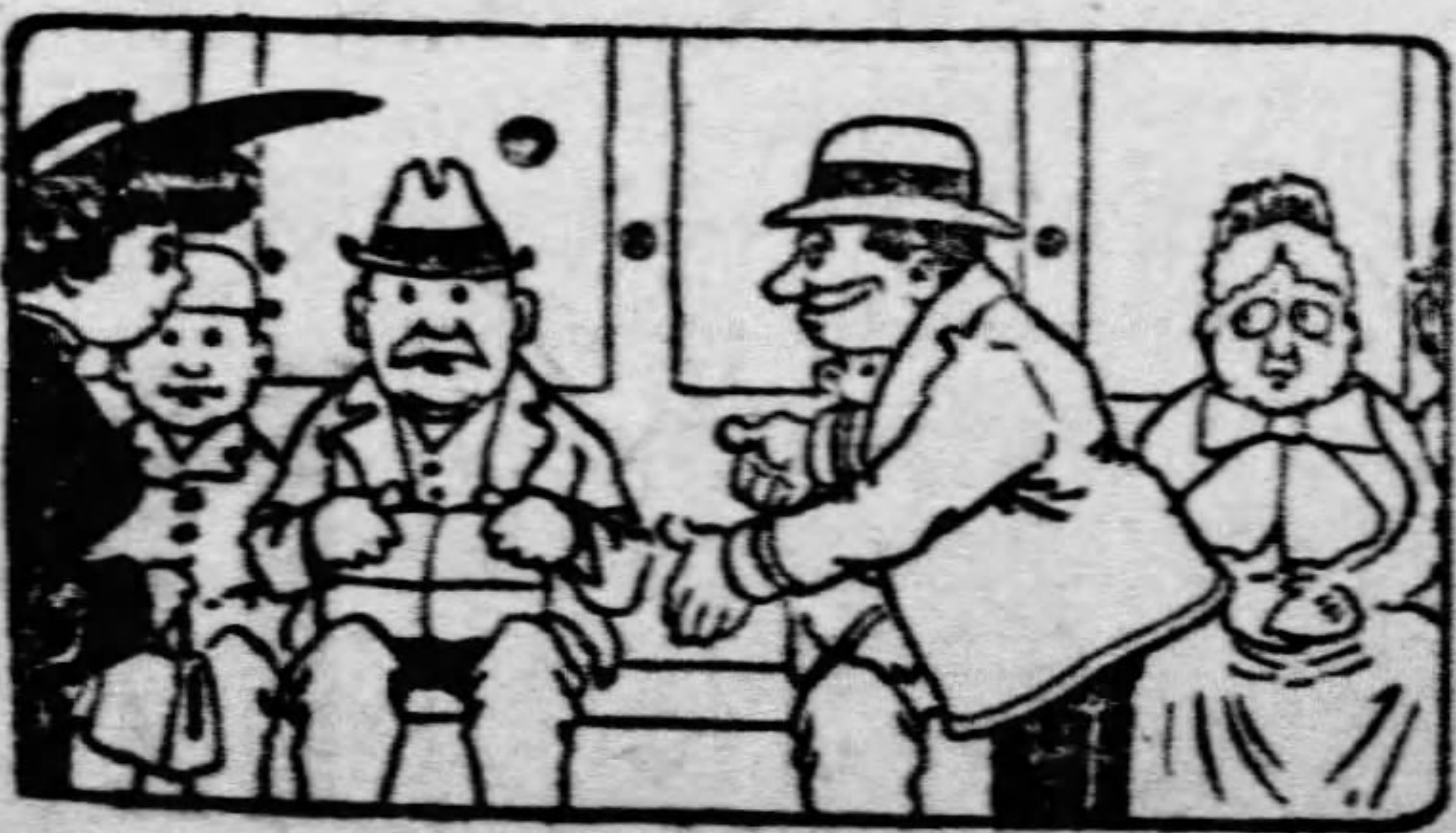
# MR. OLD FOGY'S ERROR.


1
GREAT SCHEME! I'LL SURPRISE MY WIFE WITH A FINE PRESENT.
2
JUST USE THIS OLD DRESS FOR A PATTERN.
DRESS MAKING
3
YOU HAVE A LOVELY FIGURE
I CAN STAND IT A LITTLE TIGHTER
4
ISN'T THIS PRETTY?
YOU OLD IDIOT! DO YOU THINK I AM BUILT LIKE A CISTERN?
-N-E-A-

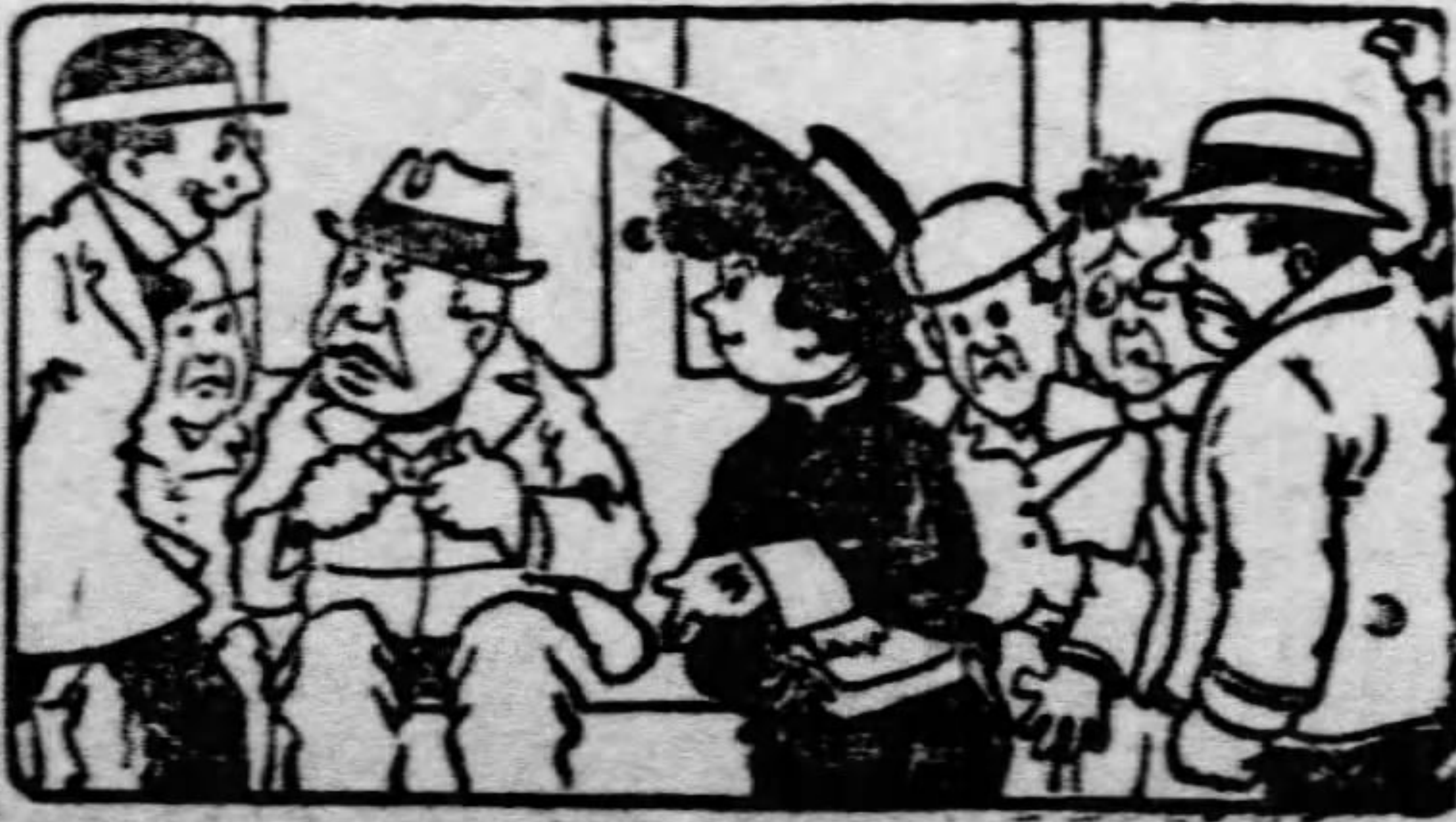


The Japs Executed a Turning Movement.

# CAN YOU TELL WHY

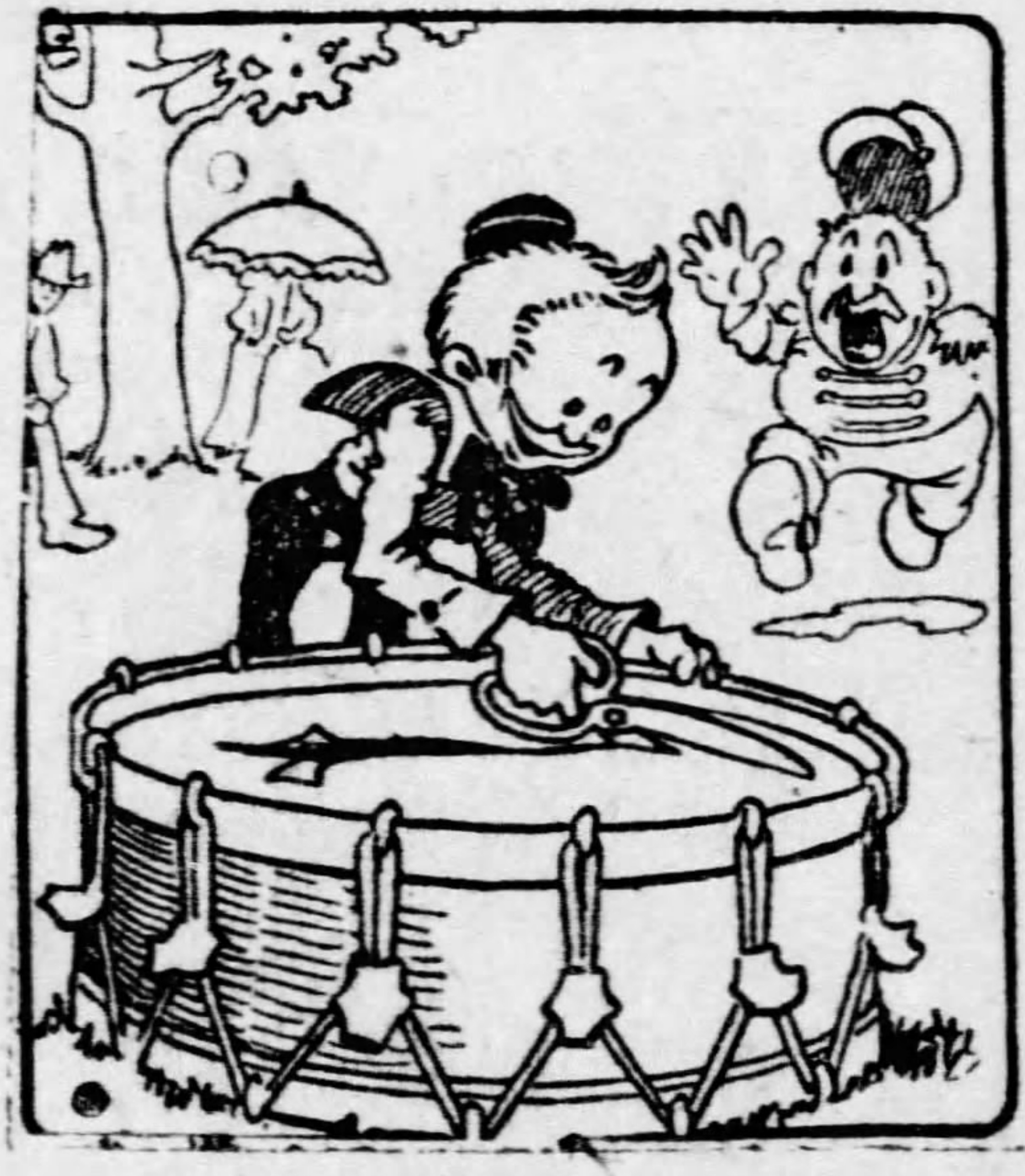


A woman will take your seat in a street car—

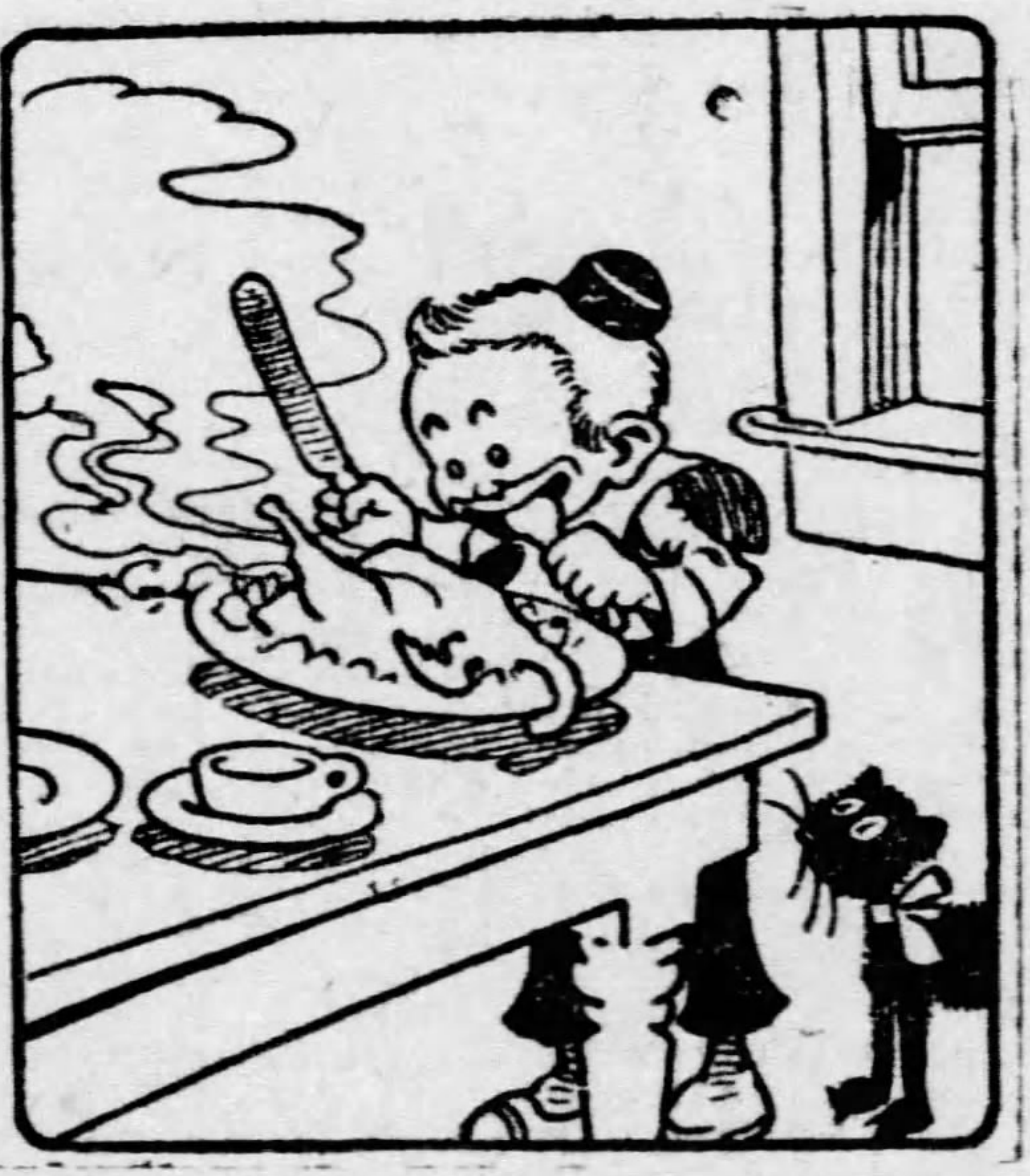


And then "shove up" to make room for some Clarence she knows?

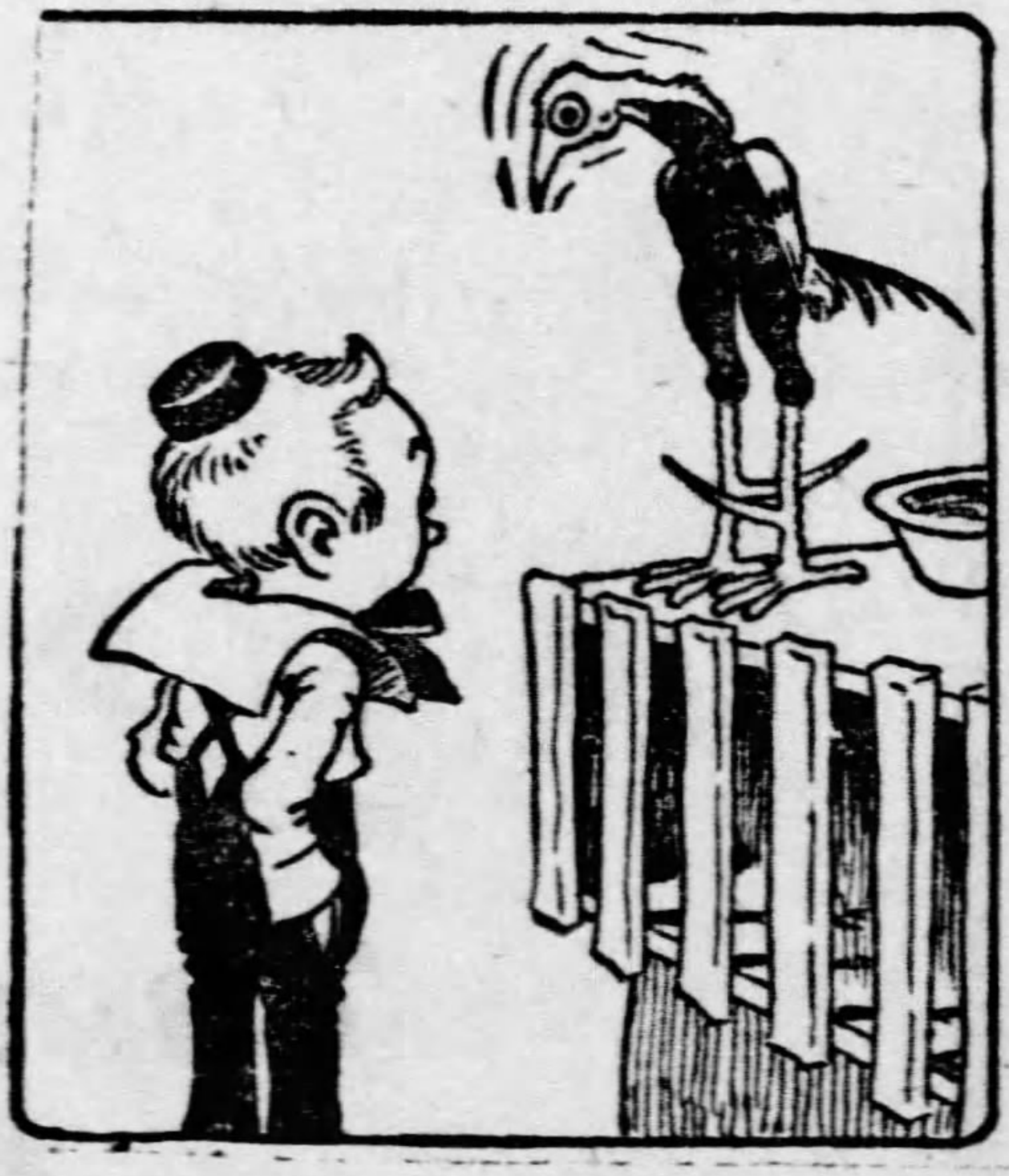
# DUKE MURPHY ON THE DIAMOND



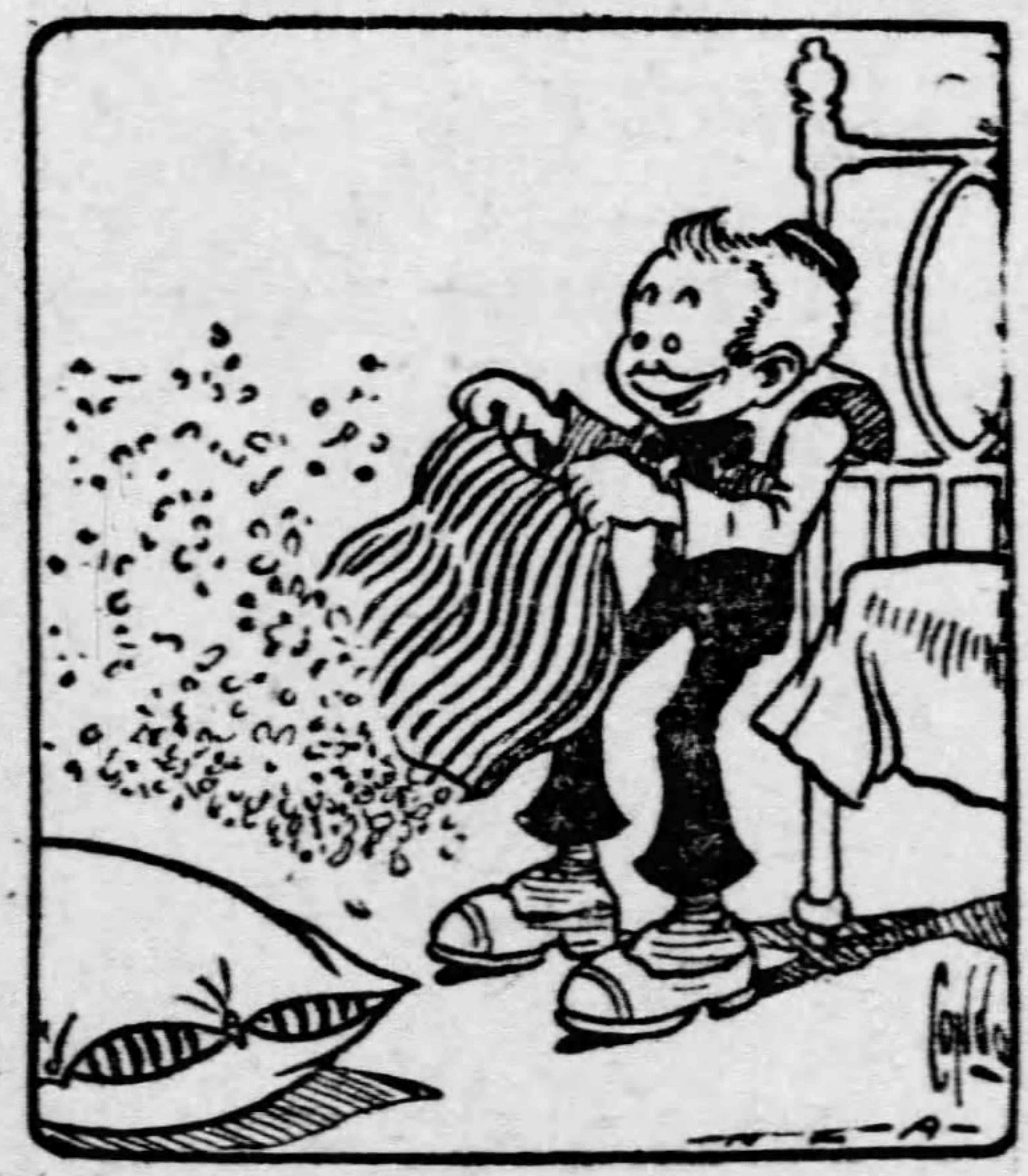
Duke was a foxy player. One of his tricks was cutting the base.



The pitchers feared Duke because he stood right up to the plate.

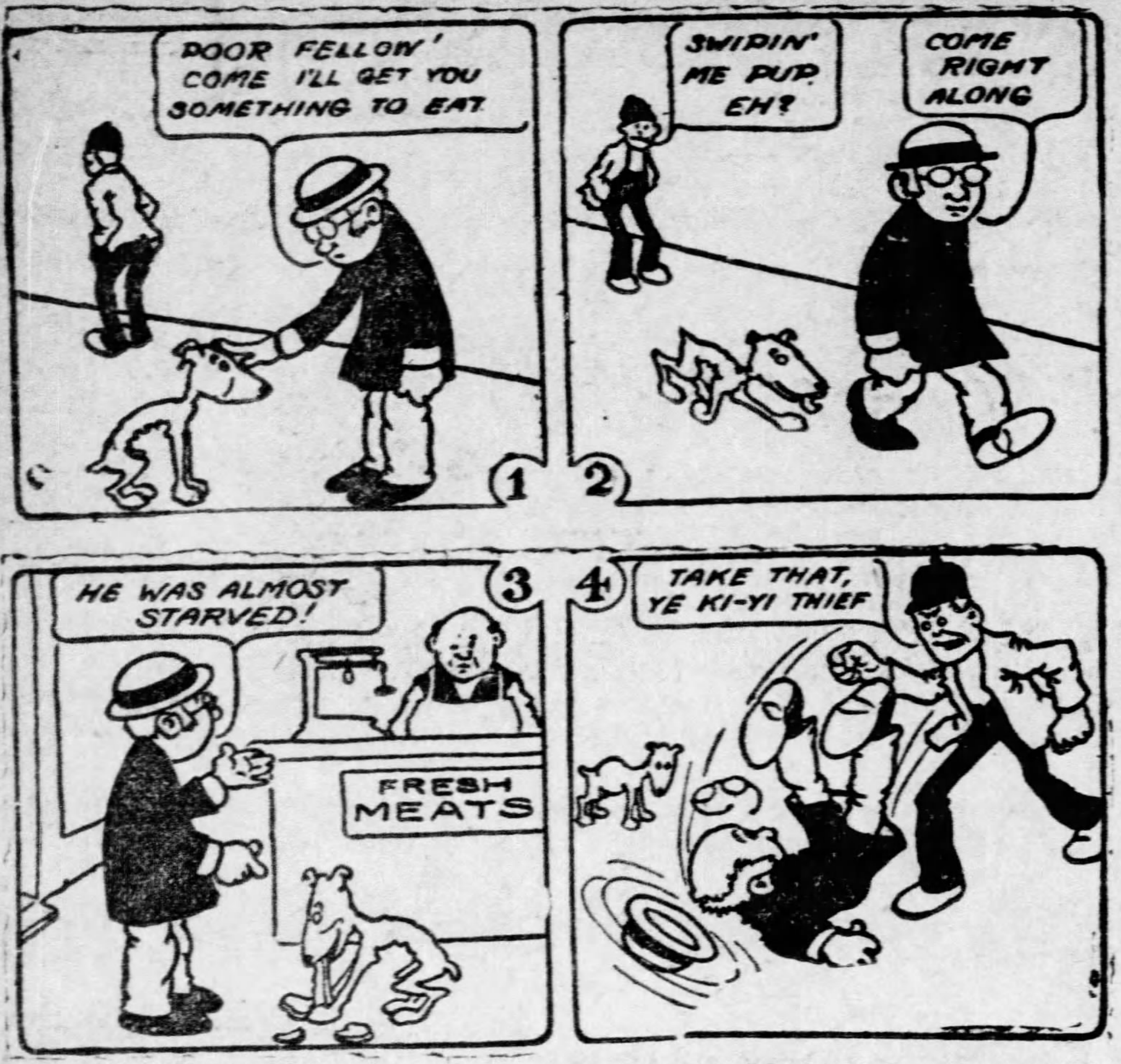


He was a player who could see the fine points of the game.



Duke not only mastered the in and out, but he threw the down.

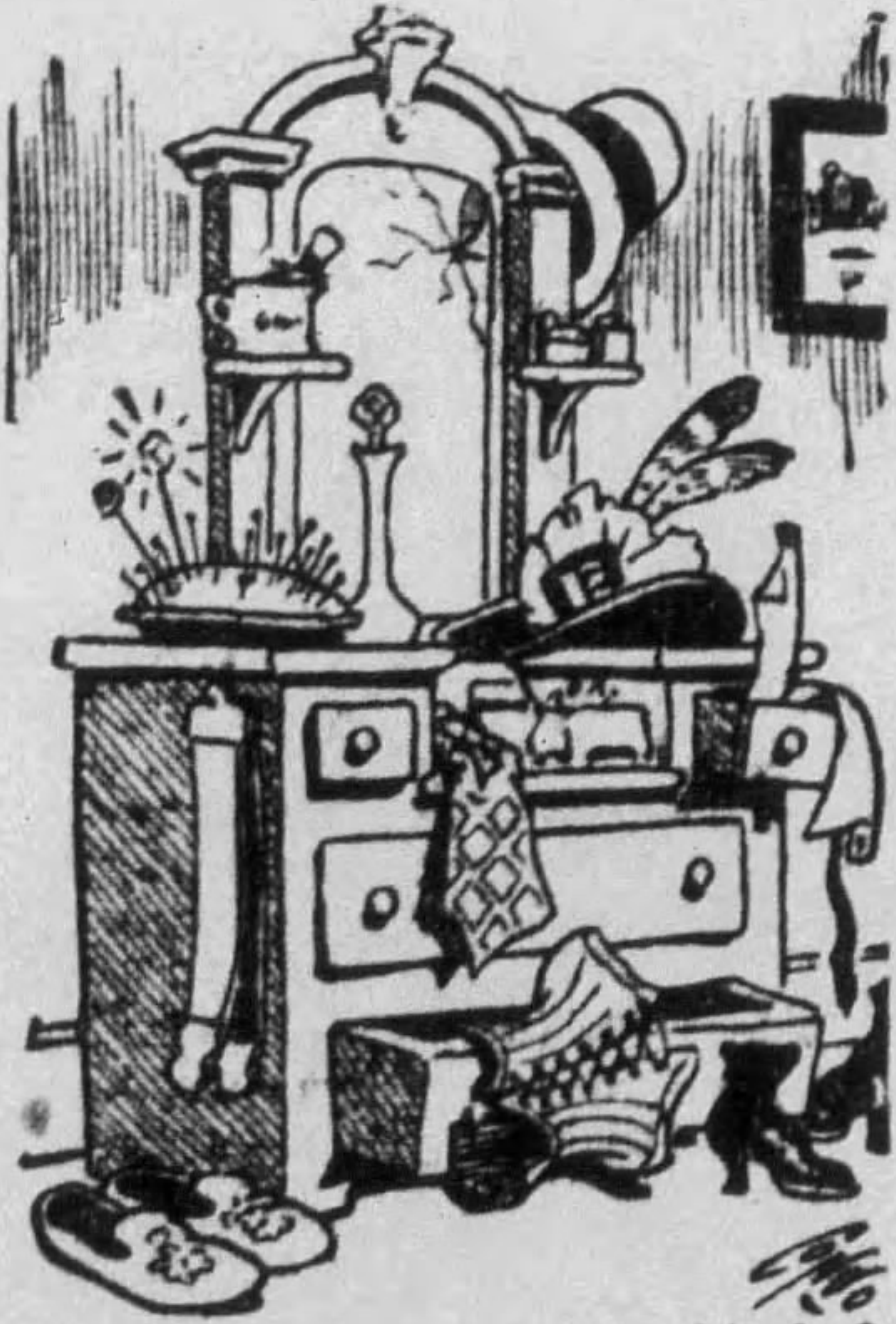
# HOW MR. GOODHEART FOUND TROUBLE


1
POOR FELLOW' COME I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT
2
SWIPIN' ME PUP. EH?
COME RIGHT ALONG
3
HE WAS ALMOST STARVED!
FRESH MEATS
4
TAKE THAT, YE KI-YI THIEF

# THIS NEVER, NEVER HAPPENED

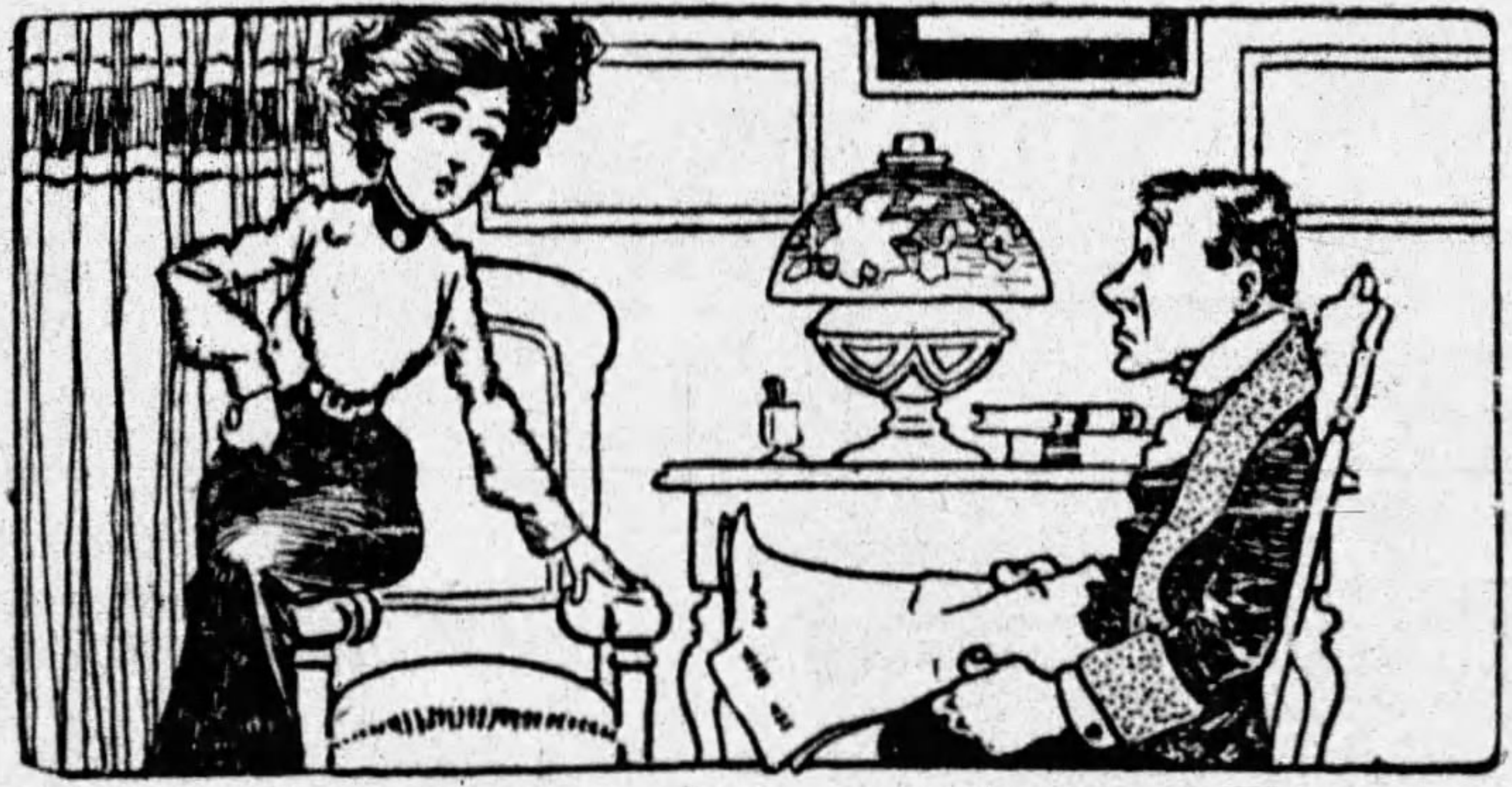
"I don't believe it will rain, ma."
"I don't, either, Henry."
"Guess I'll take my umbrella, anyway."

While Henry was on his way home that evening it rained hard, but fortunately Henry had his umbrella with him.



A Matrimonial Bureau.

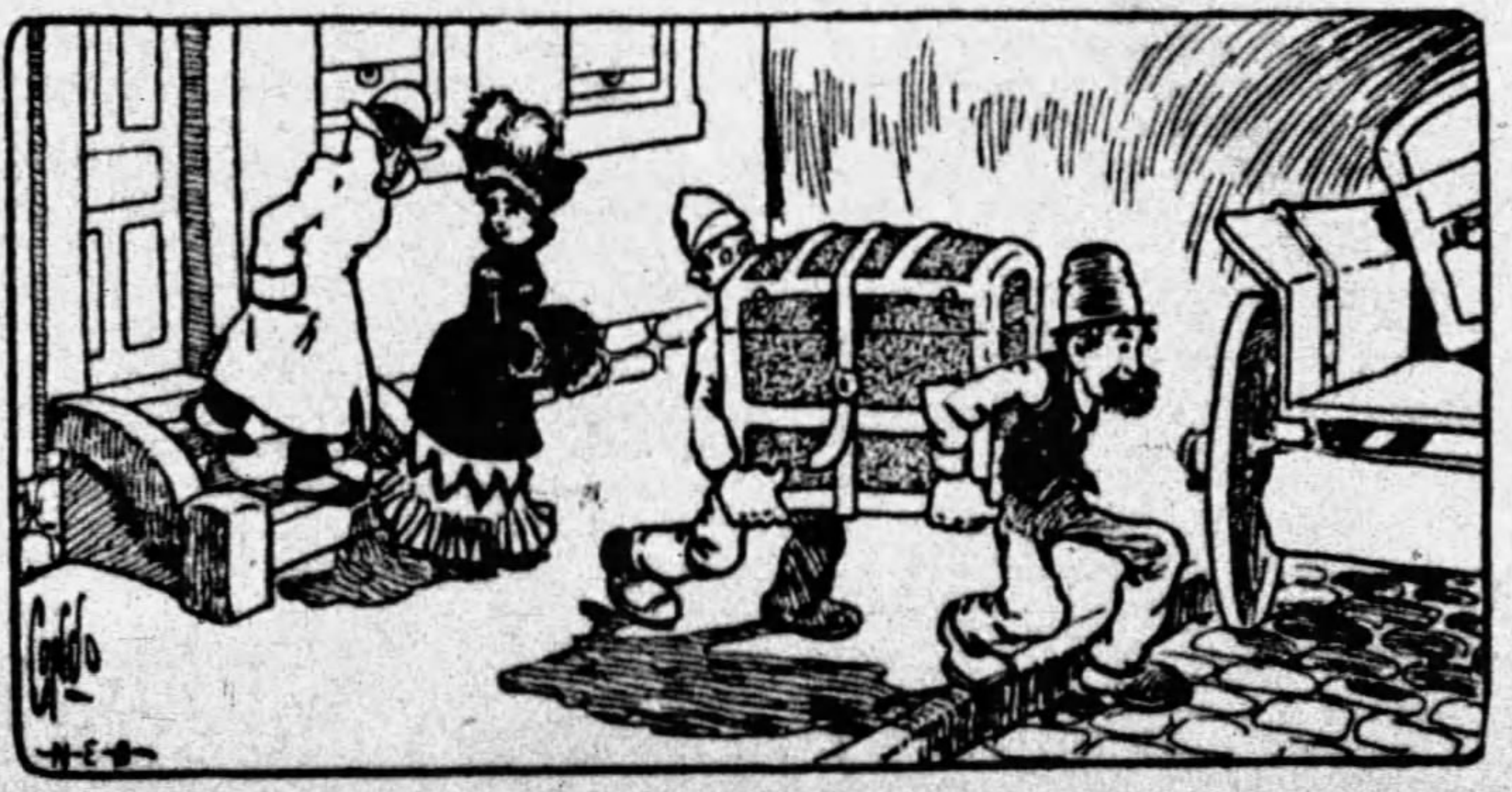
# BOTH BORN DIPLOMATS.



"I feel so miserable, Henry. I just must go to Florida for two or three weeks."

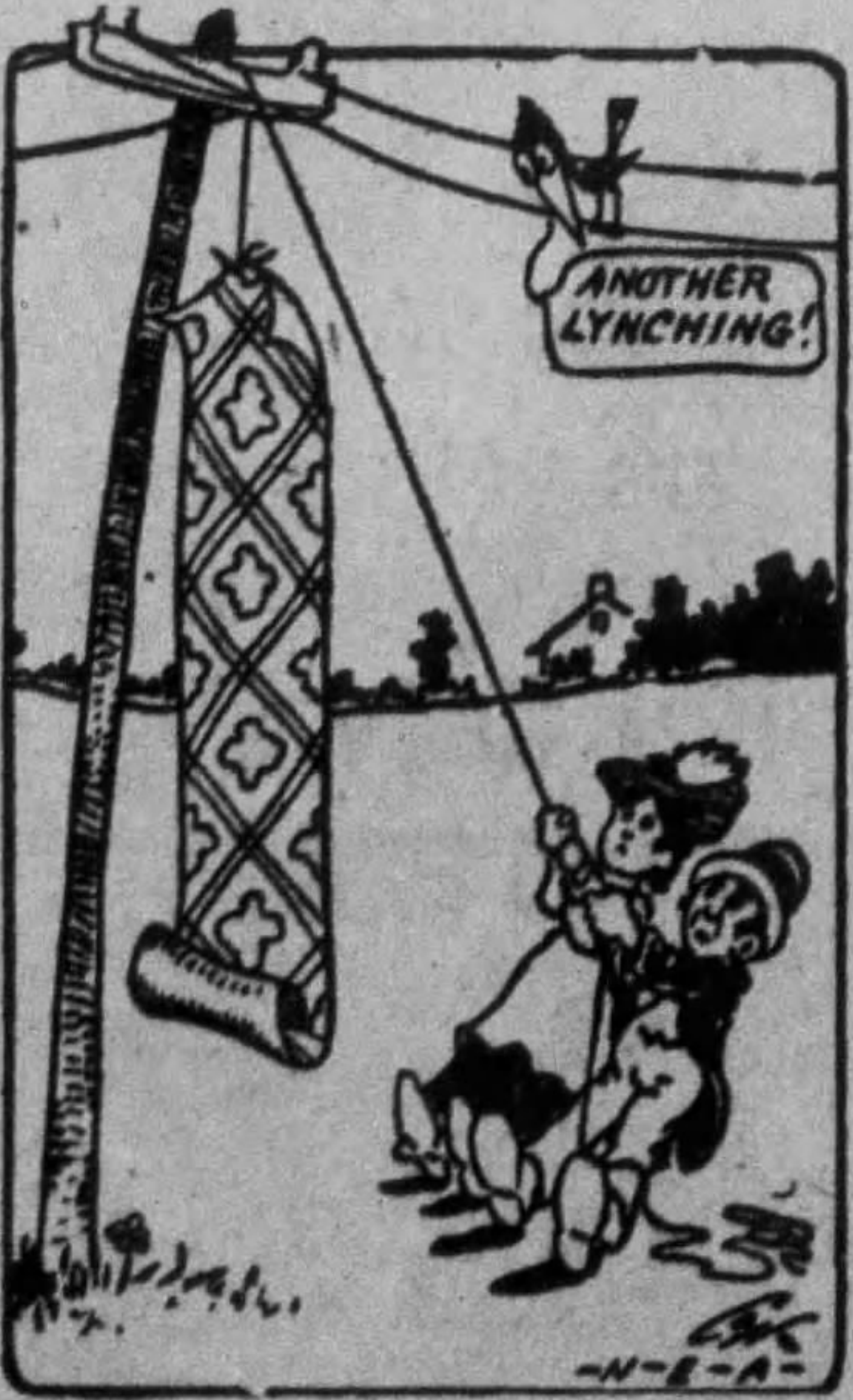
"How do you think we can raise money to go to Florida with eggs and coal as high as they've been for six months?"

"Well, if I can't go, I'll wire mamma to come and spend a month or two with us."

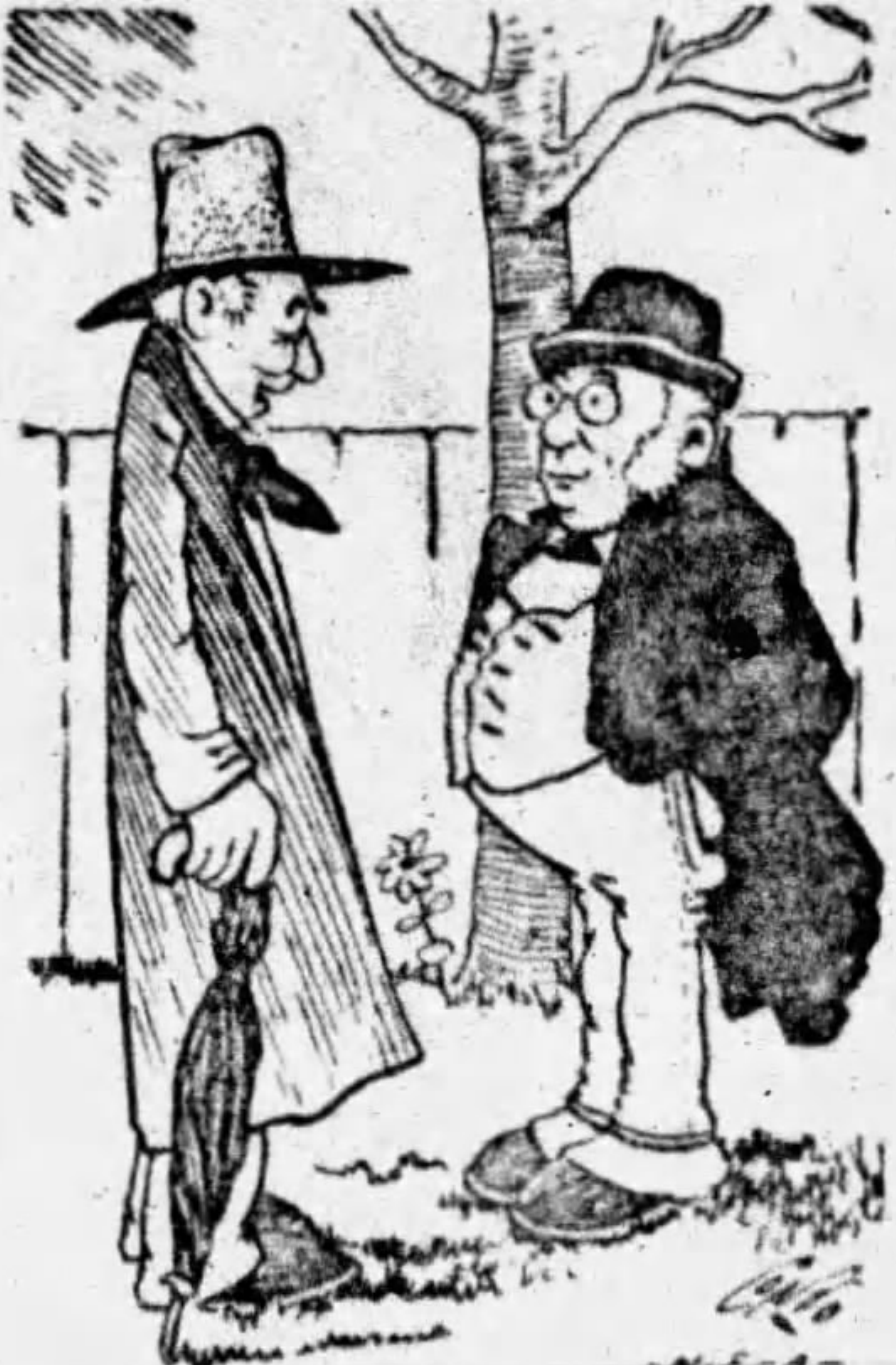


Scene at Henry's house the next day, two hours before the departure of the Florida Limited.

## The Busy Carothers.


ANOTHER LYNCHING!
-N-E-A-

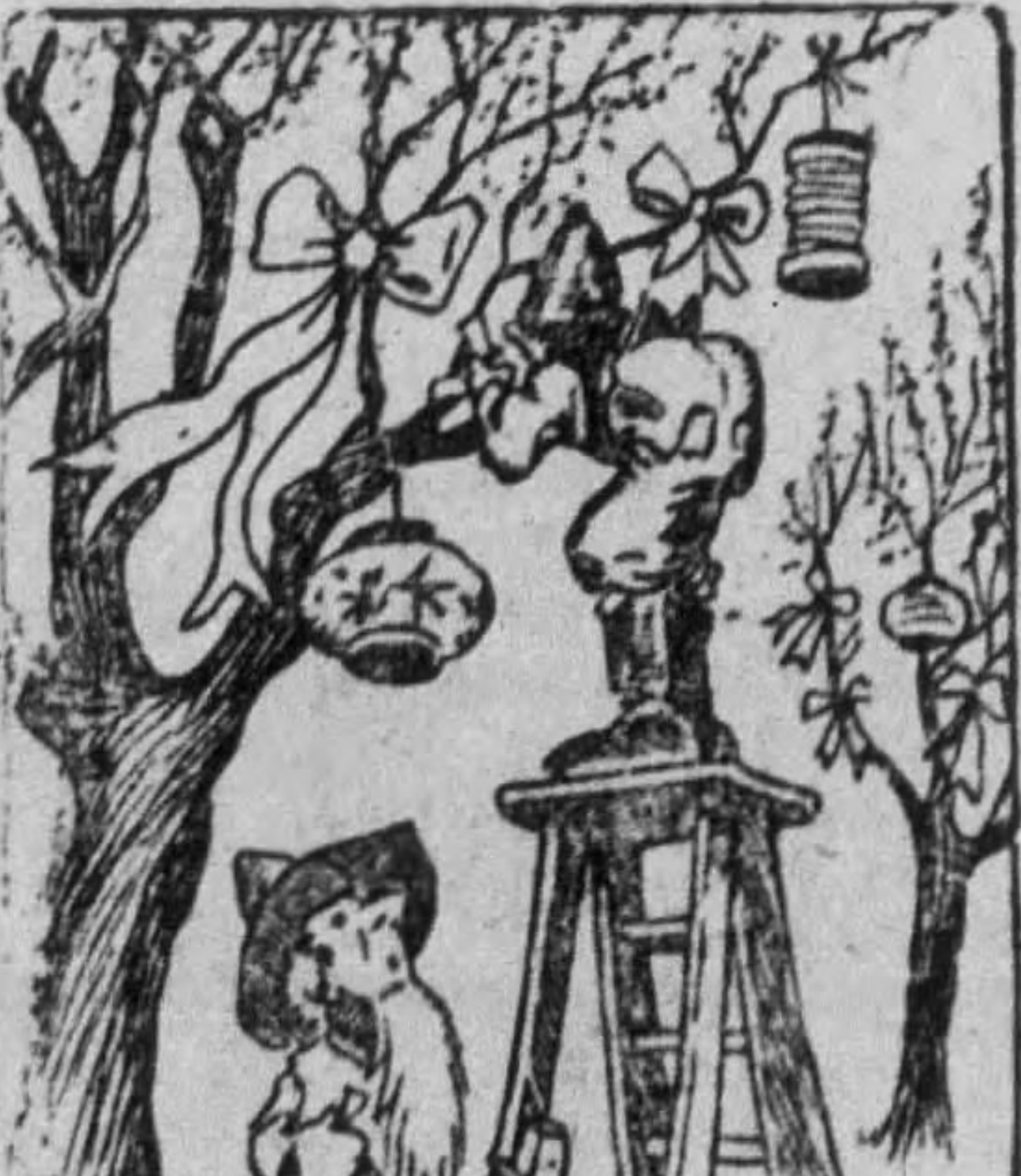
H. G. Carothers and wife are hanging paper.—Huntsburg correspondence Chardon (O.) Republican.



"Do you think it's going to rain?"

"I don't know. That's why I'm carrying my umbrella."

## A Decorative Resident.

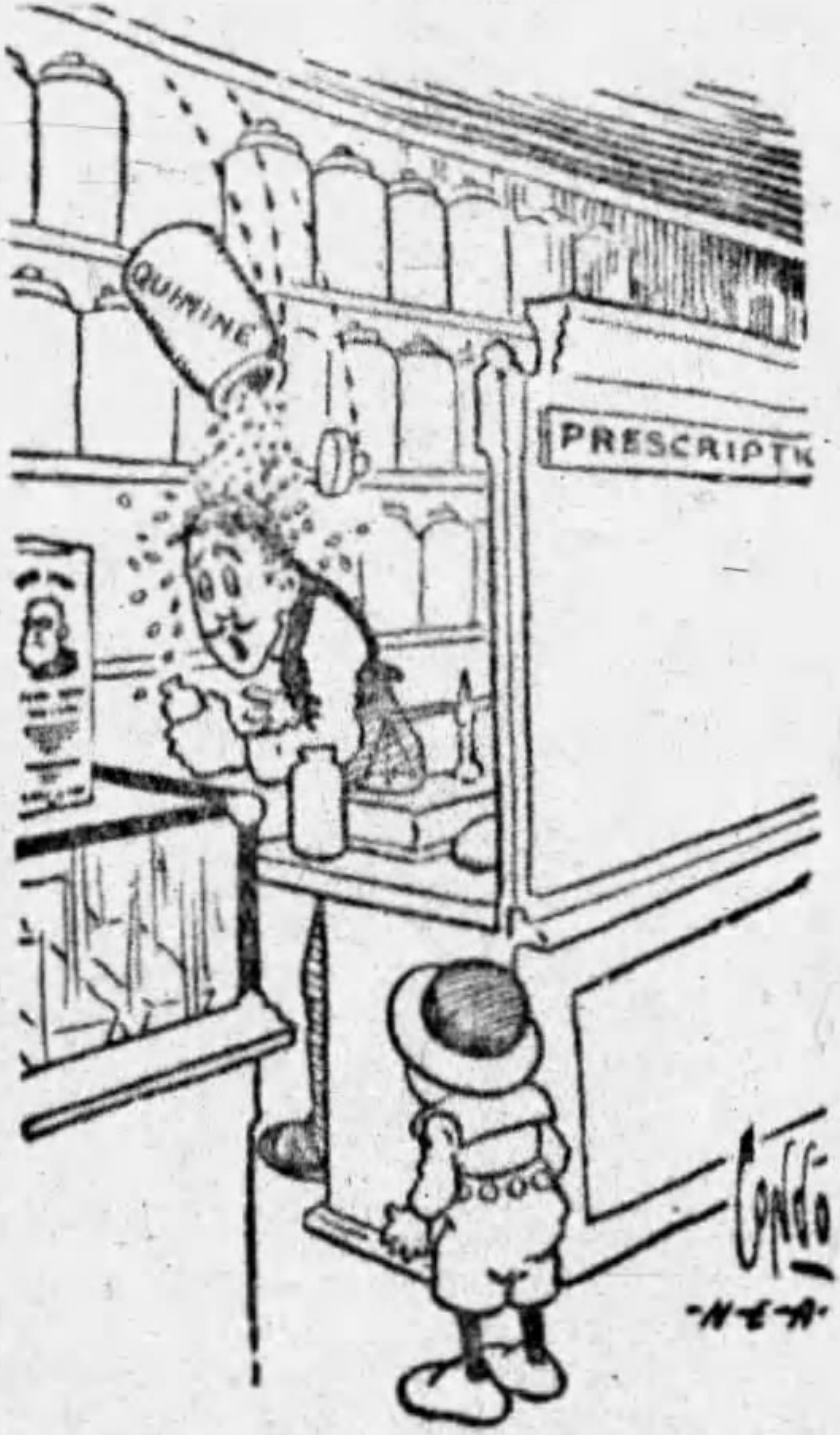


Jasper Baker is trimming Mr. Cummings' apple trees.—Station 15 correspondence, Cadiz (O.) Democrat.

# SUCH A NERVOUS AND IMPATIENT MAN

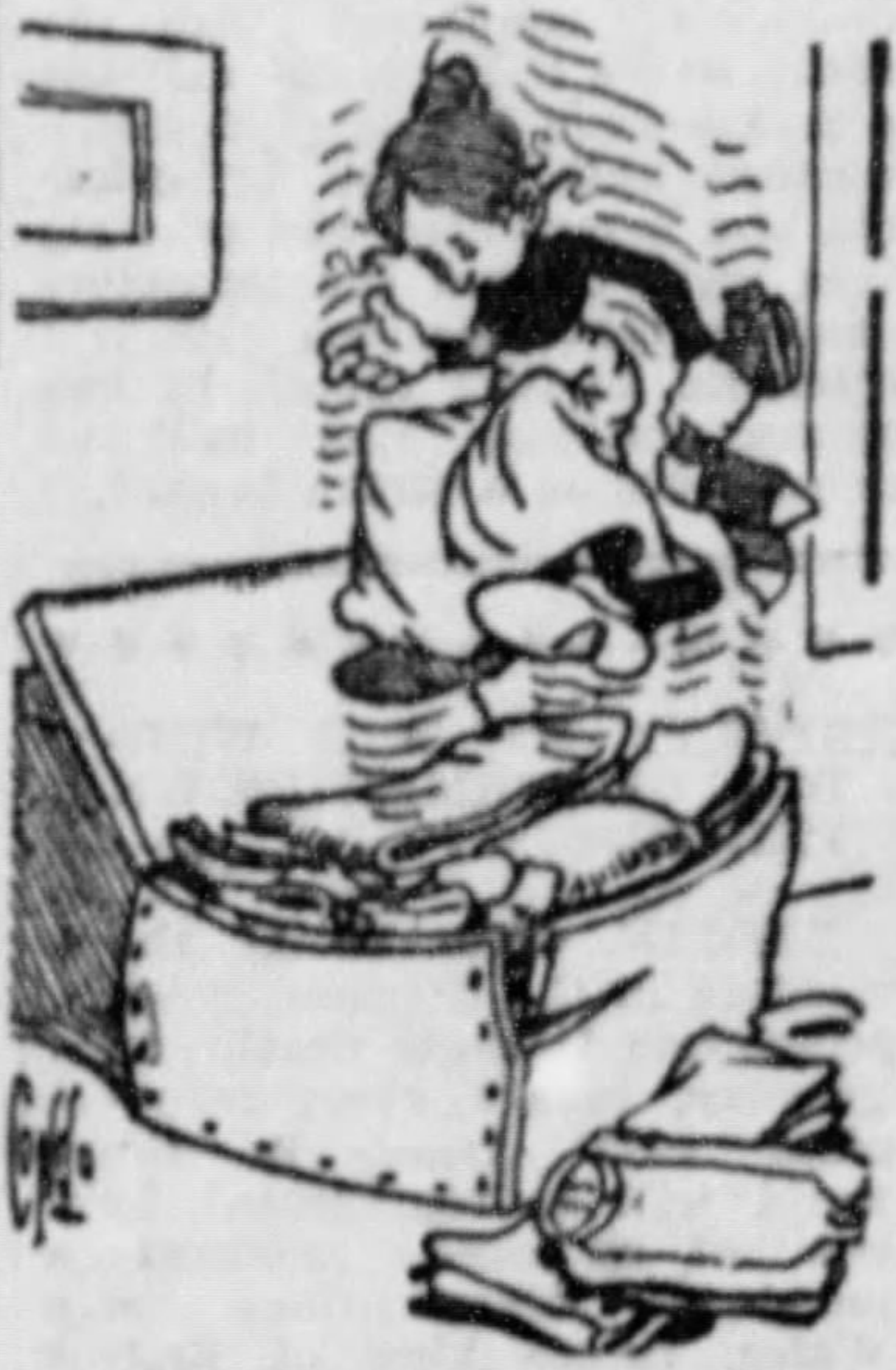
"You ought to get something for your nerves, Henry. I'm afraid you'll have nervous prostration. You're the most nervous and impatient man I ever saw."

The "nervous and impatient" Henry the next day, in a pose that he held from 7 a. m. to 1 p. m. and from 1 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

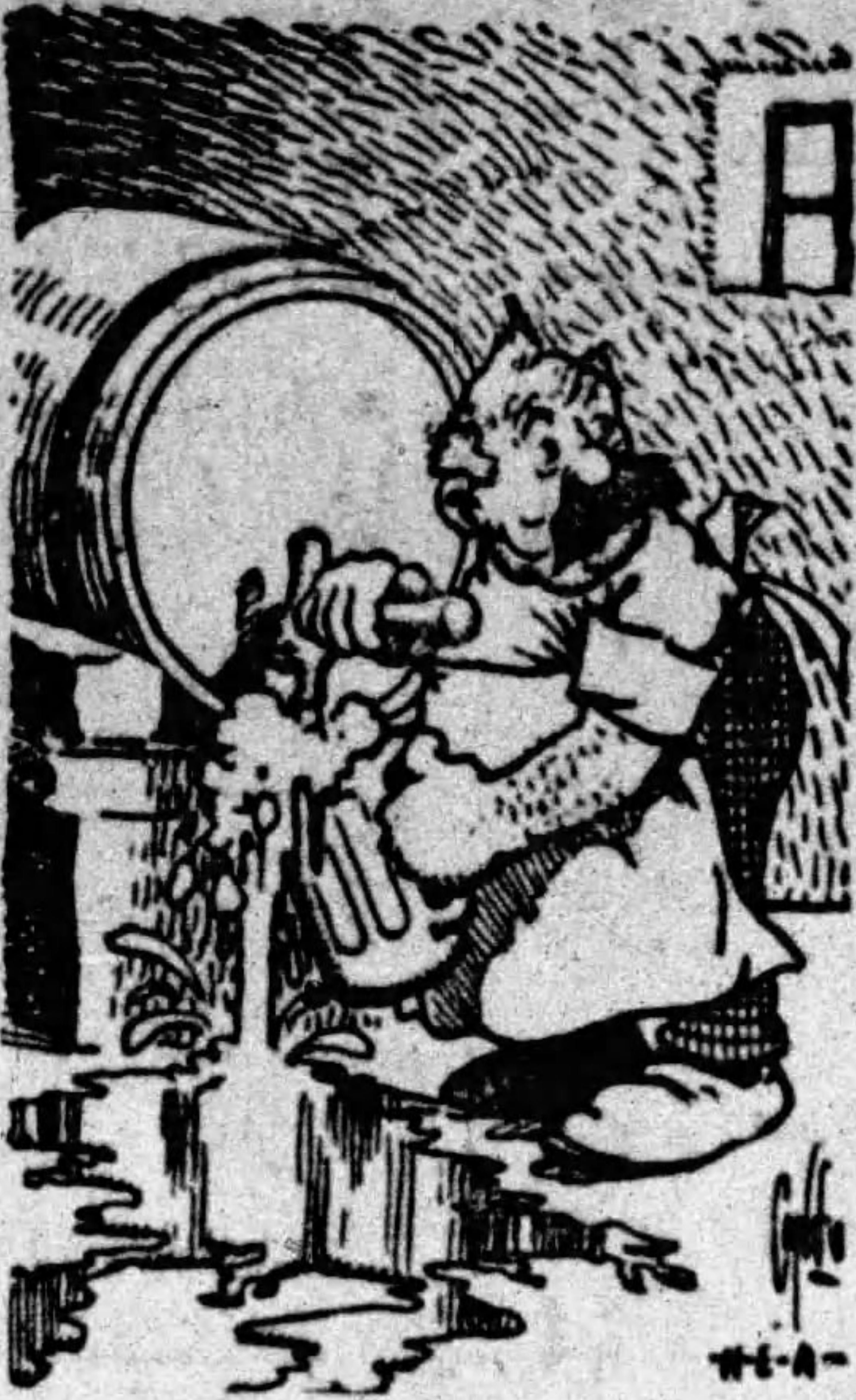

QUININE
PRESCRIPTI
CONDO
-N-E-A-

An Overdose of Quinine.

# NEW STUNTS IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

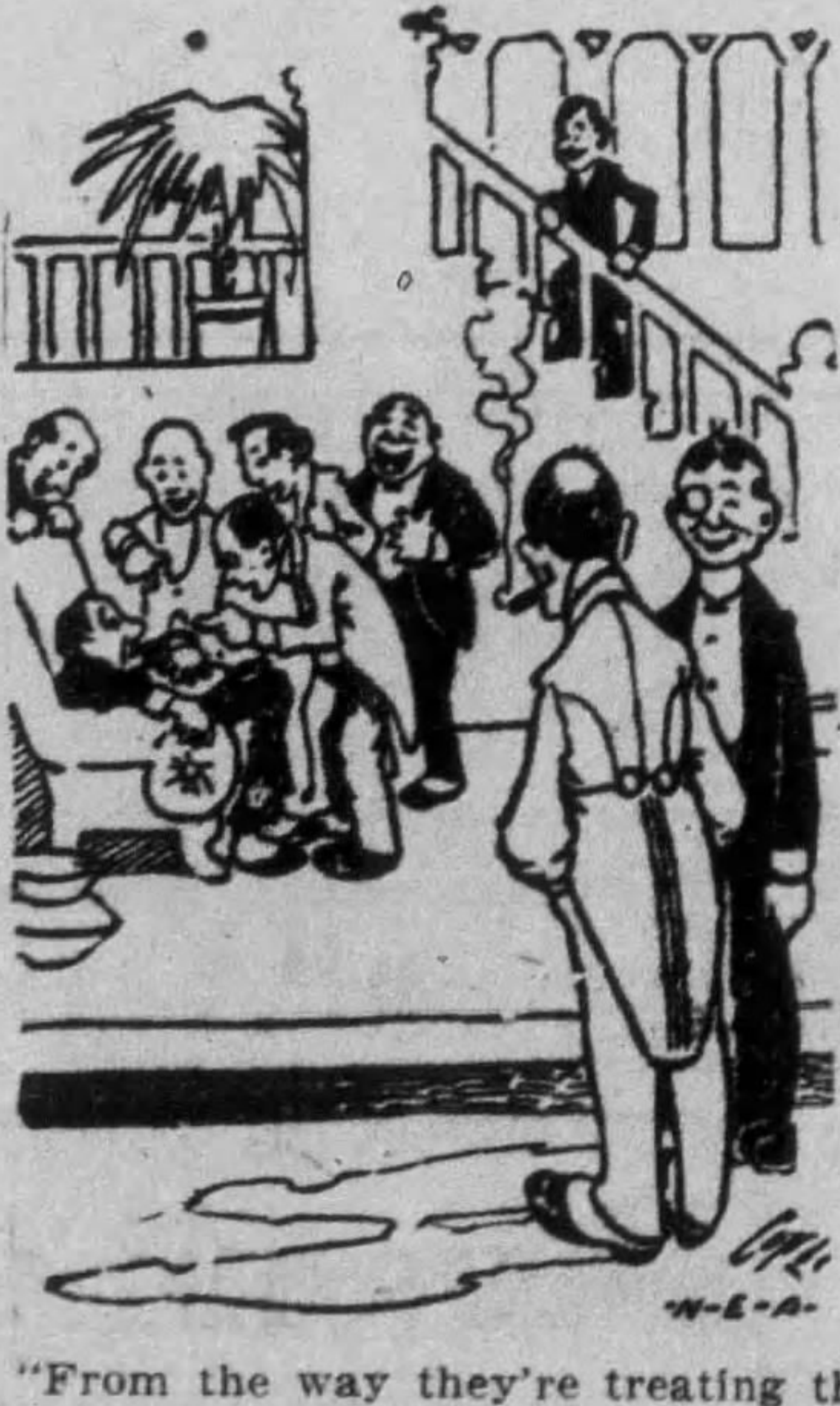


EXPANDING THE CHEST.



Badly Overdrawn.

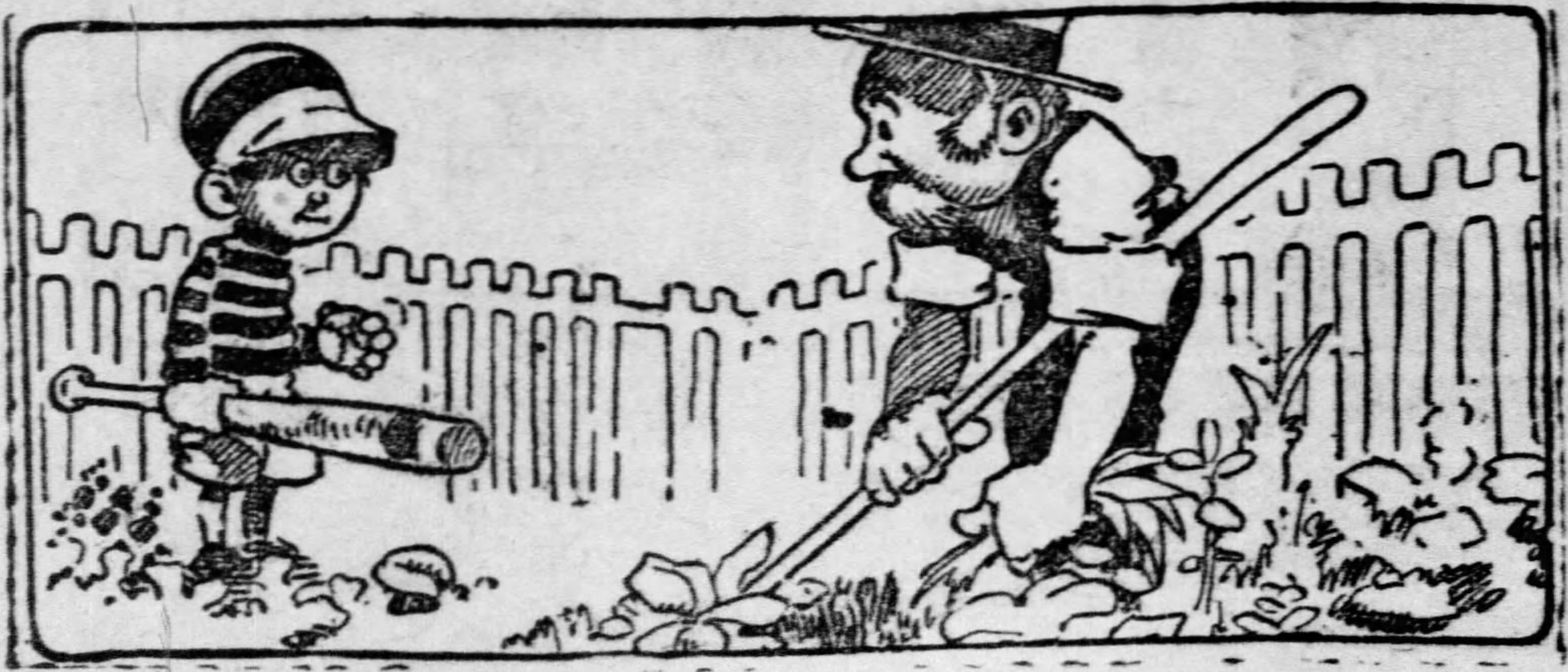
# HIS DIFFICULTY



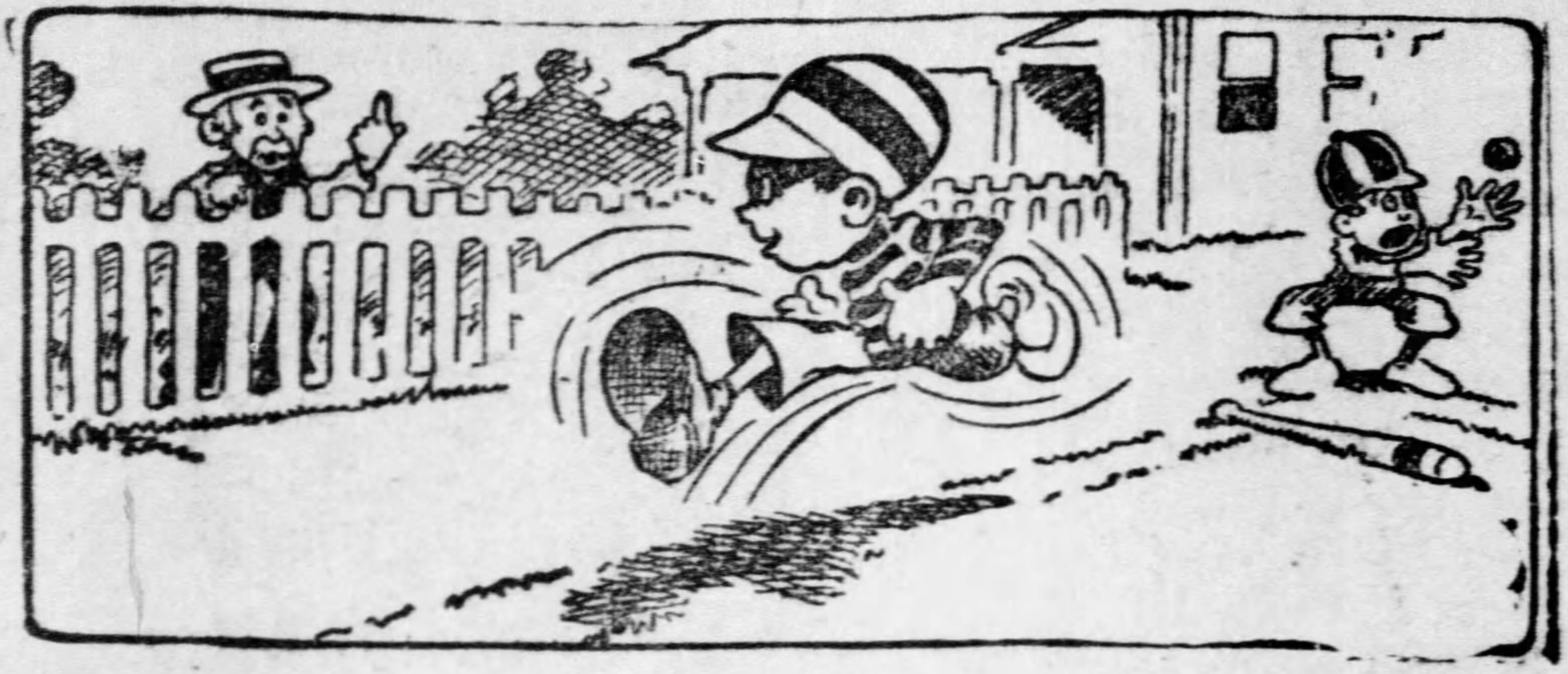
"From the way they're treating that fellow in the chair, and from his general appearance, I'm inclined to think he's either lost a breach of promise suit or been held up for heavy alimony."

"Oh, no. He's only one of three or four fellows in the club who were boasting a year ago about Russia's great resources."

# PLEASURE FOR ONE MAY BE WORK FOR ANOTHER

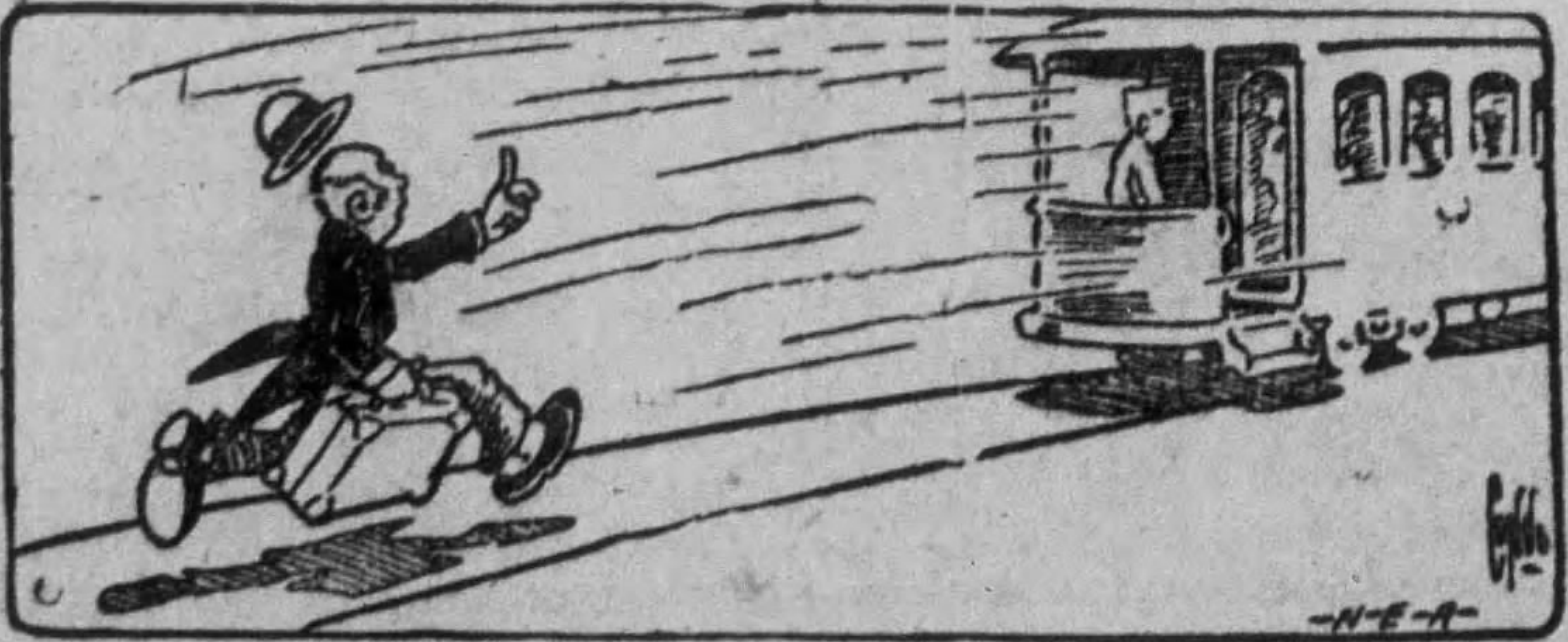


"Come on, dad, an' play ball with us fer a couple uv innings."
"No, Willie, baseball is too violent exercise for a man of my age."

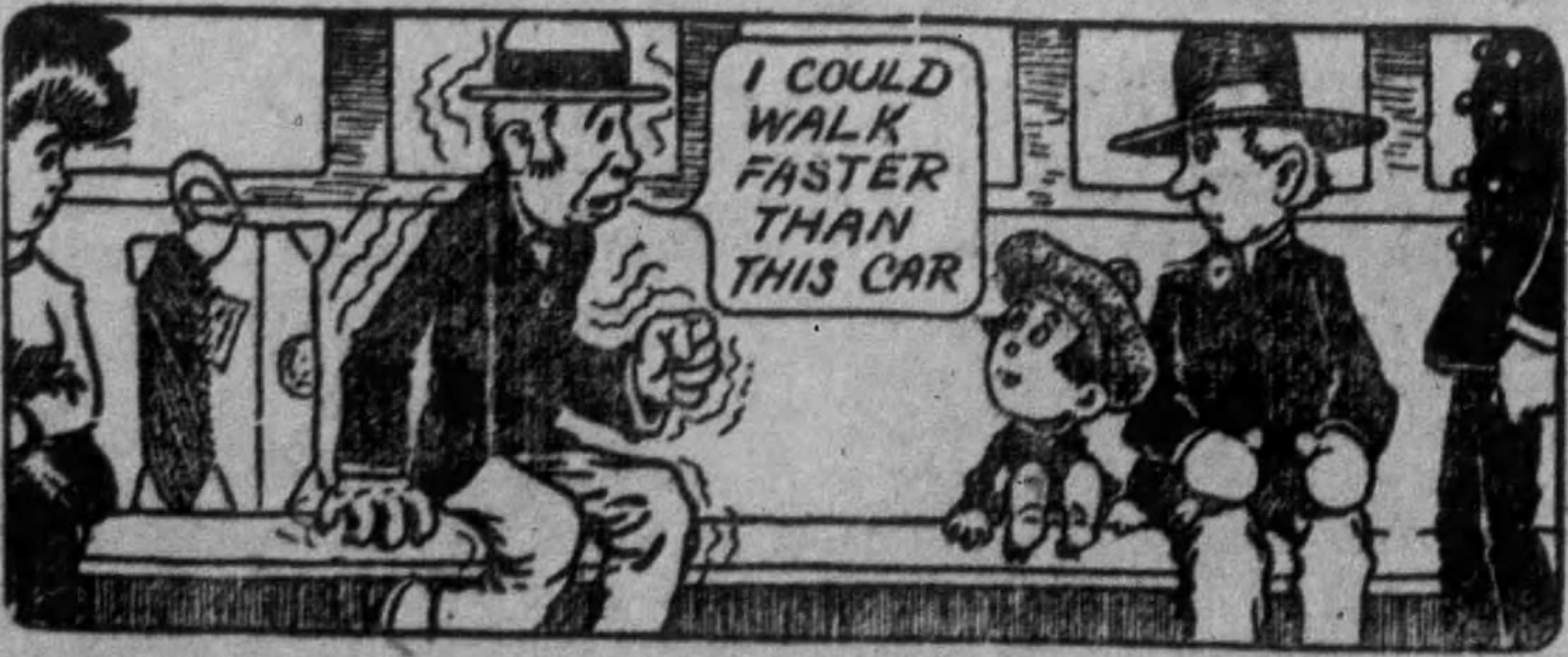


"Hey, Willie, come over here and pull out a few weeds, and hoe this garden!"
"Gee, dad, I ain't big enough er strong enough fer work like that!'

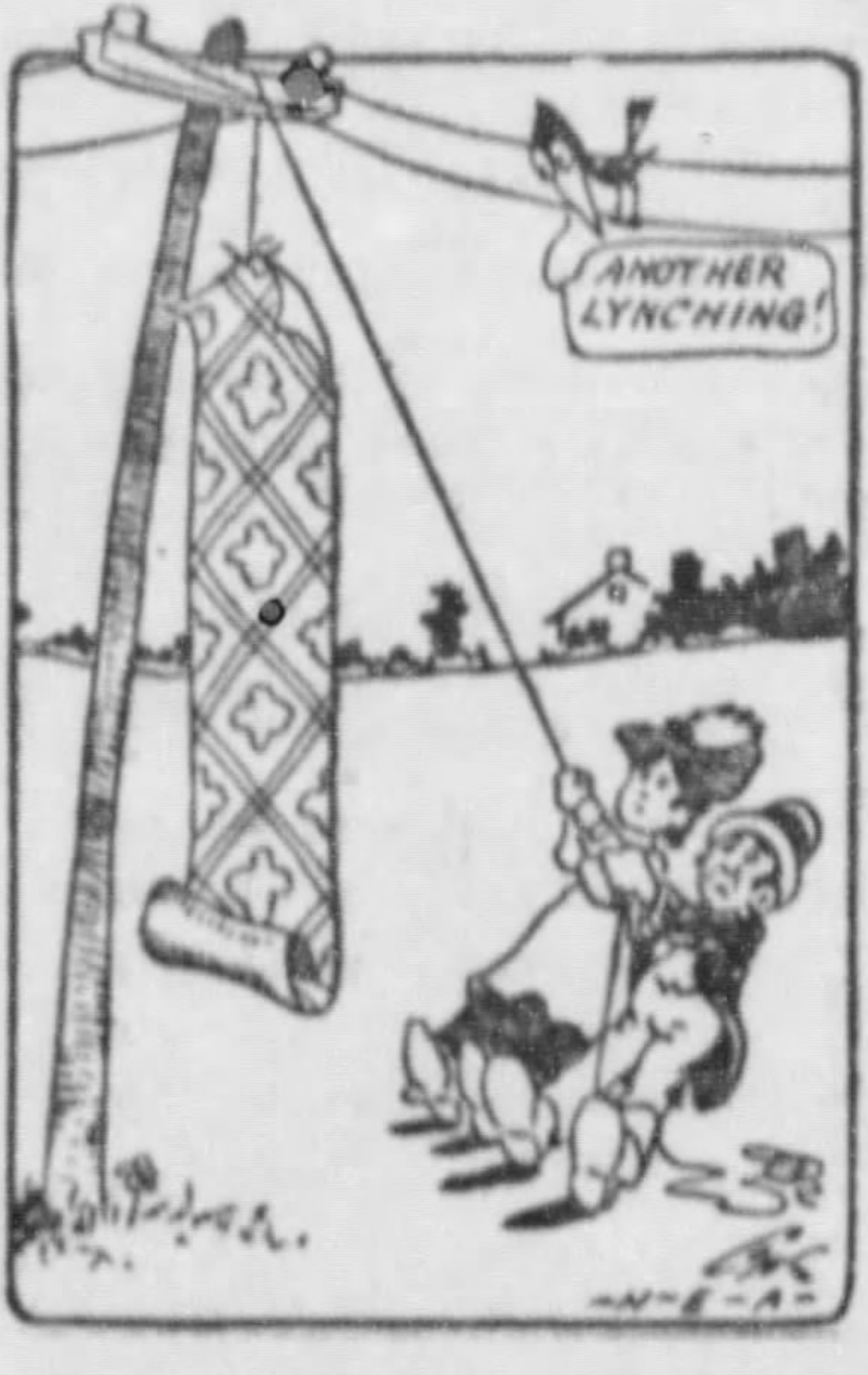
# THE POINT OF VIEW



When you are on your way to the station to take a train, with no time to lose, how fast that street car runs.


I COULD WALK FASTER THAN THIS CAR

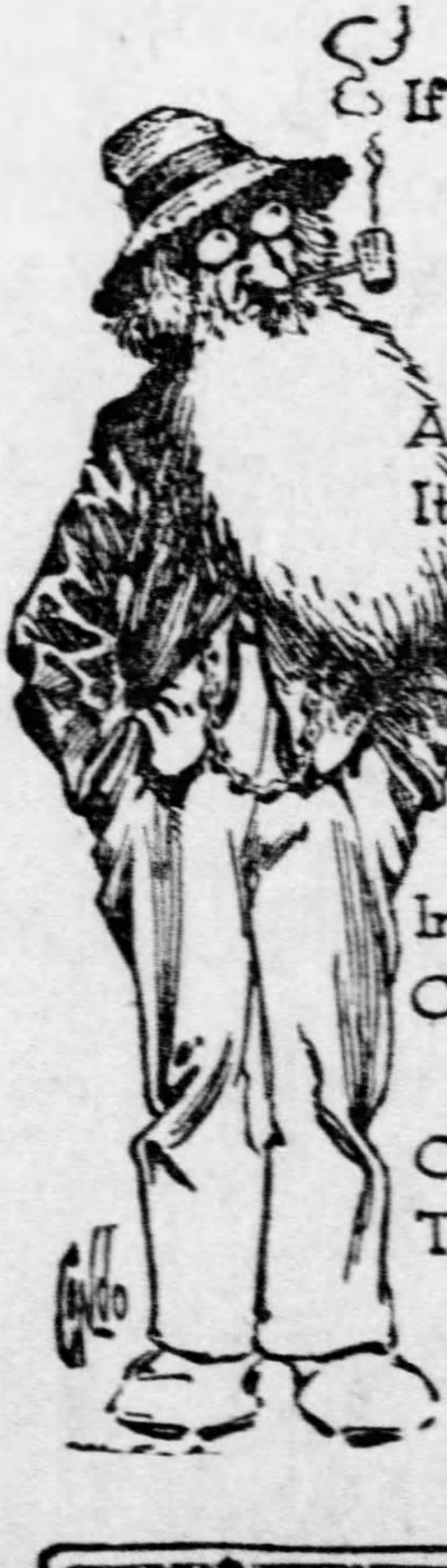
And when you finally catch the car and get aboard, how that timid motorman lets the car lag!


ANOTHER LYNCHING!
-N-E-A-

H. G. Carothers and wife are hanging paper.—Huntsburg correspondence, Chardon Republican.

# IF IT SHOULD SNOW TONIGHT

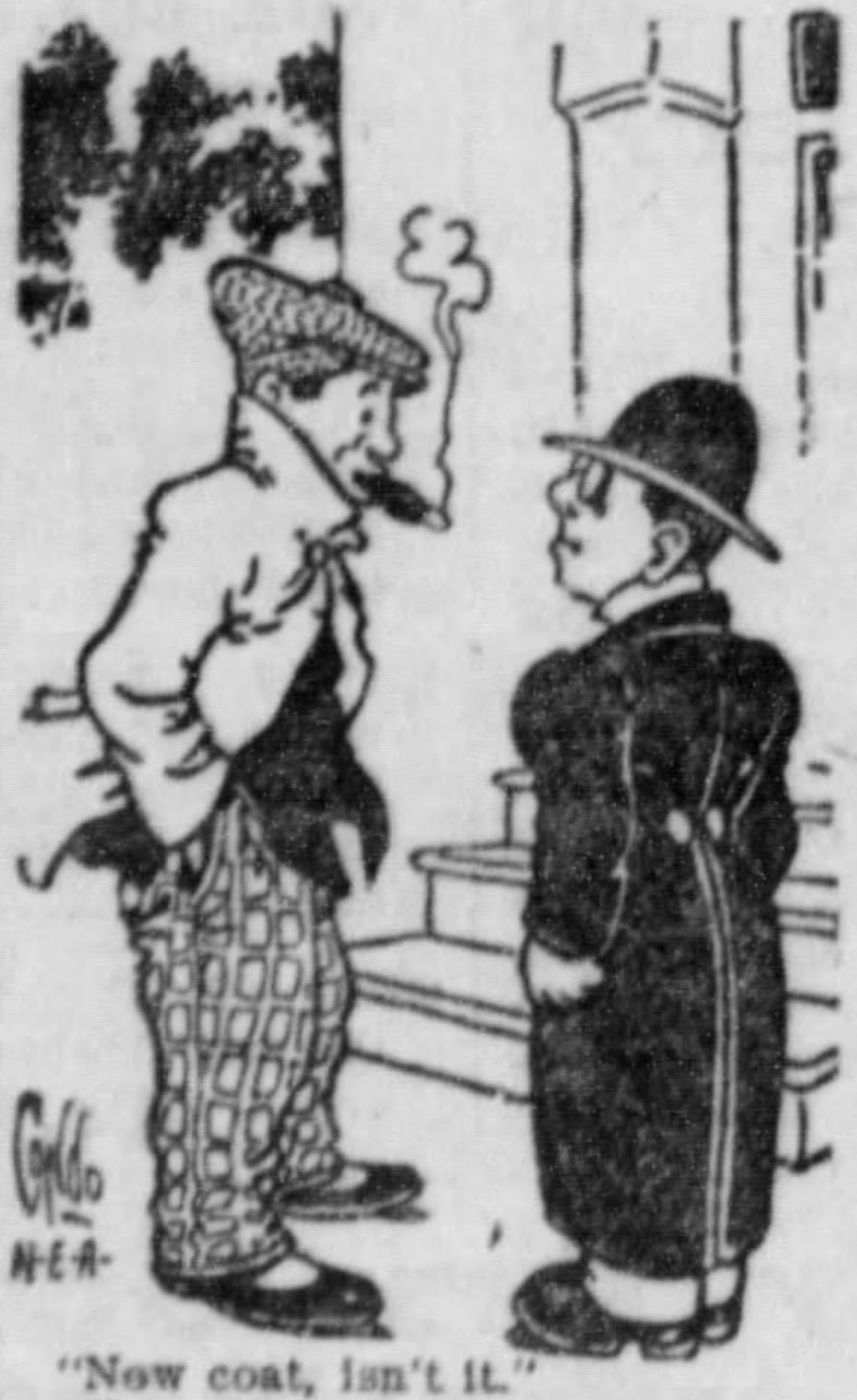
(WITH ALL APOLOGIES)



If it should snow tonight
And that soft, fleecy robe of virgin snow
Protected all the early plants that grow—
If it should snow tonight
And that light fall should save a farmer's crops,
It's ten to one he'd gnash his whiskered chops
And say, his heart with biting anguish filled,
"Ev'ry gosh hanged thing is killed."

If it should snow tonight
In Labrador, Franz Josef Land, Bizuk,
Chukoshki or some other Arctic nook—
I say if it should snow tonight
Or any other night, or anywhere,
The same old telegrams from Delaware—
"The peach crop's killed again"—
Would cause the same old scare.

VINTON ROSS



"New coat, isn't it."

"Yes. How do you like it?"

"All right, but my goodness, it makes you look short."

"I am short, I just paid $50 cash for it."

# WHITE'S NOSE IS A TARGET

## Jimmie Britt Sure to Land On This Vulnerable Point

## ENGLISHMAN'S NOSE IS PARTICULARLY LARGE.

### CORBETT TELLS ABOUT THE GREATEST FIGHT IN RING HISTORY.

### BY JAMES J. CORBETT.

(Copyright, 1905, by Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

There is but one Philadelphia. With her six-round bouts and many peculiar incidents and strange happenings, the Quaker metropolis has been the target for ridicule and talk in newspapers and among the boxing fraternity.

I had one experience there, or rather was on hand once when something happened that furnished conversation fodder for the fight fans.

Rufe Turner, the Western colored lightweight, was billed to meet Fred Douglas, who hails from the South. It was announced the men would fight until ordered to break, and then would break clean.

They were just under way and in spite of Douglas' advantage in strength and height it became apparent that Turner was too much for him. The bout took on the appearance of a bag-punching exhibition, with Douglas in the role of the bag.

Turner landed a stinging punch on Douglas' nose, which hurt so much that the Southern boy forgot all about ring tactics. Rushing at Turner, he picked him up and slapped him to the floor as he might a sack of oats.

Frank O'Brien, himself no weakling, was refereeing. He ran to Turner's aid, grabbing Douglas, who had been using his elbows on his opponent's face savagely, and threw him across the ring. Then he ordered both men to their corners.

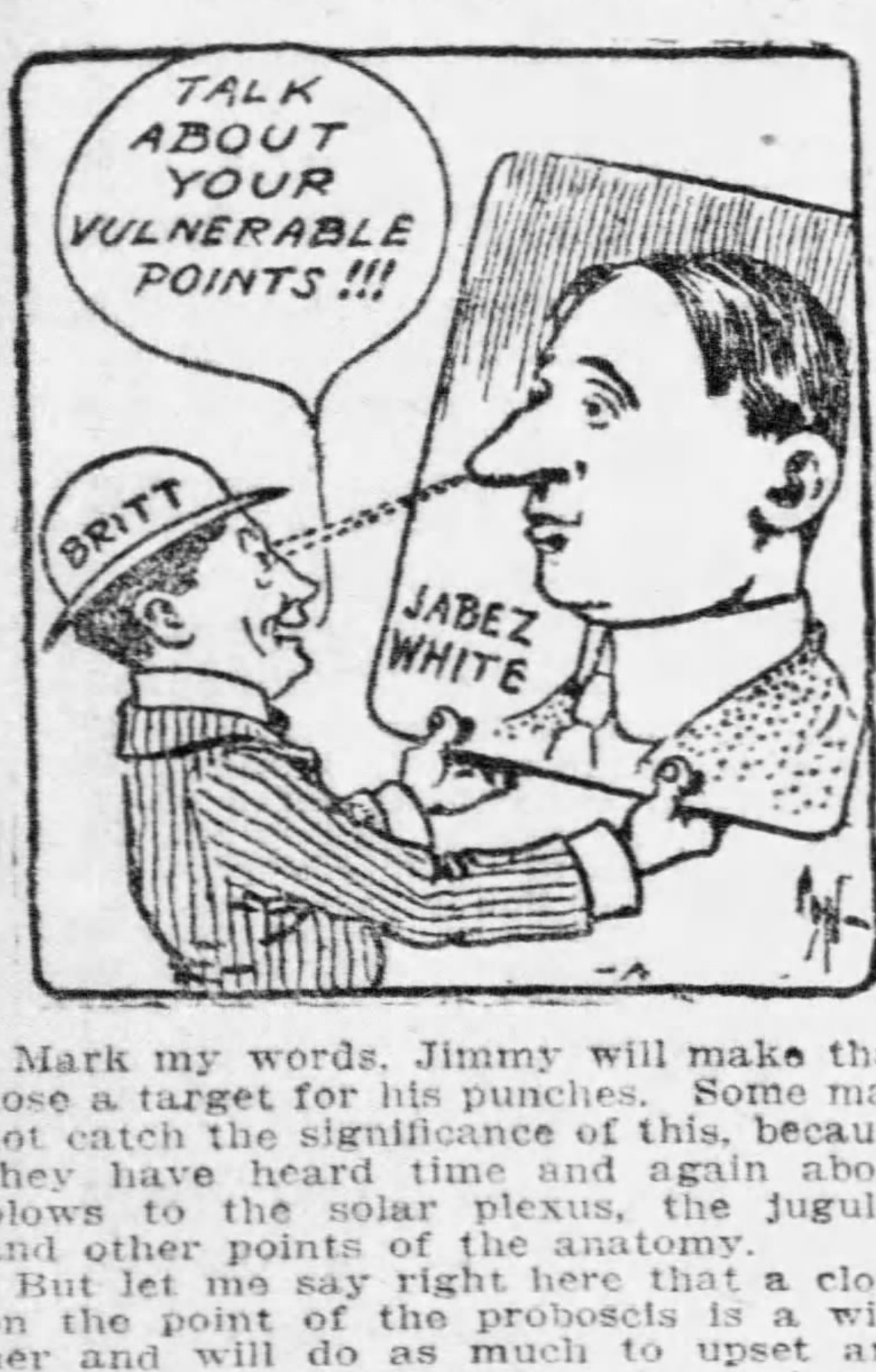
"This fellow," said O'Brien, pointing to Douglas, "insisted upon getting his money before he would enter the ring. You can see how he treats us."

"Well, this is Philadelphia, you know," came from the rear of the house, where some of Douglas' friends were sitting. And for once the Quakers got rolled. Douglas spoke, and those nearest, the ring heard him say:

"Gentlemen, I'm a southerner and I consider it an insult to fight a nigger." Fortunately his seconds got him to his dressing room before the easy-going spectators had time to do much thinking, or he would have been mobbed then and there. O'Brien, however, was mad clear through, and went to the room where Douglas was changing his clothes and took a couple of punches at him.

Douglas rushed from the room, attired in his underwear, and ran into the street crying for protection. The crowd spotted and took after him, chasing him until several policemen interfered and escorted the frightened fighter back to the club house, where he dressed. Then he was taken to police headquarters, where he remained until the mob forgot about the incident. And in Philadelphia this required just about one hour.

Jimmy Britt is studying a plan by which he expects to add the title of English lightweight champion to his honors. Nearly every fighter has some vulnerable point, and in the case of Jabez White it is his nose. It stands out from his face like a cactus on the staked plain.


TALK ABOUT YOUR VULNERABLE POINTS!!!
BRITT
JABEZ WHITE

Mark my words, Jimmy will make that nose a target for his punches. Some may not catch the significance of this, because they have heard time and again about blows to the solar plexus, the jugular and other points of the anatomy.

But let me say right here that a clout on the point of the proboscis is a winner and will do as much to upset any fighter as a swing to another point of the head or body.

Often have I heard fans discuss the famous battle between Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne, which occurred at Maspeth in 1895, and in which the Barbadoes Black received one of the worst beatings a pugilist ever had handed him and which put Kid Lavigne out of business for a year.

The men weighed in at 6 o'clock in the evening. The bar did not budge at 133 pounds when the men stepped on the platform. Both proved their actual weight to be 131½ pounds.

The actions of Walcott before and after the fight are more interesting than the accounts of the battle, which most fans know by heart. As soon as the bout ended, and Joe was able to do so, he rushed to a restaurant and ordered everything in the meat line on the menu.

He hadn't eaten a square meal that day and in his eagerness to keep down to weight had not taken a drink of water for 24 hours, but had sucked chopped ice.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Tom O'Rourke, Walcott's manager, met Sam

Fitzpatrick, manager of Lavigne, and in an off-hand way said:

"Hello, Sam; suppose we get that matter of weigh-in over with. It's only a couple of hours until the scheduled time, and I'm going to be mighty busy about six."

Fitzpatrick was "wise," however, and refused to walk into the trap. From inside information he knew Walcott was having an awful time making weight. In fact he had received (and still has) a letter offering him the $500 held as Walcott's forfeit money by Jim Kennedy, should Joe fail to make 133 pounds, and the fight was allowed to go on. Sam answered the letter, insisting that Walcott make 133 pounds or forfeit the money and battle.

I never shall forget that battle. The audience was small, because of the intense cold, but those who attended saw the greatest ring encounter in this or any other country. I do not believe Lavigne or Walcott ever were the same men afterward. Walcott barely escaped a knockout in the last round, but it has always been the contention of sporting men who saw the mill, that he was weakened by the weight limit, to reach which he was practically forced to starve himself.

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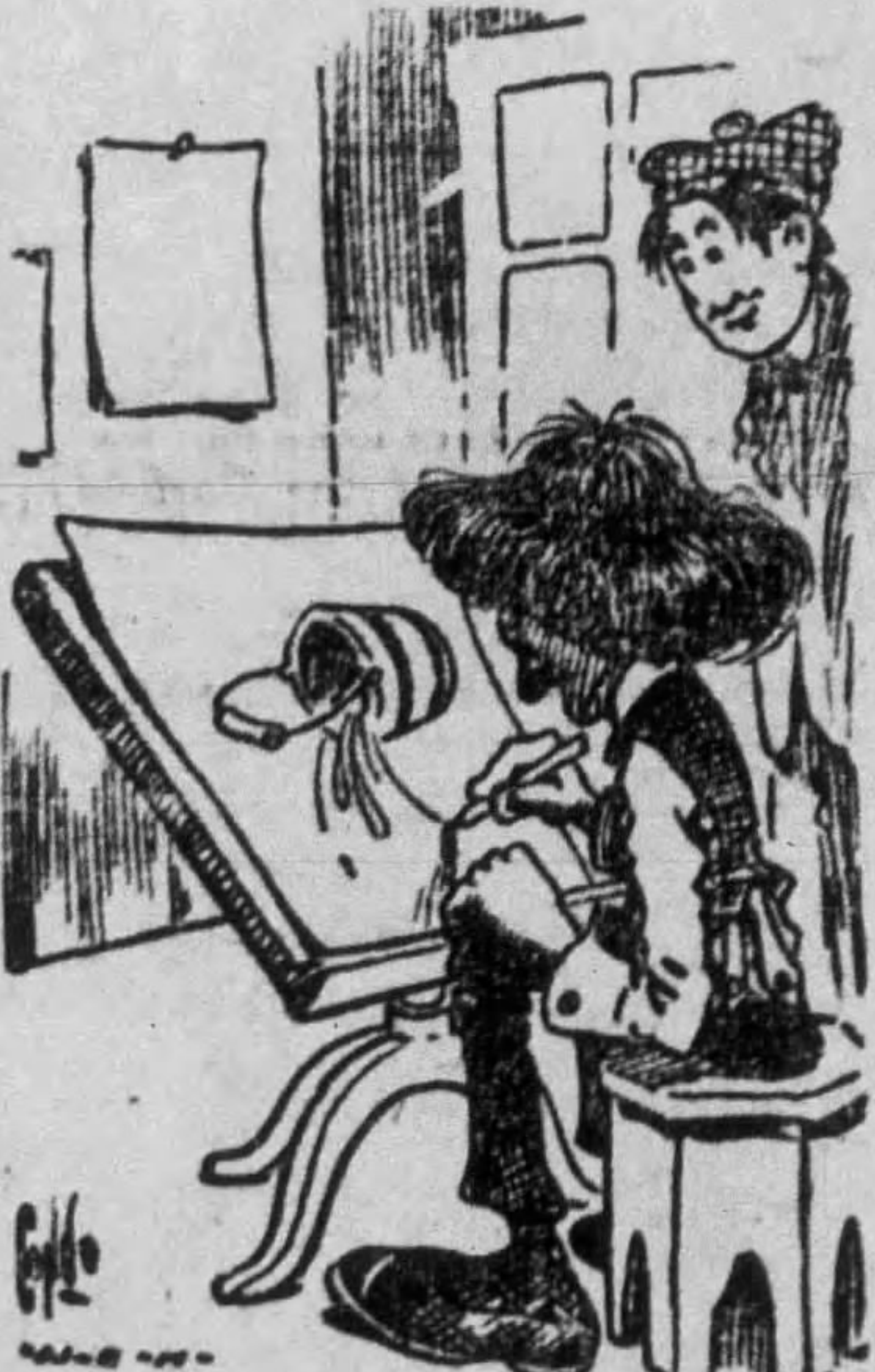
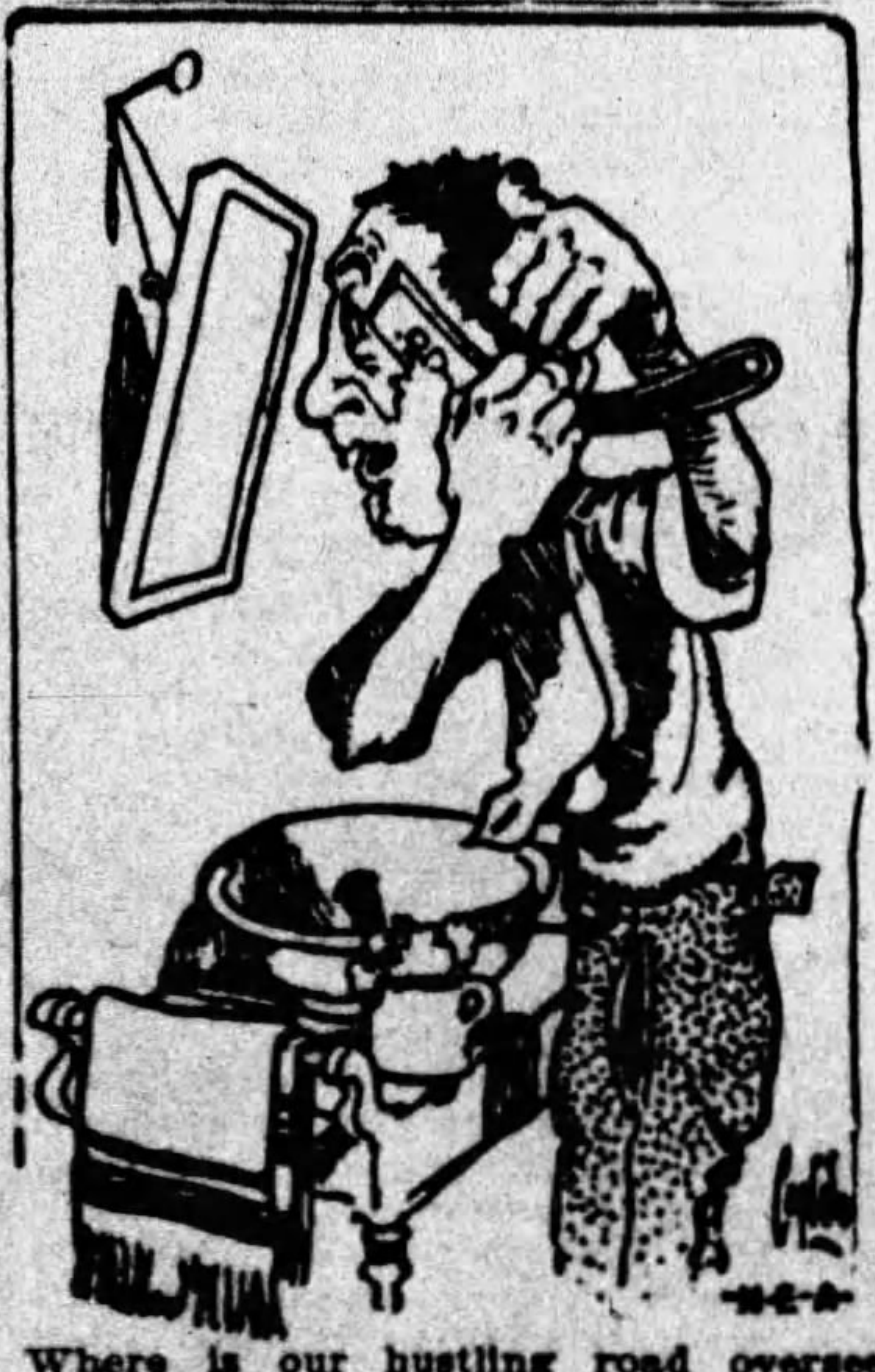
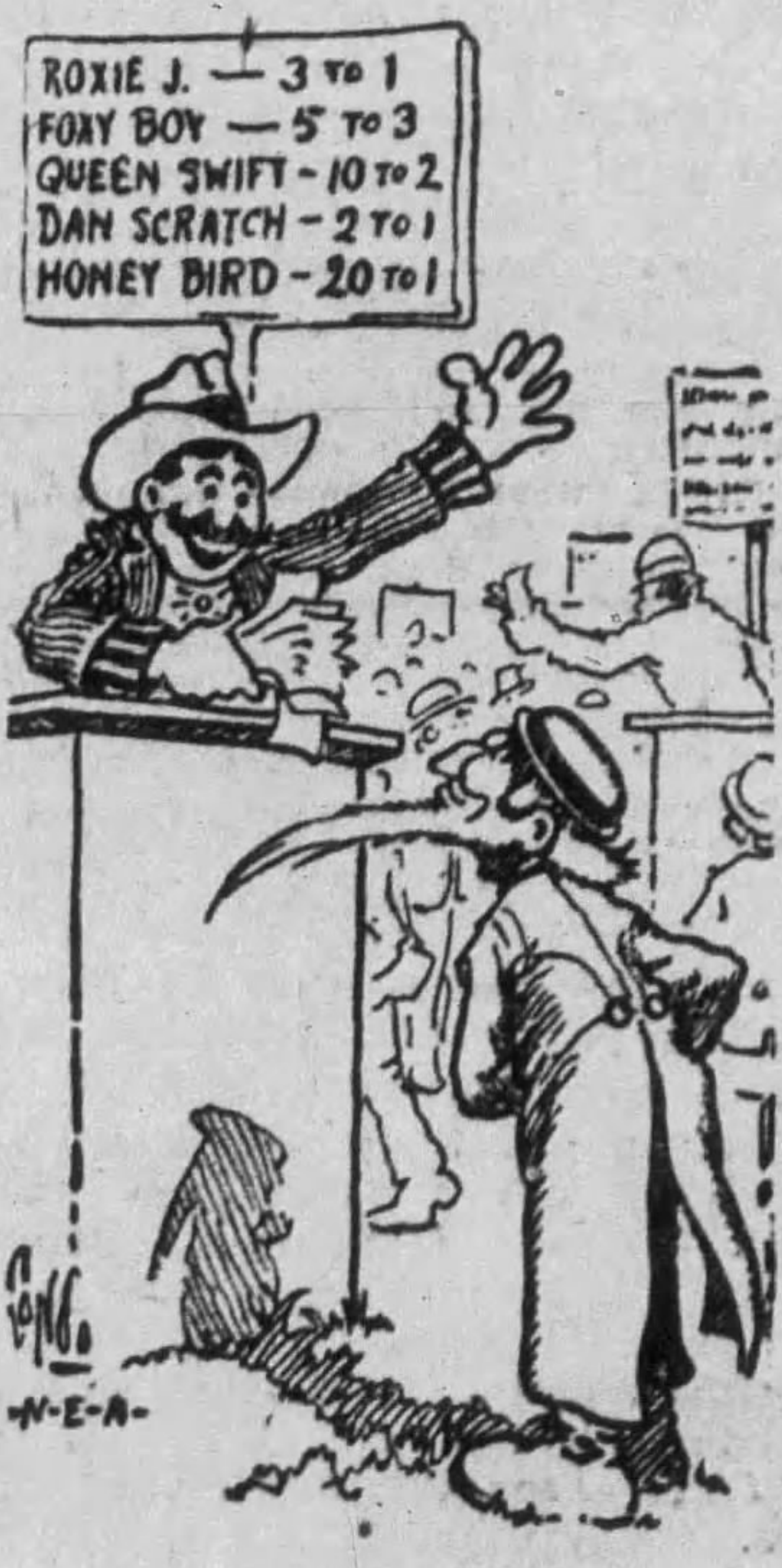


Drawing a Bucket of Water.

## Maybe This Tells Where.

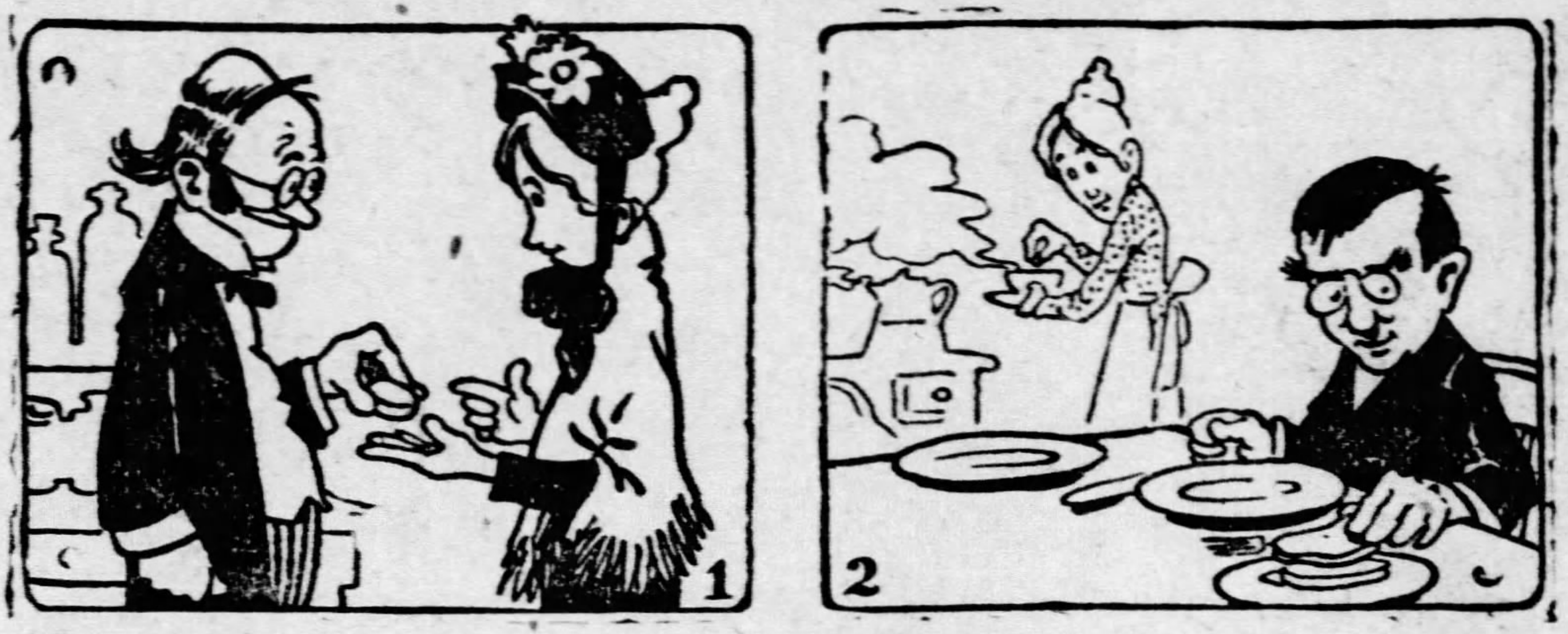


Where is our hustling road overseer with his scraper?—Inquiry from the country.


ROXIE J. — 3 TO 1
FOXY BOY — 5 TO 3
QUEEN SWIFT - 10 TO 2
DAN SCRATCH - 2 TO 1
HONEY BIRD - 20 TO 1
CONDO
-N-E-A-

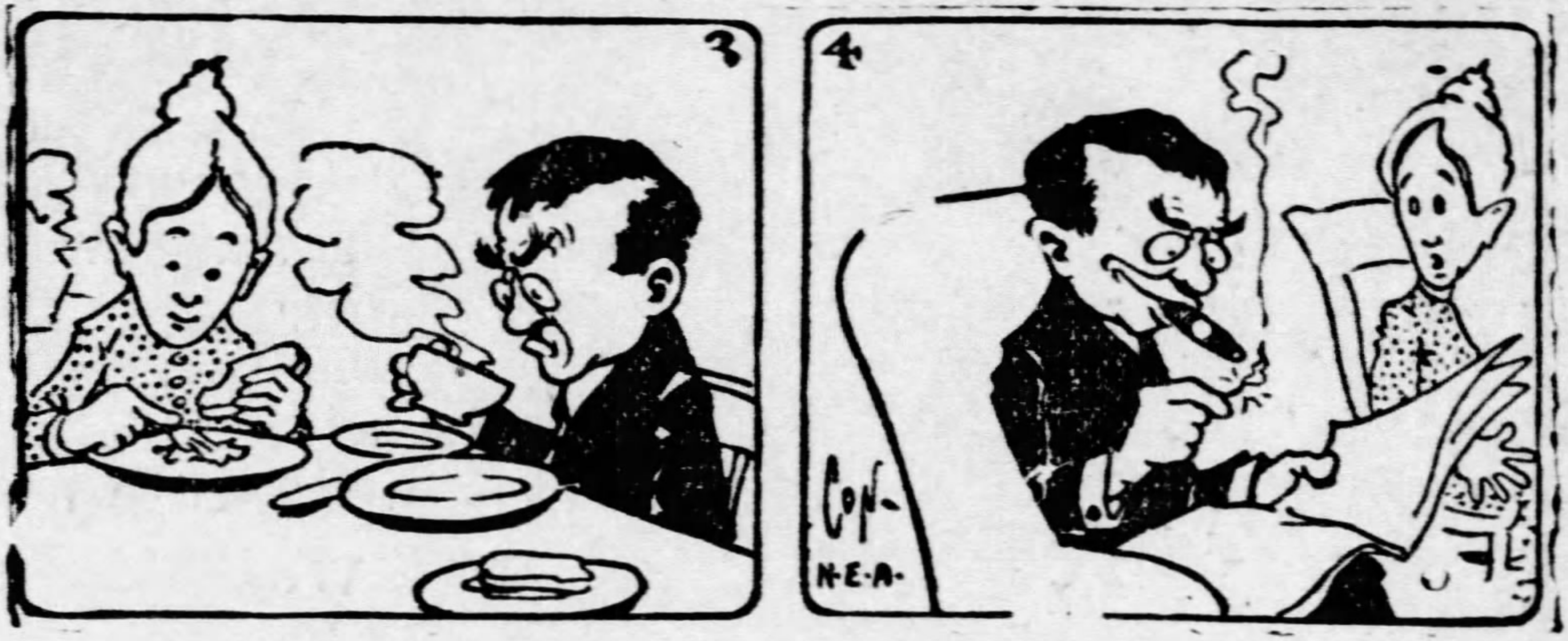
Among the Breakers.

# LOVEY'S LABOR LOST



"Now, madam, just drop a little of this powder in your husband's coffee and you will break him of the detestable tobacco habit."

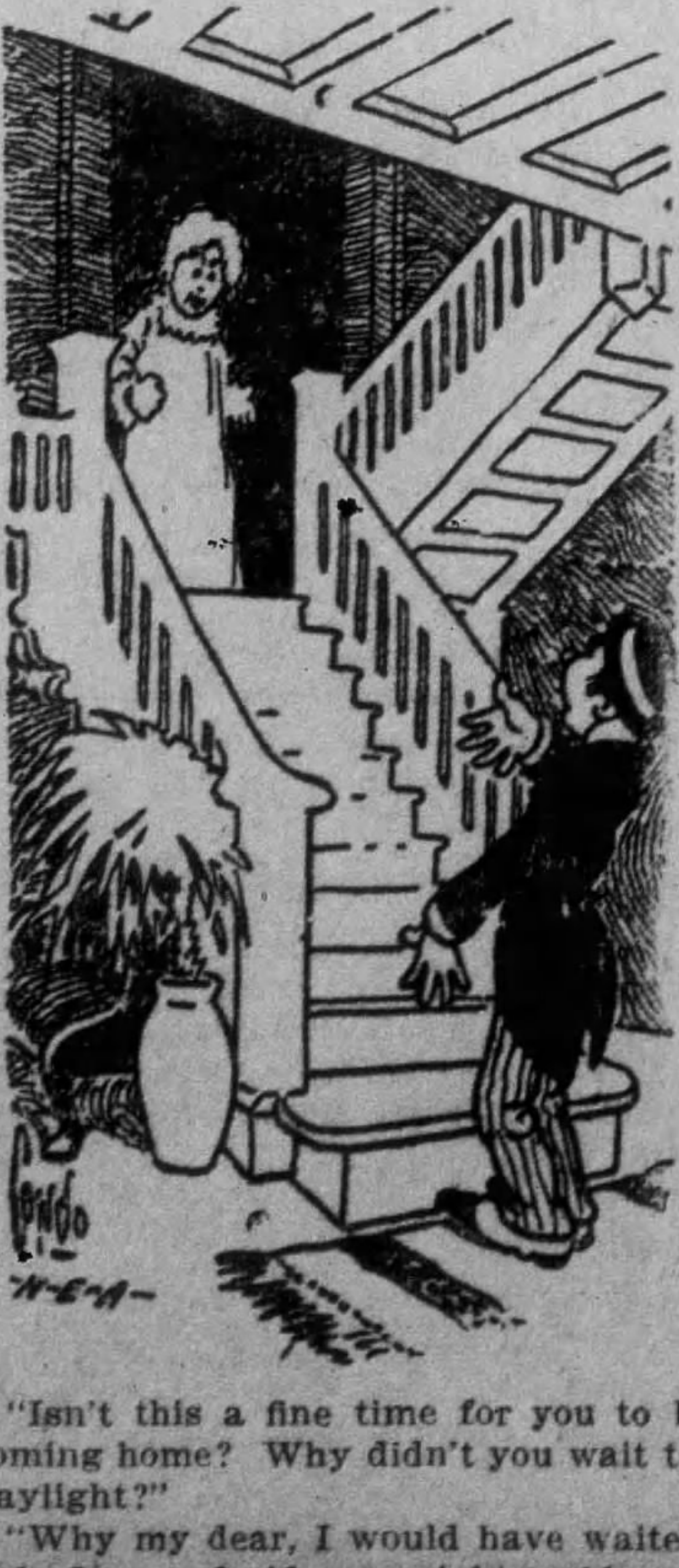
"It seems a shame to take advantage of your husband in this way, but I'm determined to make him stop smoking. I'll give him a good dose."



"I guess coffee must be going back on me, my dear. I think I'll stop drinking it."

"I tell you there's nothing like a good cigar to take a bad taste out of your mouth!"

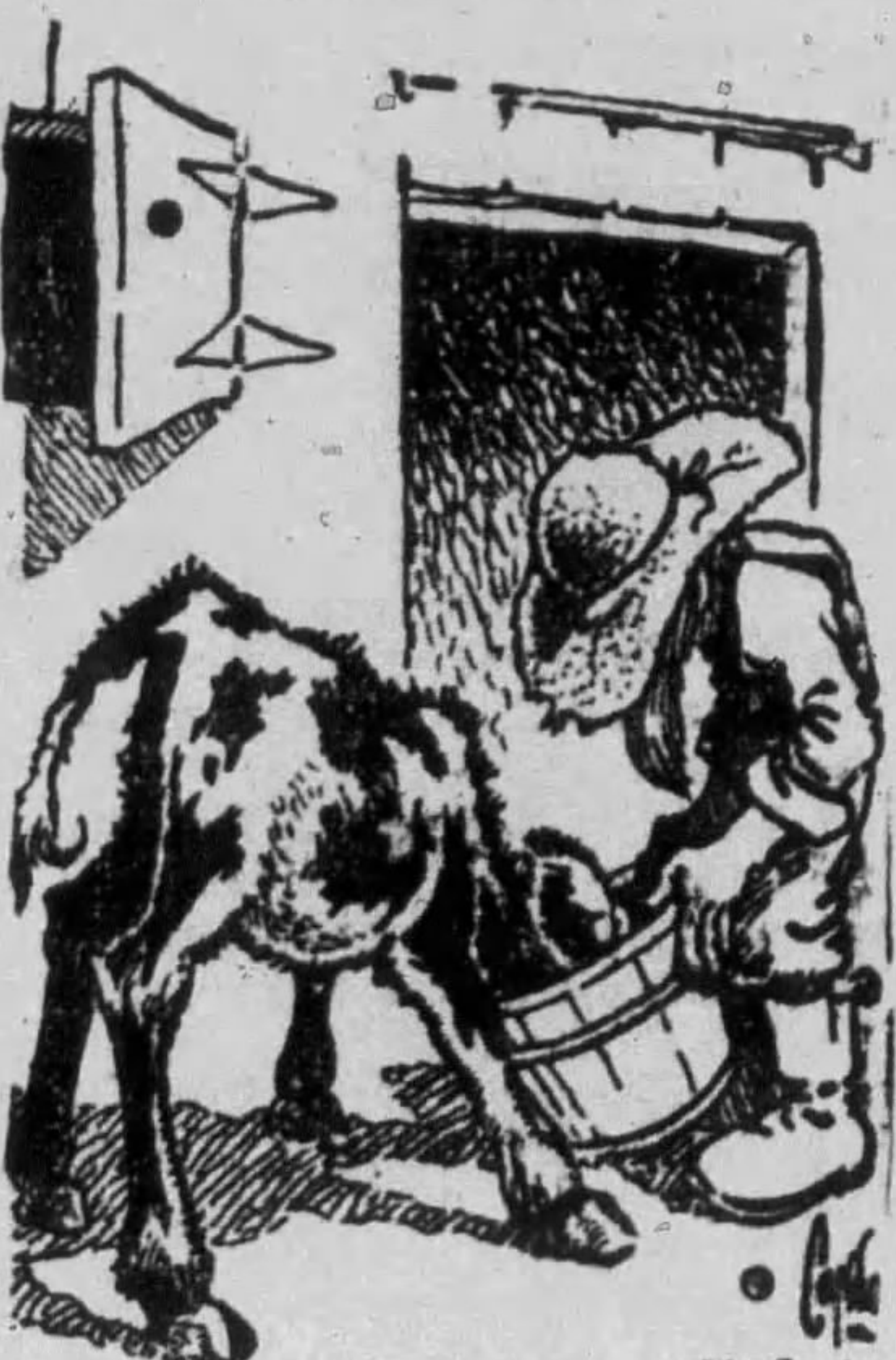
# MIGHT HAVE WAITED



"Isn't this a fine time for you to be coming home? Why didn't you wait till daylight?"

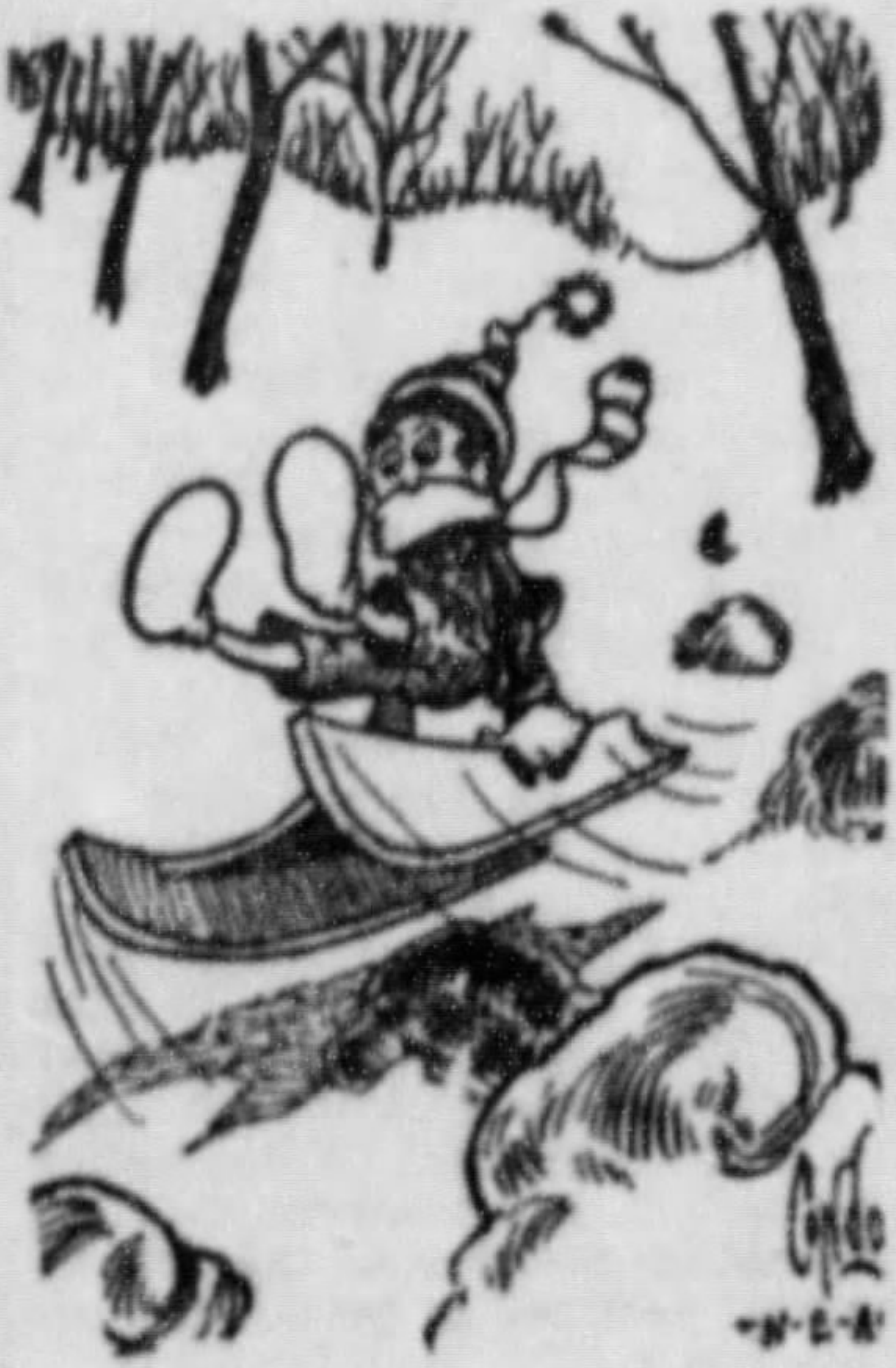
"Why my dear, I would have waited, only I was afraid you might scold me."

## New Physical Culture Stunts.

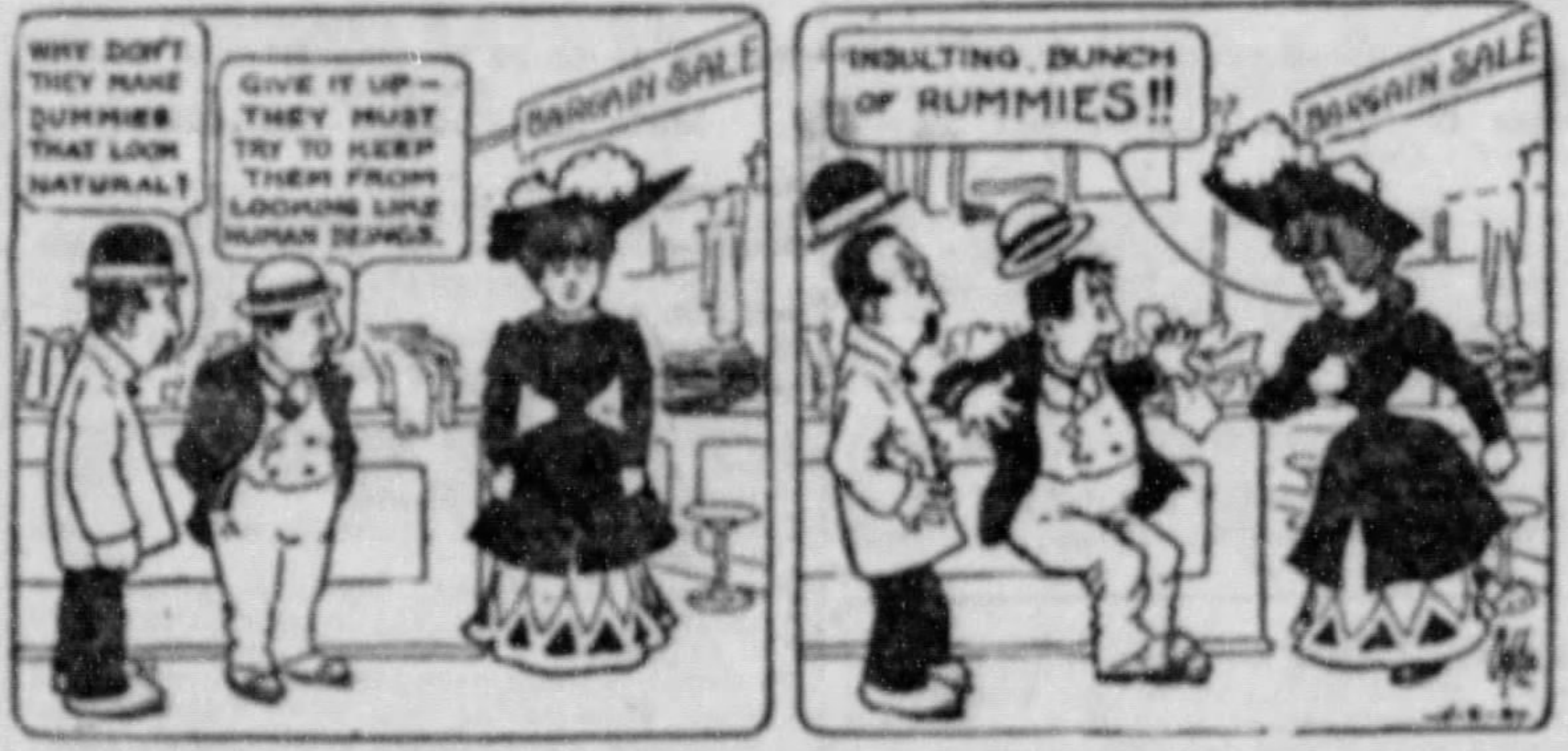


-N-E-A-

HOW TO DEVELOP THE CALF.

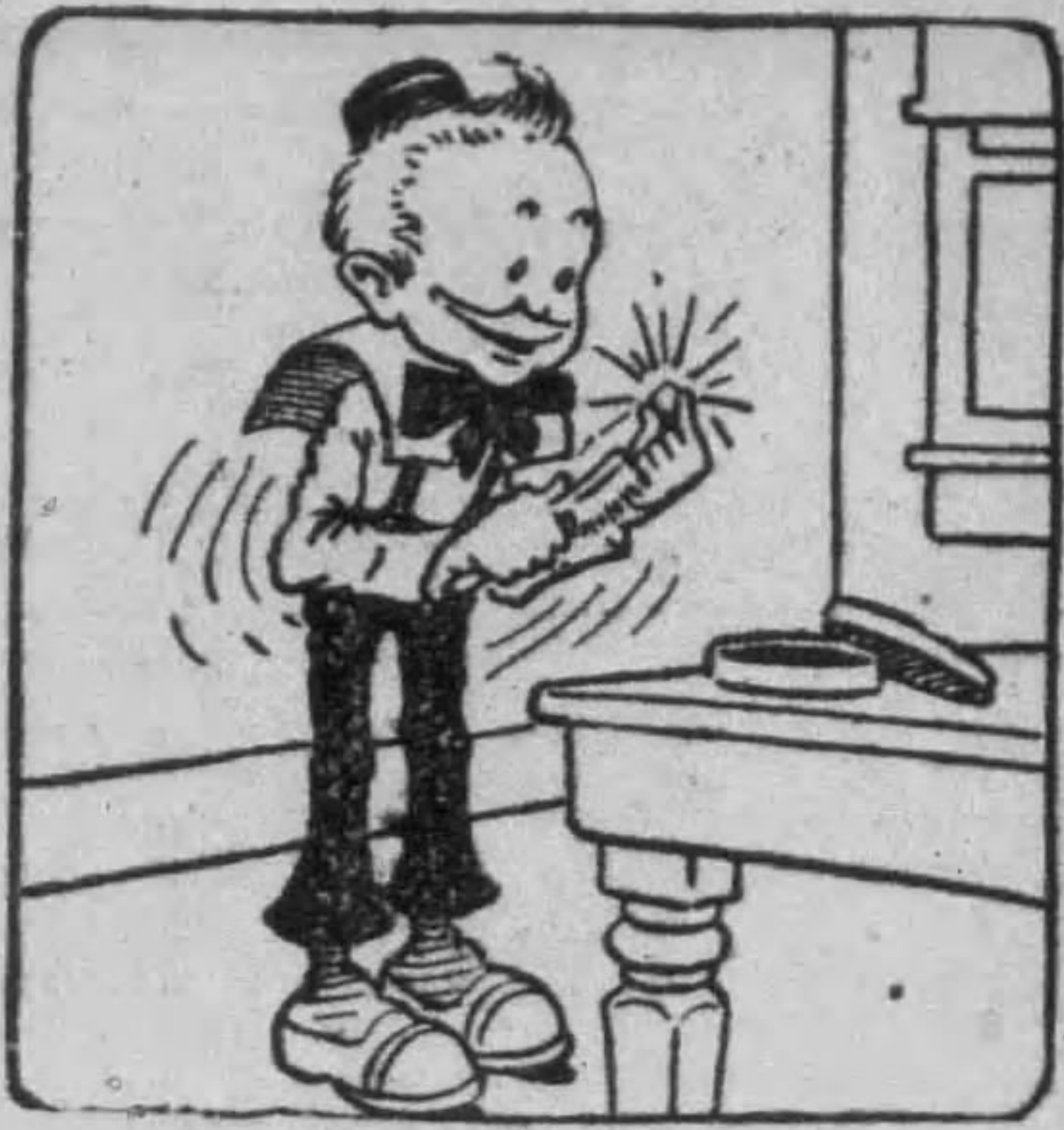


A ROCKY COAST.

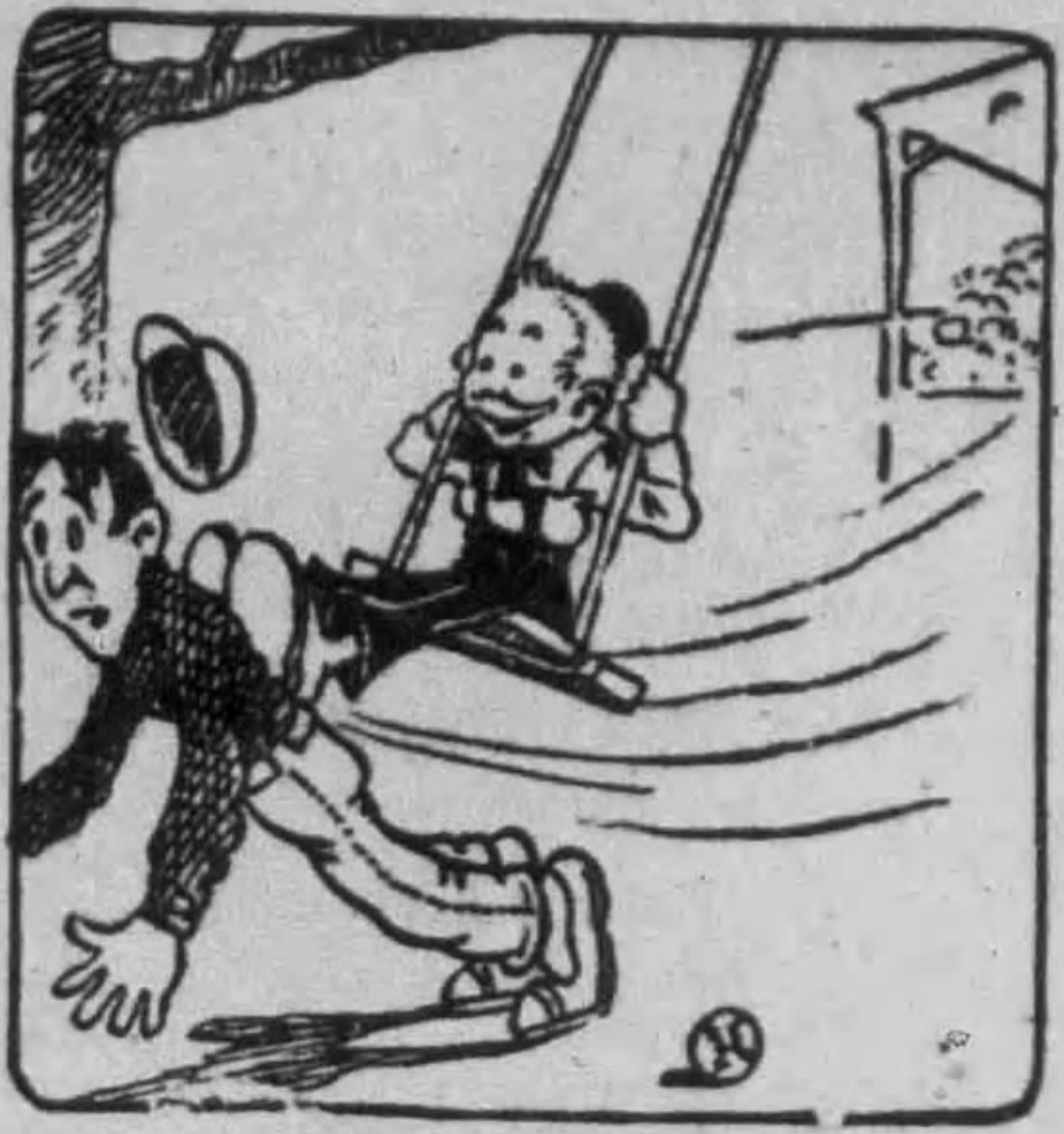

WHY DON'T THEY MAKE DUMMIES THAT LOOK NATURAL!
GIVE IT UP— THEY MUST TRY TO KEEP THEM FROM LOOKING LIKE HUMAN BEINGS.
BARGAIN SALE
INSULTING, BUNCH OF RUMMIES!!
BARGAIN SALE

AND YOU CAN'T BLAME A MAN.

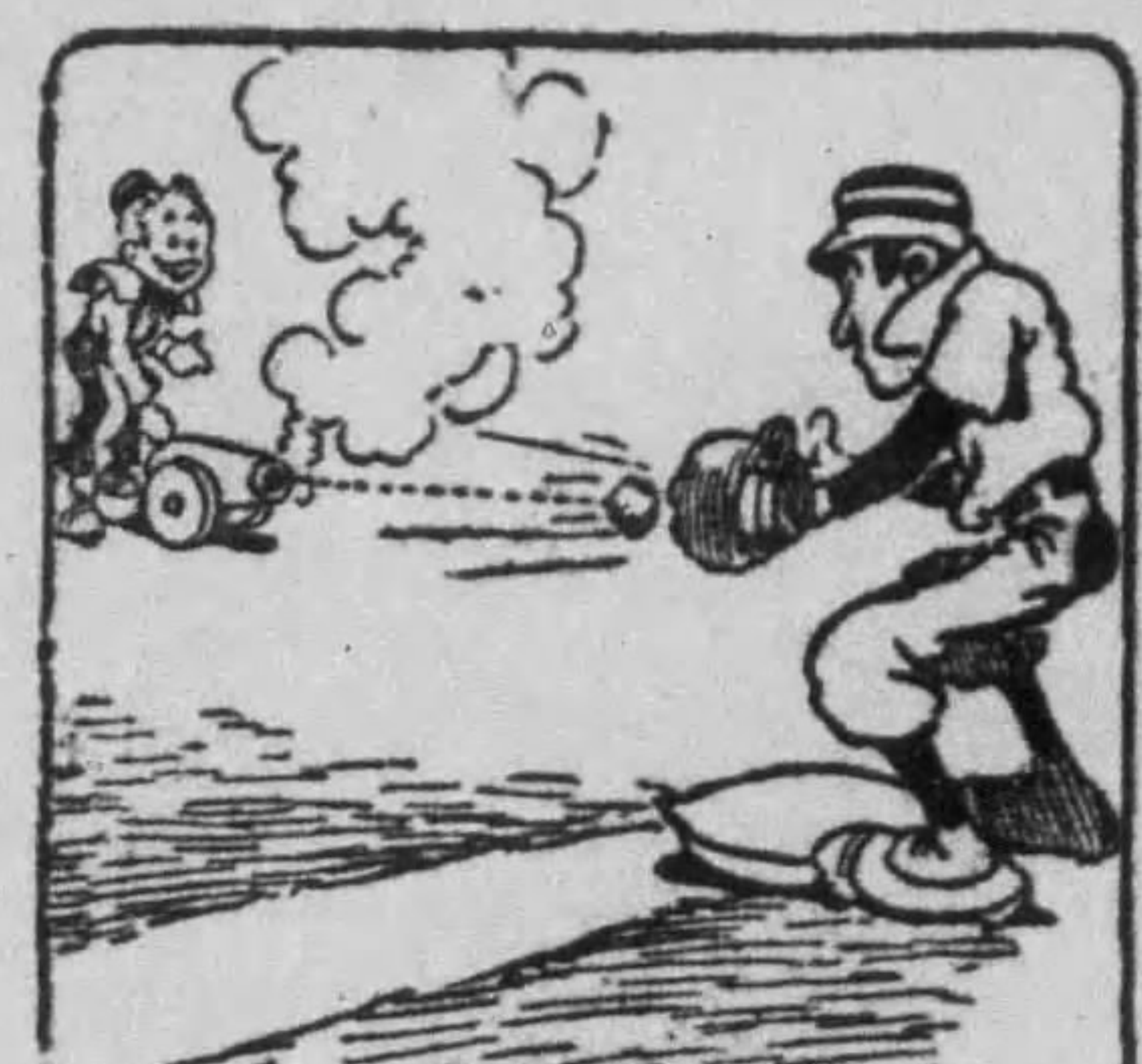
# DUKE MURPHY, BALL PLAYER



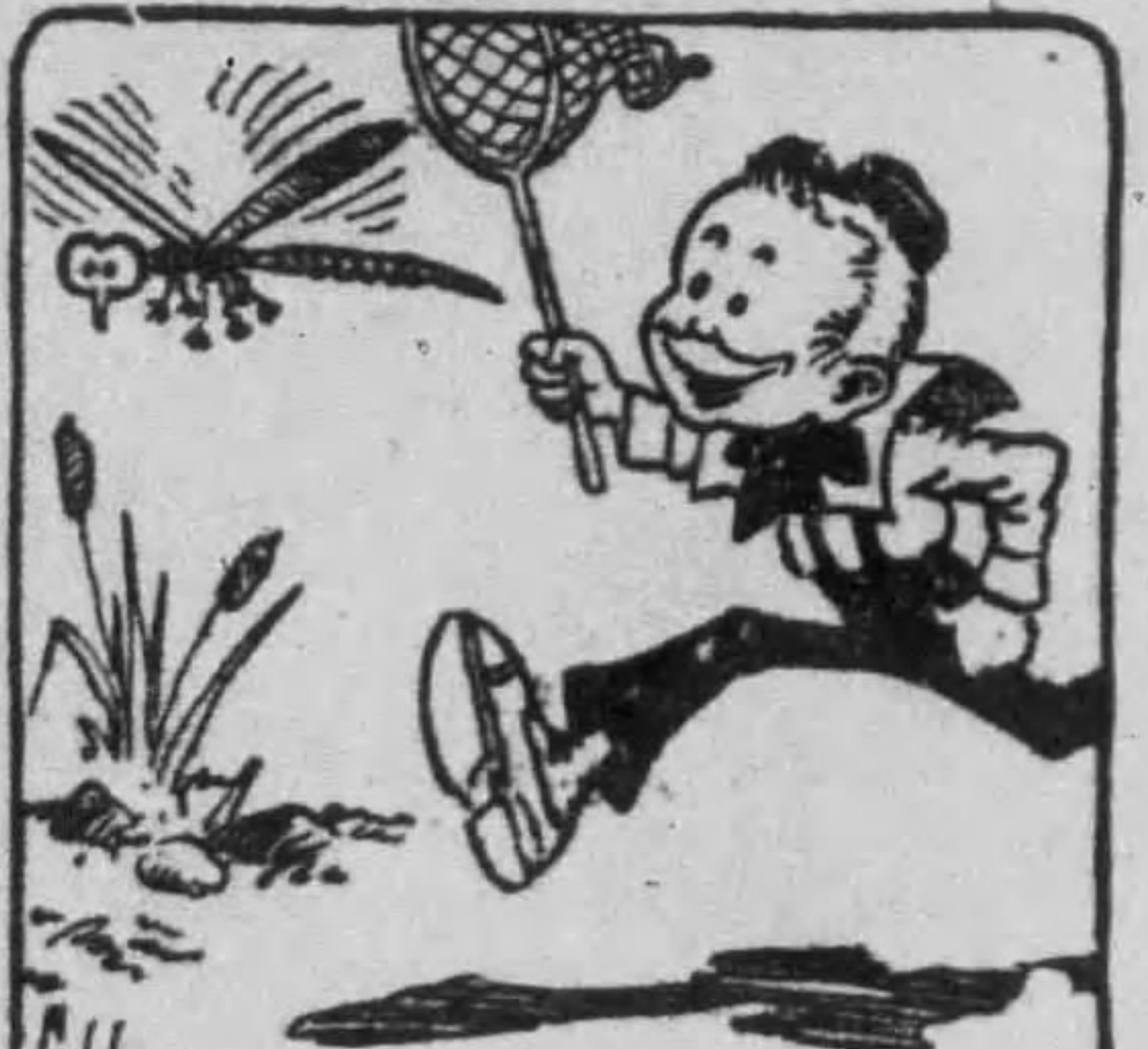
Duke was a scrappy player. He often cleaned up the diamond.



When the decision was against him he swung on the umpire.

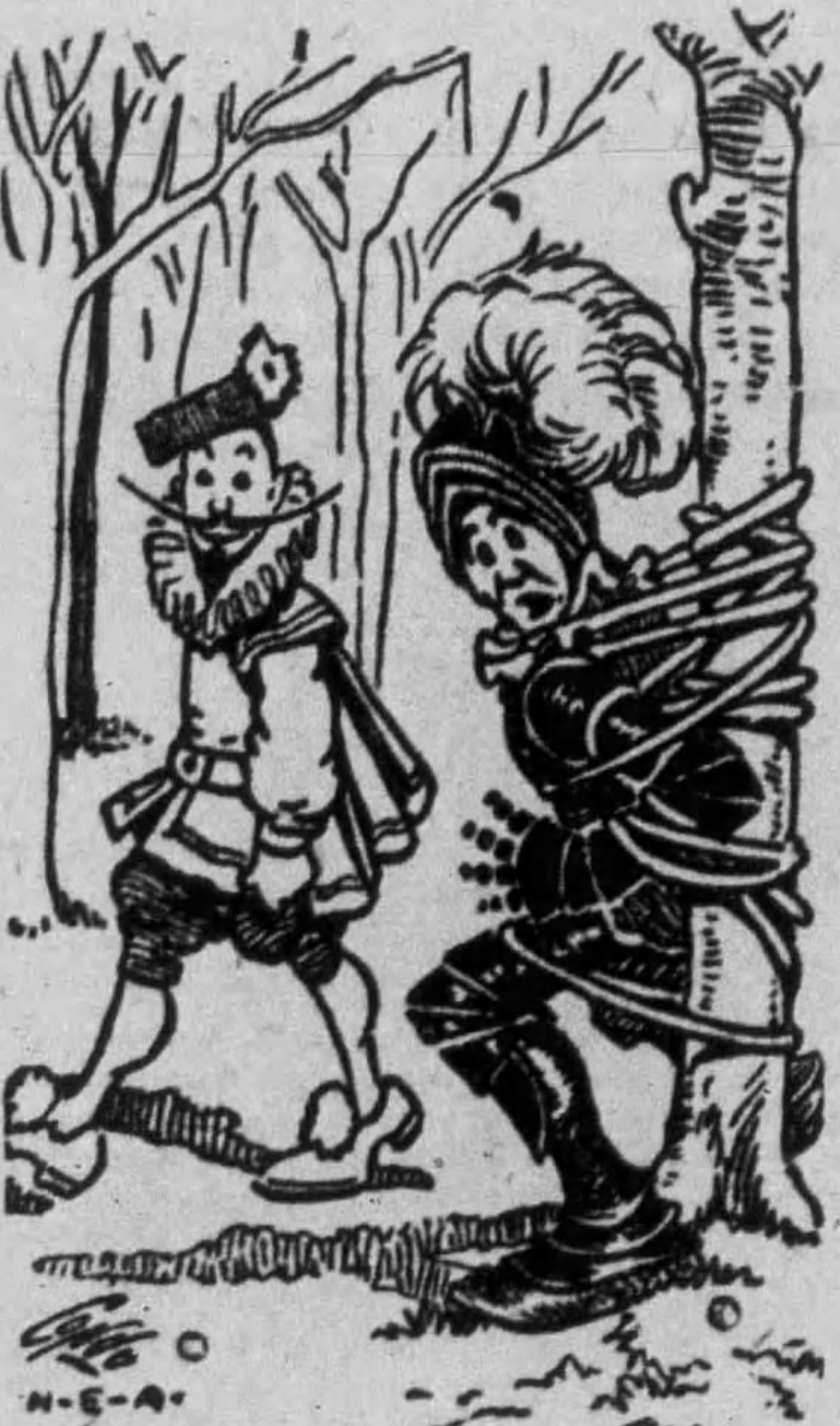


He shot the ball to first.

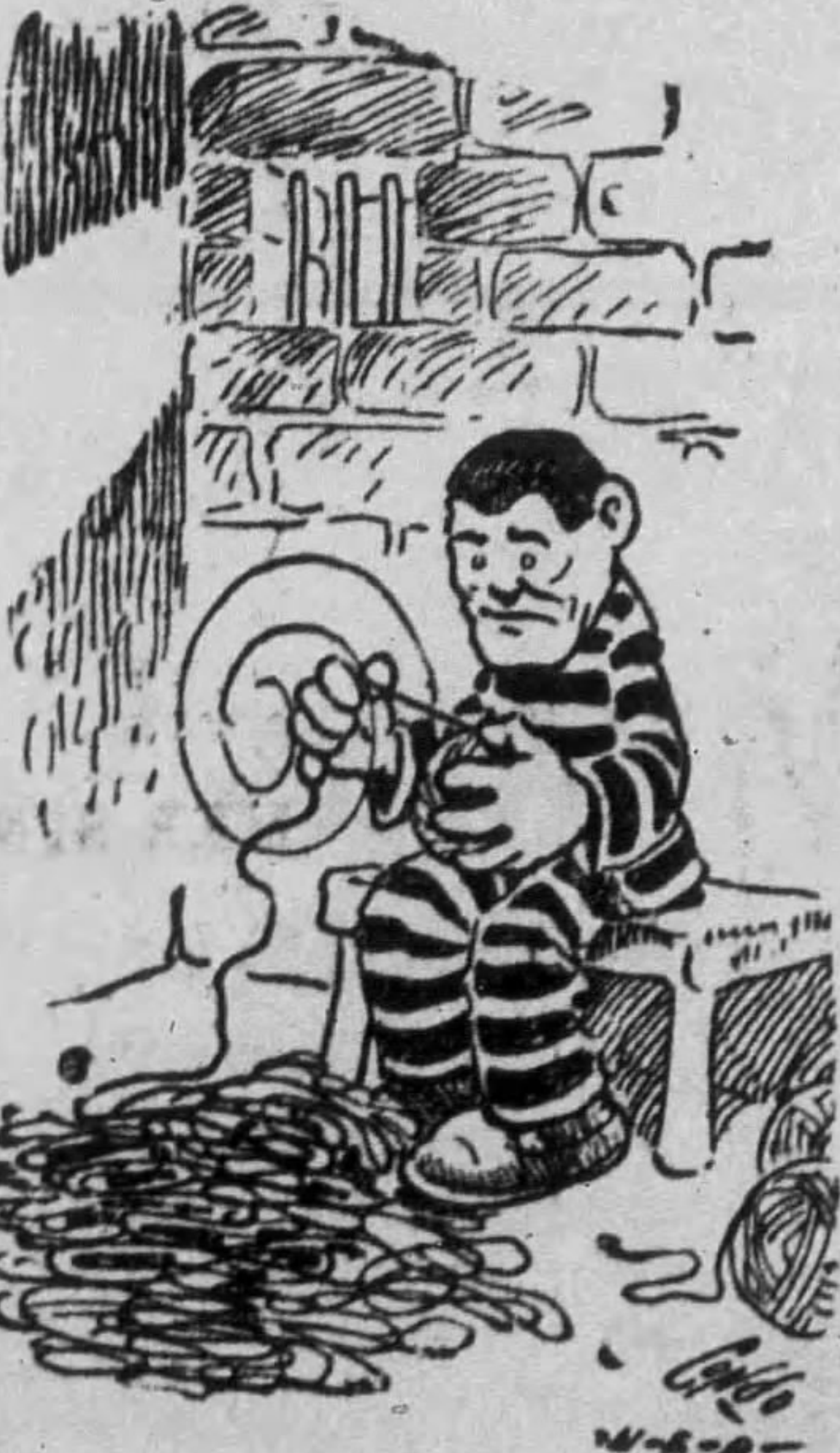


And chased a long fly.

He passed a Restless Night.

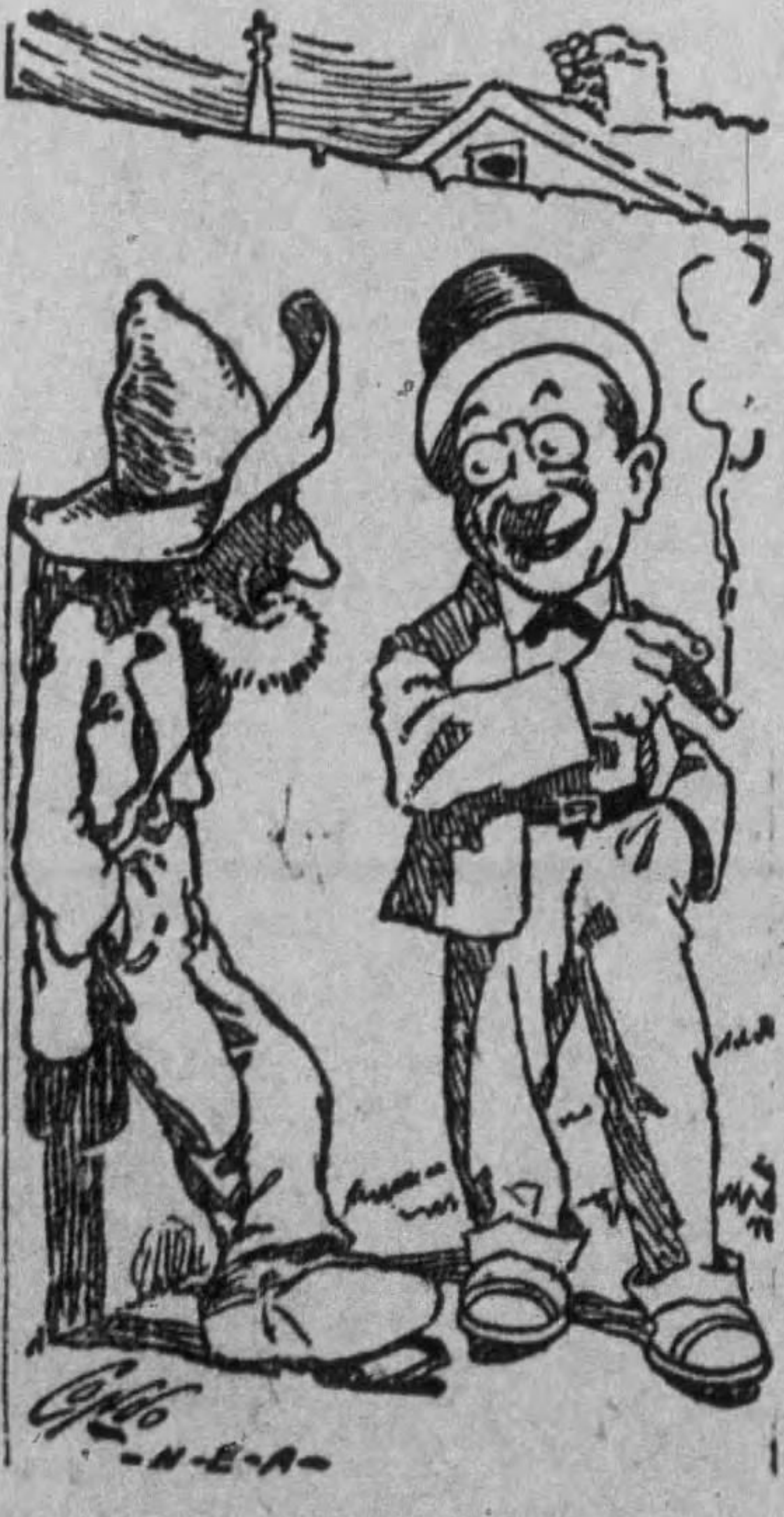


N-E-A



He Wound Up In Jail.

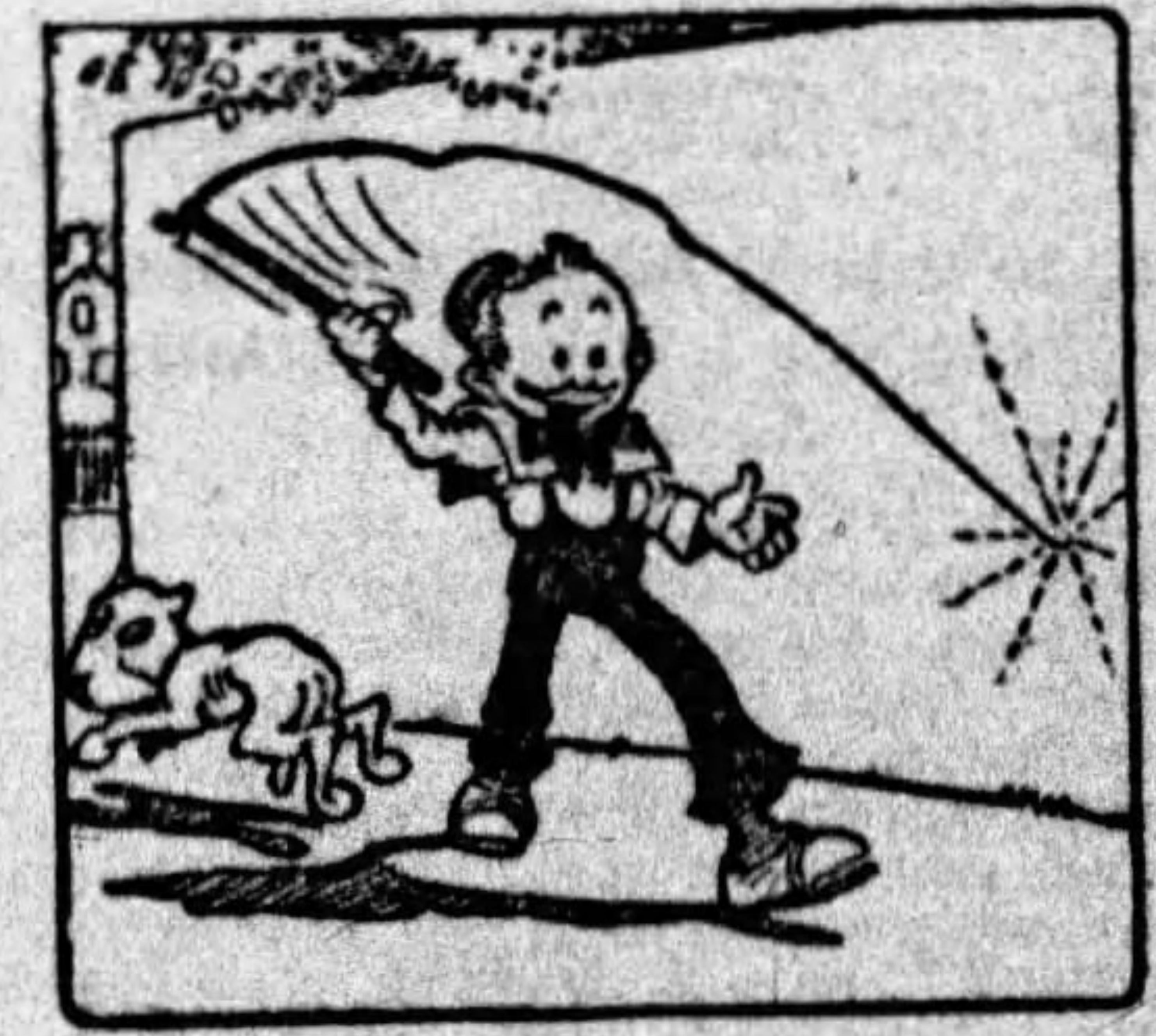
# A DIFFICULTY



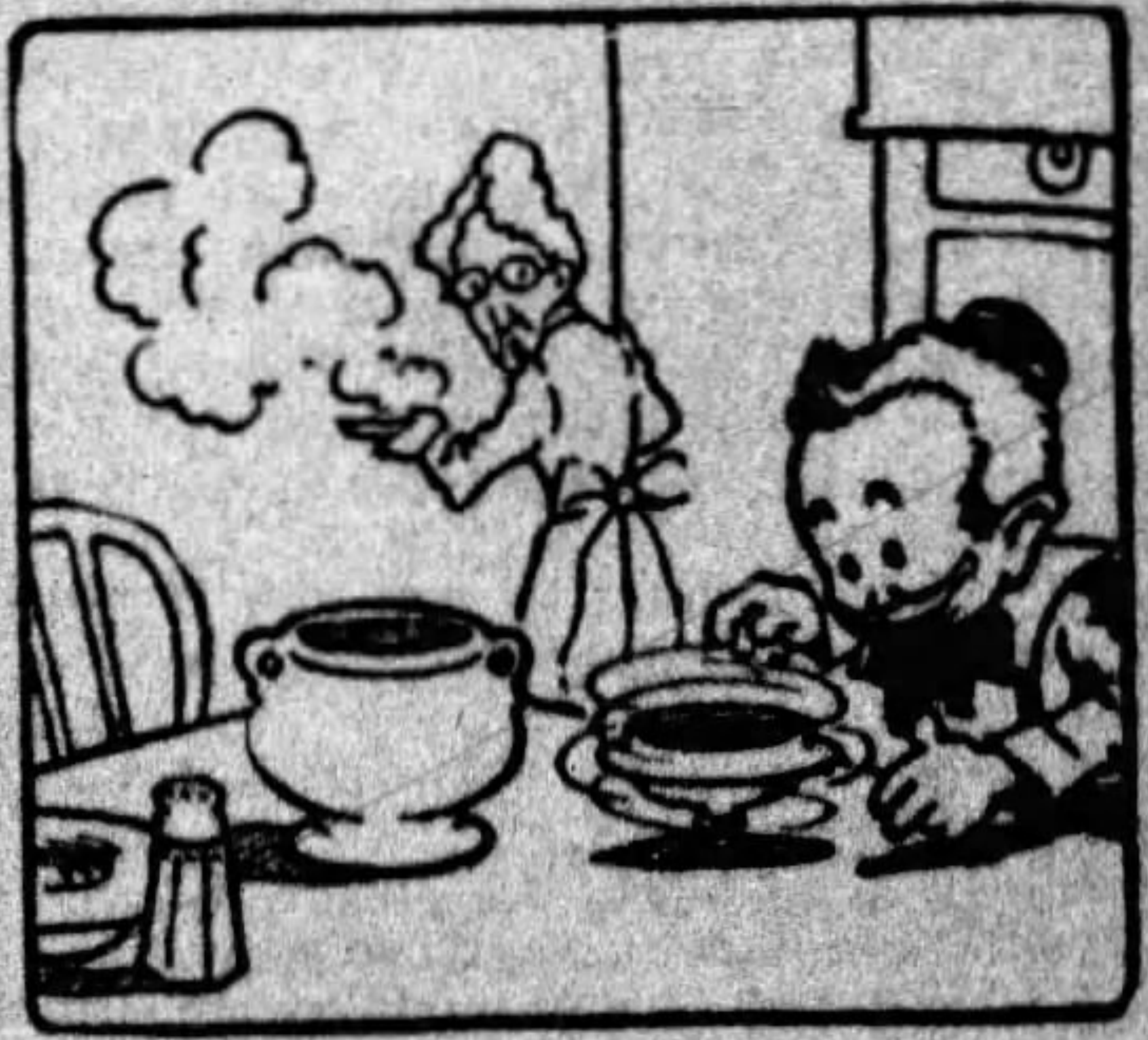
"This town needs a few first-class funerals, my friend."

"Yep, I s'pose so, but I reckon there ain't money enough in town fer a fust-class one."

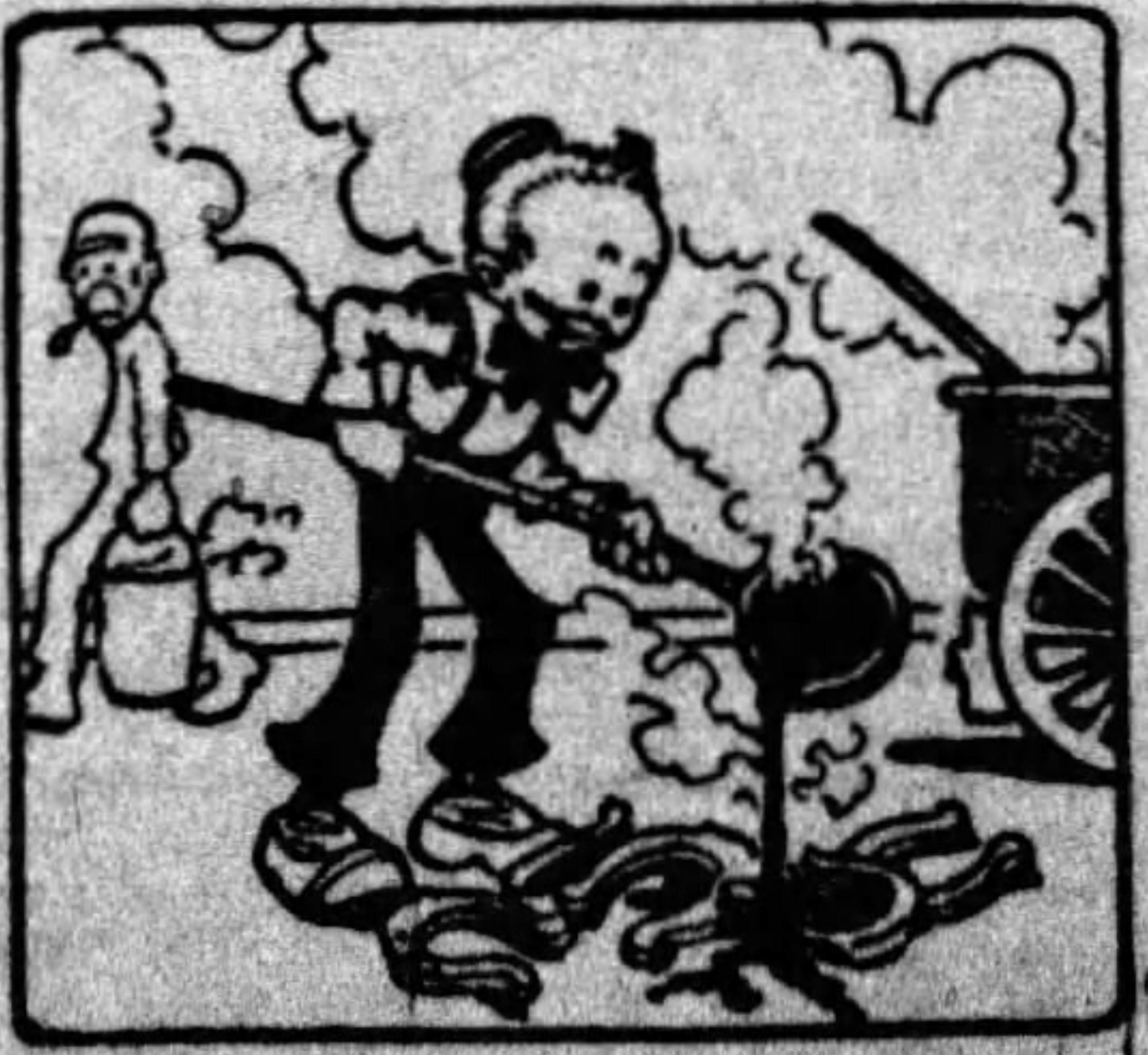
# DUKE MURPHY'S SPRING SPORTS.



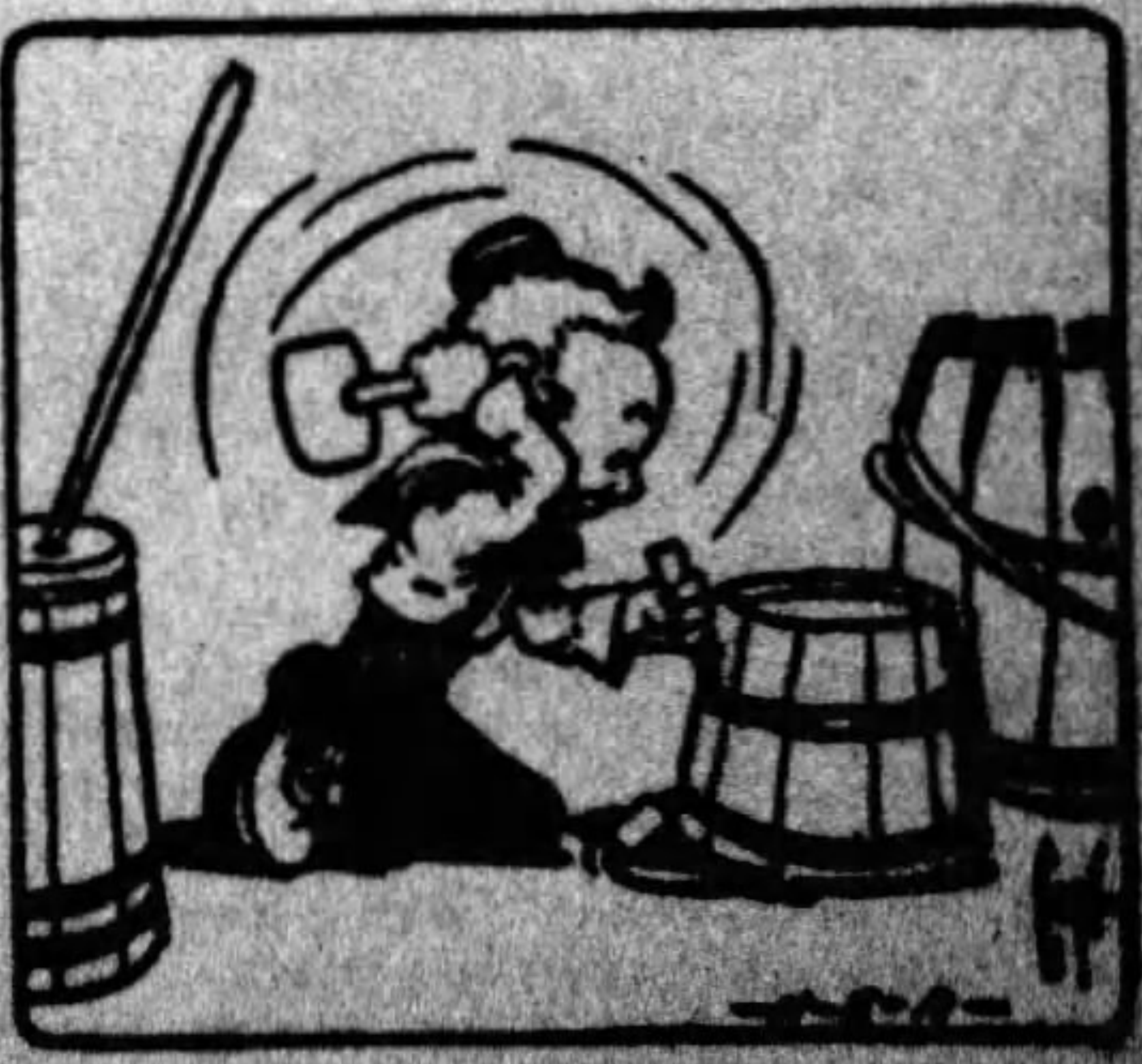
Crack the whip was one of his favorite games.



Duke's mother objected to his spinning the top on the table.

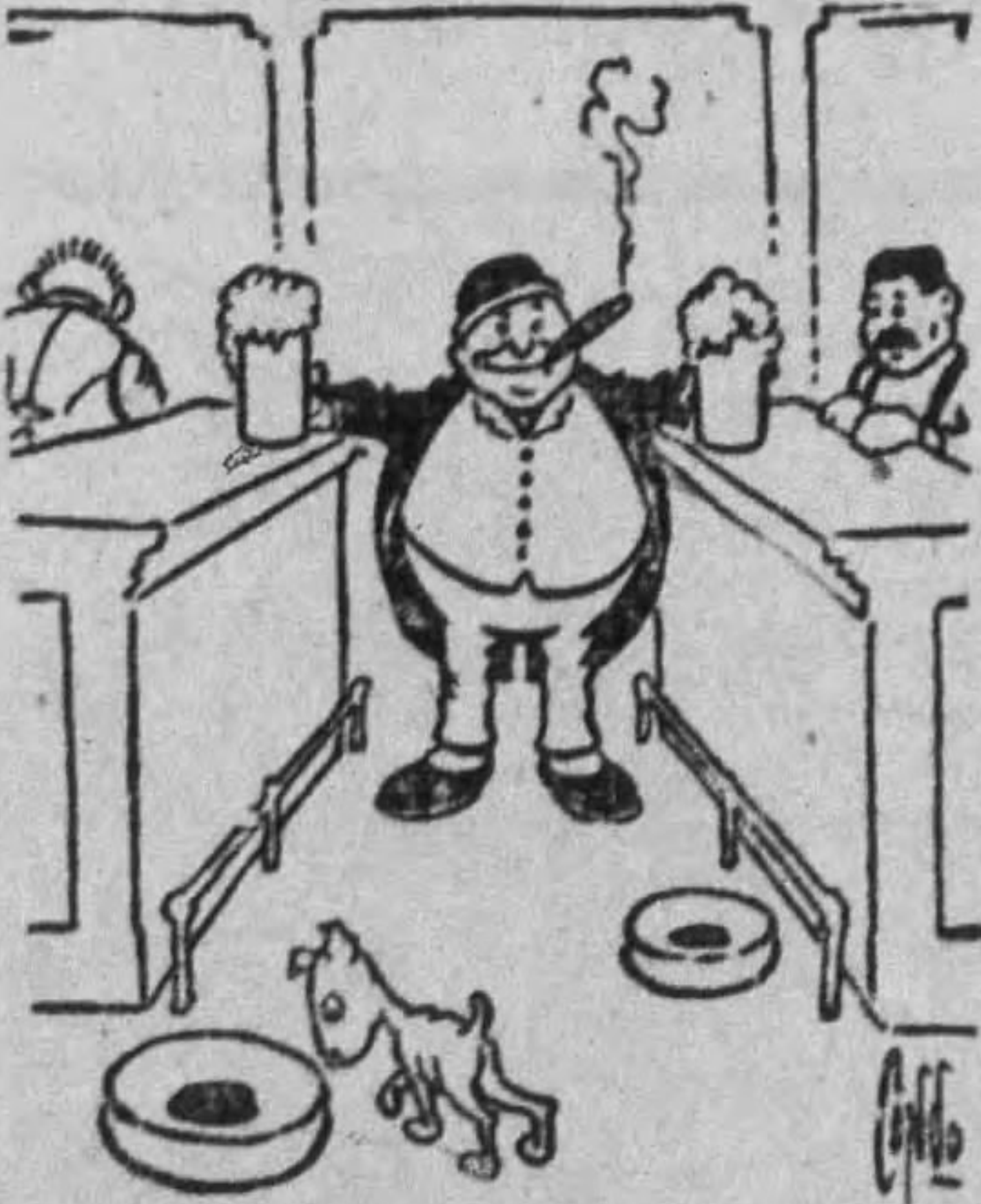


He liked to pitch horse shoes.



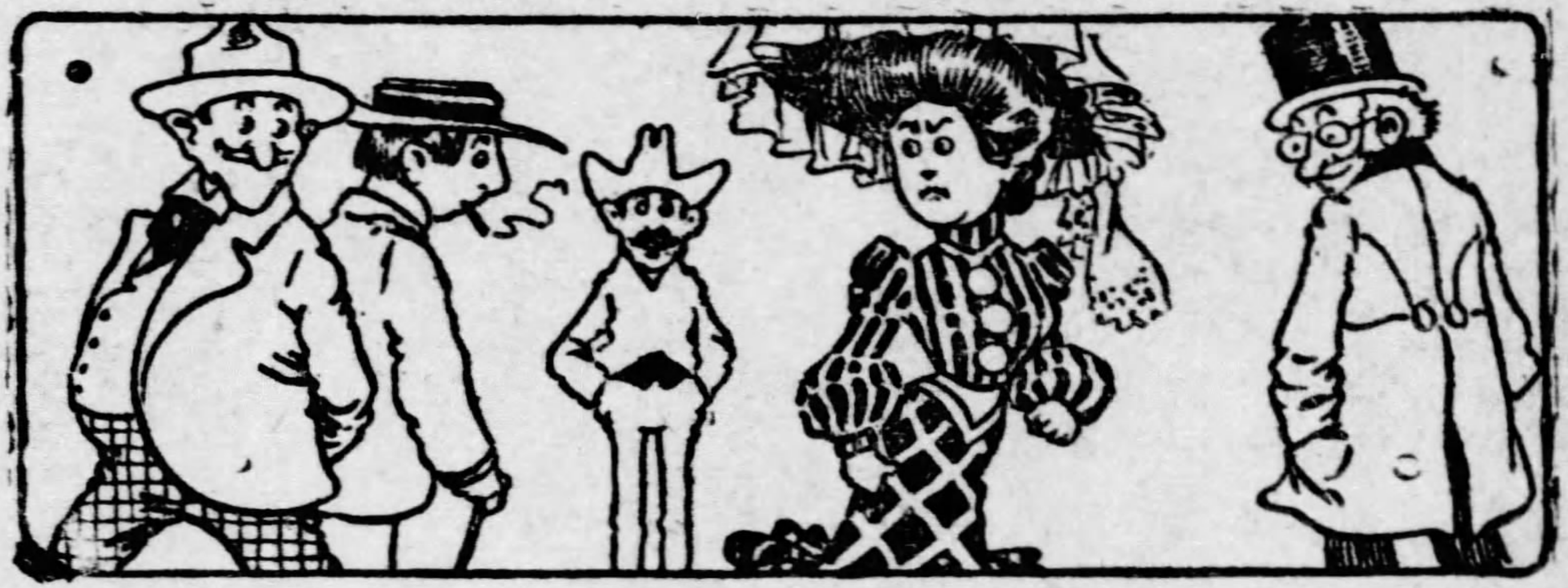
In fact, he whooped things up in the spring.

## New Physical Culture Stunts.

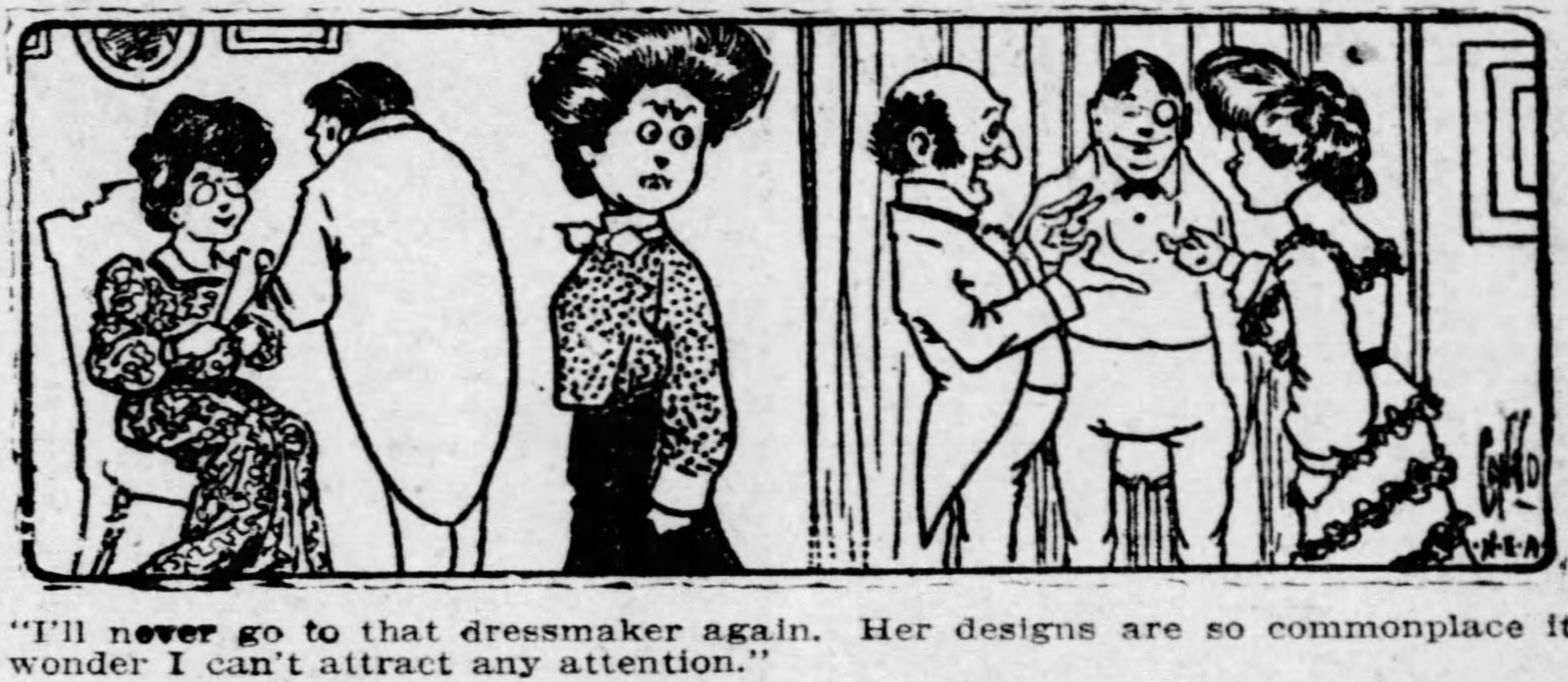


TO PUT ON FLESH, TRY THE PARALLEL BARS.

# SOME WOMEN WON'T BE PLEASED

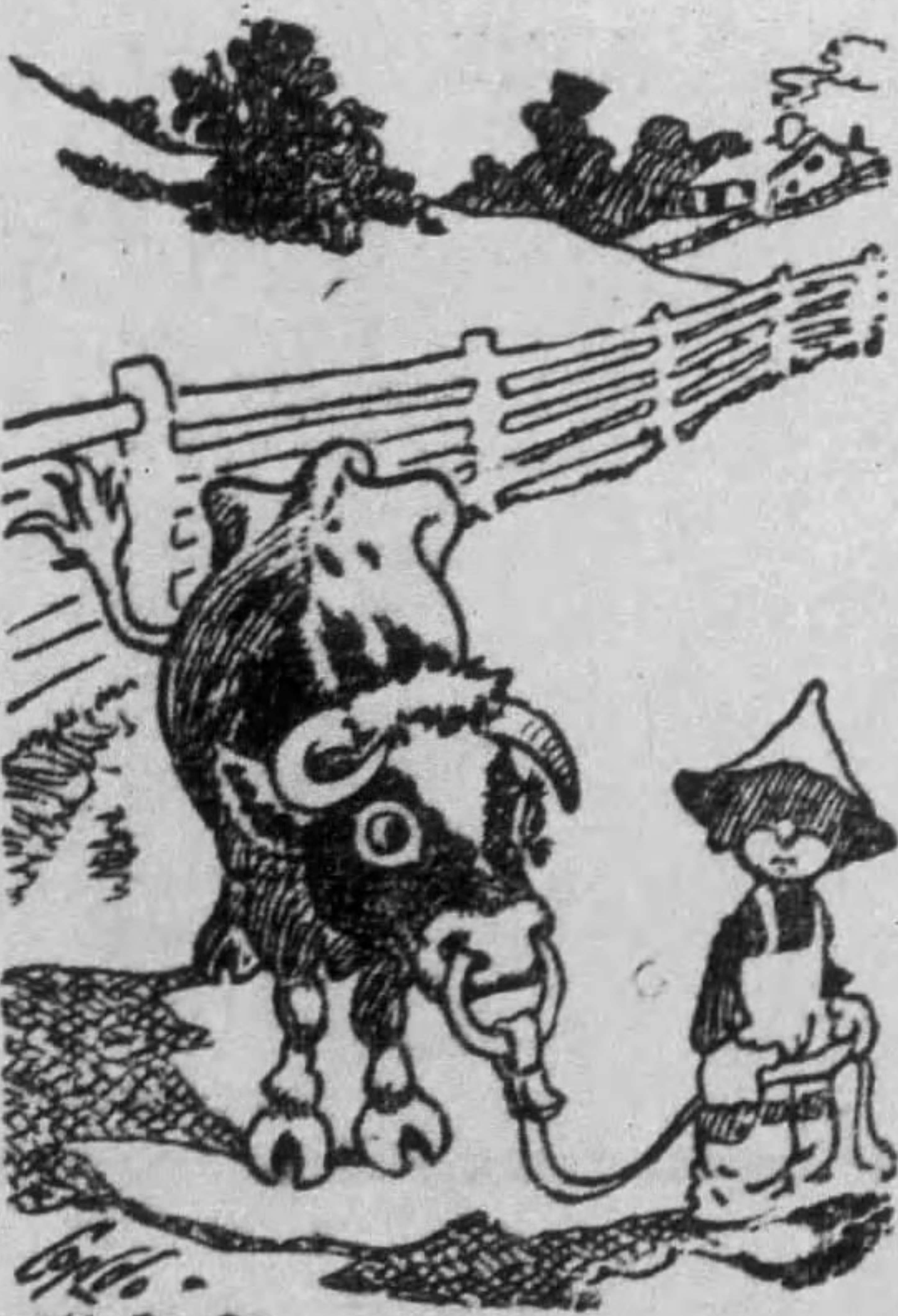


"Those impudent puppies! How dare they stare at me in that way?"

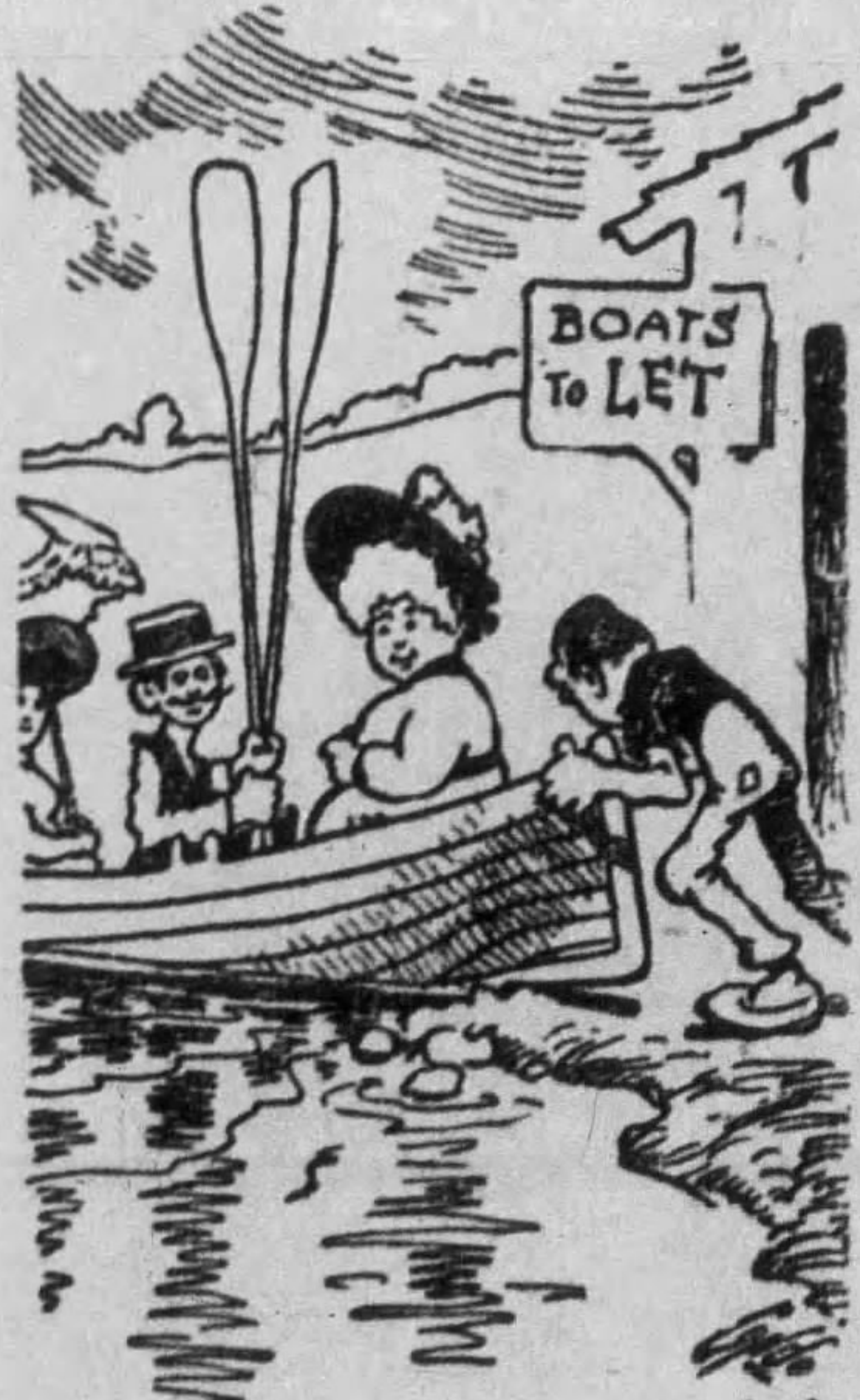


"I'll never go to that dressmaker again. Her designs are so commonplace it's no wonder I can't attract any attention."

# Some Financial News.

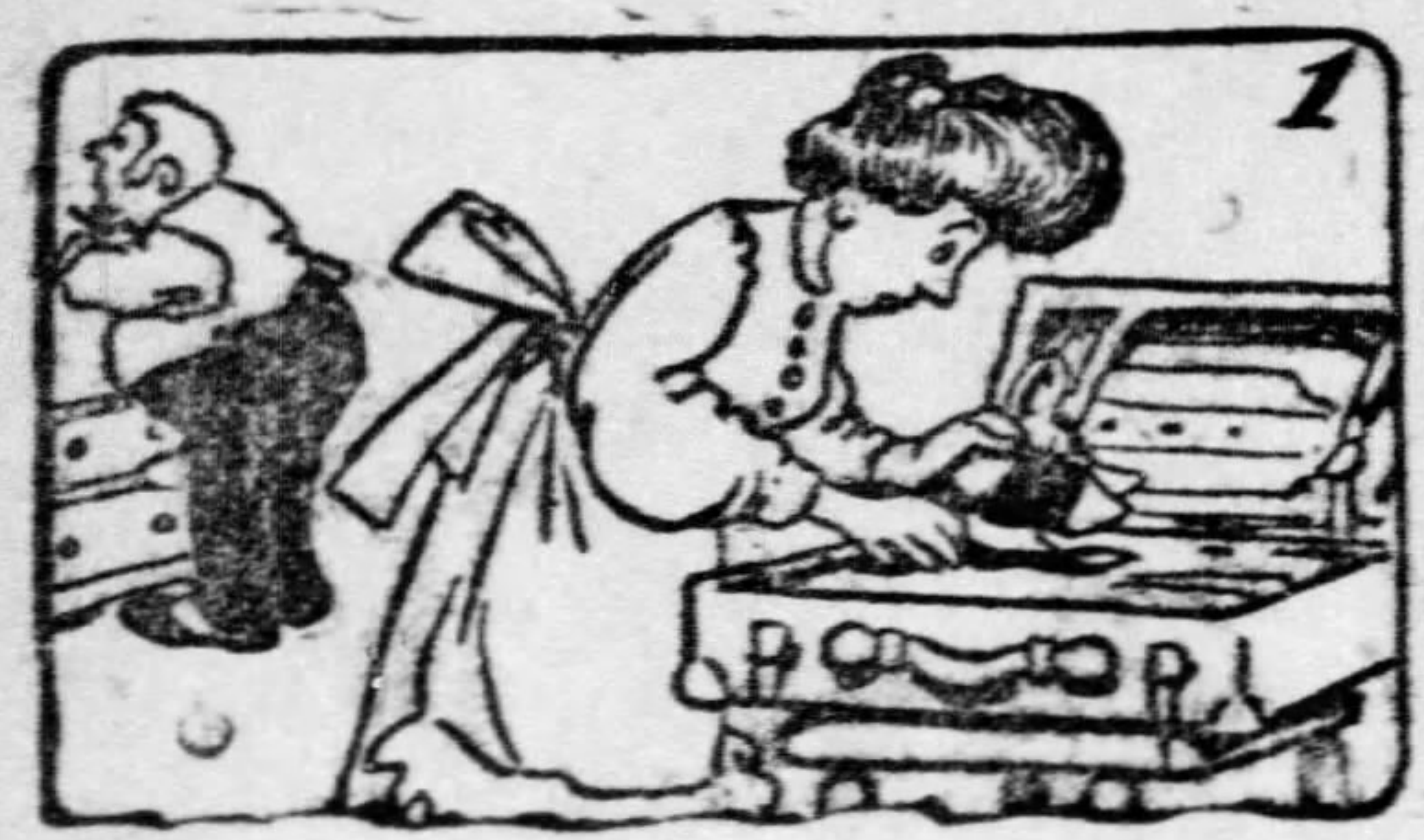


A SMALL STOCKHOLDER.

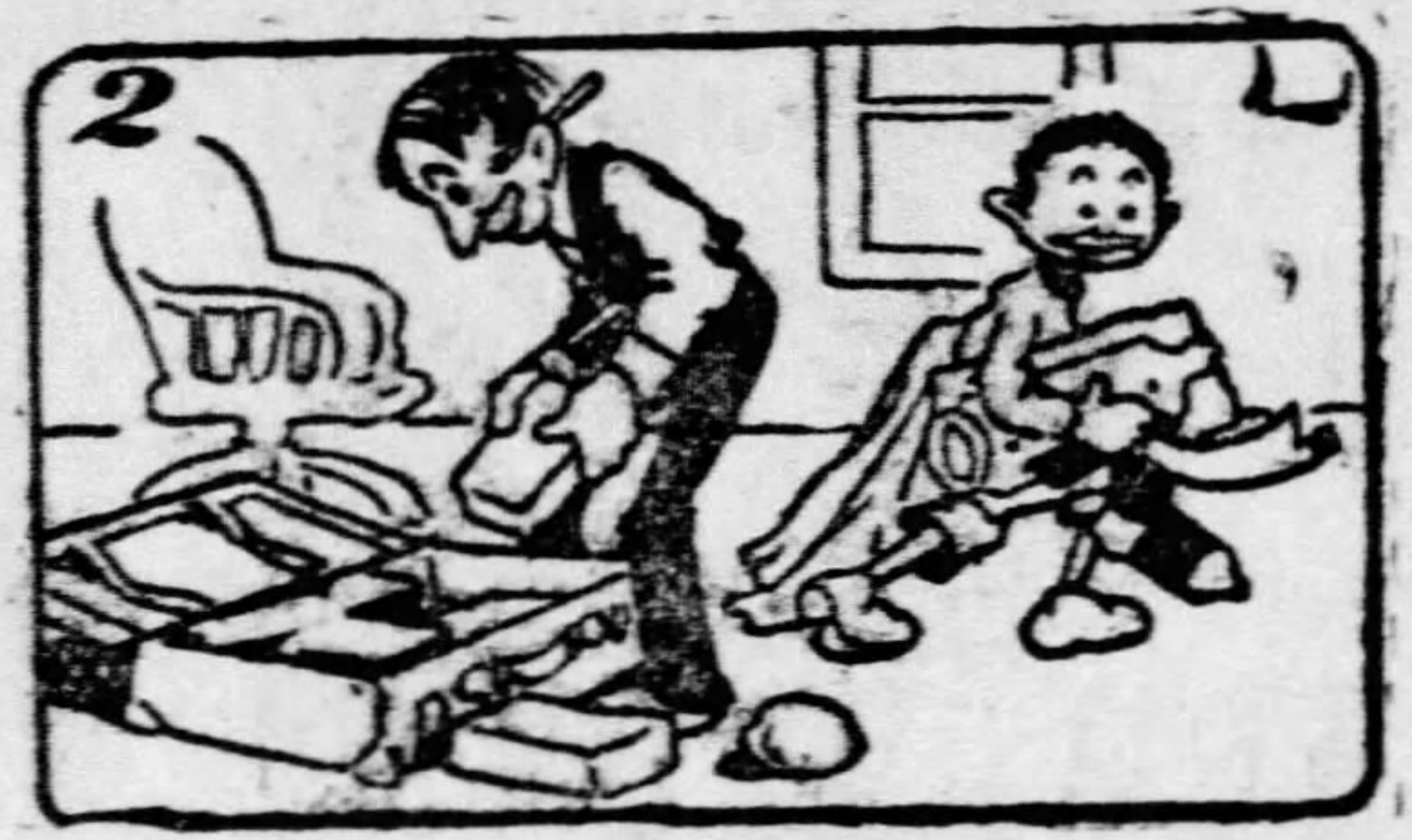

BOATS To LET

Floating a Company.

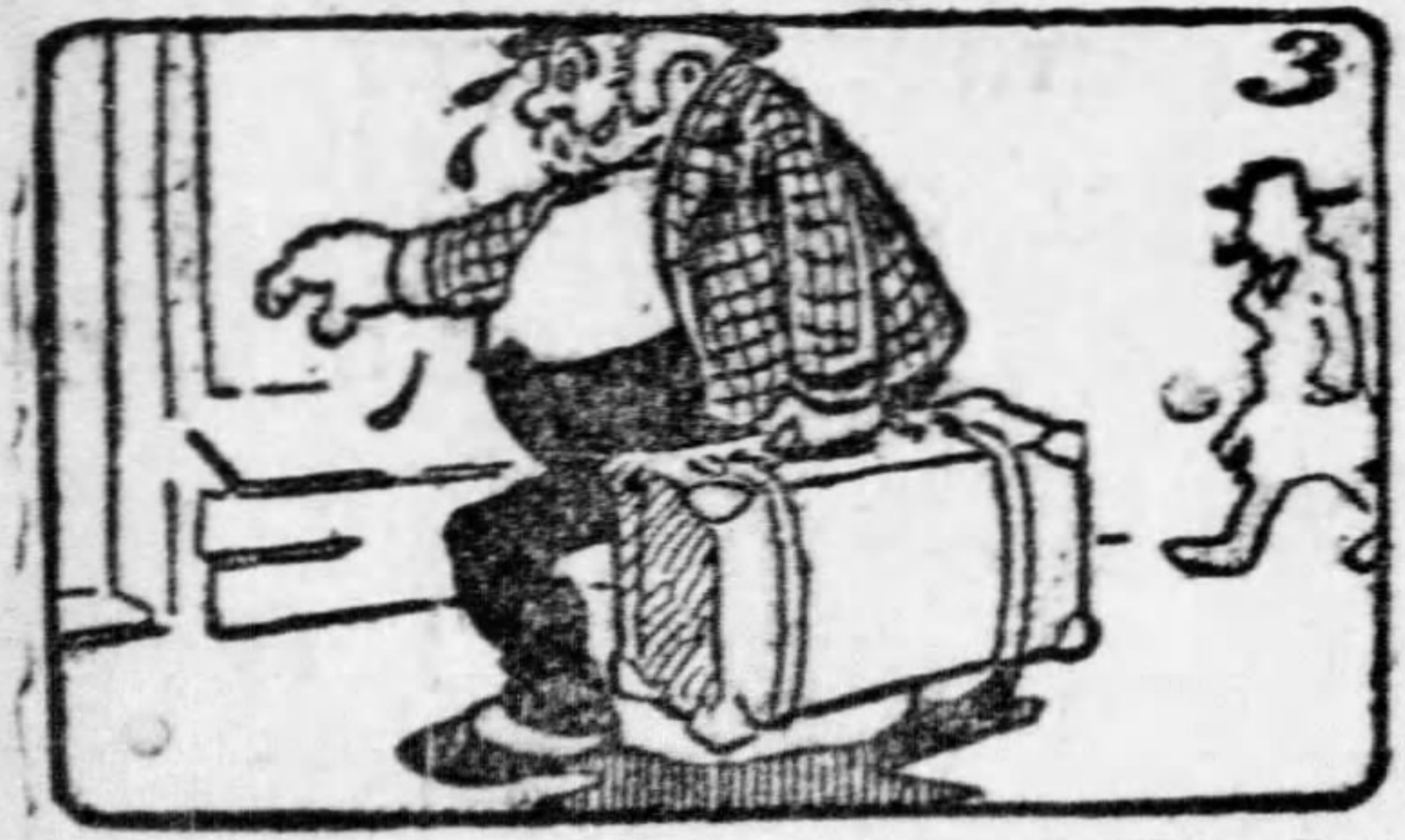
# NOT ALWAYS IMAGINATION



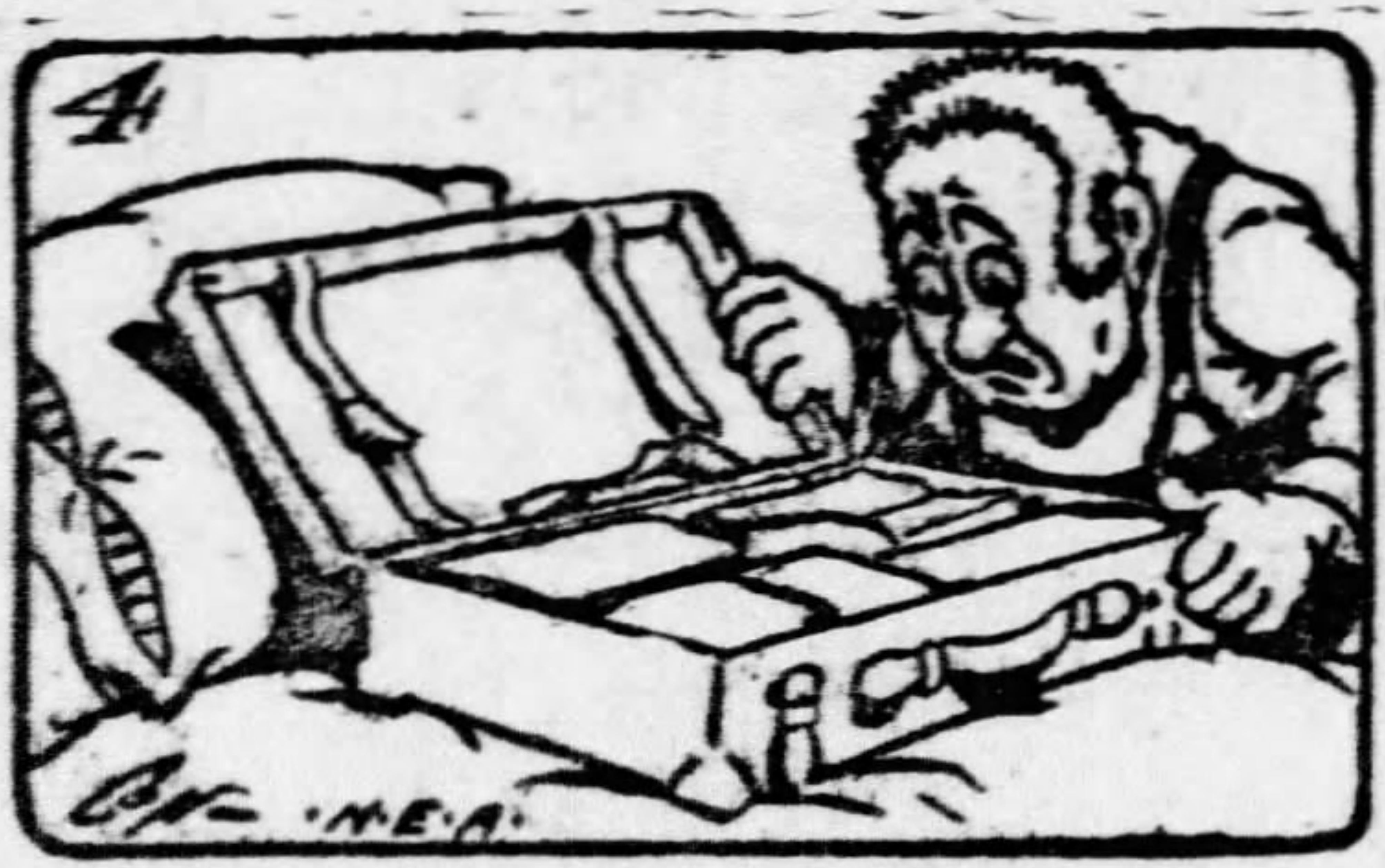
"Now be sure you put in everything I need, my dear," said Mr. Trotter. "Remember, I'll be gone a week. Put in plenty of collars."



"Hide the clothes, Jimmy, and bring a few more bricks. Say, but won't he be sore? He'll blame us fellows here in the office, too."

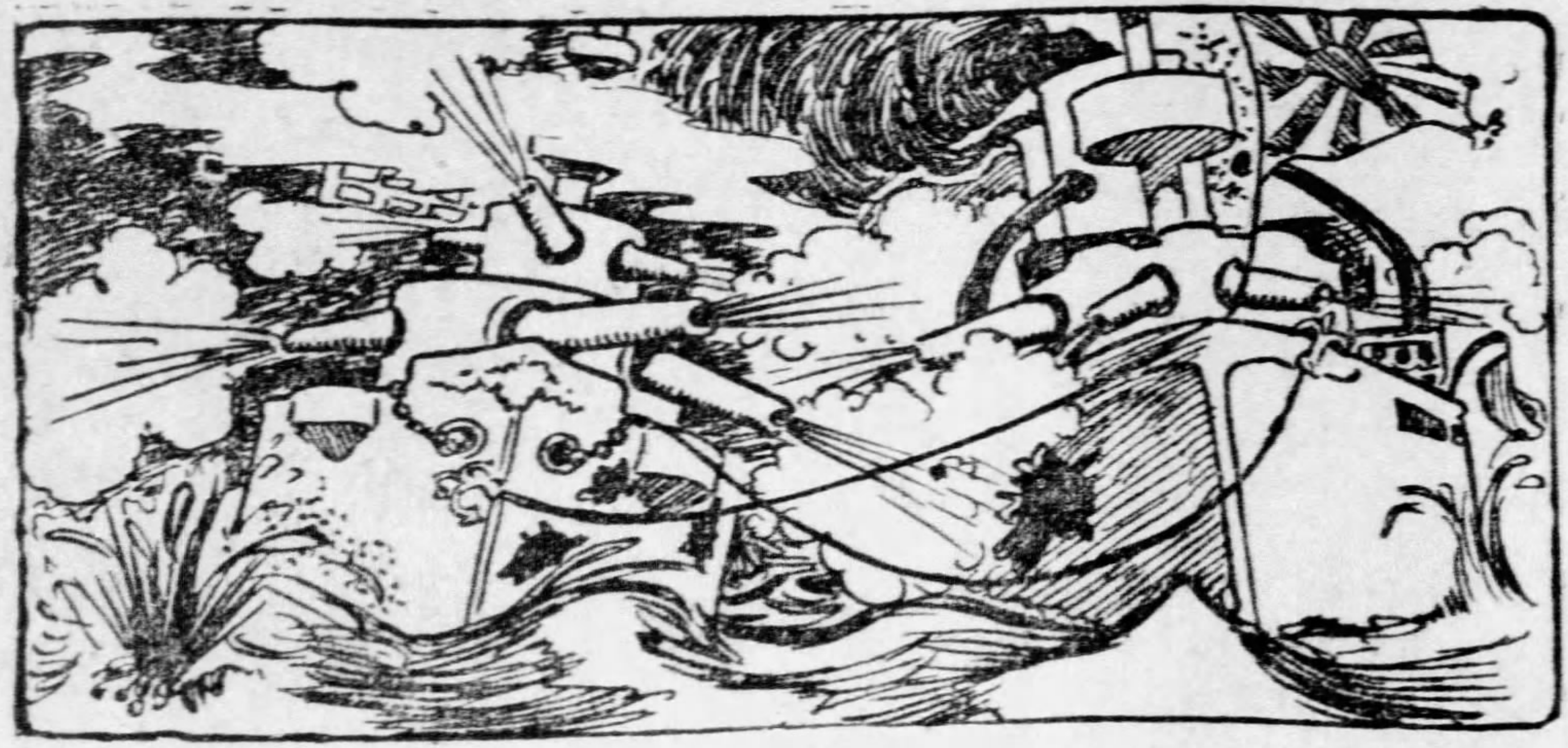


"How heavy a case gets after you carry it awhile," said Mr. Trotter. "A fellow'd swear it had grown twice as heavy."

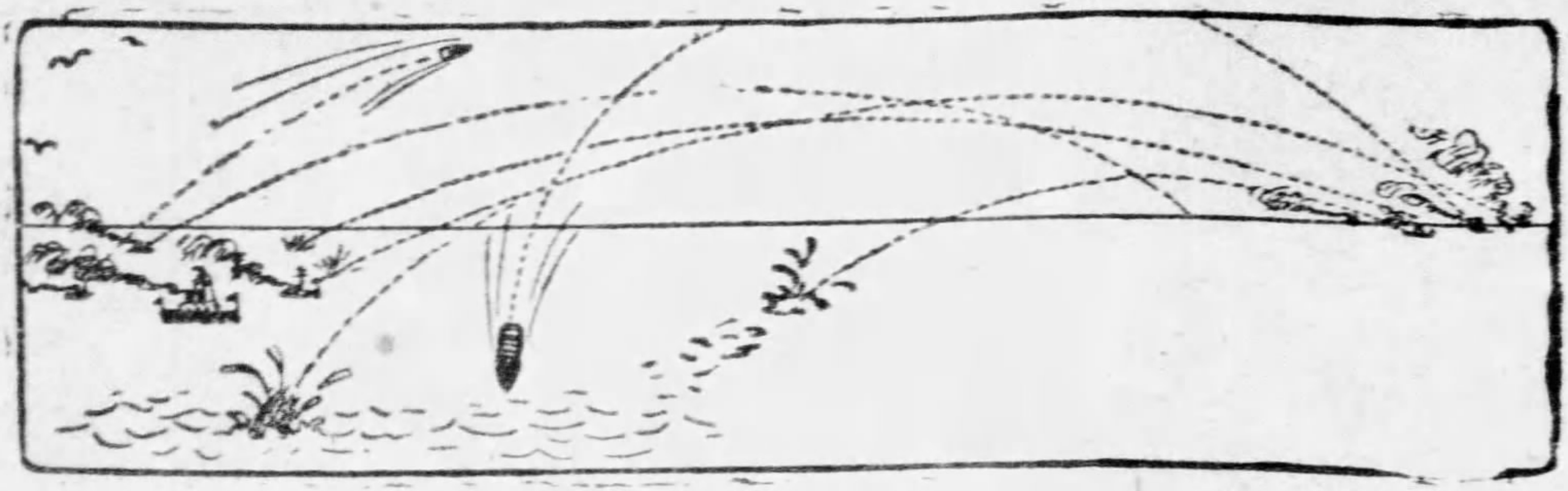


Mr. Trotter's remarks, after opening the case when he reached his destination, fitted the situation, all right, all right.

# THAT GREAT NAVAL BATTLE

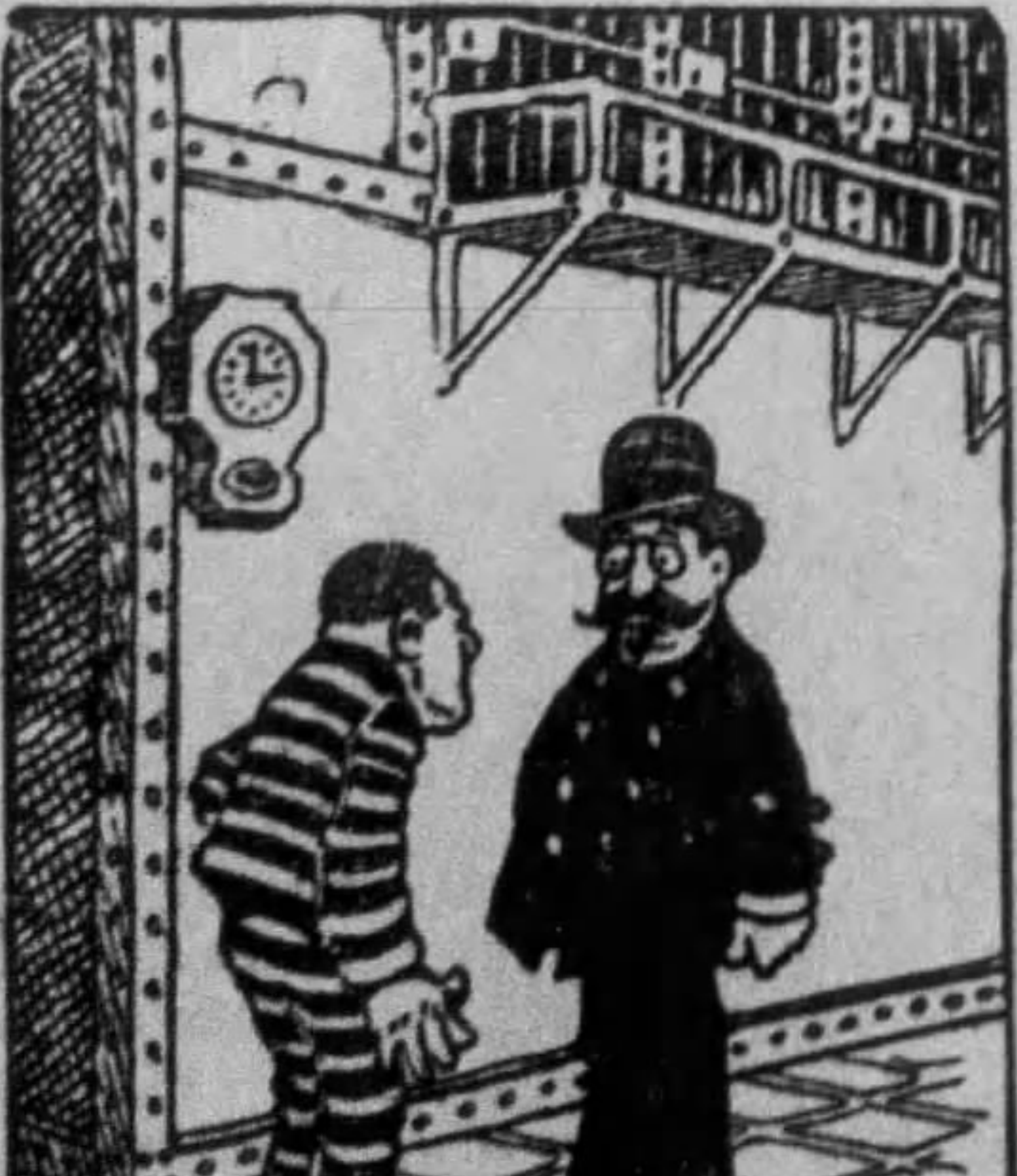


AS THE GREAT ARTISTS OF THE MAGAZINE WILL PICTURE IT.



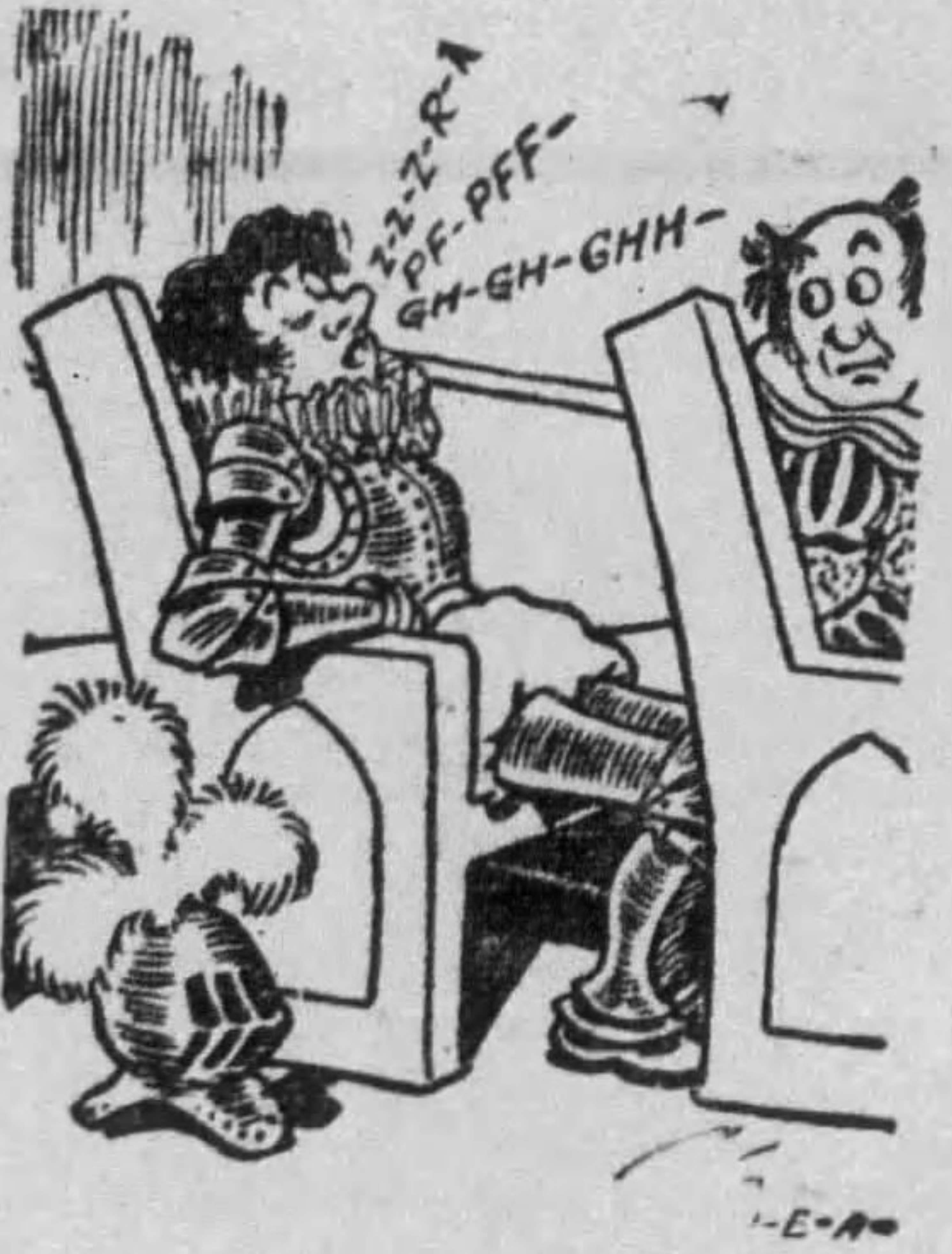
AS IT WILL REALLY BE FOUGHT.

# The Impolite Warden.

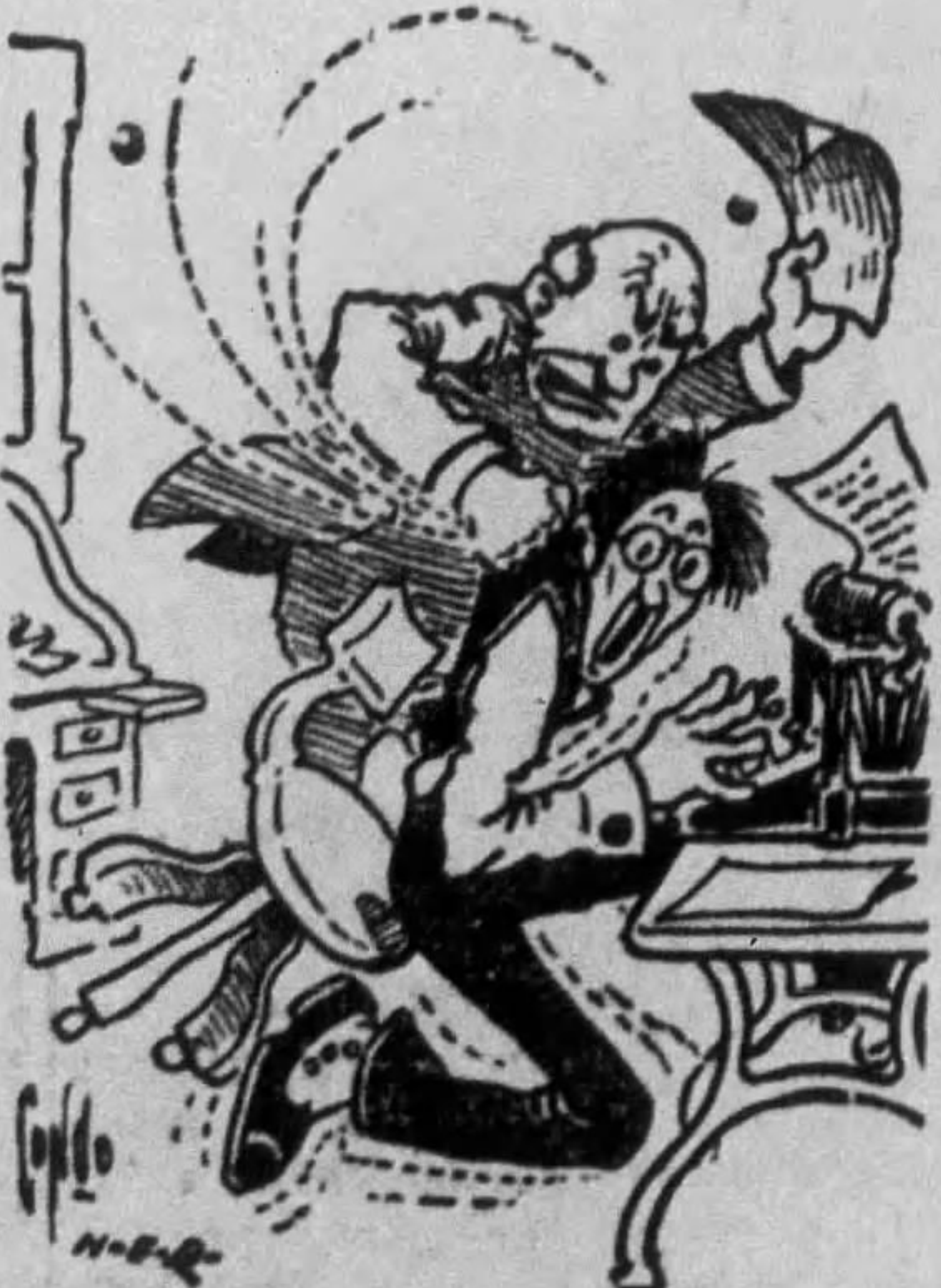


"Pardon me, sir, pardon me, I beg of you," said No. 1679.

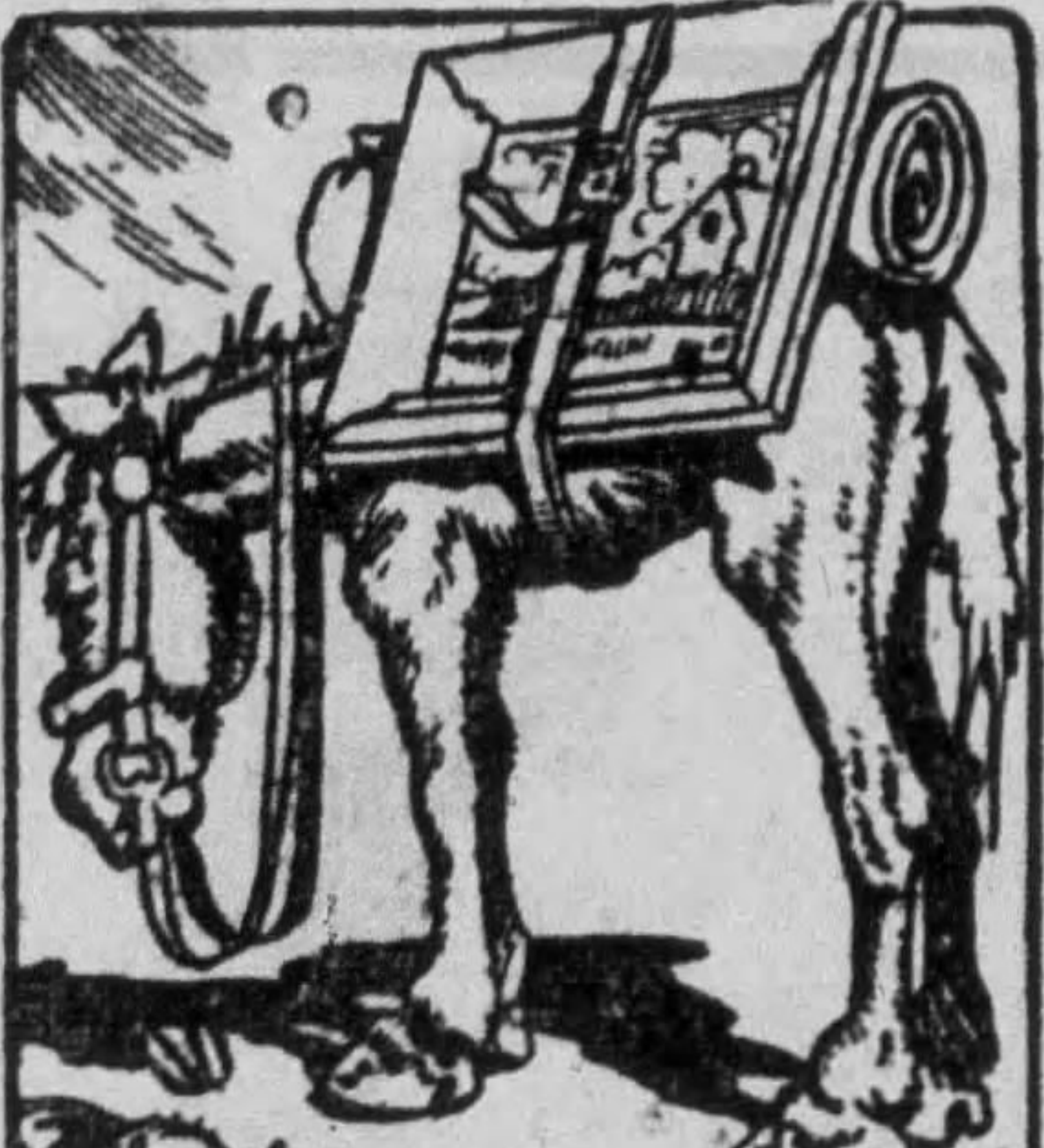
"Not much. You've got four more years to serve," replied the warden.


Z-Z-Z-R-A
PF-PFF-
GH-GH-GHH-
-E-A-

A Good Night's Rest.

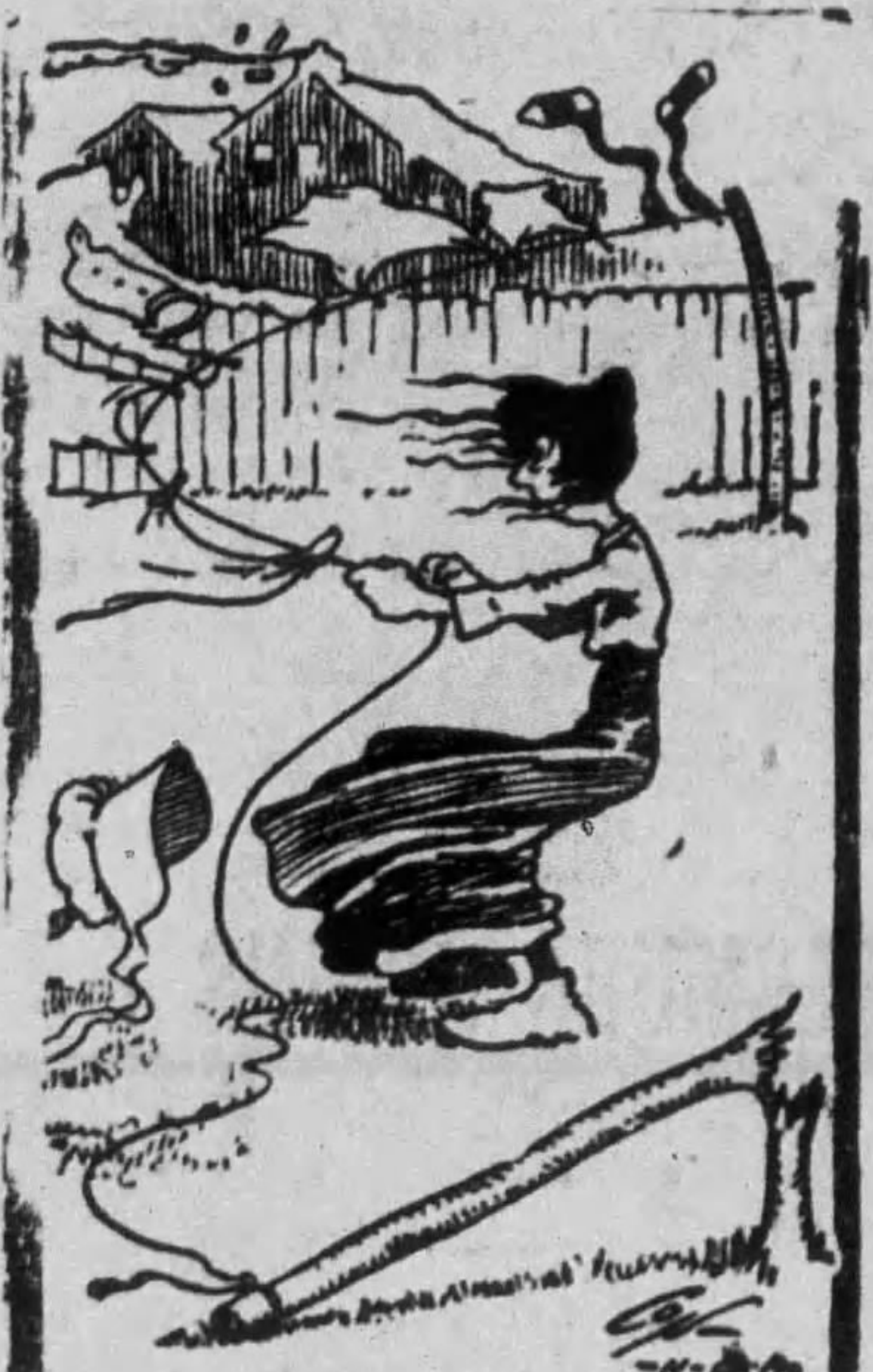


Thumping the Typewriter.



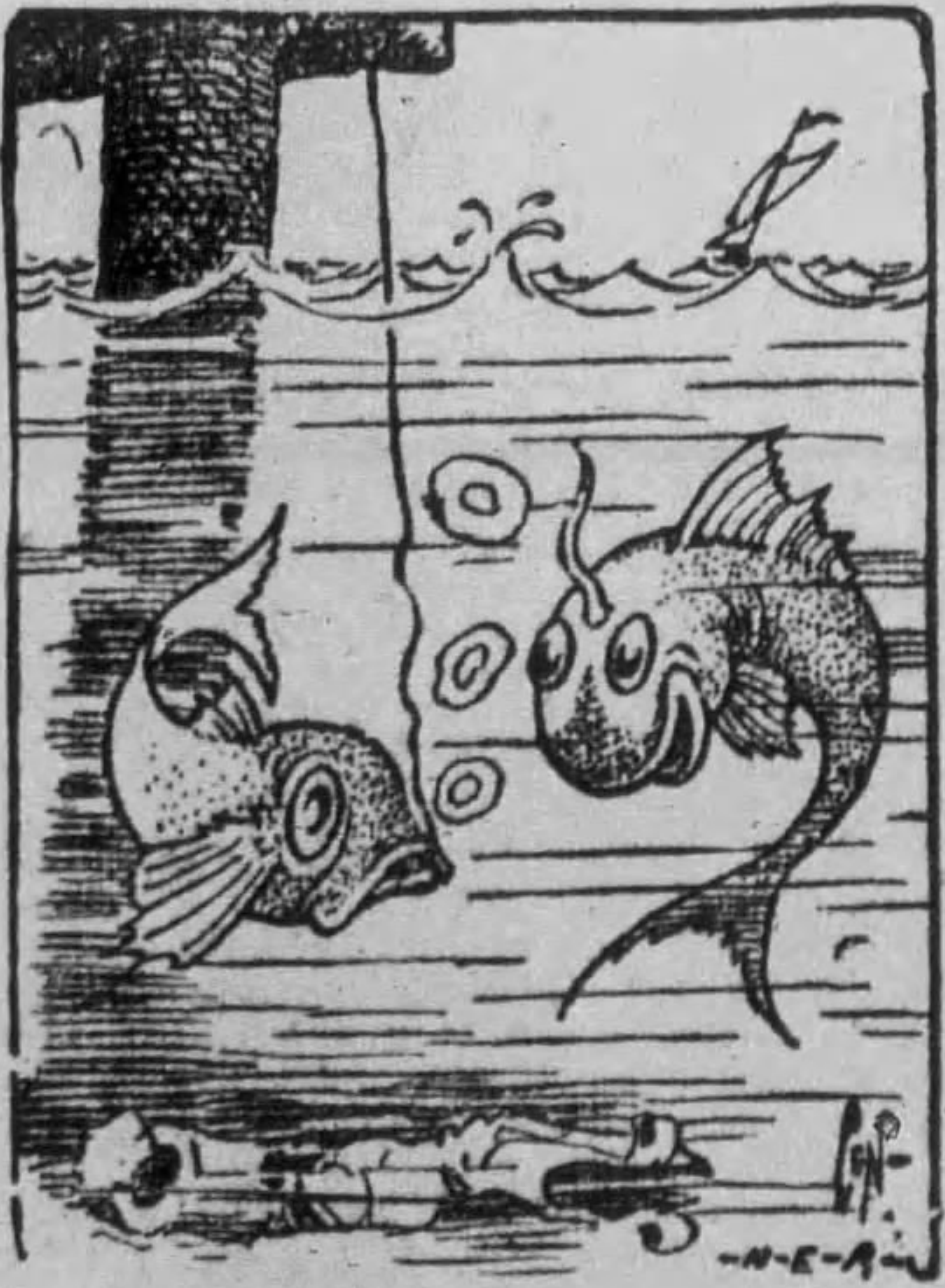
A Well Mounted Picture.

## Telephone Talk.



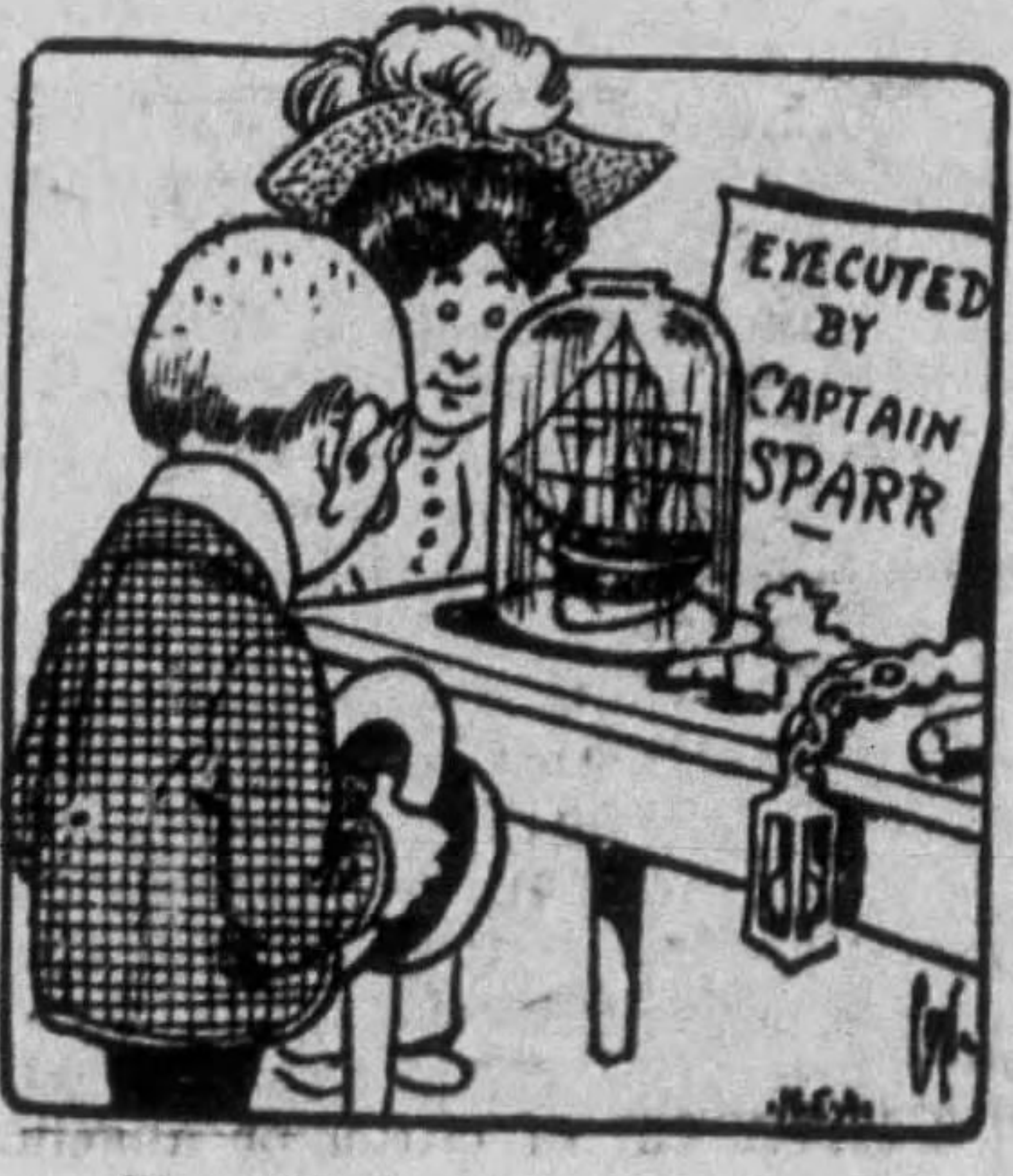
Holding the Line.

# IN FISH LAND

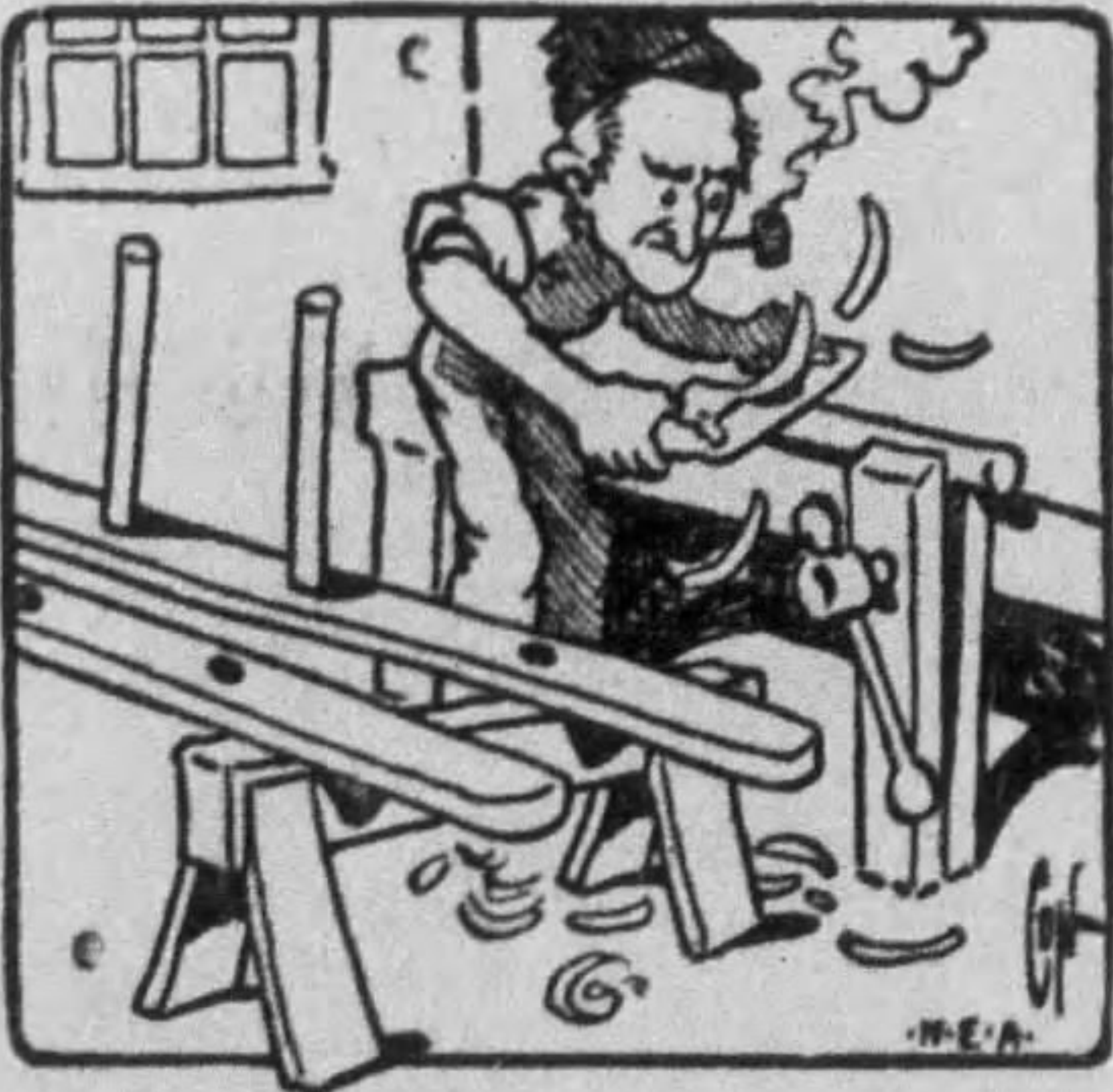


"I heard a fellow say he never saw a handsomer fish than I."

"Ha, ha! Say, somebody's been stringing you!"

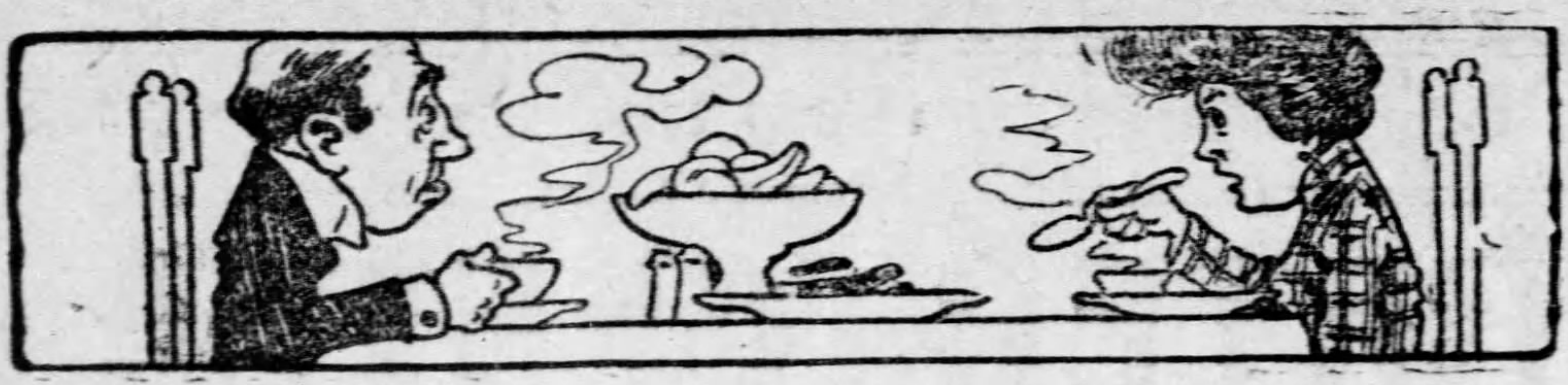

EXECUTED BY CAPTAIN SPARR

The Whole Ship Was Jarred.

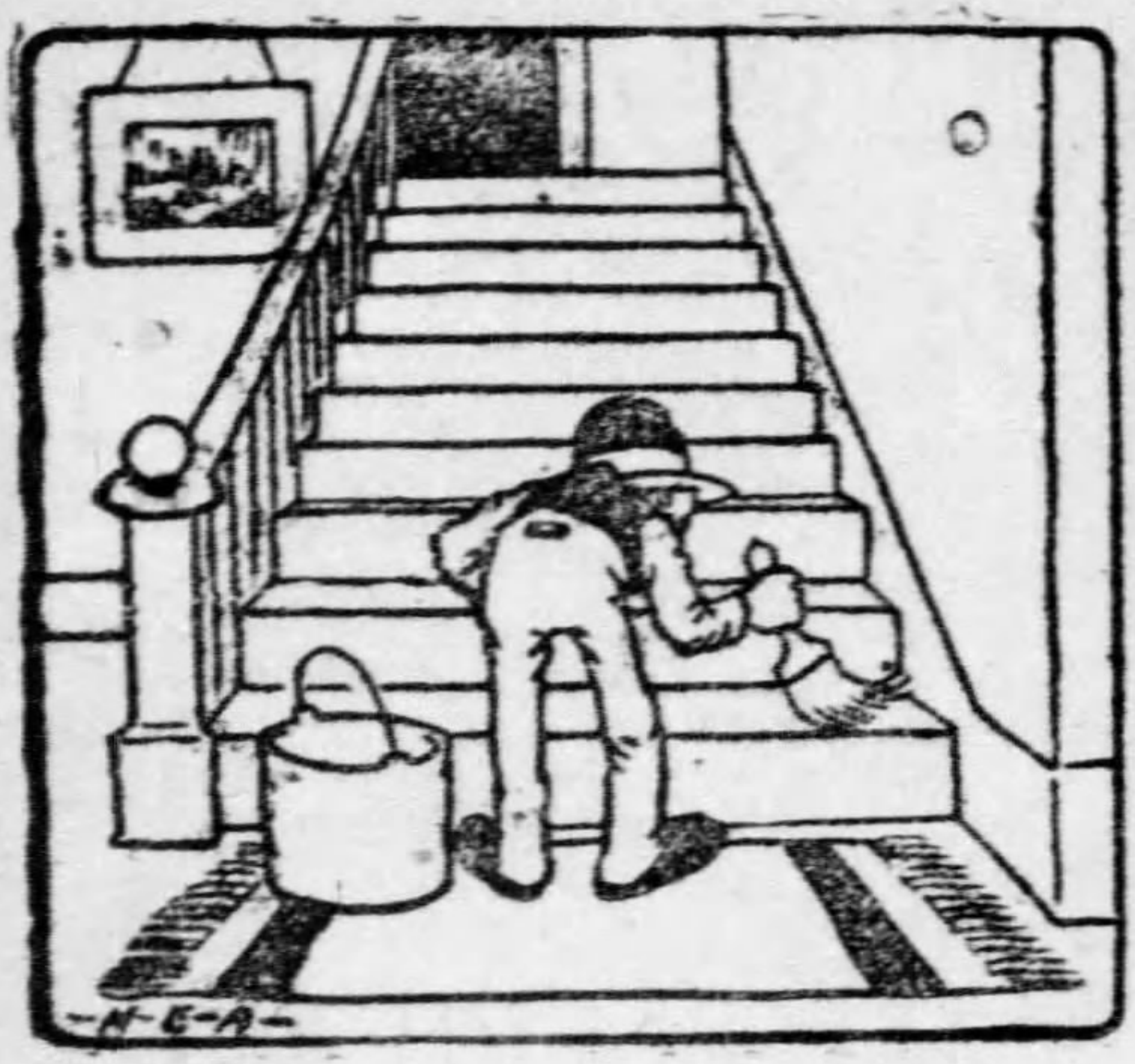


Making the Rounds.

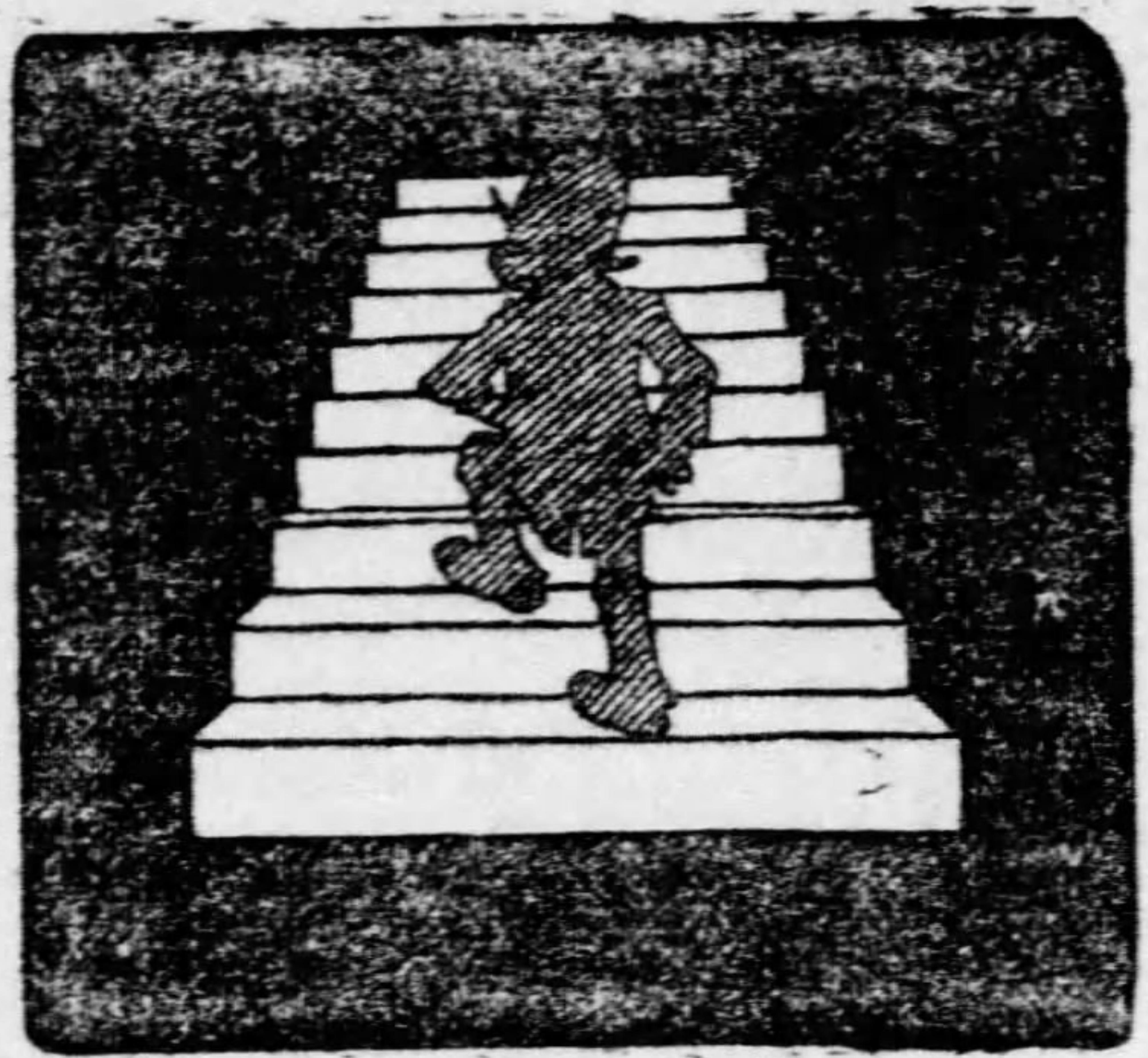
# SCIENCE PUT TO PRACTICAL USE



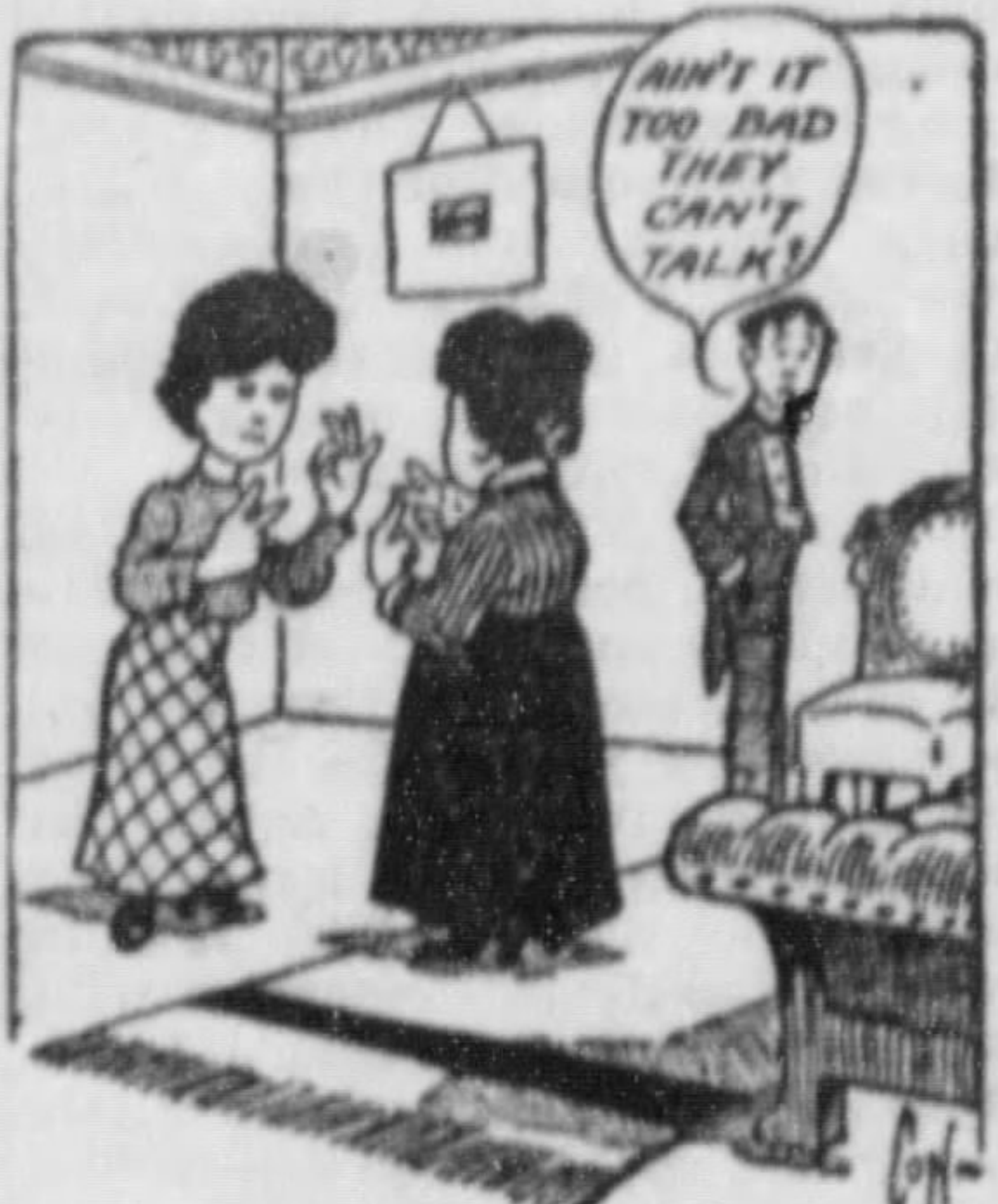
Don't' try to smooth things over. I could tell from the way you came up the stairs this morning."



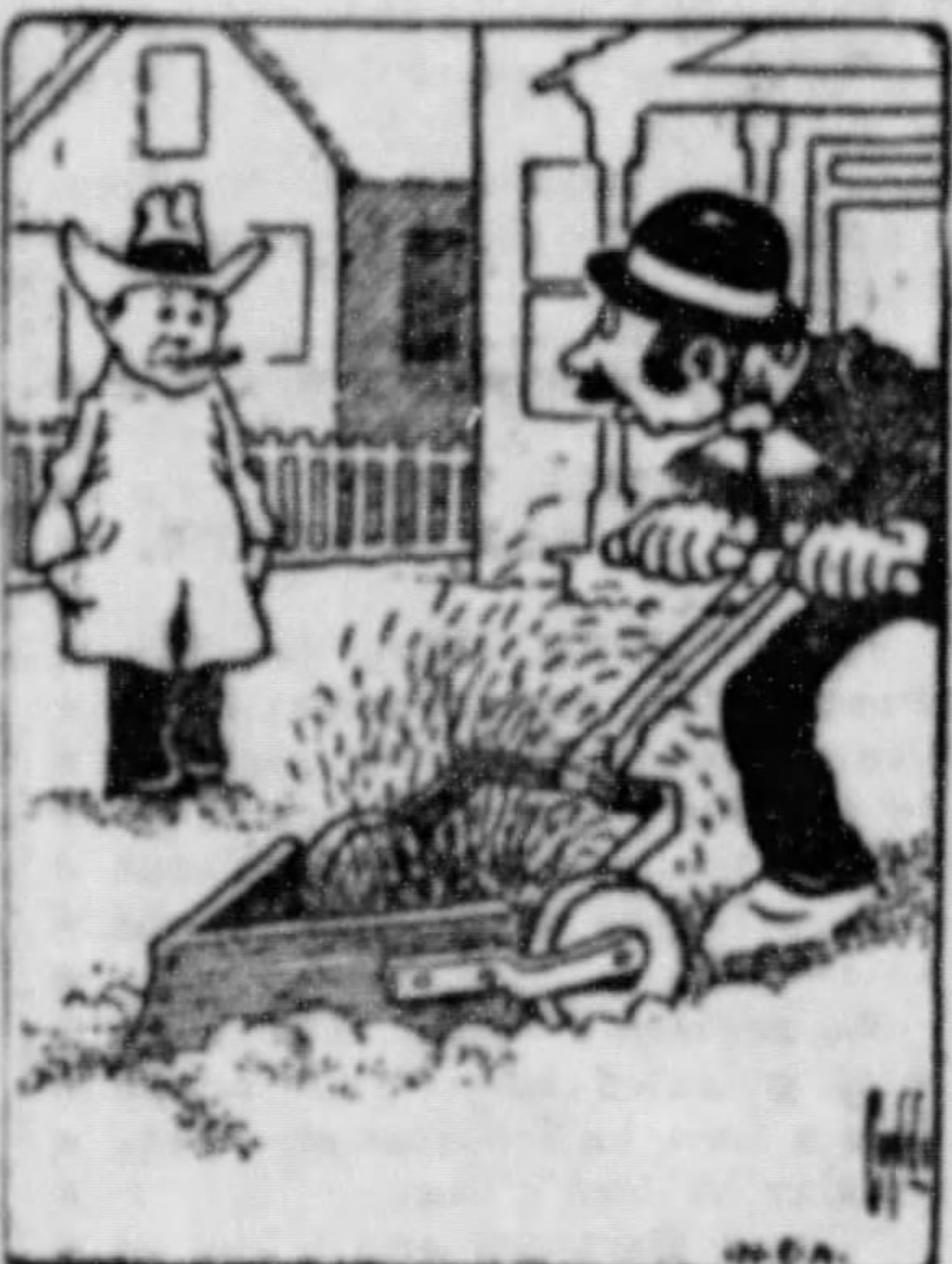
"I'll bet I'll never stumble up these stairs again."



"I tell you this radium may be expensive, but it's great stuff."

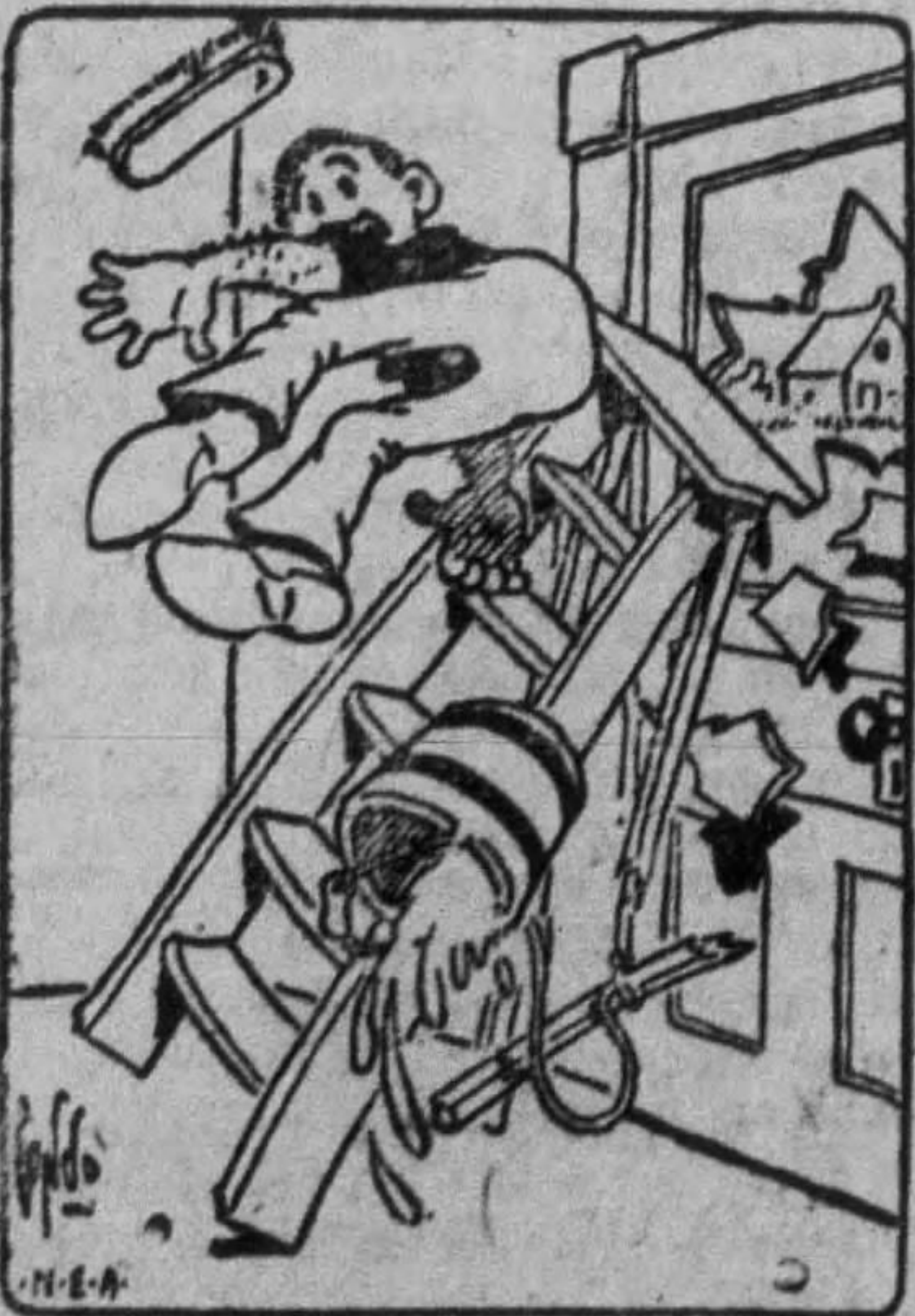

AIN'T IT TOO BAD THEY CAN'T TALK!
CON
-N-E-A-

A PAIR OF DUMB BELLS.

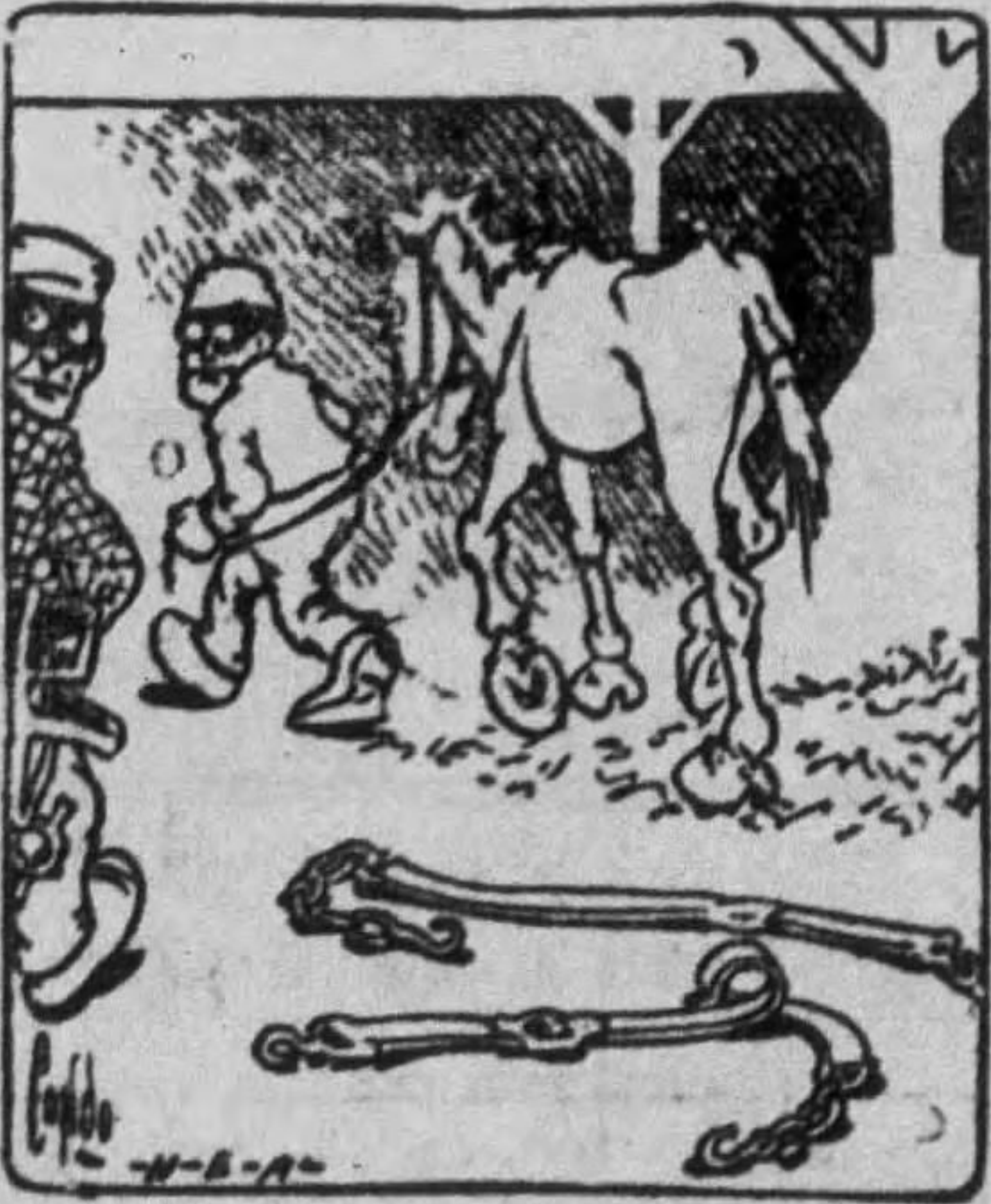


"Say, you, Bilins, have you gone——"

"Don't worry about me. If I don't make a million out of this I'll never make a cent out of anything. This is a combination snow plow and lawn mower for spring only. Can you beat it?"

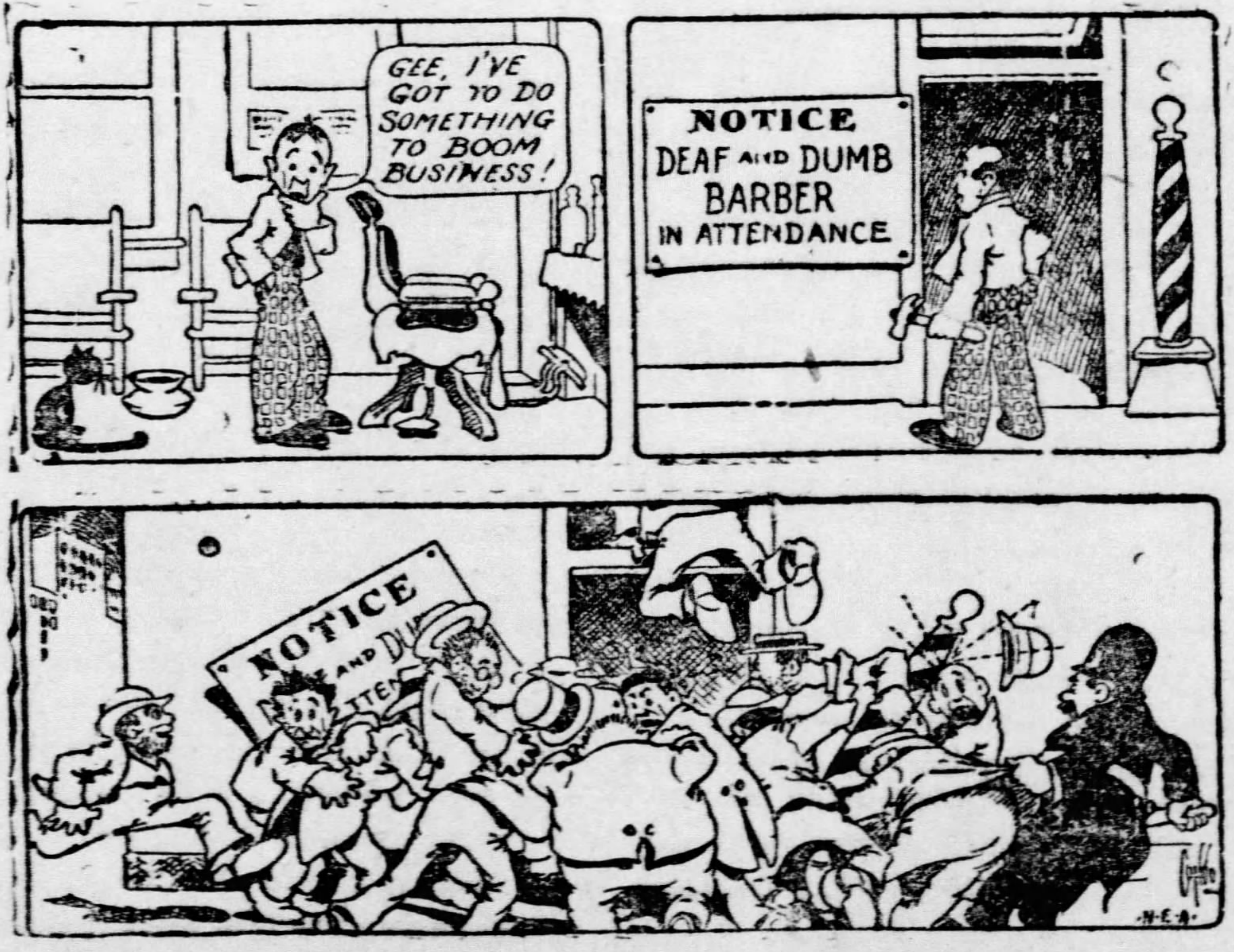


Putting Out the Light.

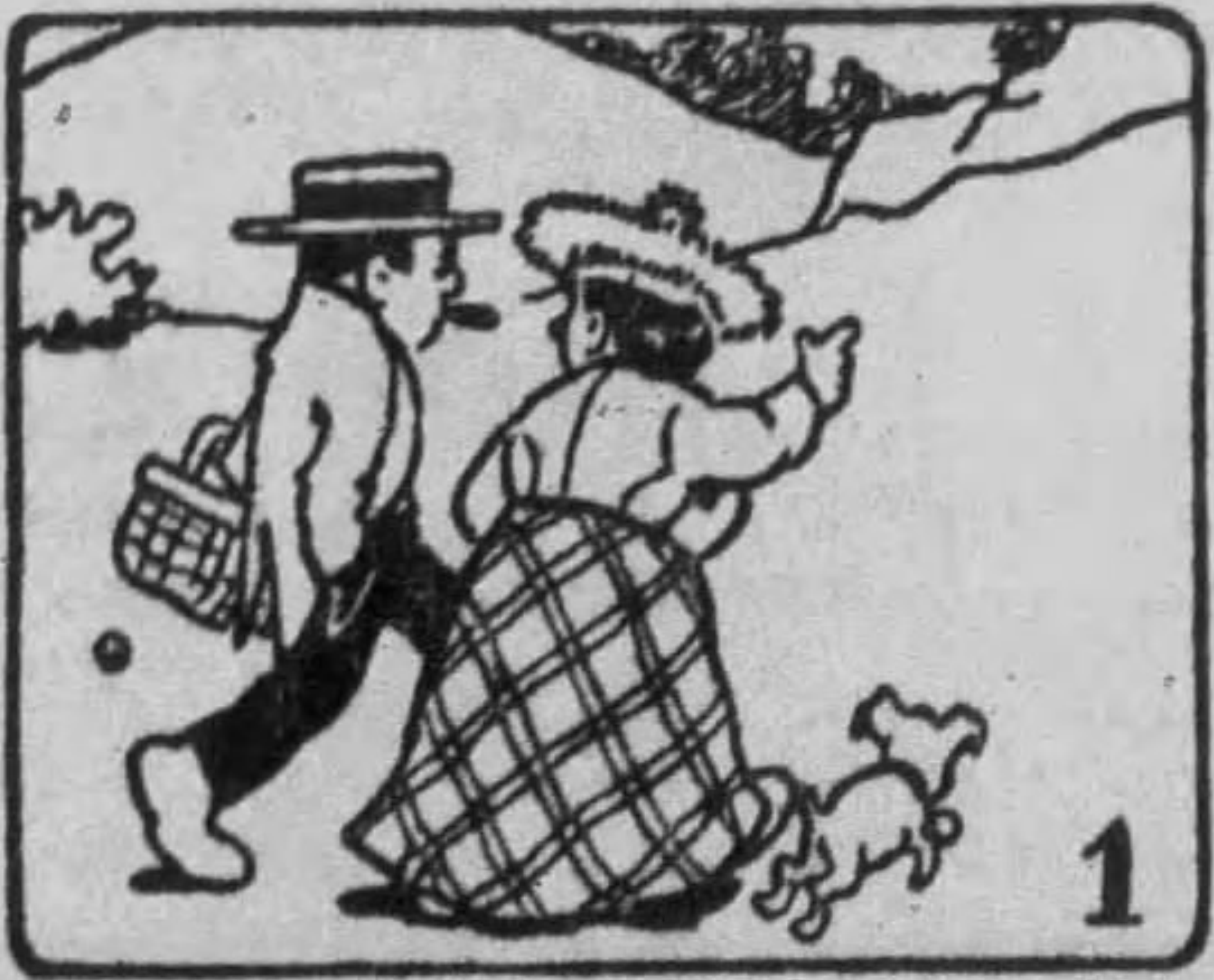


The Thieves Left Traces Behind.

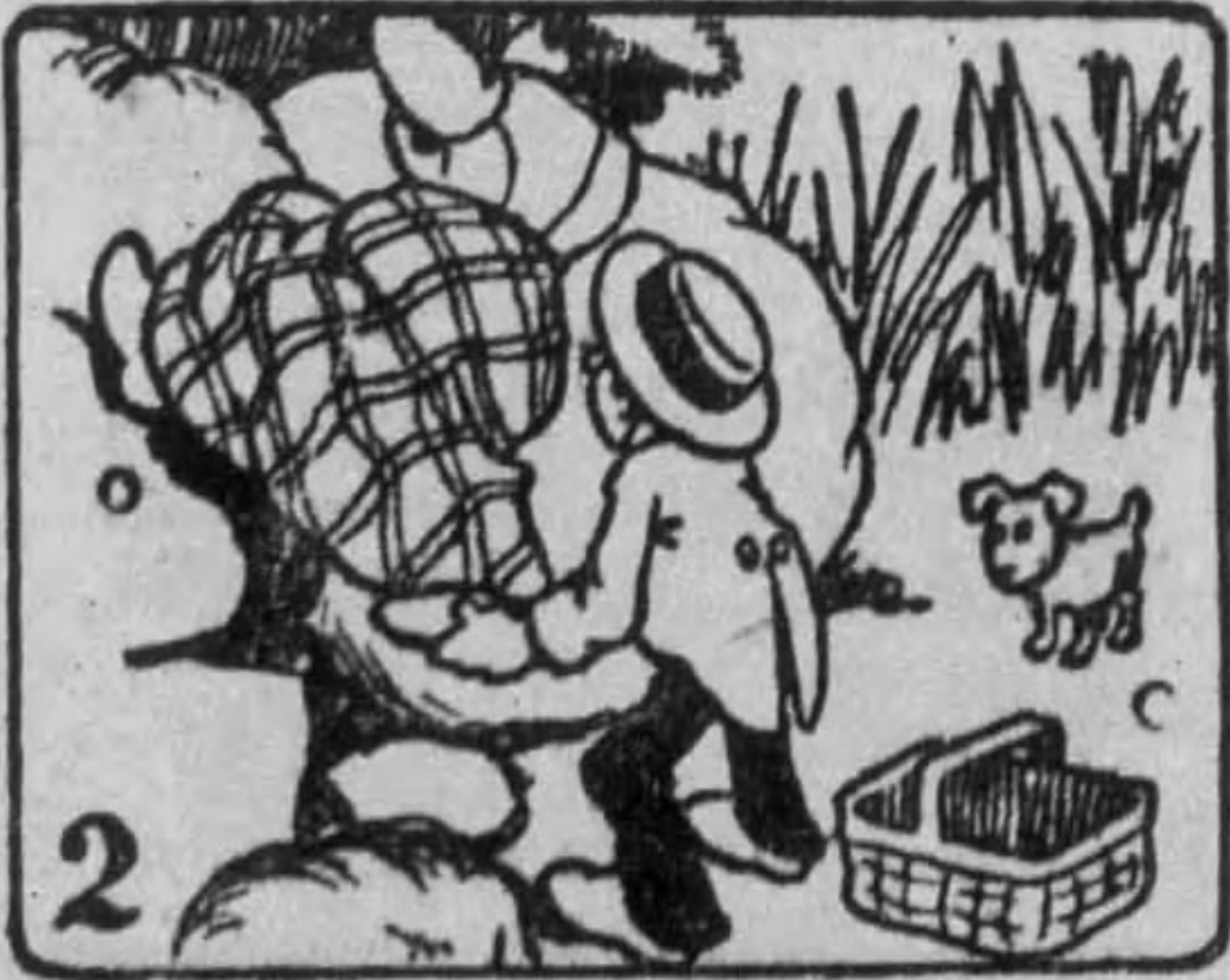
# HOW THE WISE BARBER BOOMED BUSINESS.


GEE, I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO BOOM BUSINESS!
NOTICE DEAF AND DUMB BARBER IN ATTENDANCE
NOTICE
AND DU
TTEN
N·E·A·

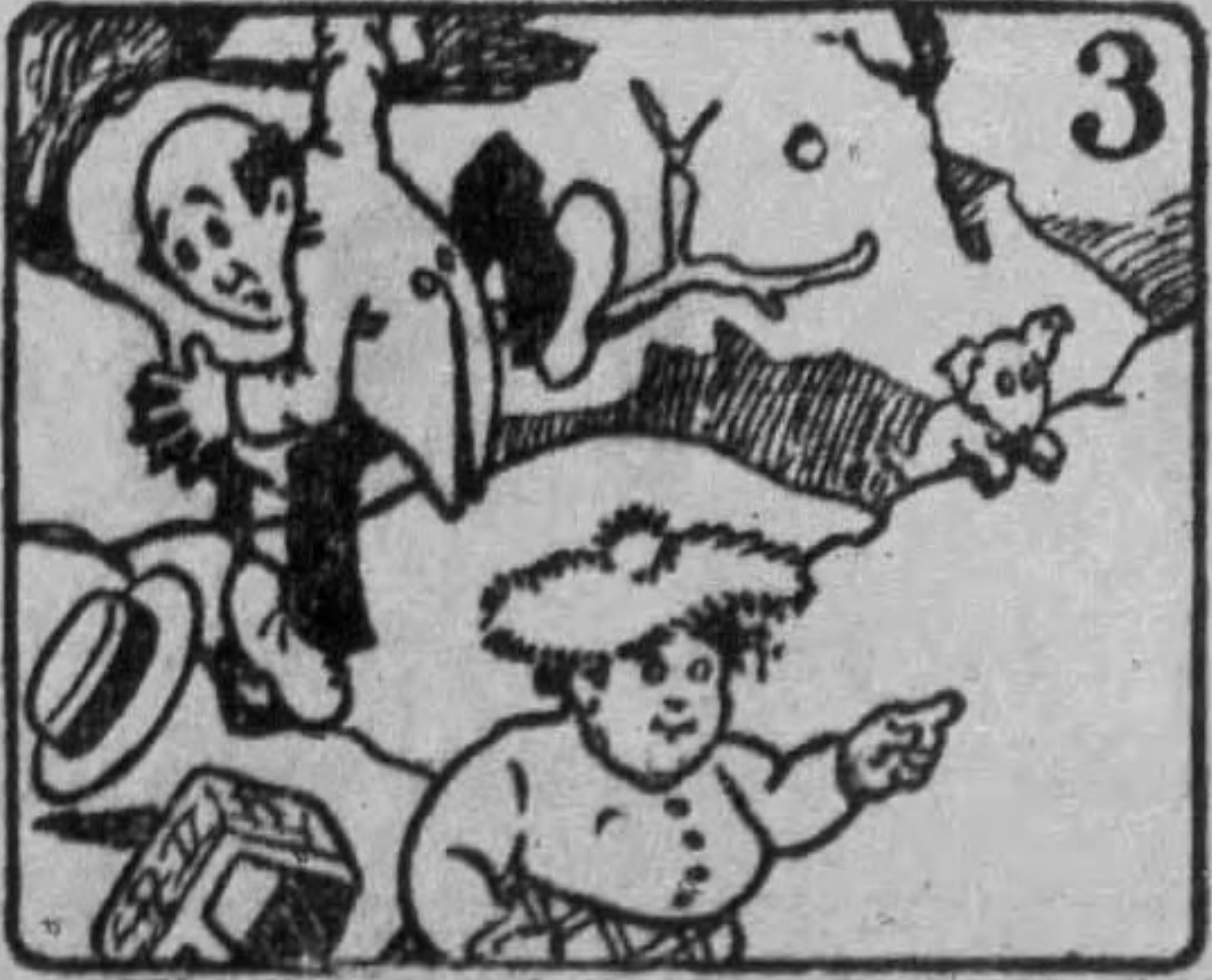
# HUNTING LOVELY WILD FLOWERS



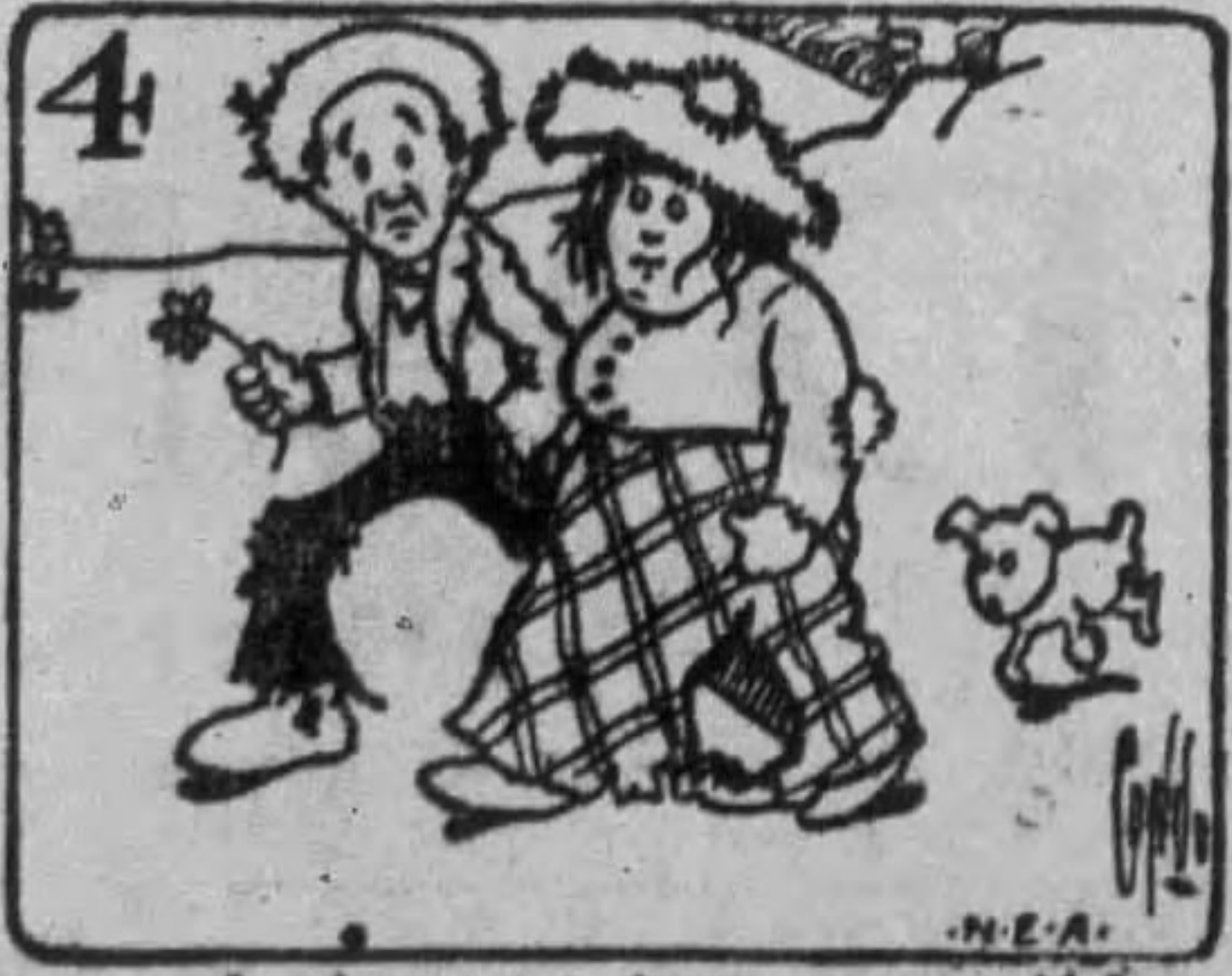
You start out early in the afternoon, confident you will find lots of flowers, for only the day before your wife saw a field of violets "on the creek just back of the hill."



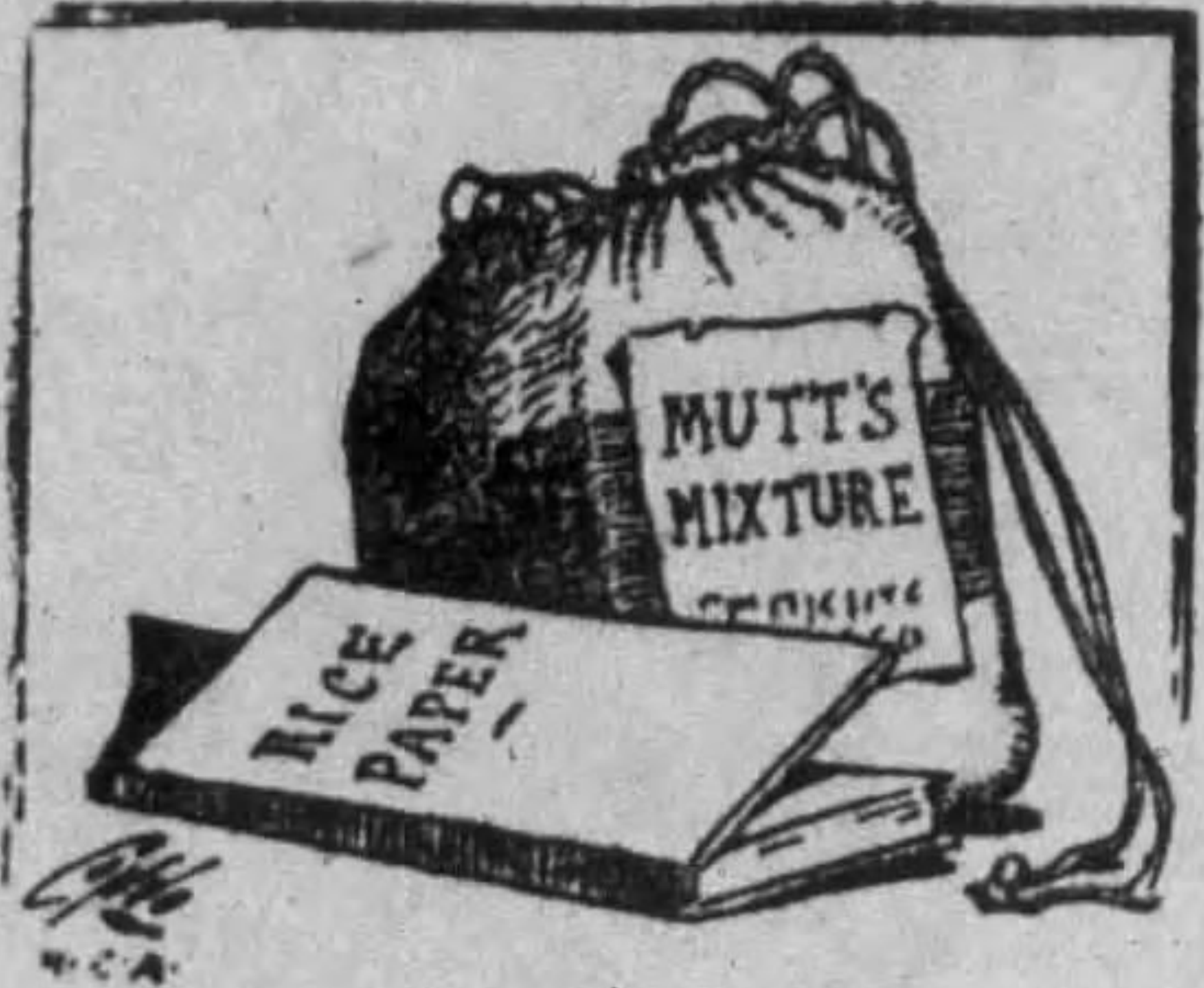
But somebody had picked the violets and you decide you will find more flowers if you seek them in the out-of-the-way places where other folks are not so liable to go.



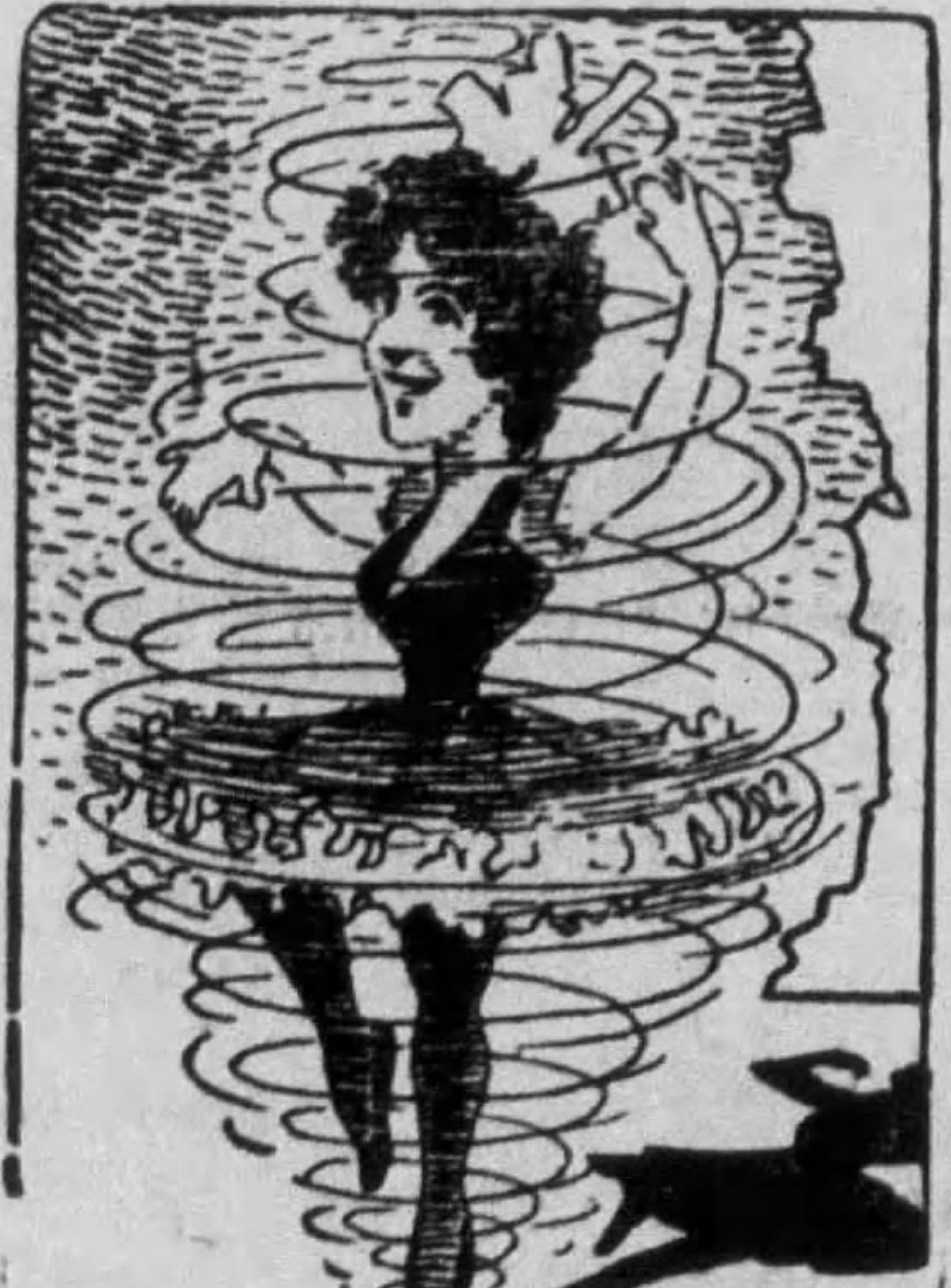
Then you hunt more out-of-the-way places.



And come home something like this at sunset.

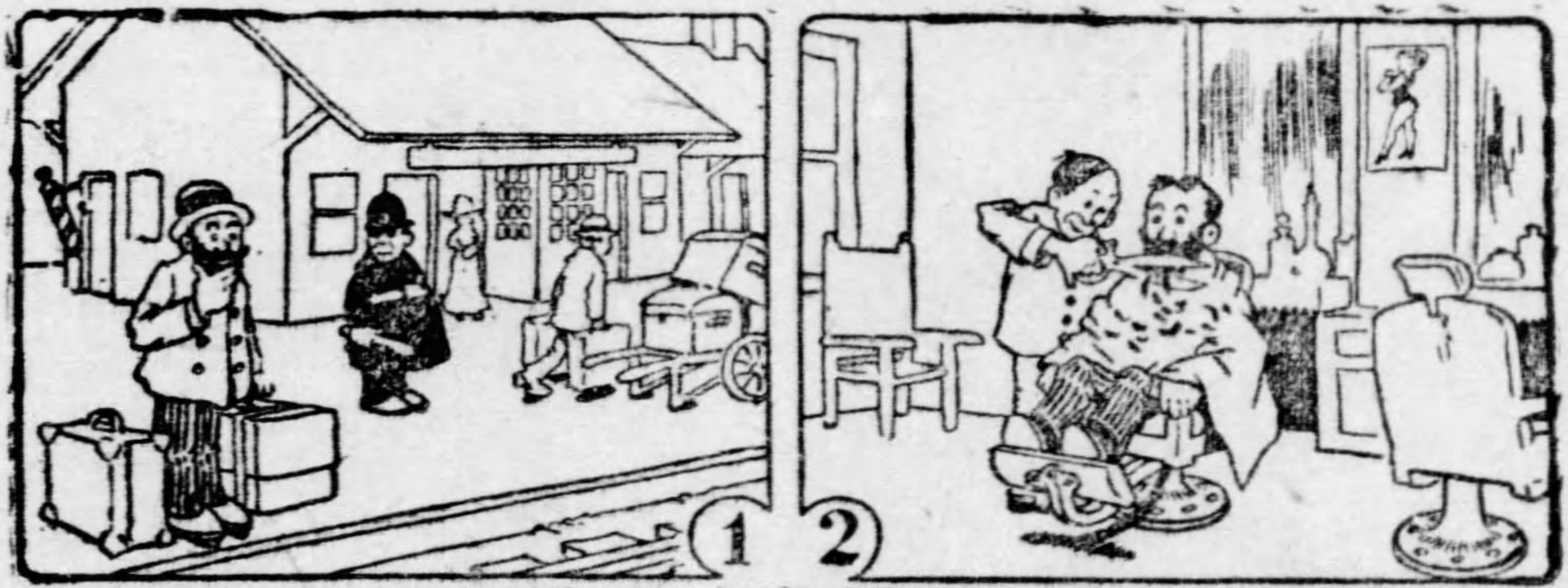

MUTT'S
MIXTURE
RICE
PAPER

The Makings of a College Boy.



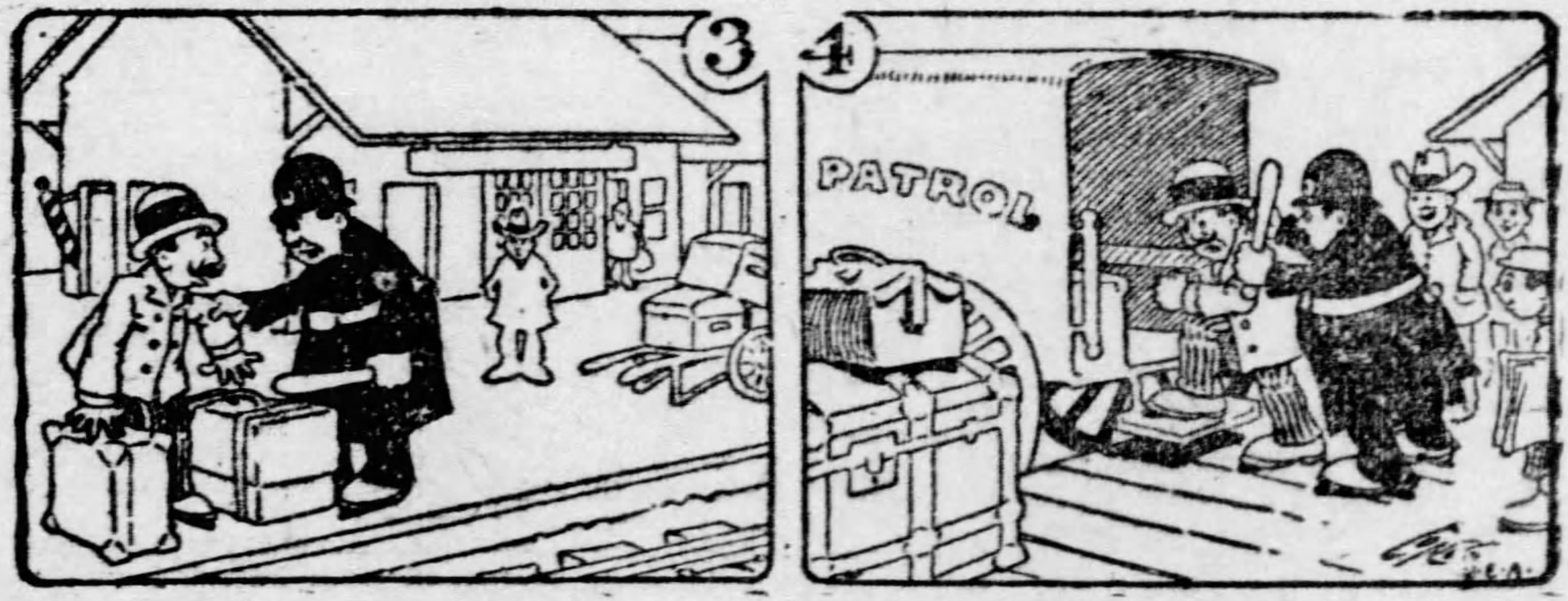
The Woman Was Spinning.

# AN INTERRUPTED TRIP



"If that train's an hour late I might just as well have these whiskers chopped. I don't want to look like a jasper when I reach the city."

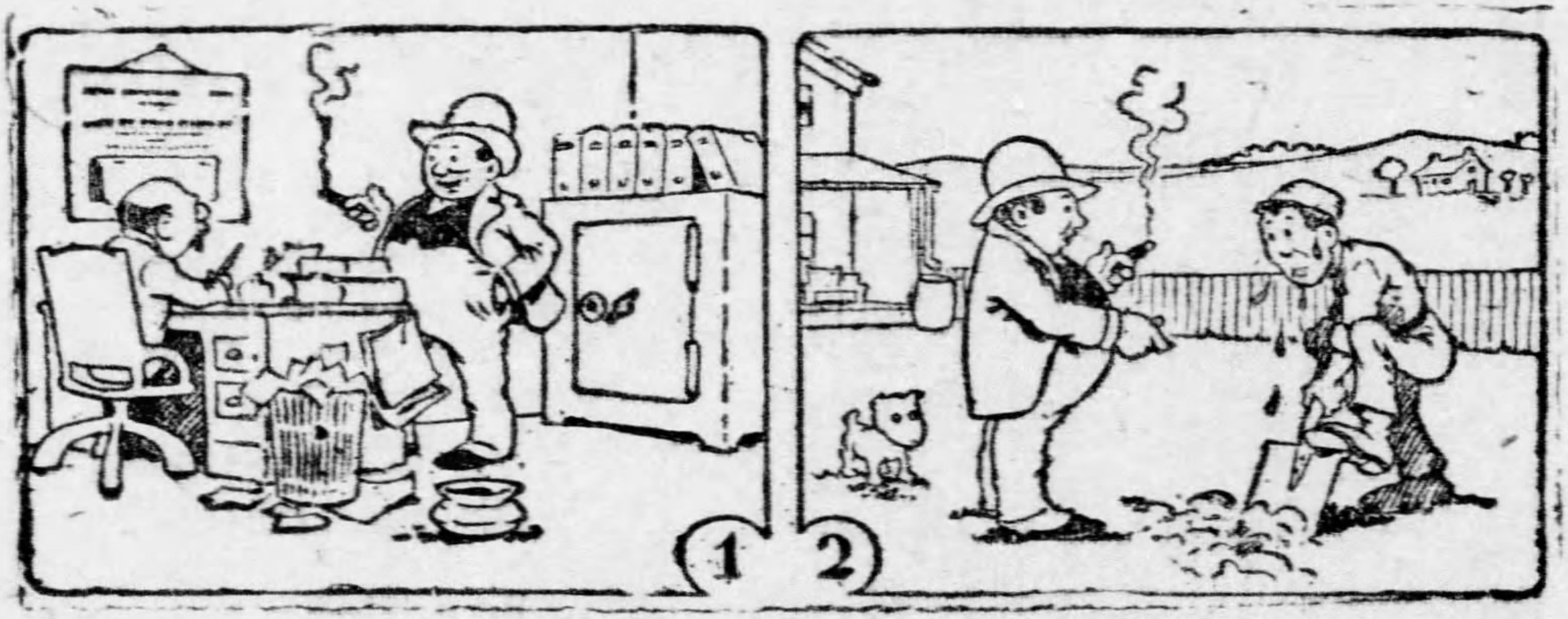
"Just take 'em all off, Mr. Barber. I think I look much younger when I wear nothing but a mustache. Anyway, a beard is nonsense except in winter."



"You drop them grips. Don't give me none of your back talk neither. I seen th' feller when he left 'em there."

"Mebby you c'n fool th' judge, but that story don't go with me. Into th' wagon, an' step lively, too, er I'll use the club on you."

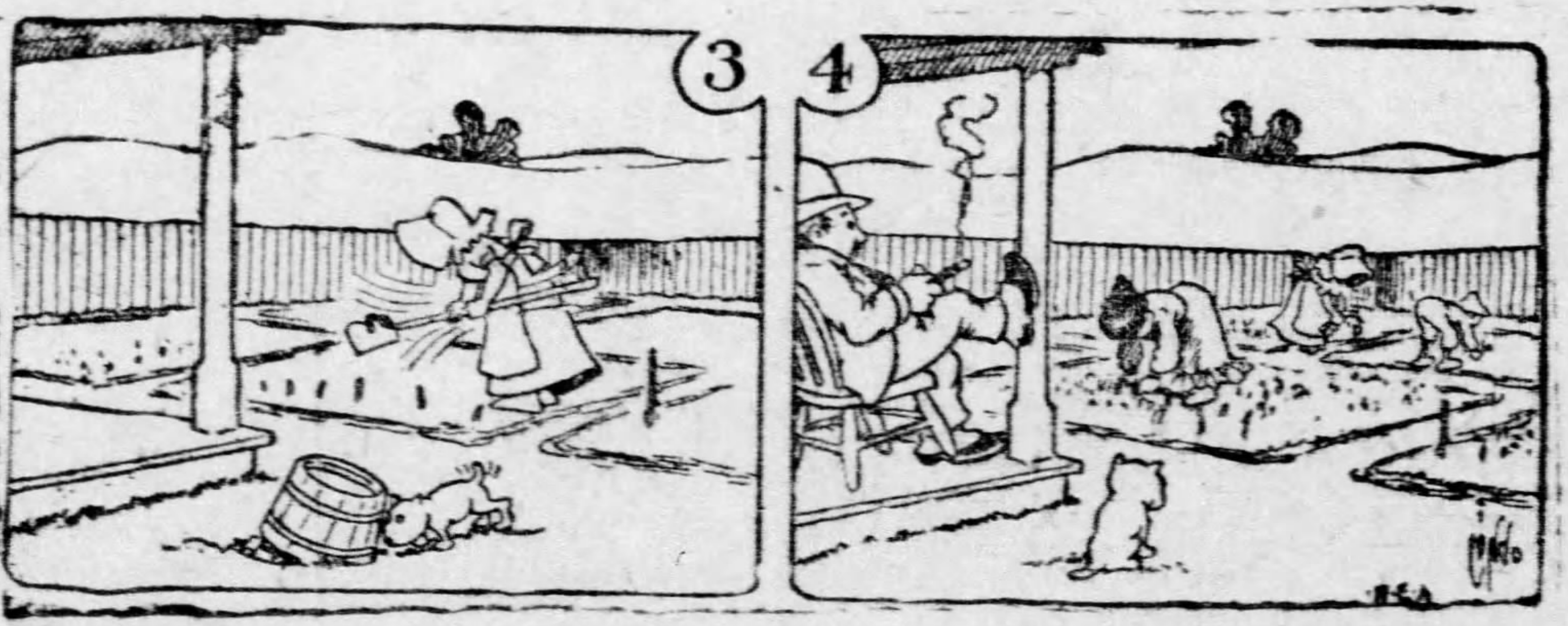
# MUCH TALK, NO WORK



"Oh, there's nothing like keeping a garden for a man who's cooped up in an office all day," says Mr. Subrubenite. "Then think of the difference between the stale vegetables you get from your grocer and the fresh, crisp stuff from your own garden."

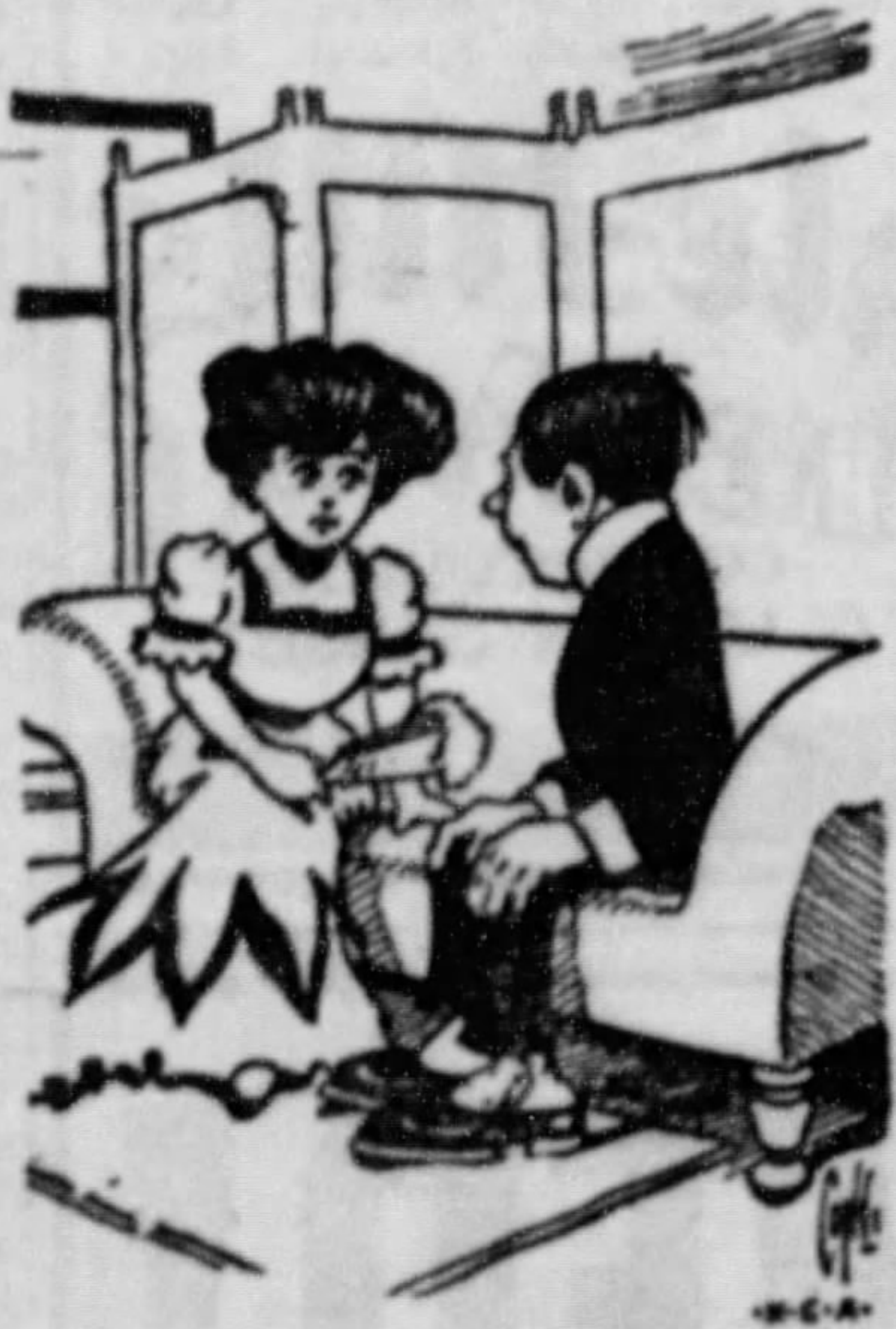
Then he hires a man to do the spading at $1.75 a day and raises a row because the man can't turn up half an acre in an hour.

"Why, this is only play," he insists. "I'd give anything in the world if I had time to do this kind of work."



And while he is at the office Mrs. Subrubenite spends her time "close to Nature."

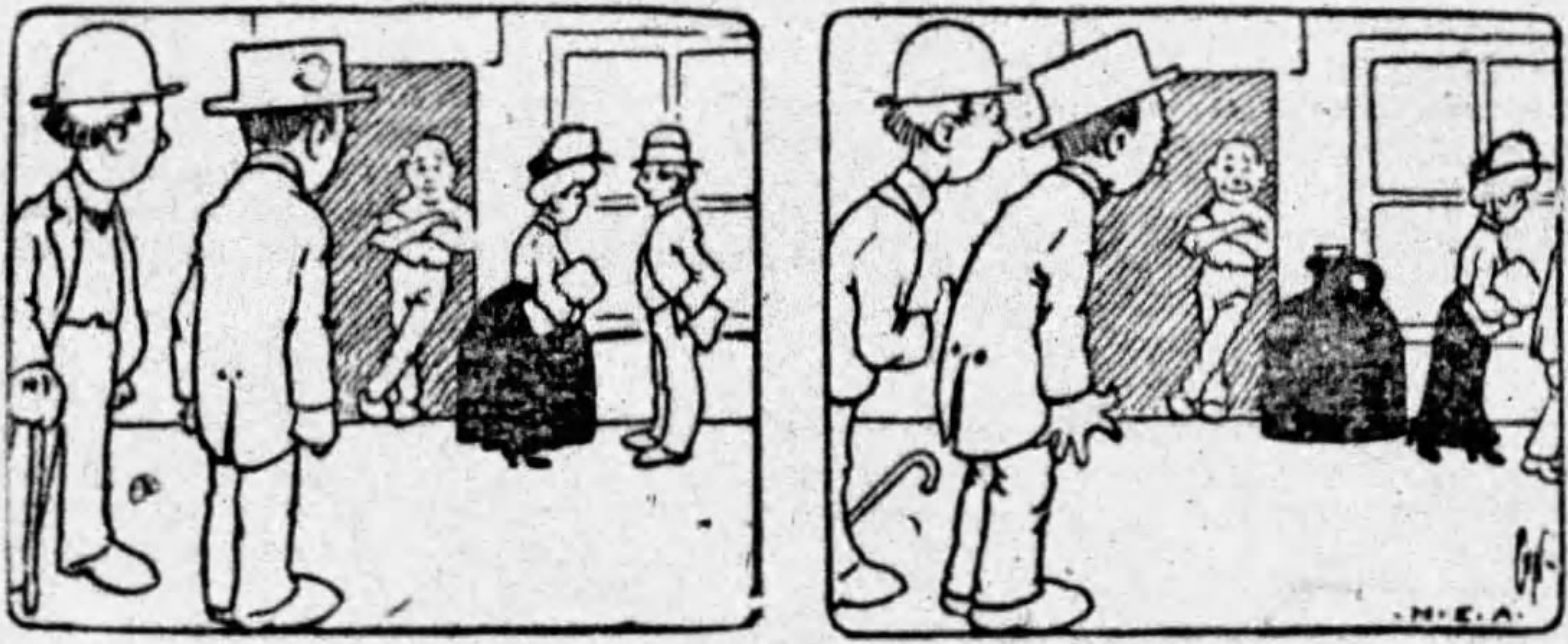
And when he comes home early in the afternoon the whole family has to get busy.



"You know, Percy," she said, as they planned out things, "we mustn't expect to have very much. It costs much more to provide for two than it does for one."

"But when I asked your father's consent, he said, all right. It won't cost much more to take care of two."

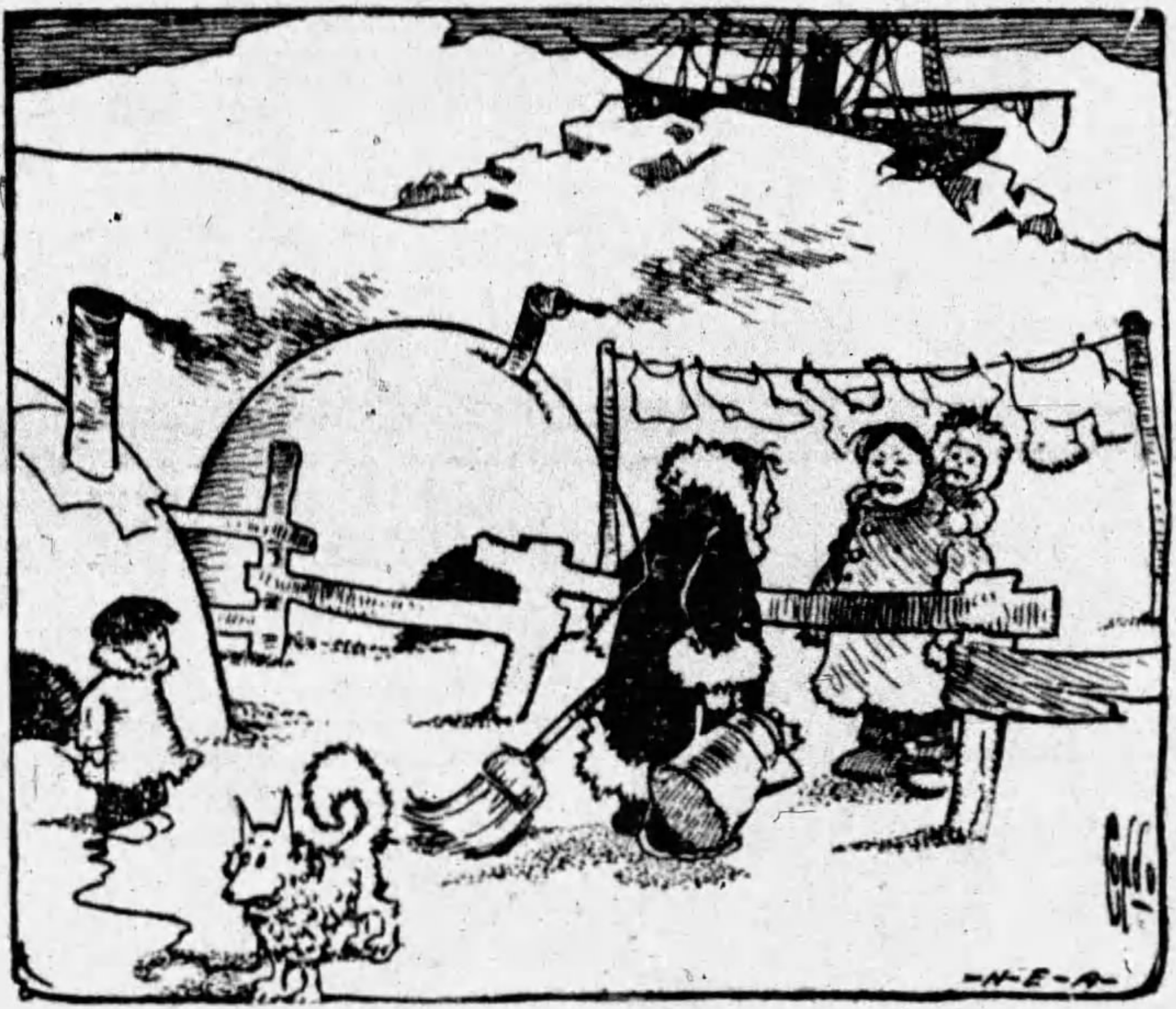
# THE KNOCKER FOOLED.



"There's that daffy Mrs. Rushington. She'd have seventeen fits an hour if any woman in town beat her out in the latest fad or style. I'll bet she feels proud that she's the first woman in town to go back to hoop skirts."

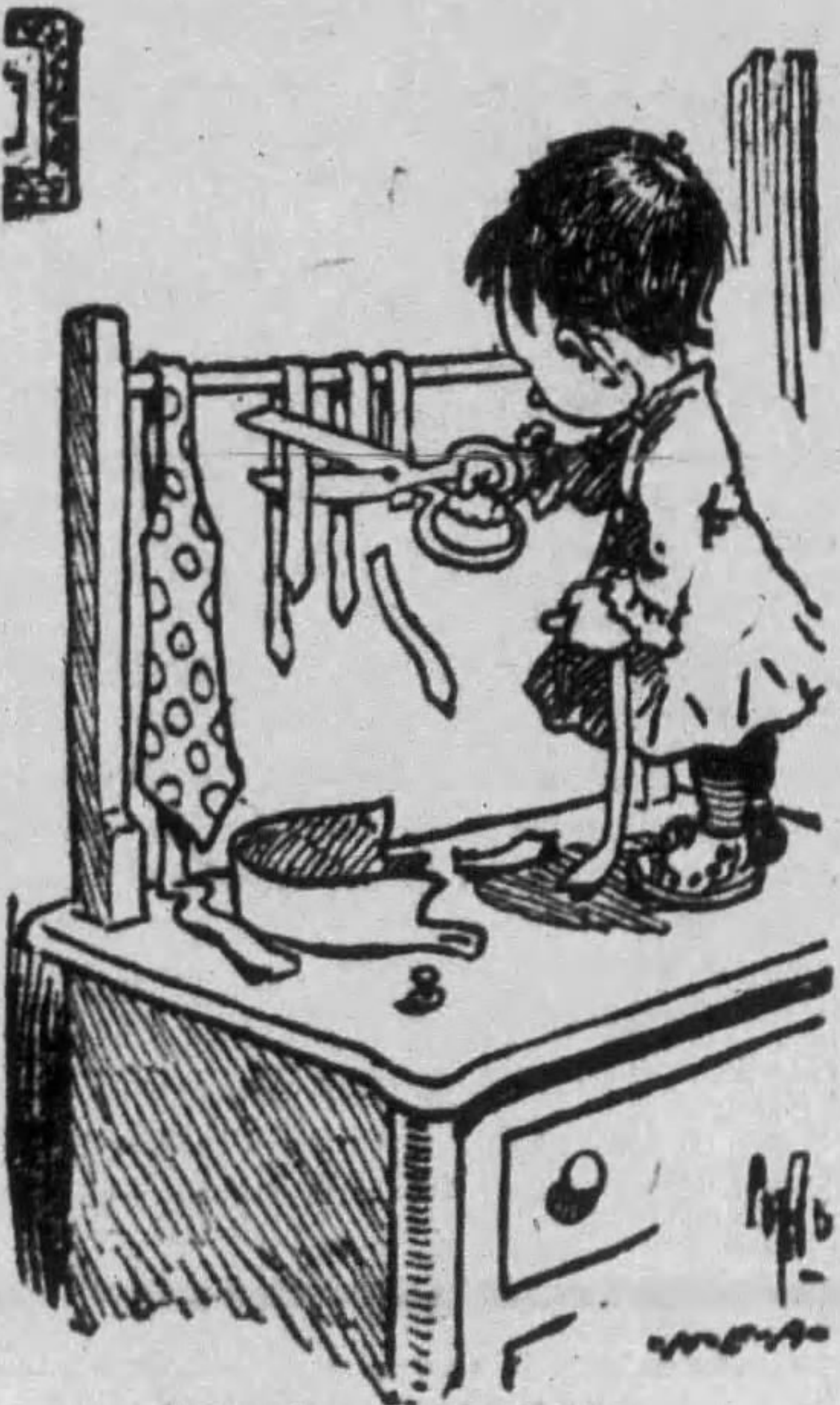
"Say, if I ran a queensware shop I'd try to find some better kind of a sign than a jug like that!"

# UP IN POLARVILLE.

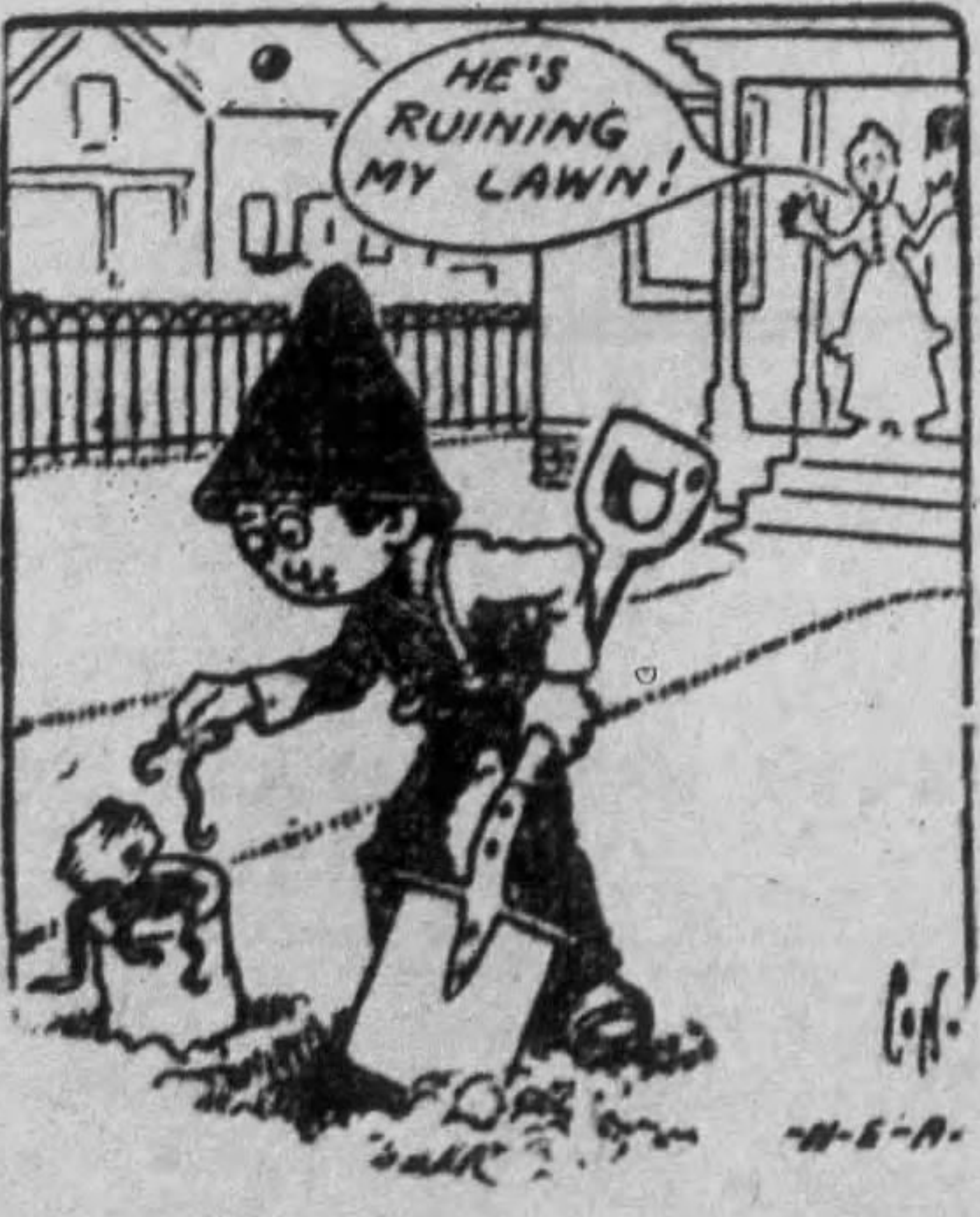


"Your old man hasn't done a lick of work for three or four months, has he?"

"No, he struck this morning for an eight-hour day."

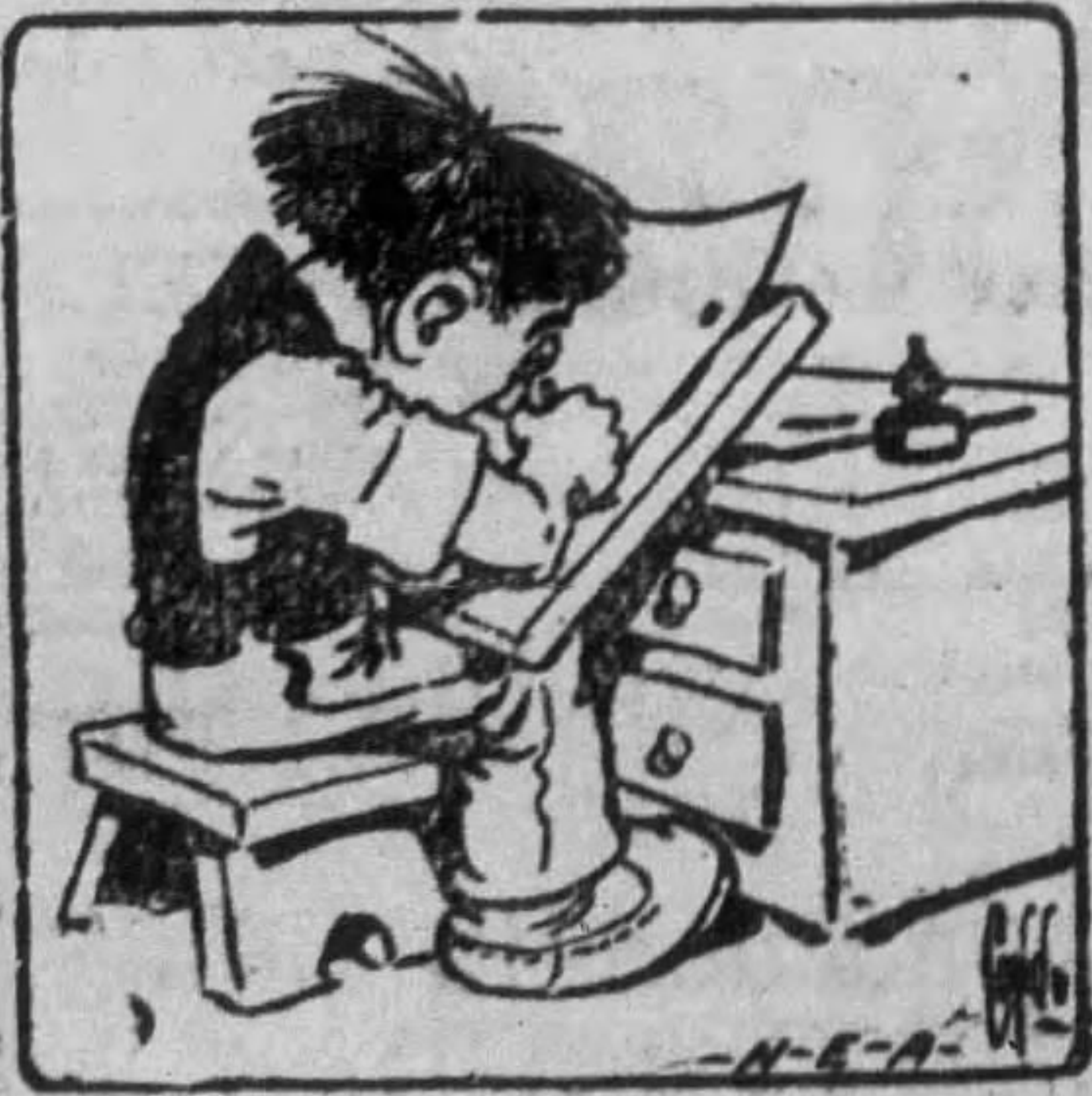


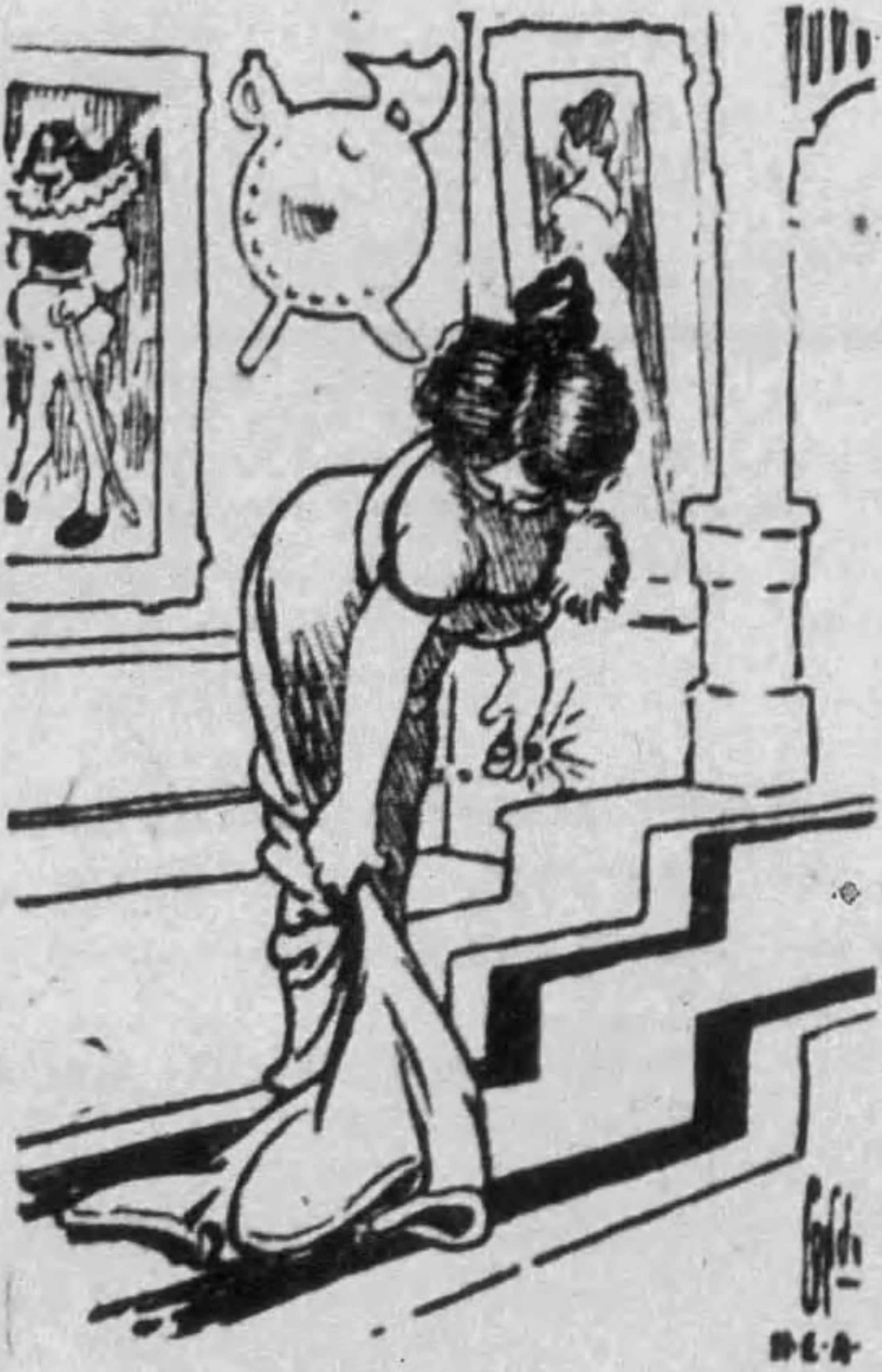
Severing Party Ties.


HE'S RUINING MY LAWN!
C.H.
-N-E-A-

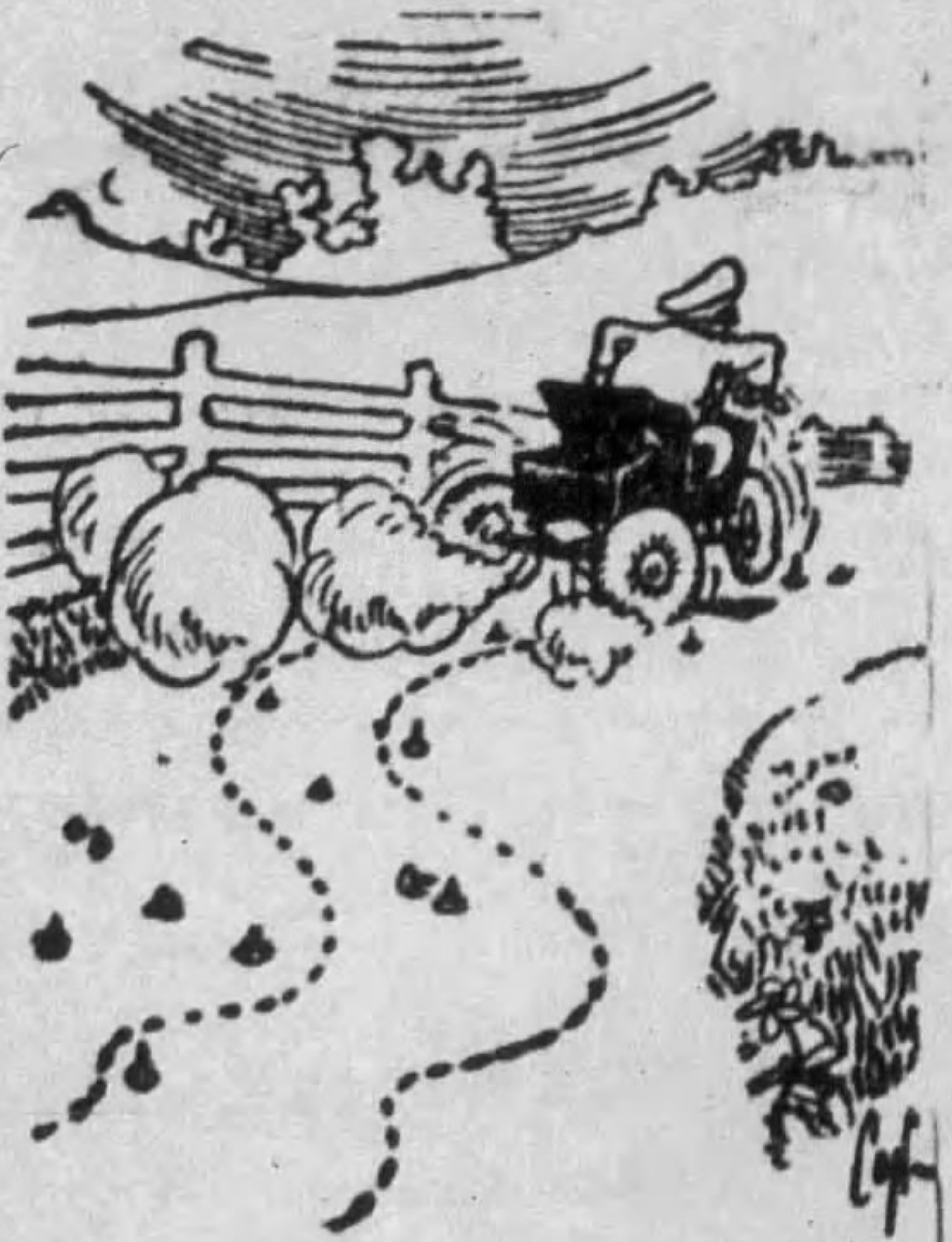
A Mean Dig.

# He Was Drawing Near.



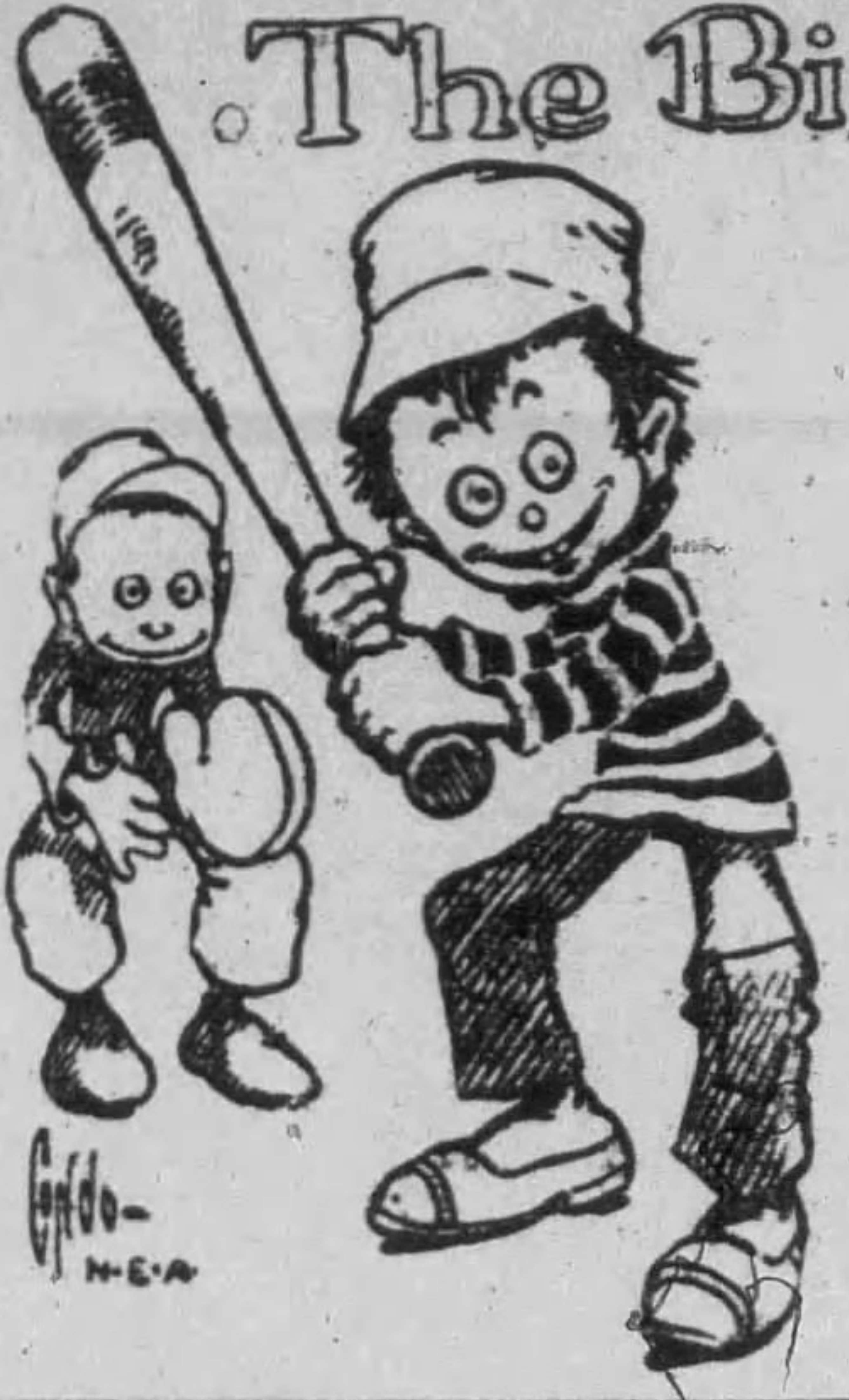


Picking Up the Trail.



A Rich Tacks Dodger.

# The Big Event



By G. R. Pulford.

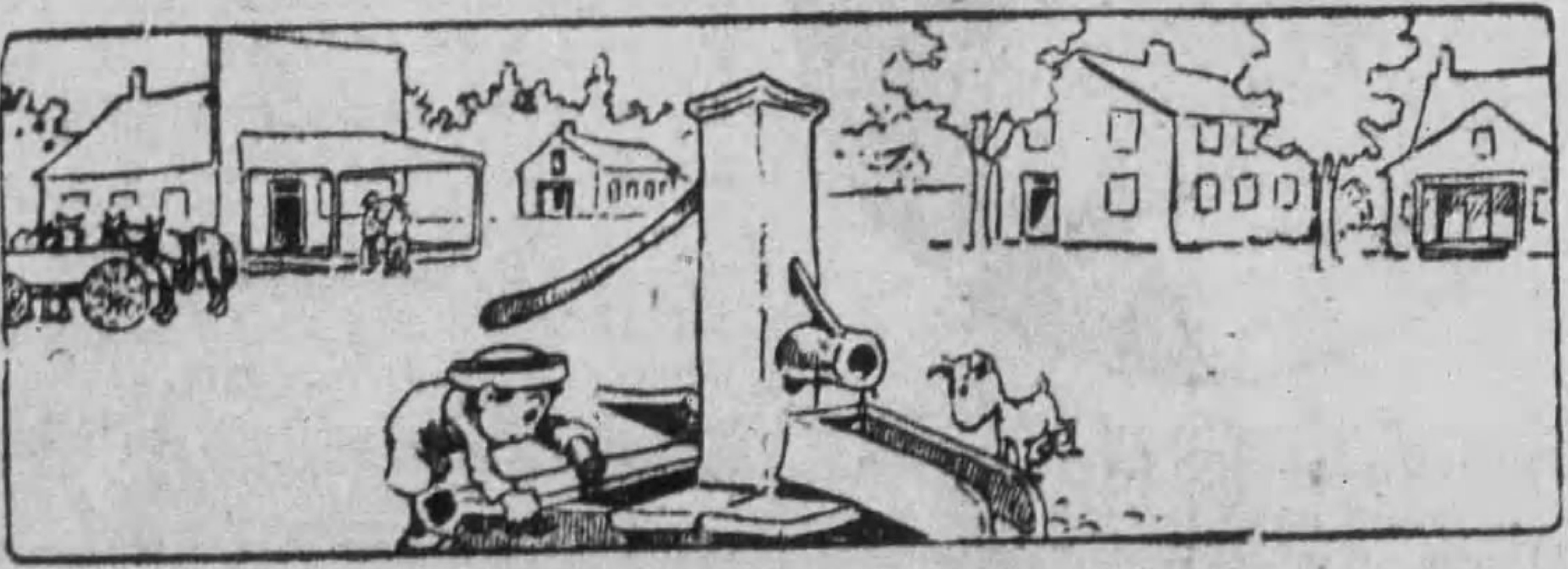
We don't care 'bout Rojestvenski,
Er any other cuss
Mixed up in dis ting dey call
De Jappo-Russian fuss.

We don't care erbout insurance,
Er wot dey do ter Hyde;
Equitable never touched us—
We tink dat dope's a snide.

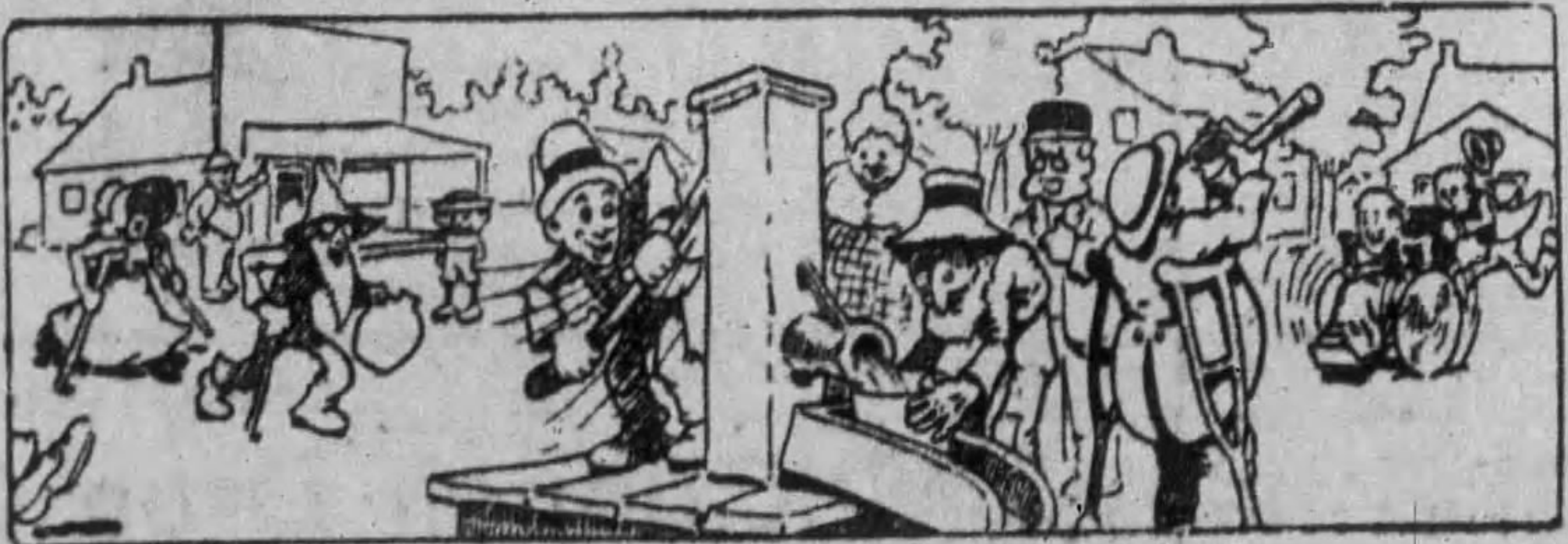
We don't care 'bout Venzuela,
Dat stunt is up to Taft.
He has one foot on Panama
An bot' eyes on de graft.

All dem big guns has dere troubles,
Us kids has none at all;
Fer spring is here wit' bot' her feet
An' we kin play baseball.

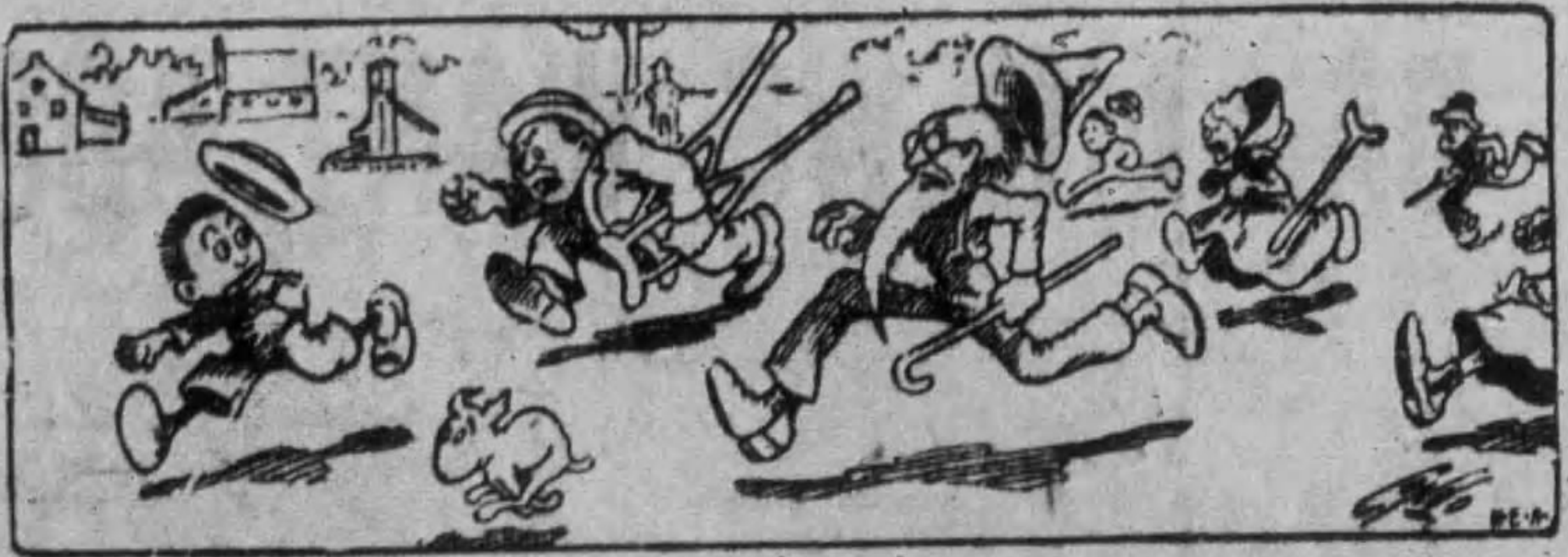
# TOMMY TUFFON'S WATER CURE



"I'll just drop this indigo into the well," said Tommy Tuffon, the village pest, "and when they begin to pump up colored water they'll think it's blue lick. And then won't the old people hustle to get some of it."

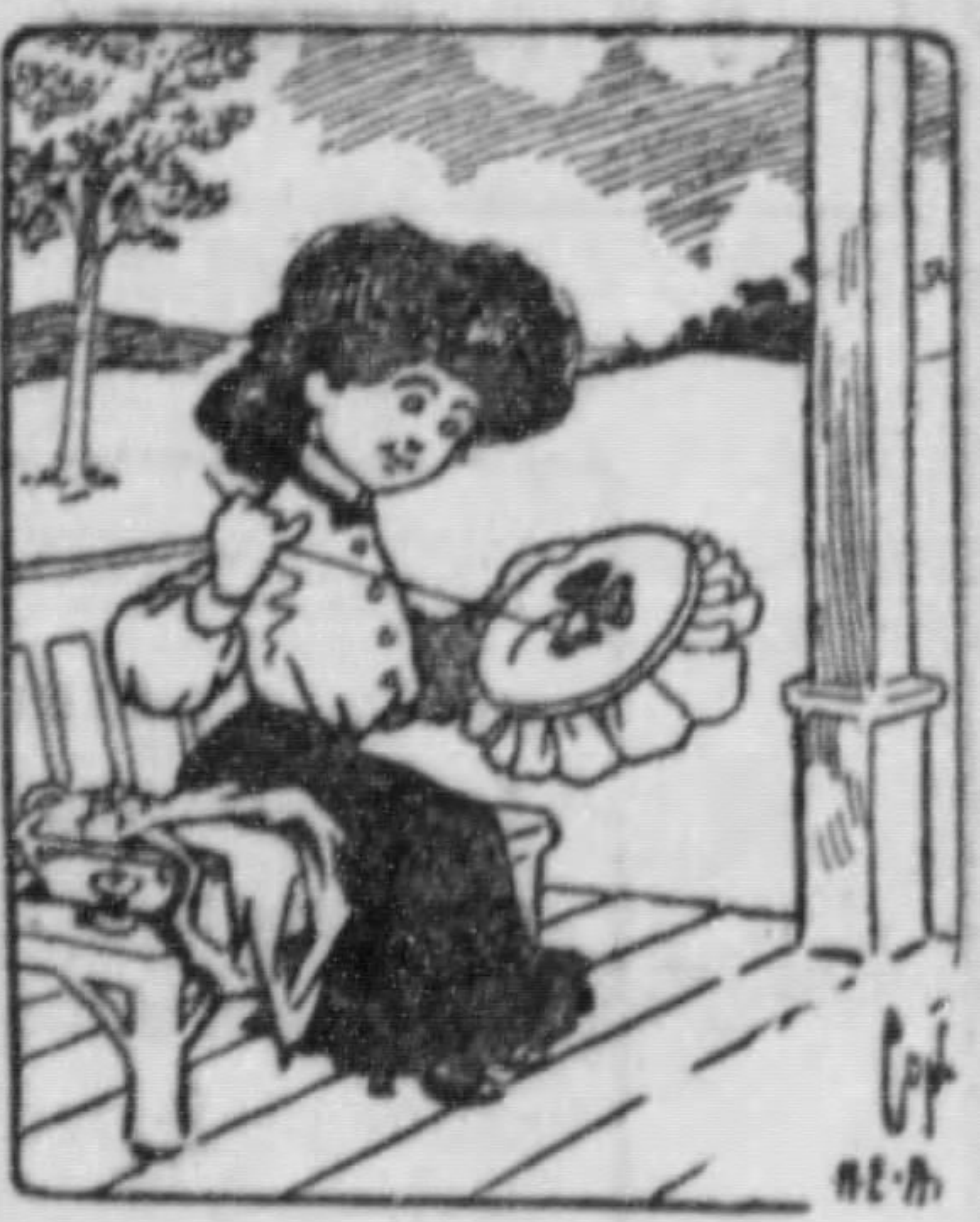


Sure enough, within ten minutes after the "blue lick" was flowing, all the old folks with pains and aches gathered around the pump.

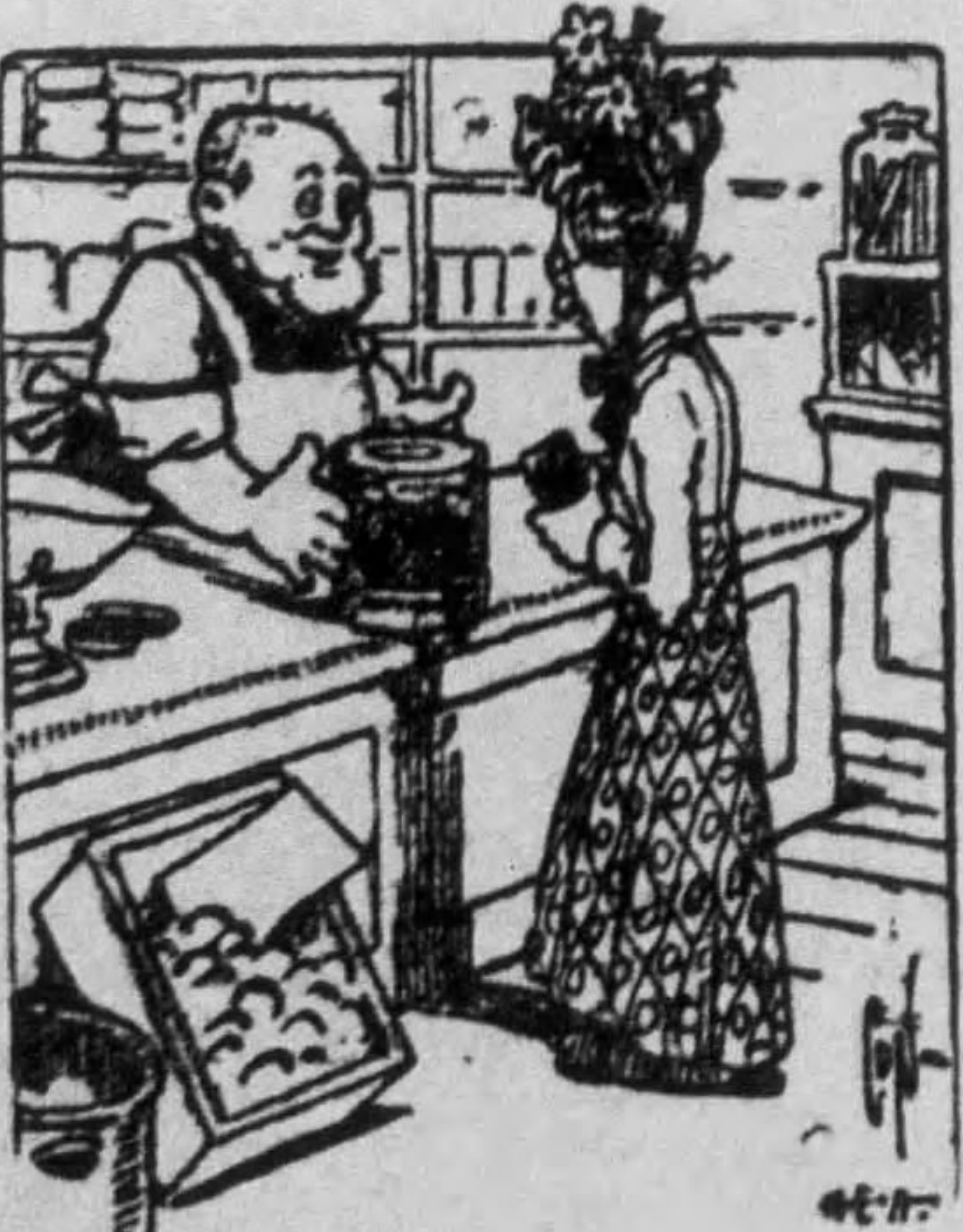


The water must have been good for their troubles, for they certainly did become active when they learned how they had been fooled.

## DOWN ON THE FARM.

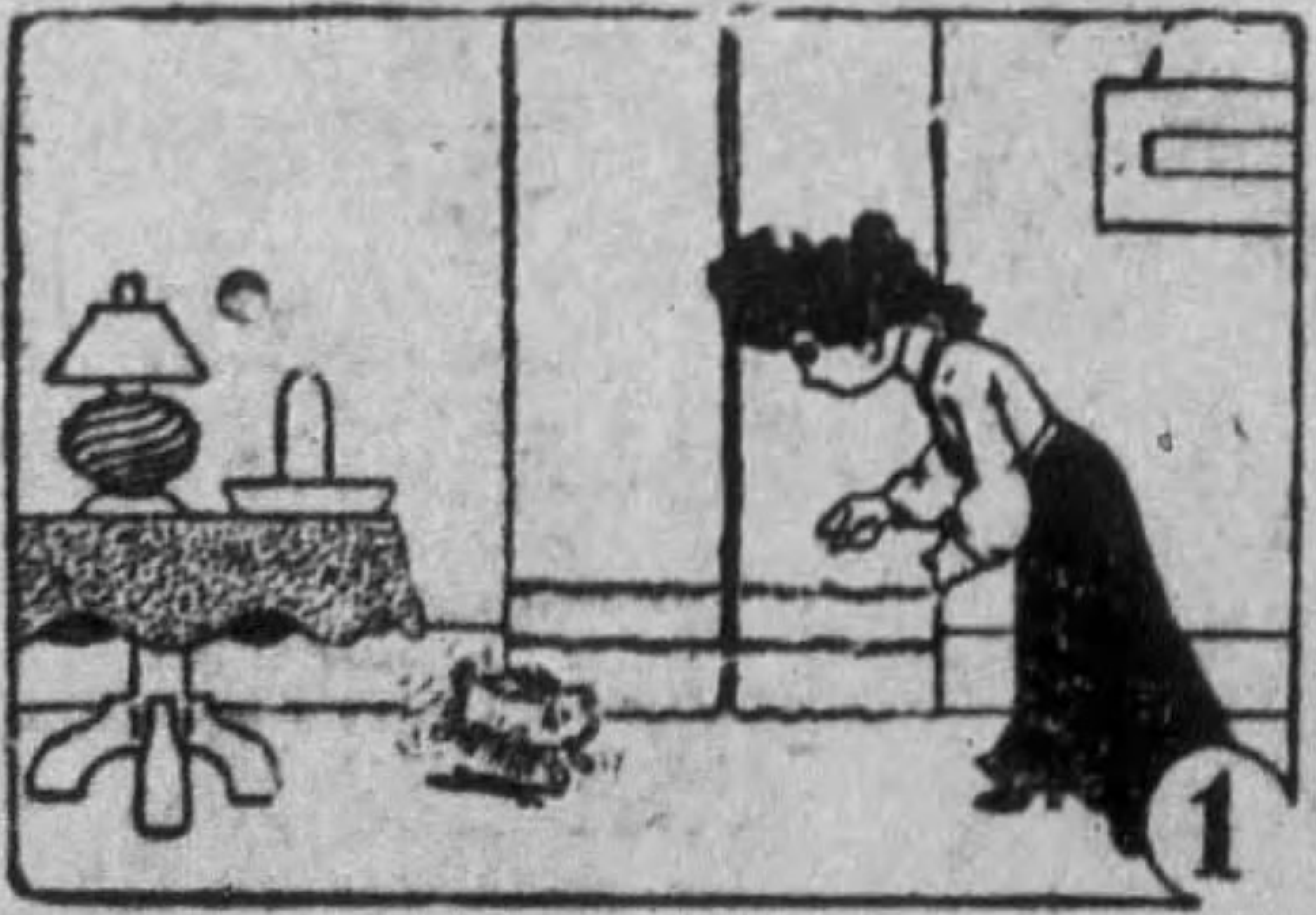


SOWING CLOVER.

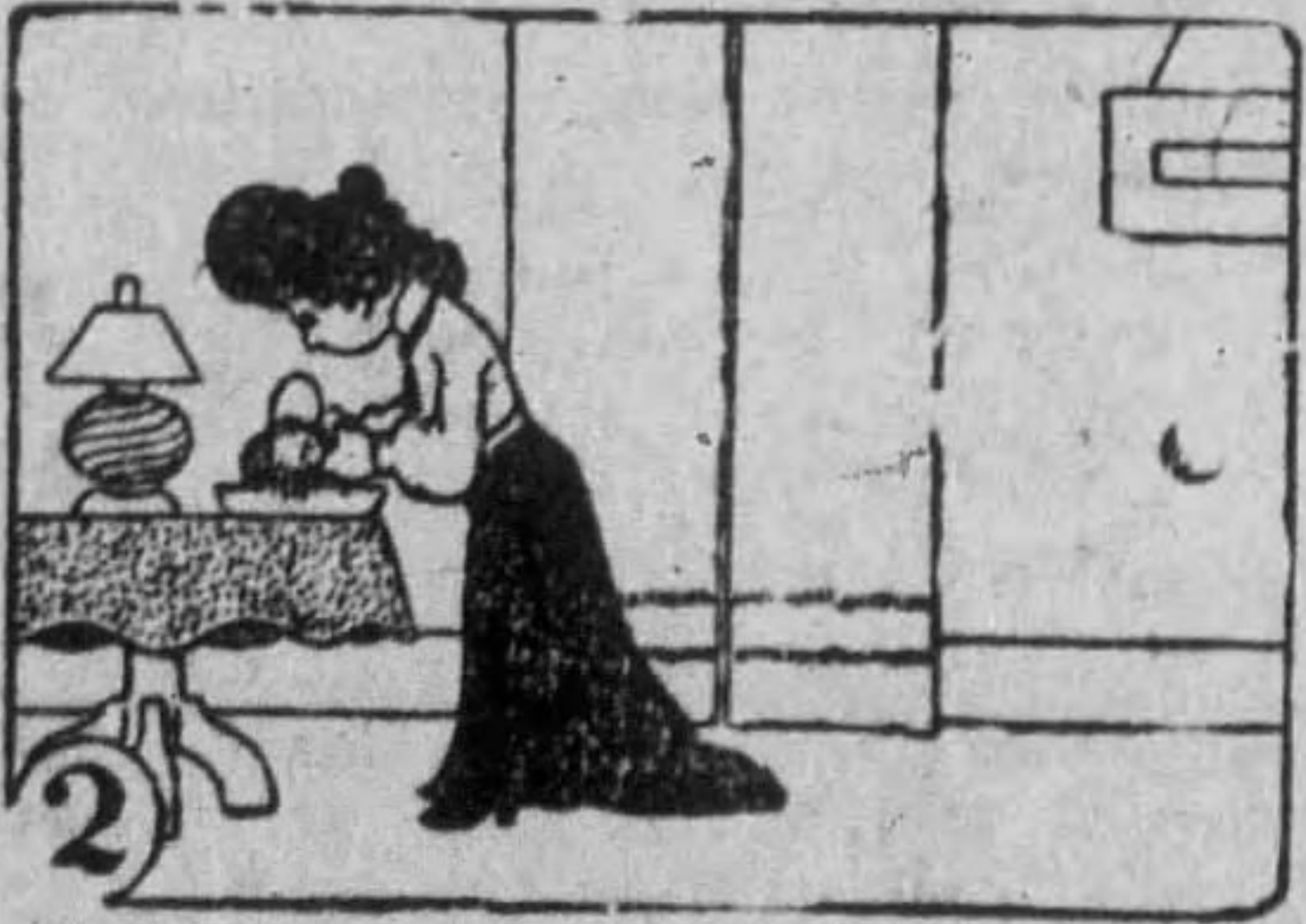


Setting Out the Tomatoes.

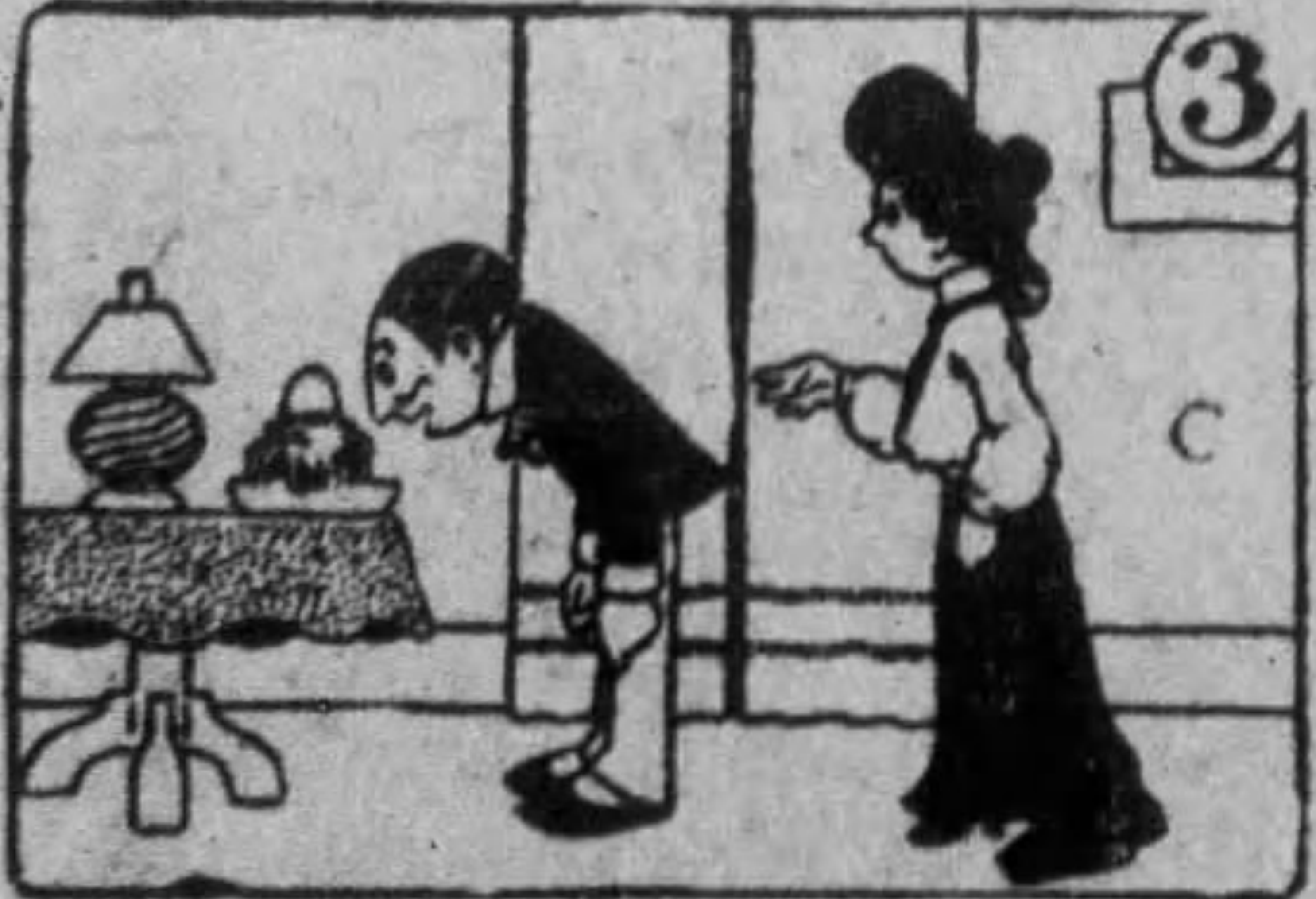
# HOW THE LITTLE CHOW CHOW UPSET ALL OF CUPID'S WORK



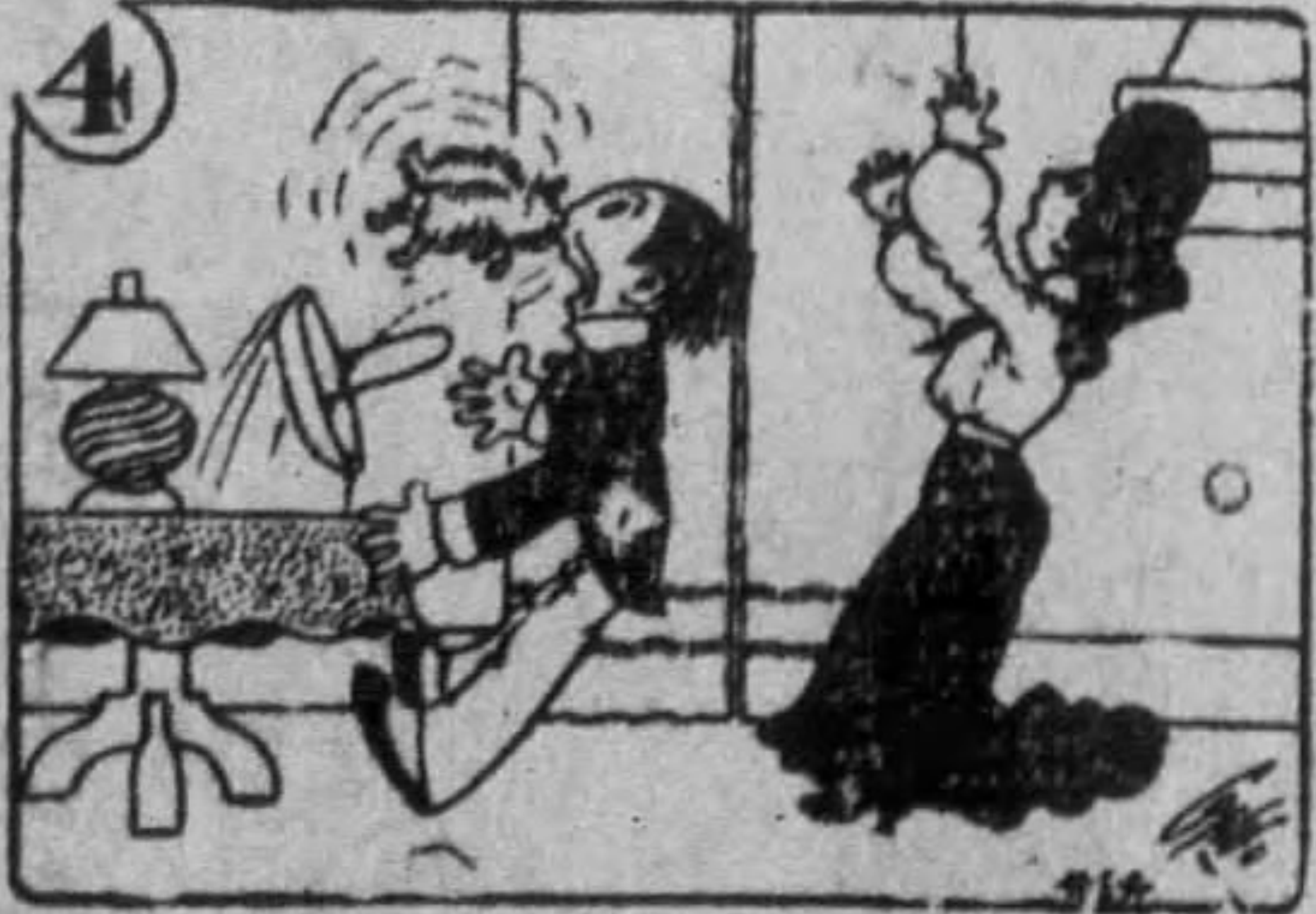
"Oh, you darling little Flossie, come to your Clarisse!"



"You sweet little thing; have a nice little nap up here on the table."

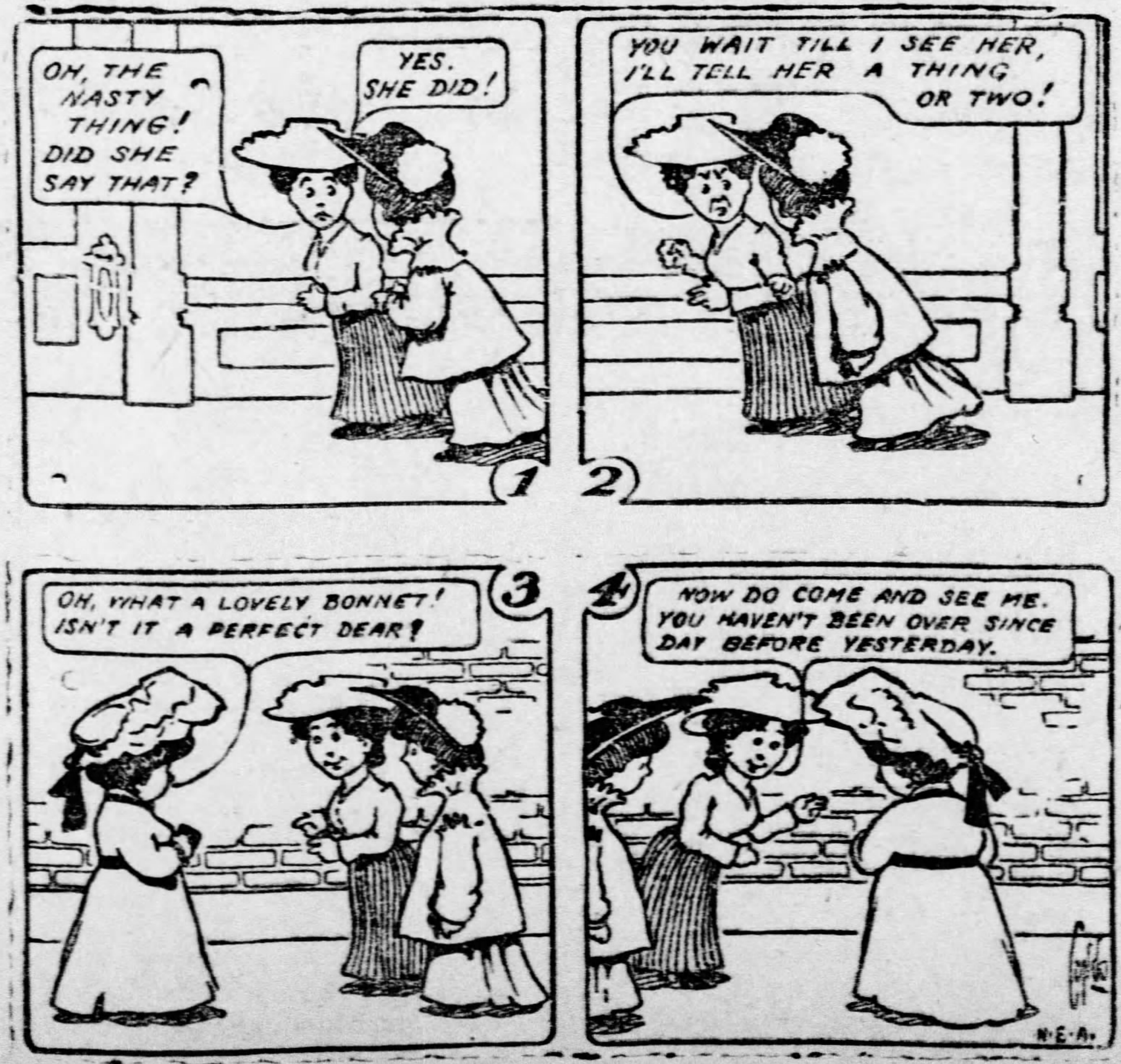


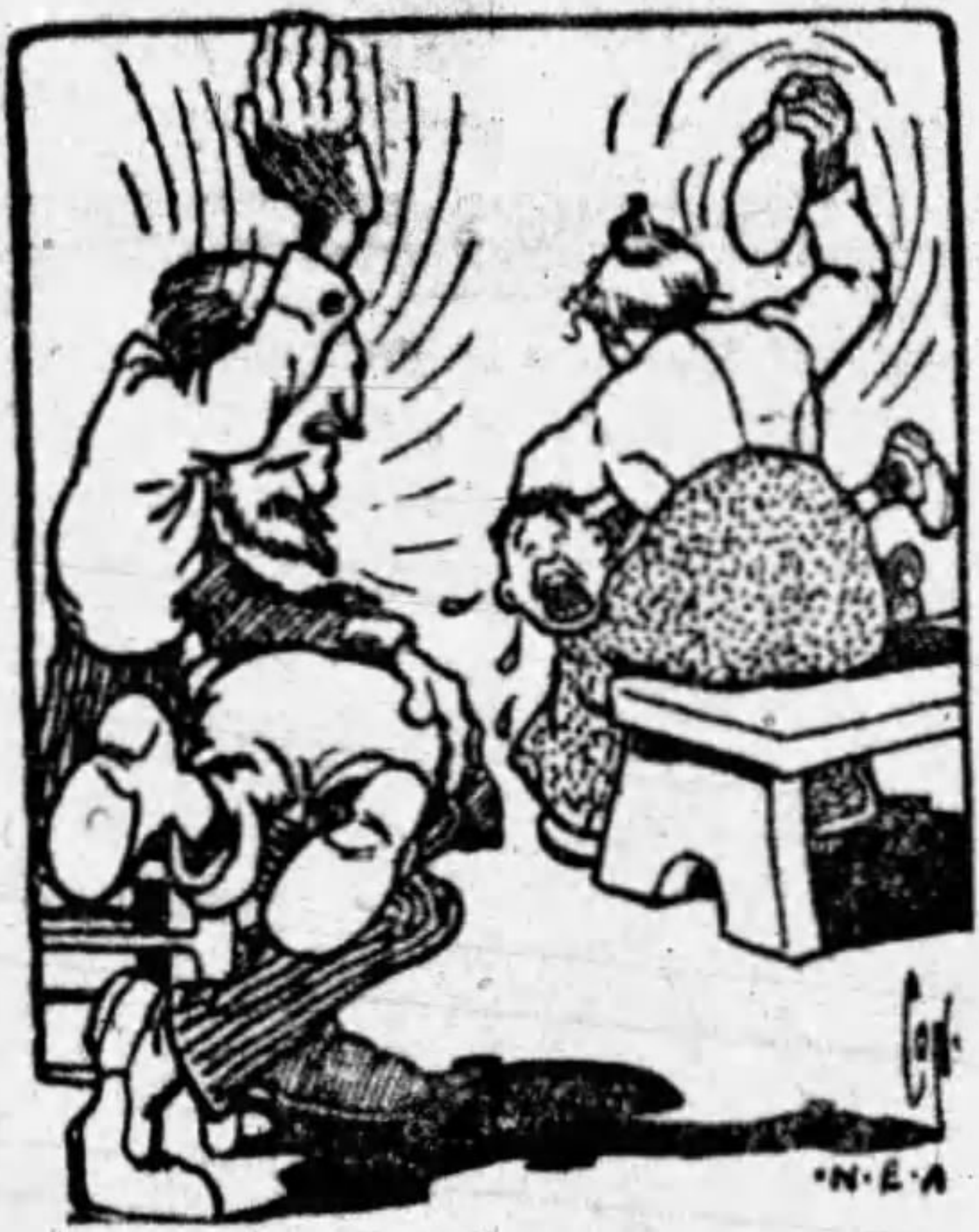
"Oh, Clarisse, what a lovely chrysanthemum you have here—"



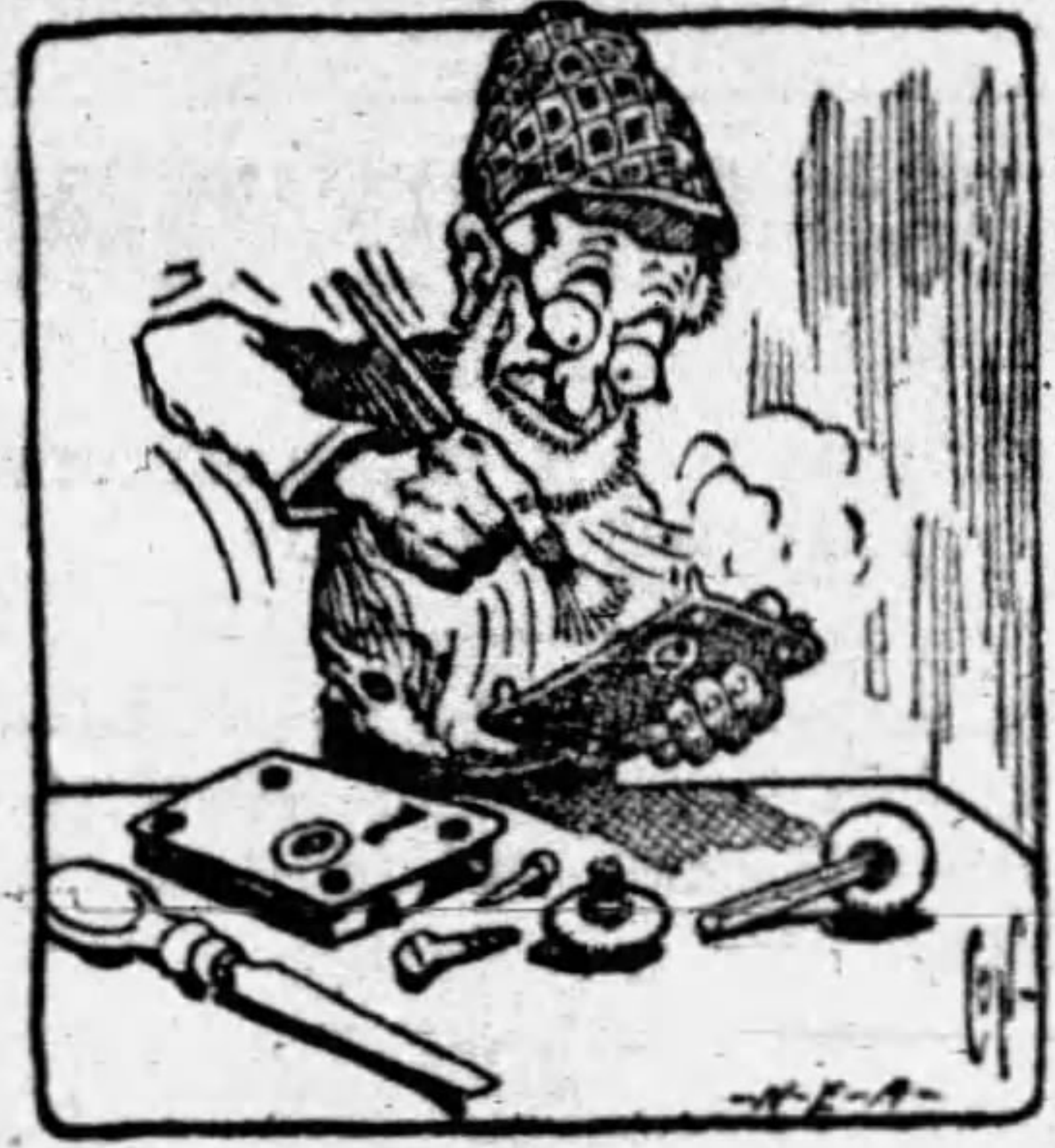
Can you blame Percy for never going back to that house?

# IT BEATS THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL.


1
OH, THE NASTY THING! DID SHE SAY THAT?
YES. SHE DID!
2
YOU WAIT TILL I SEE HER, I'LL TELL HER A THING OR TWO!
3
OH, WHAT A LOVELY BONNET! ISN'T IT A PERFECT DEAR!
4
NOW DO COME AND SEE ME. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OVER SINCE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.
N·E·A·

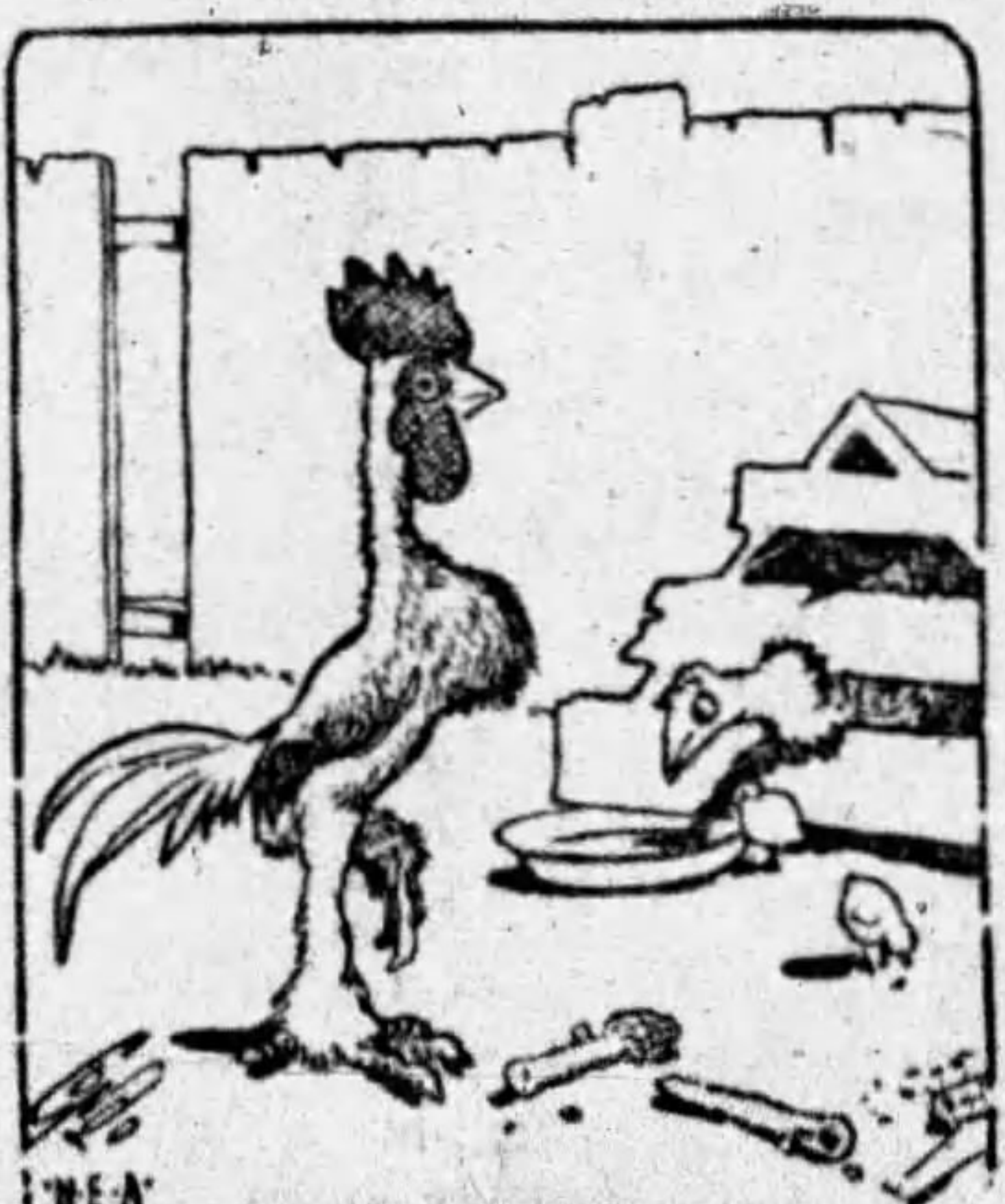


A Spanking Team.



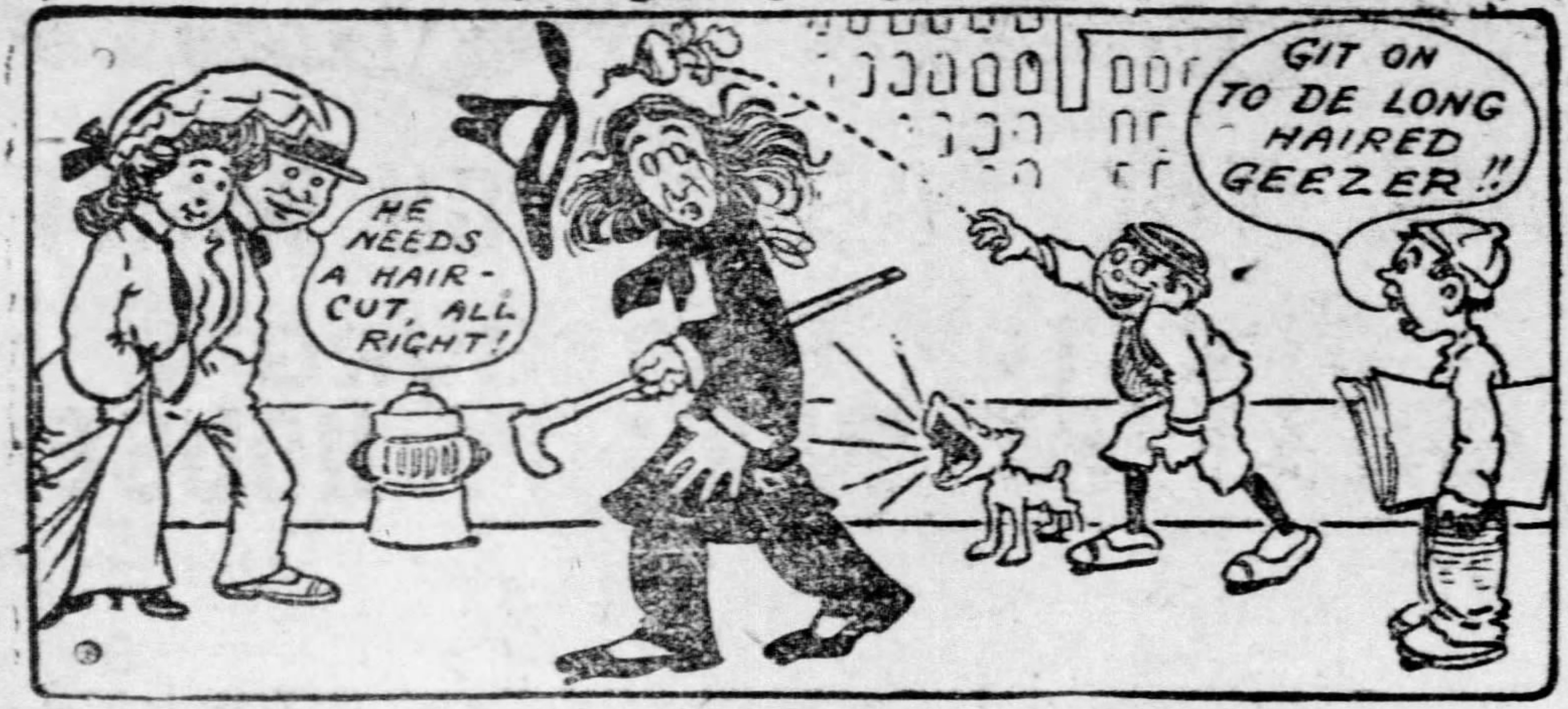
Lon Hootman has got a job on the canal, cleaning the lock.

## Down on the Farm.

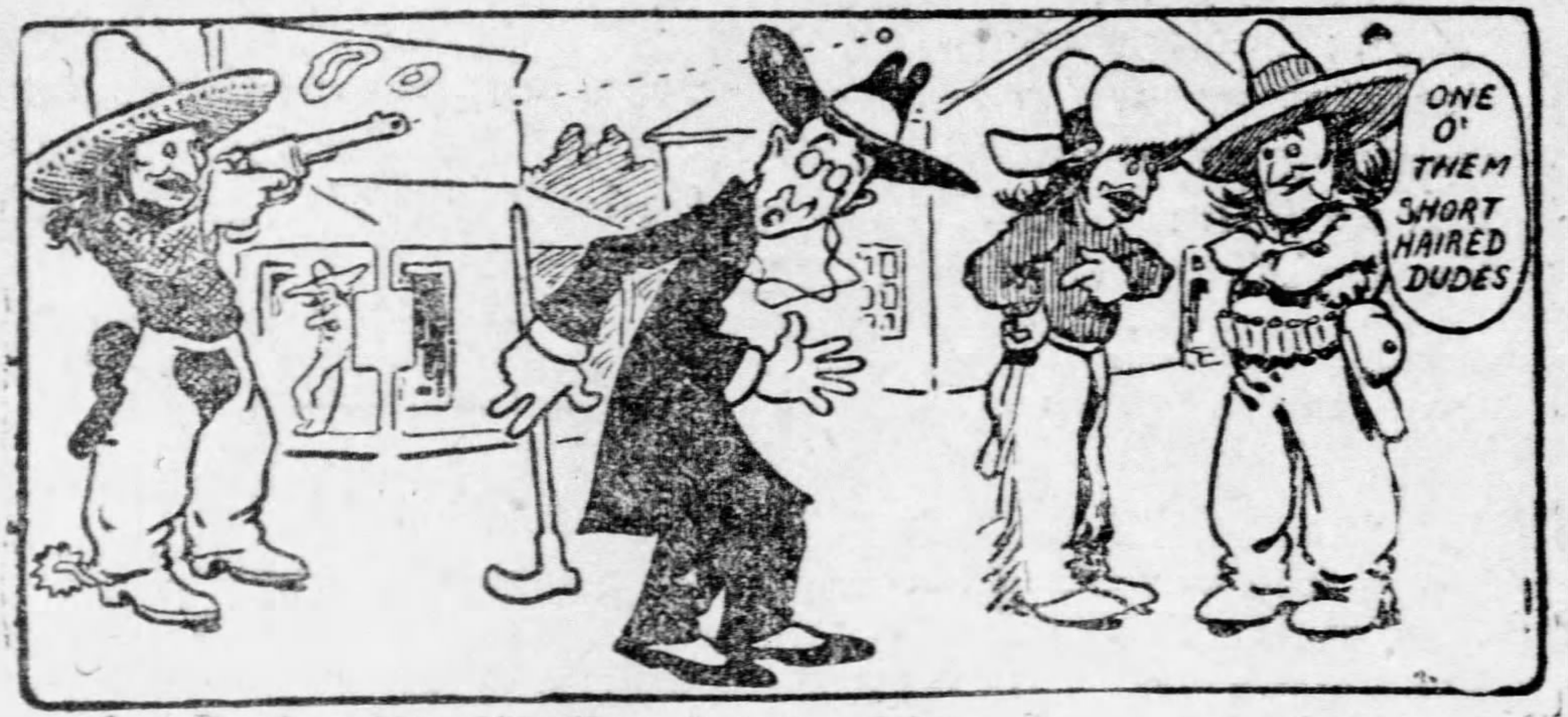


A FULL CROP.

# IT'S HARD TO PLEASE THE WHOLE UNITED STATES.

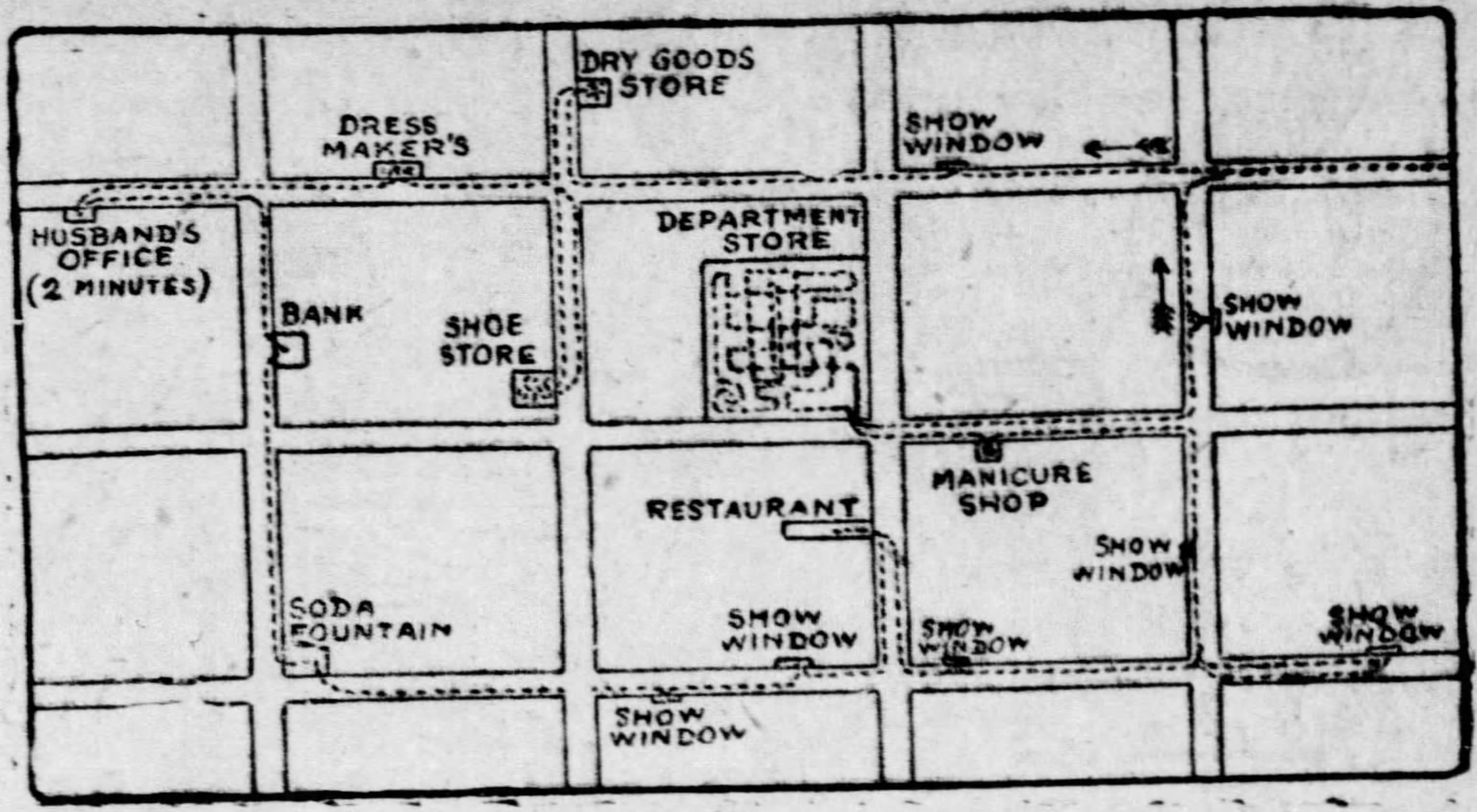

HE NEEDS A HAIR-CUT, ALL RIGHT!
GIT ON TO DE LONG HAIRED GEEZER!!

"My goodness!" said Prof. Bing-Binger. "If they treat me this way here in the East, just because I don't have my hair cut like a convict's, what will they do to me in the rude and woolly West? I'll have it cut short before I go out there on my concert tour."

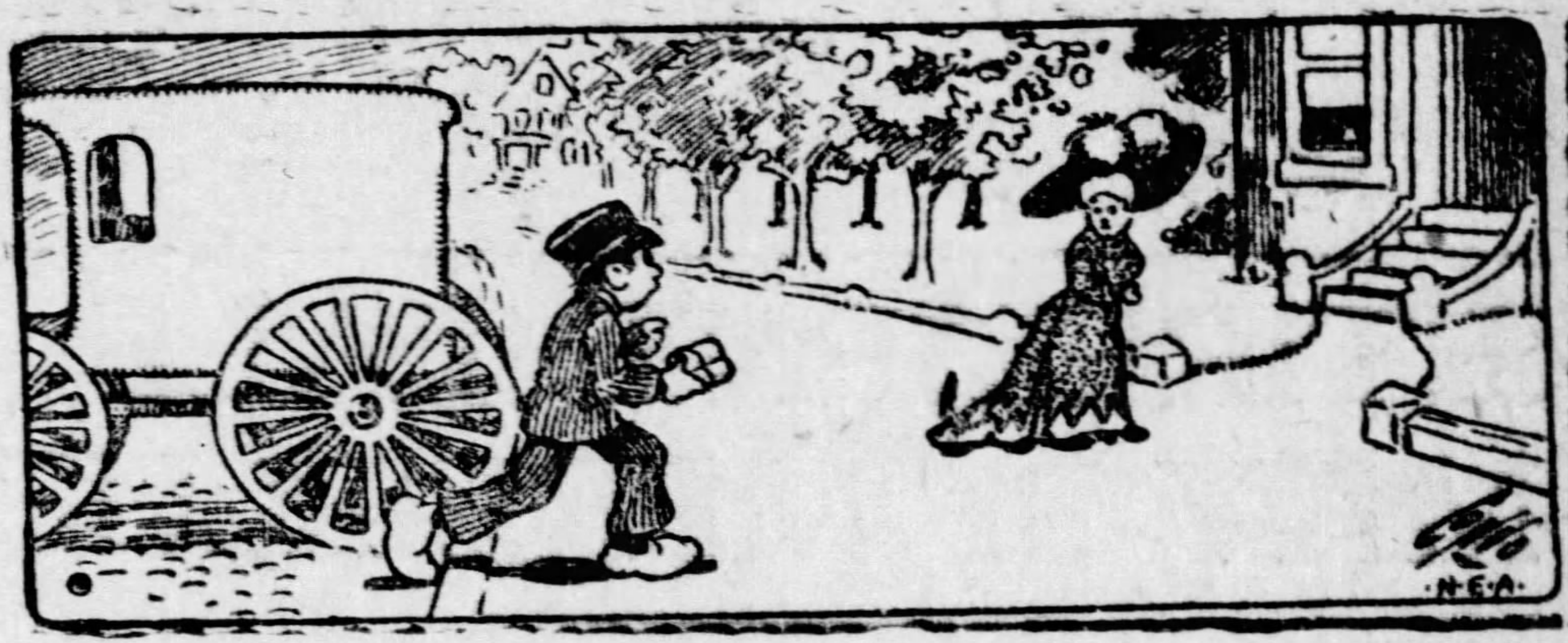

ONE O' THEM SHORT HAIRED DUDES

But he found his long hair would have been just the thing in the rude West.

# SHOPPING IS SUCH A RESPONSIBILITY.

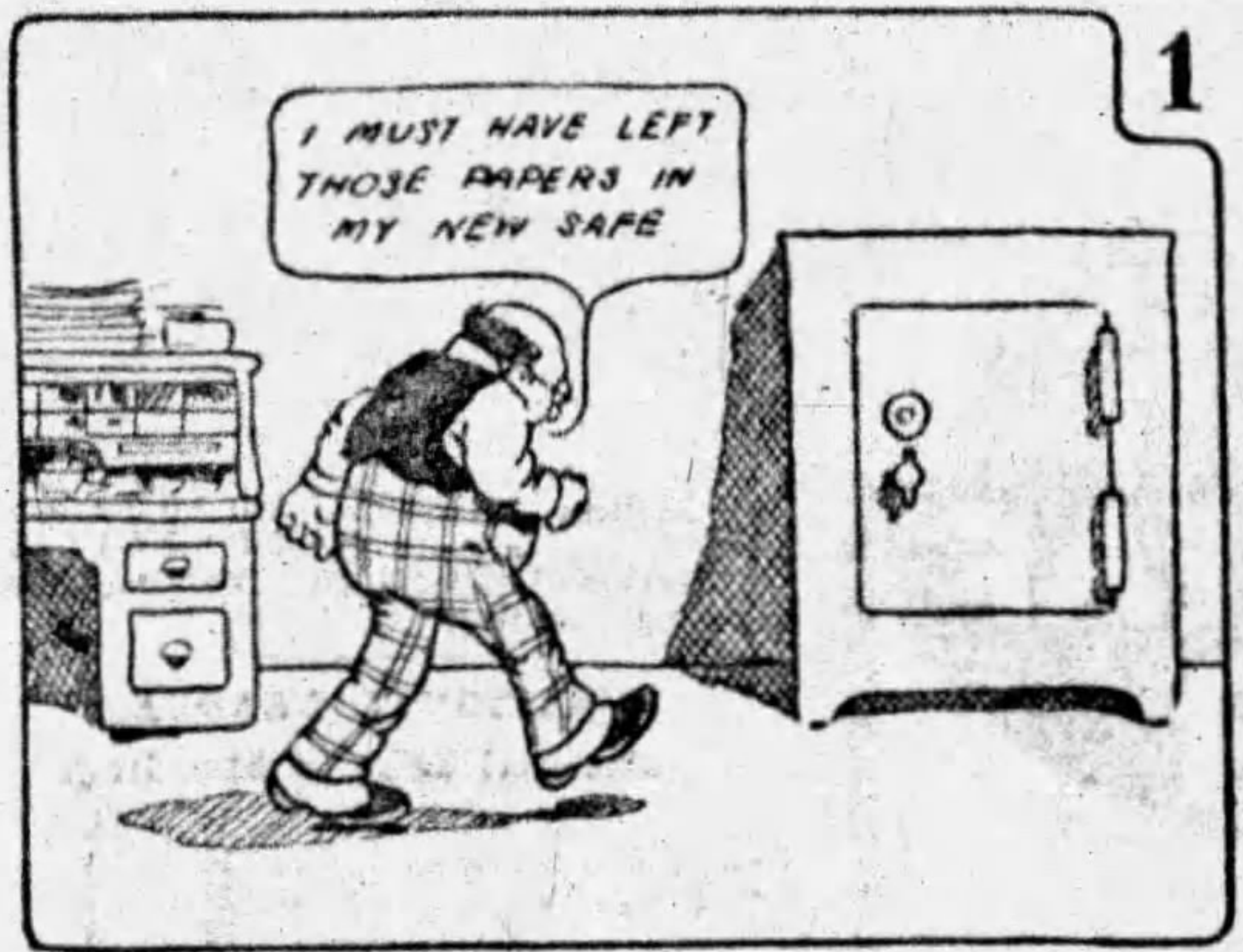

DRY GOODS STORE
DRESS MAKER'S
SHOW WINDOW
HUSBAND'S OFFICE (2 MINUTES)
DEPARTMENT STORE
BANK
SHOE STORE
SHOW WINDOW
MANICURE SHOP
RESTAURANT
SHOW WINDOW
SODA FOUNTAIN
SHOW WINDOW
SHOW WINDOW
SHOW WINDOW
SHOW WINDOW

This diagram shows how busy Jones' wife was from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.

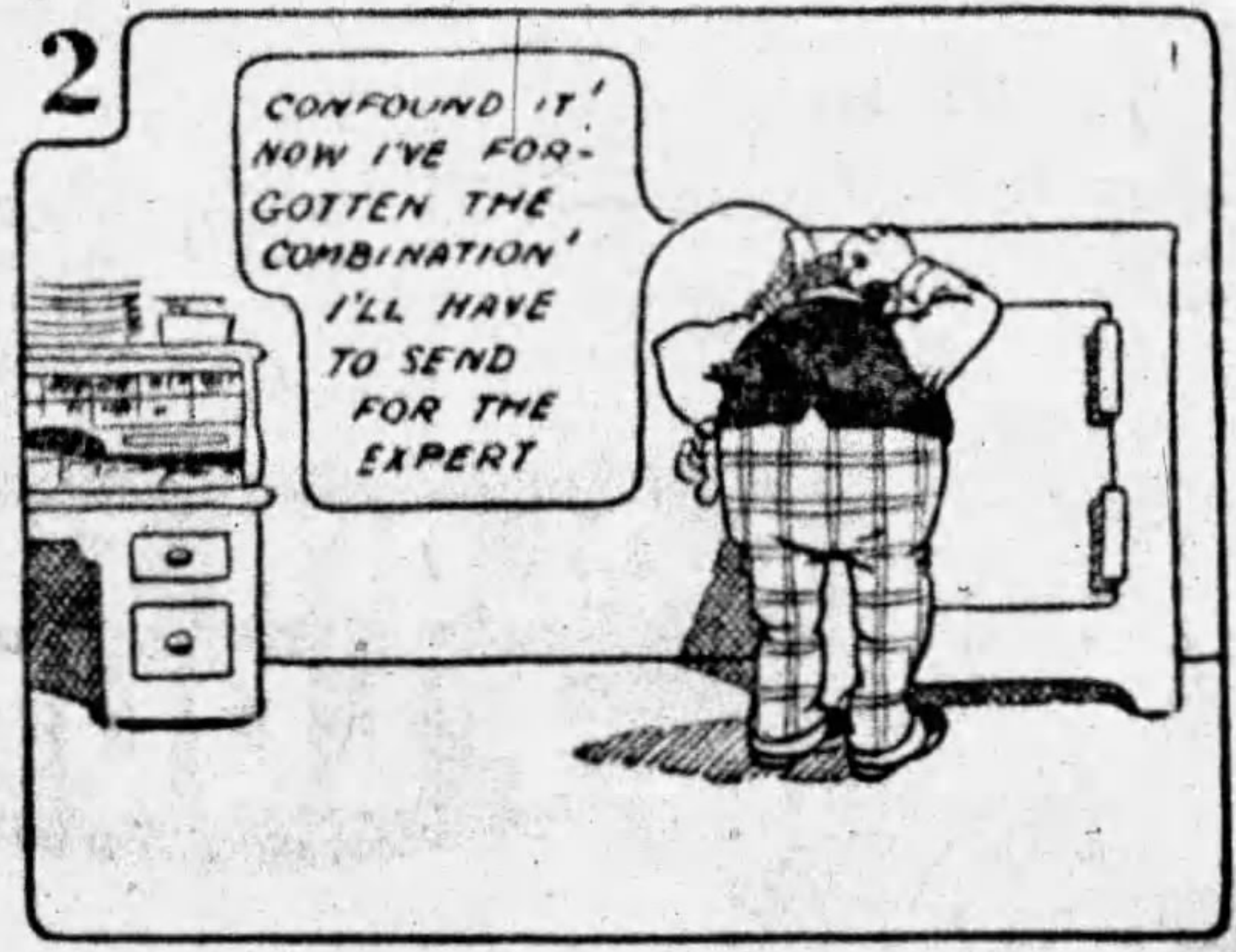


And just as she arrived home, tired and worn out by her task, a wagon backed up and a boy delivered all her purchases—all except those she carried home herself.

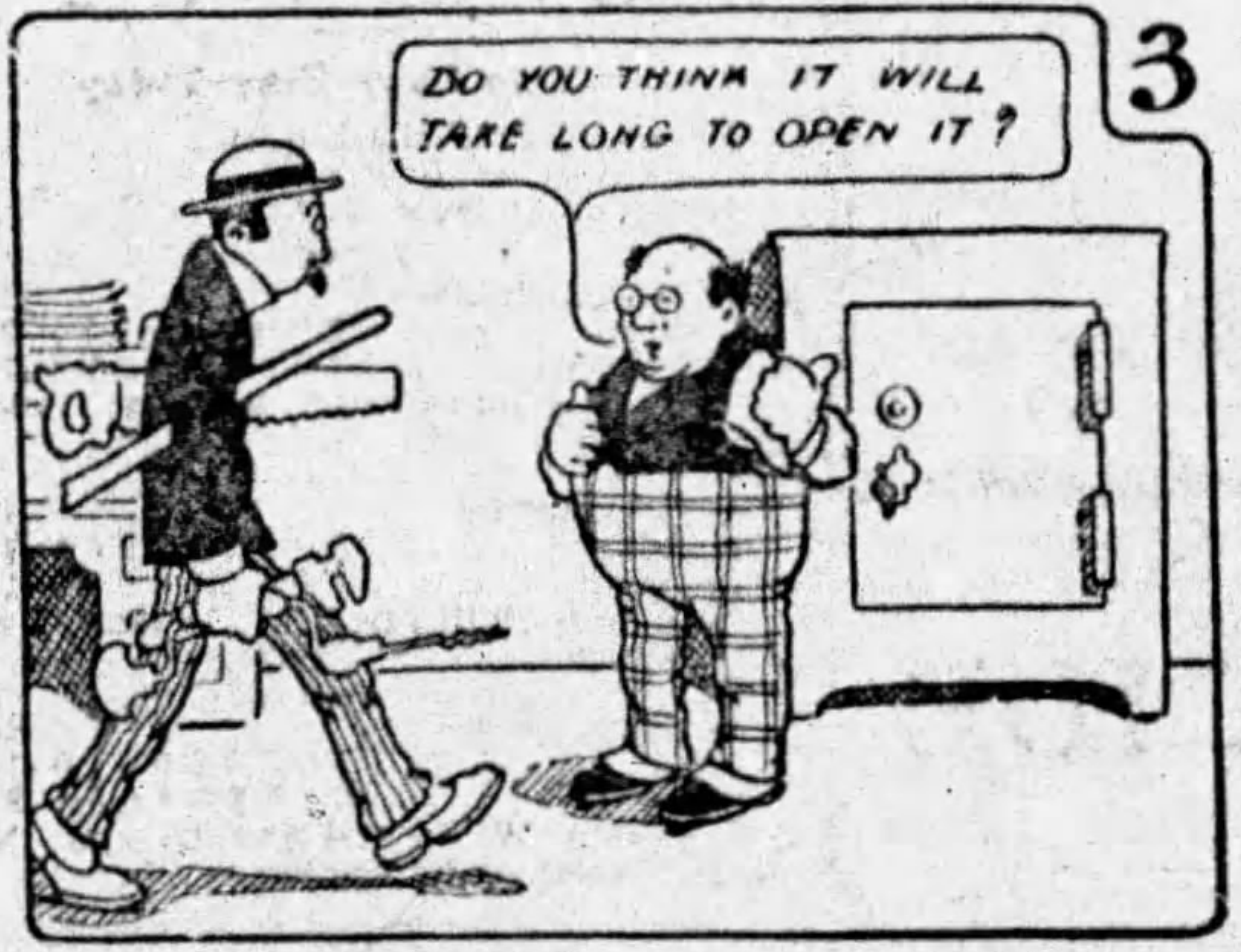
# MR. SHORTHAND HAS THE USUAL EXPERIENCE.


1
I MUST HAVE LEFT THOSE PAPERS IN MY NEW SAFE

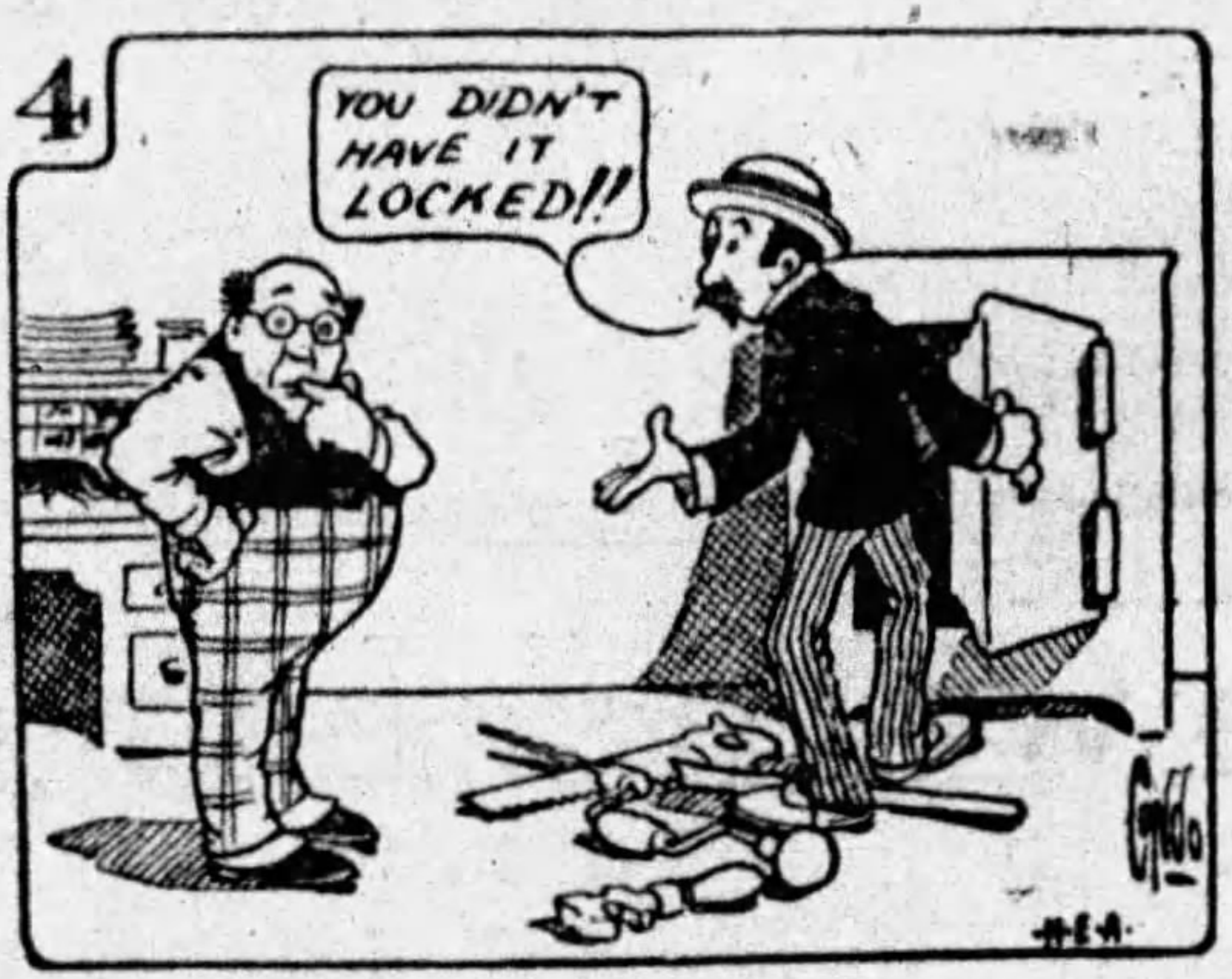
As he had just bought the safe, of course the papers were in it.


2
CONFOUND IT! NOW I'VE FORGOTTEN THE COMBINATION! I'LL HAVE TO SEND FOR THE EXPERT

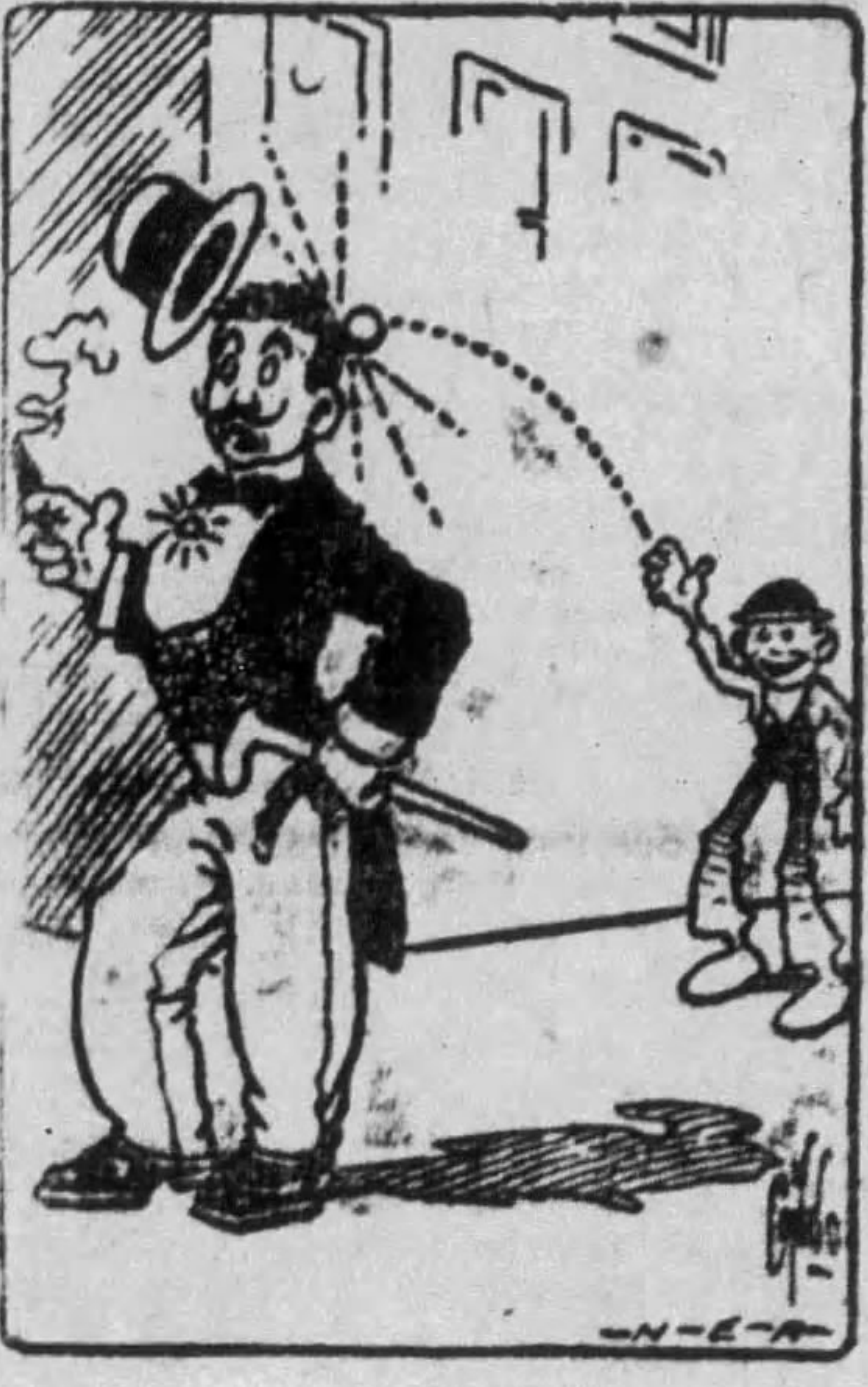
The worst of forgetting the combination was that even it was locked up in the safe.


3
DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE LONG TO OPEN IT?

The expert came with a wagon load of tools.

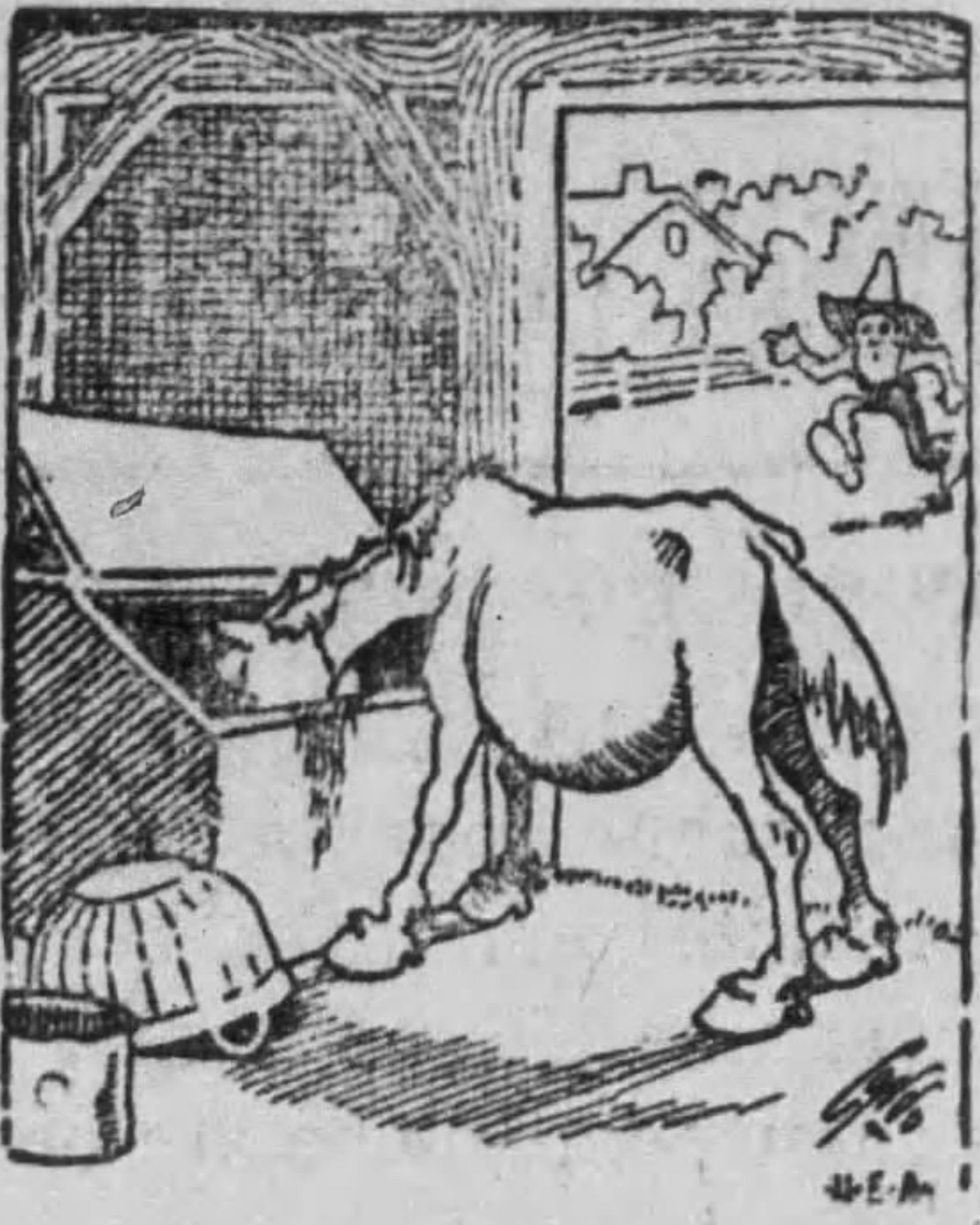

4
YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT LOCKED!!
Condo
NEA

Though it was a short job, the expert's bill was long enough.



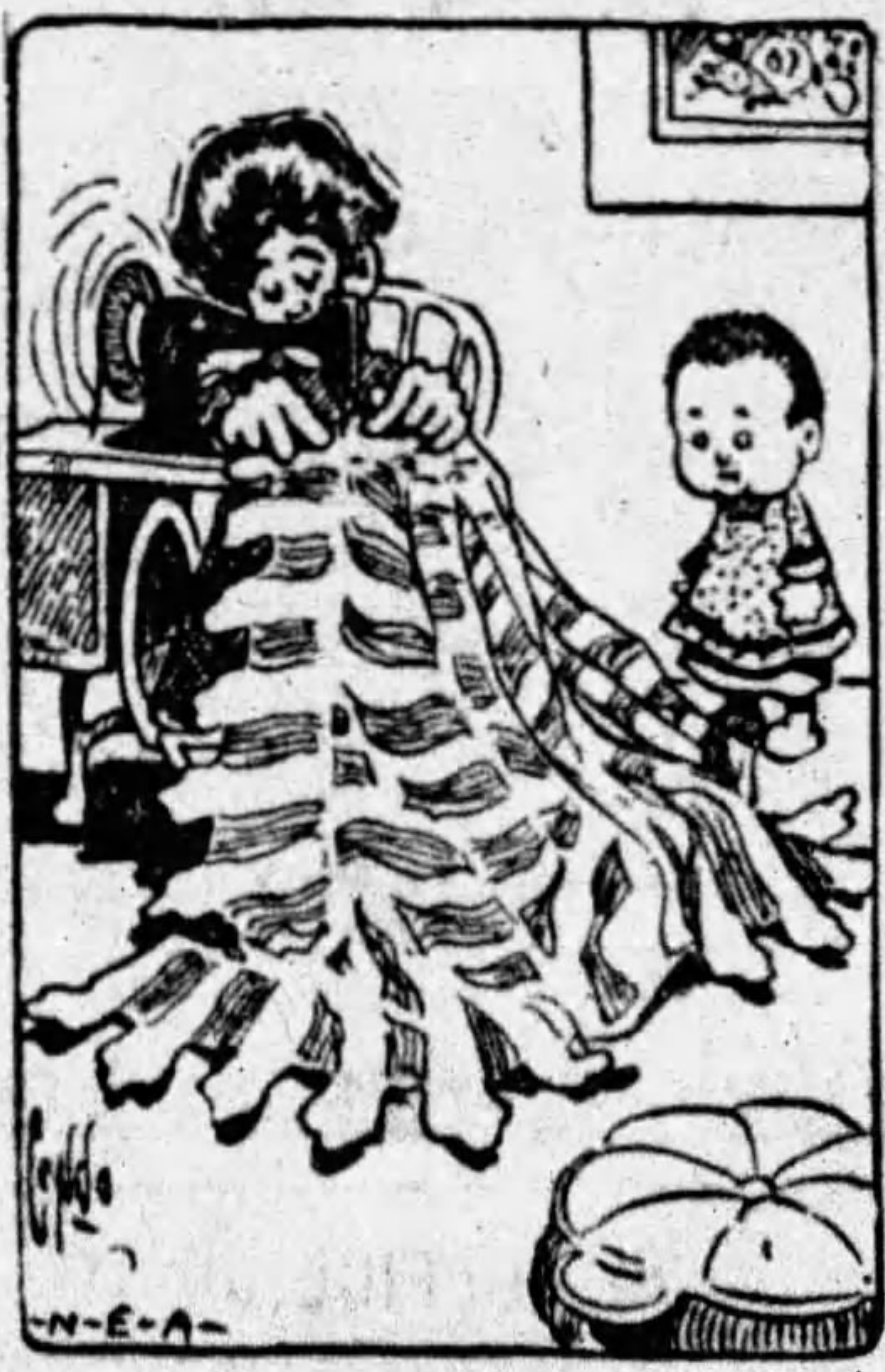
Striking a Pose.

# DOWN ON THE FARM

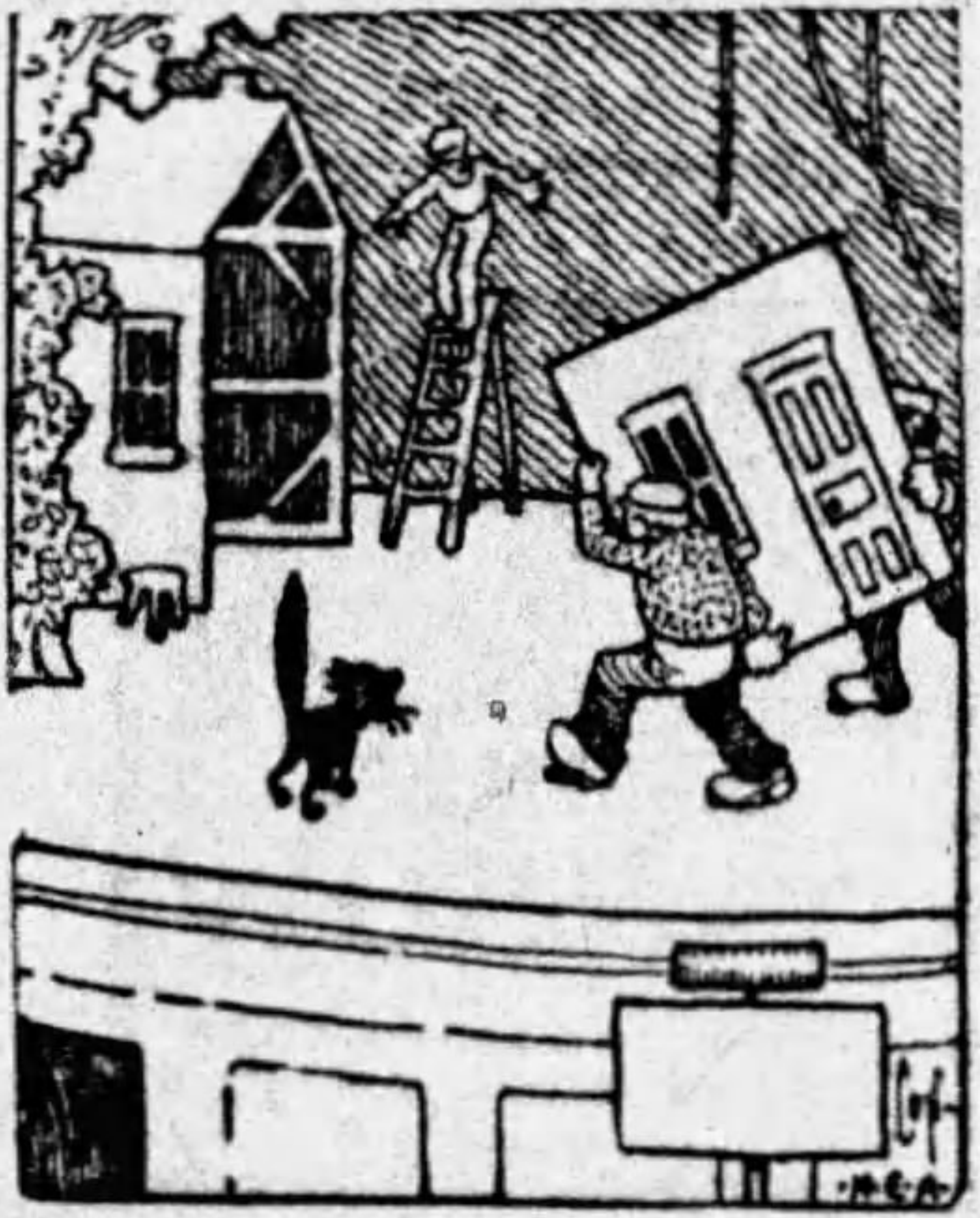


Putting in His Oats.

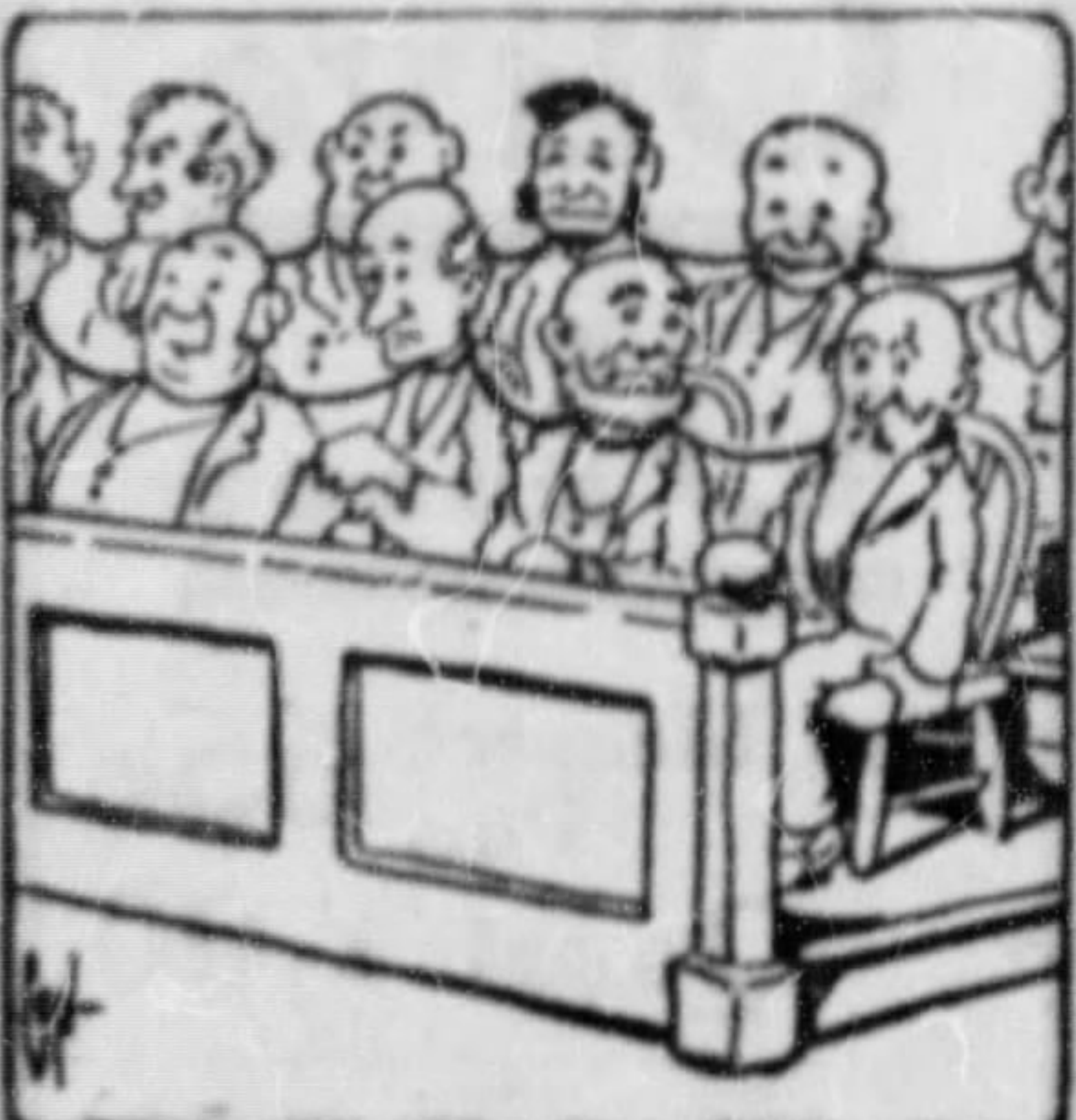
## Hot Political News.



MAKING A CANVAS.

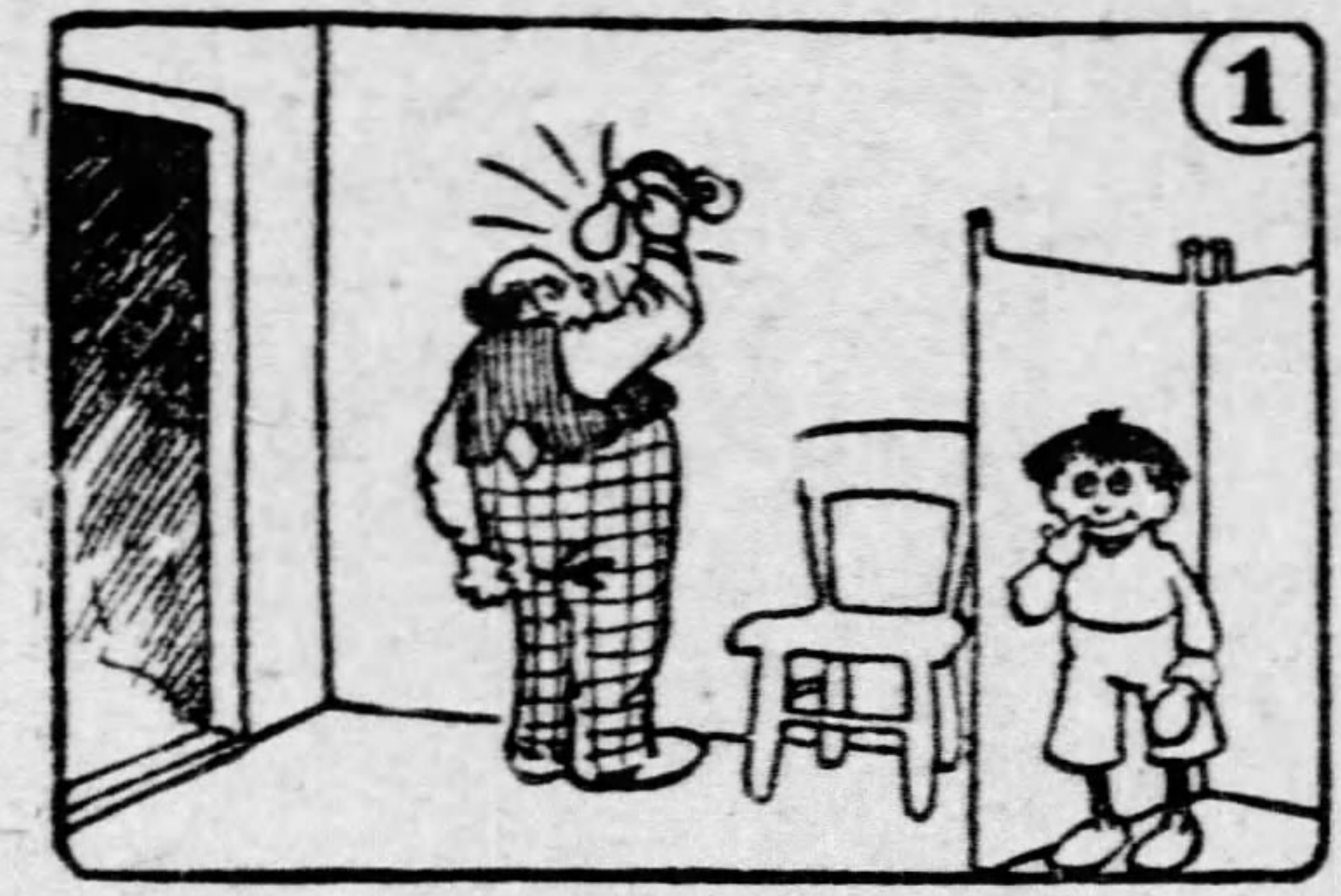


Creating a Scene.

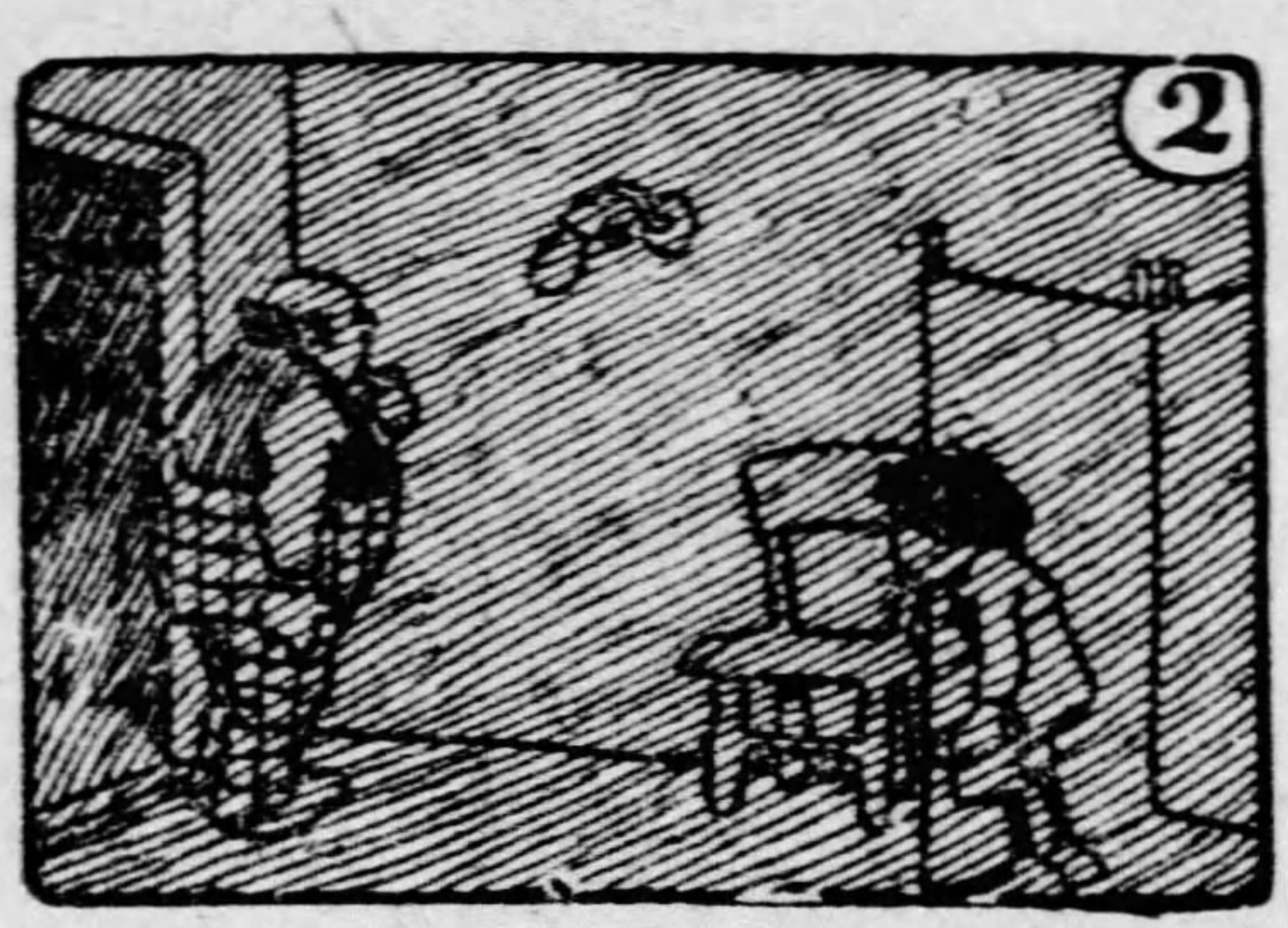


THE JURY WAS TIED.

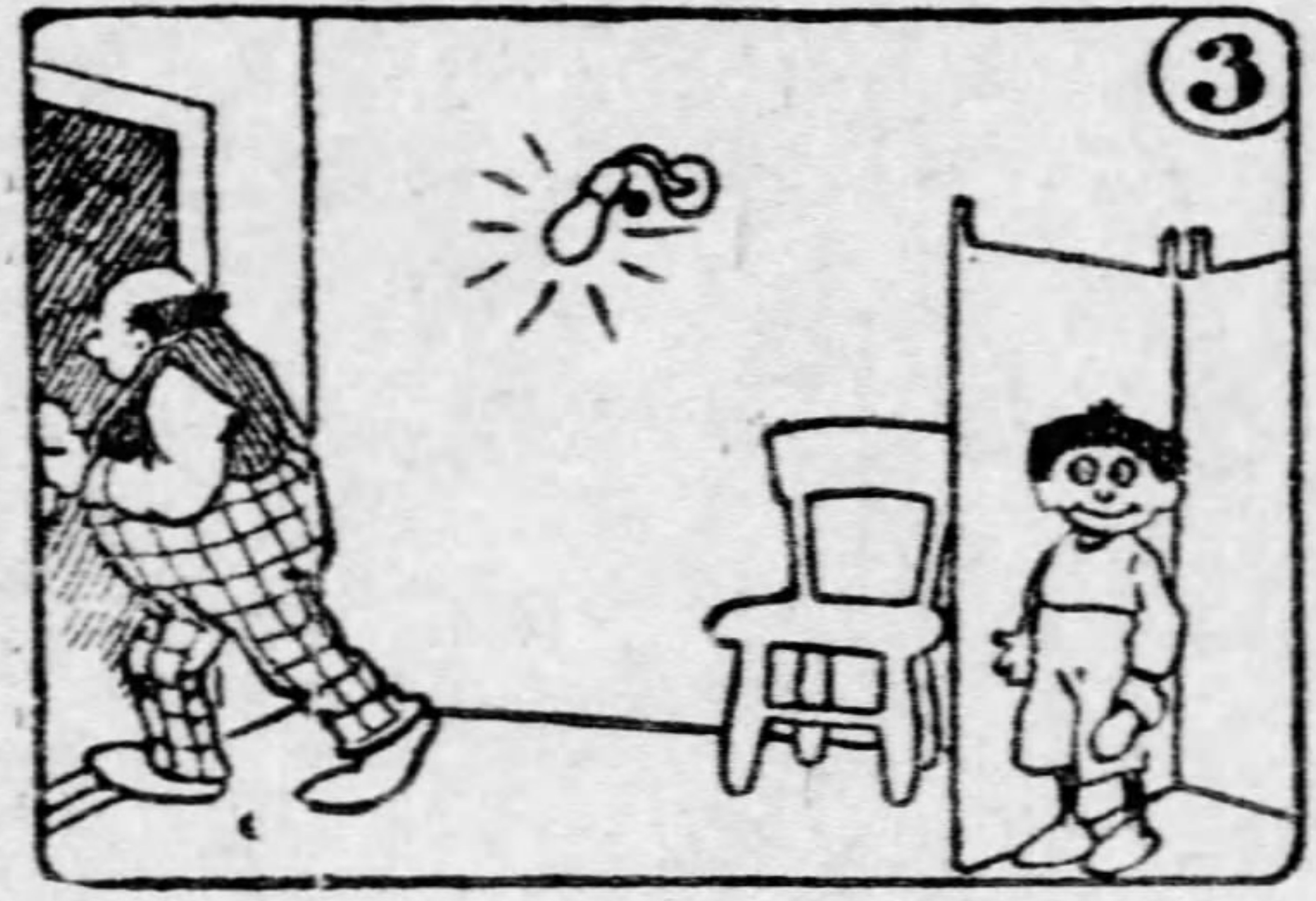
# BAD BOY TOMMY'S TRICK



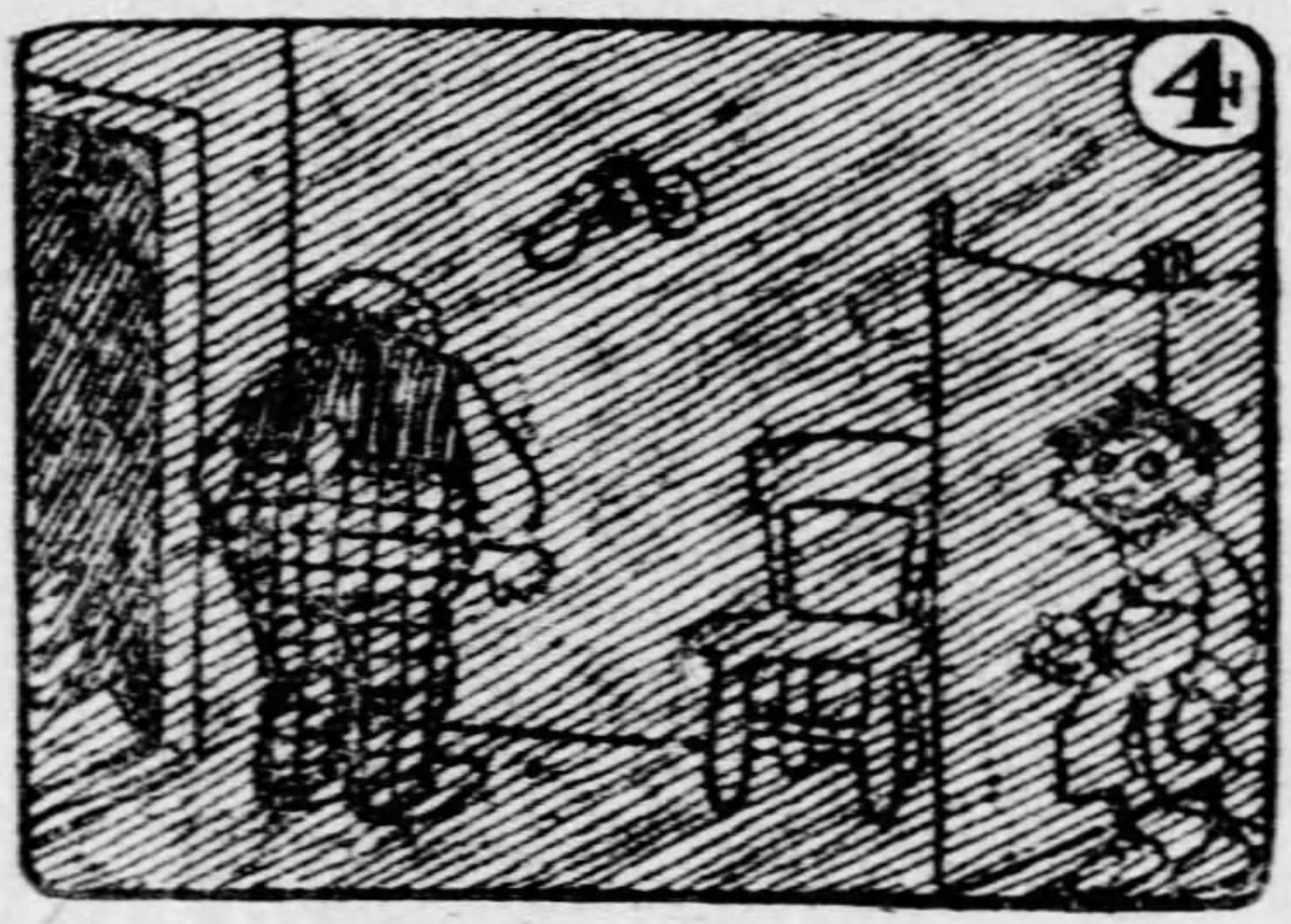
"I'll fool gran'pa. I'll put this broken bulb up there when he goes out."



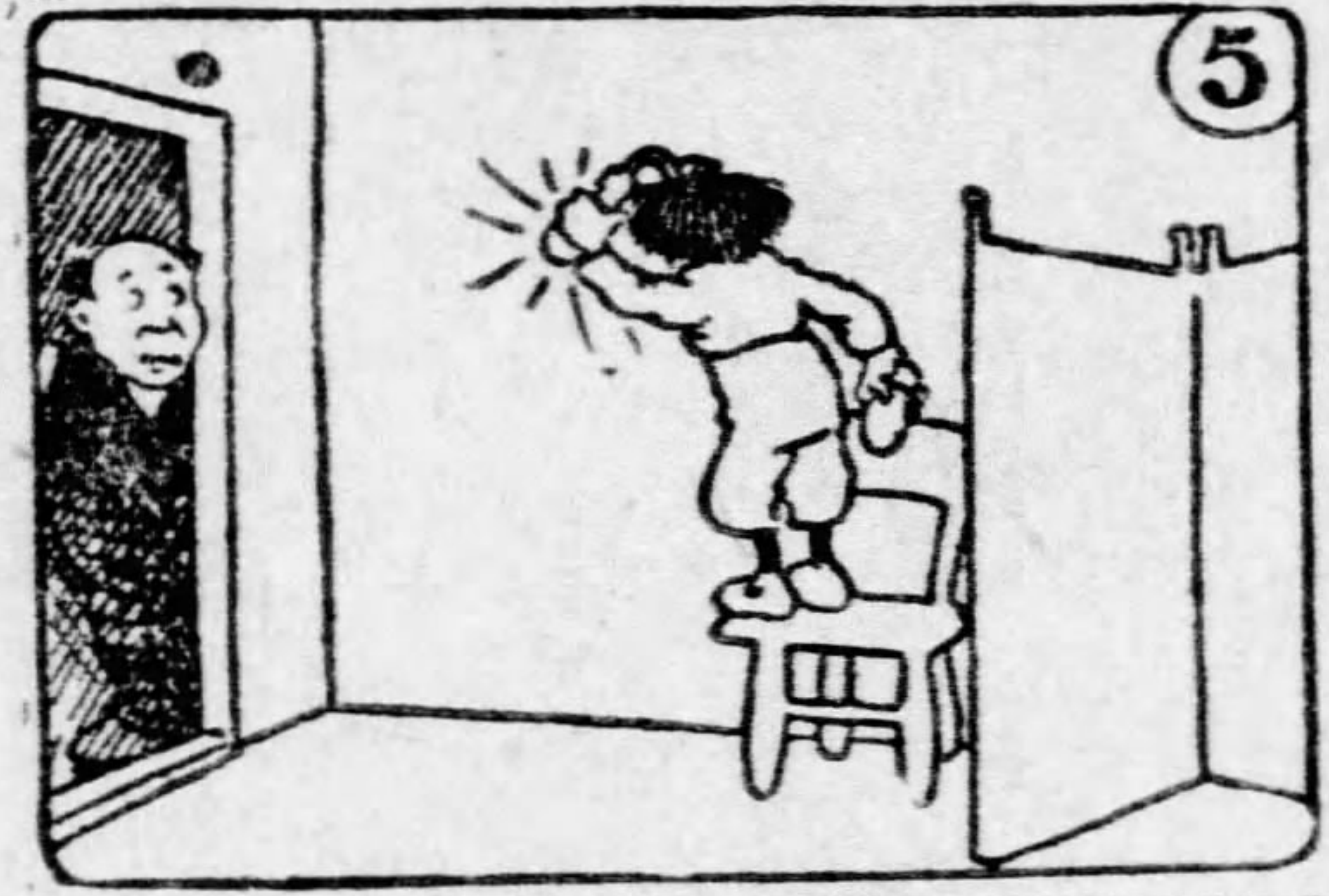
"Well, that's funny," said grandpa when he returned. "That bulb must have burned out just as I left the room. I'll get a new one."



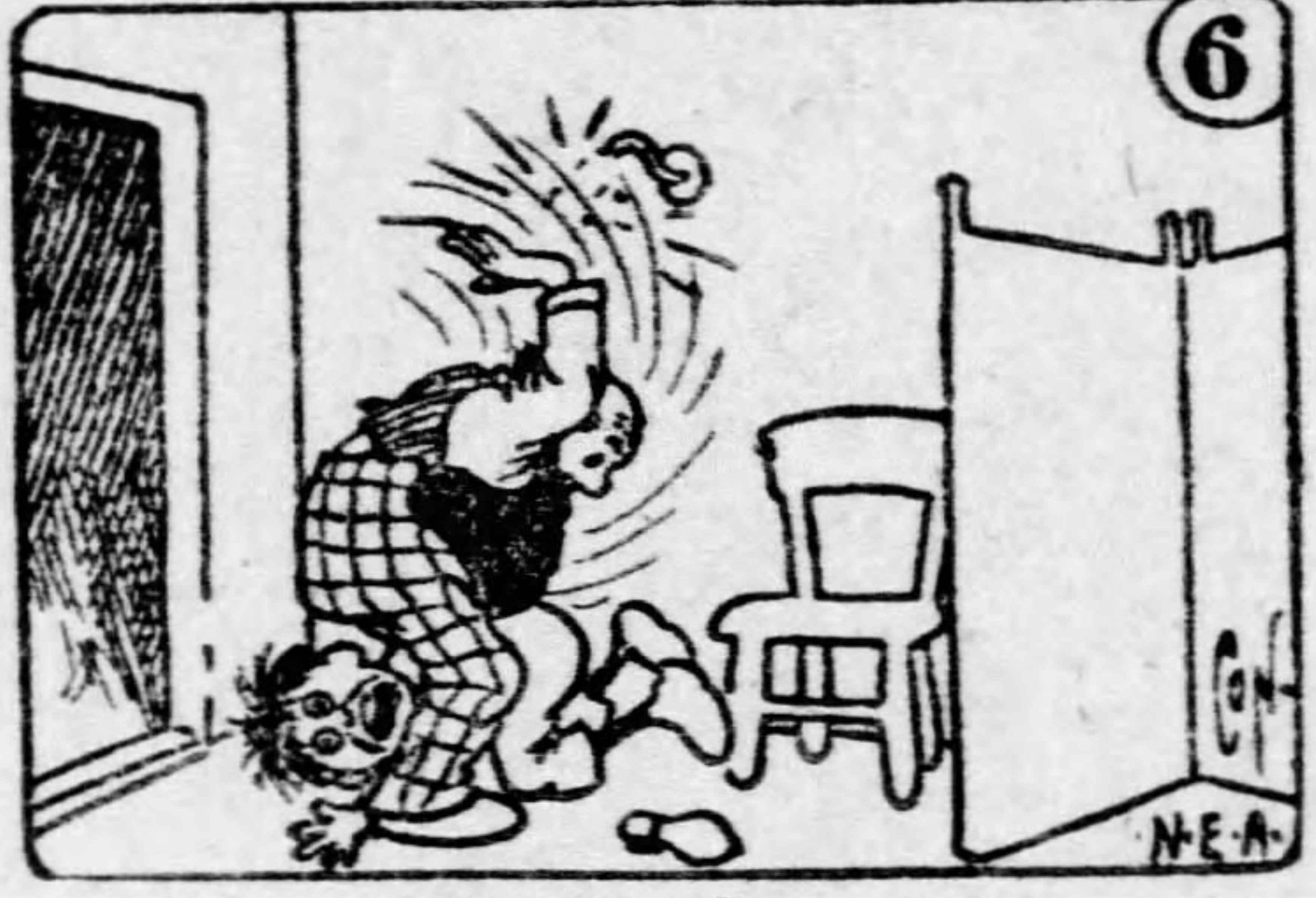
While grandpa was gone little Tommy took out the broken bulb and put in the good one. "That beats me," declared grandpa. "I was sure that bulb was broken. I won't need this new bulb after all."



While grandpa was taking the new bulb back to the library Tommy again put in the broken bulb. "This beats me," muttered grandpa. "I guess I'll go and get a good bulb."

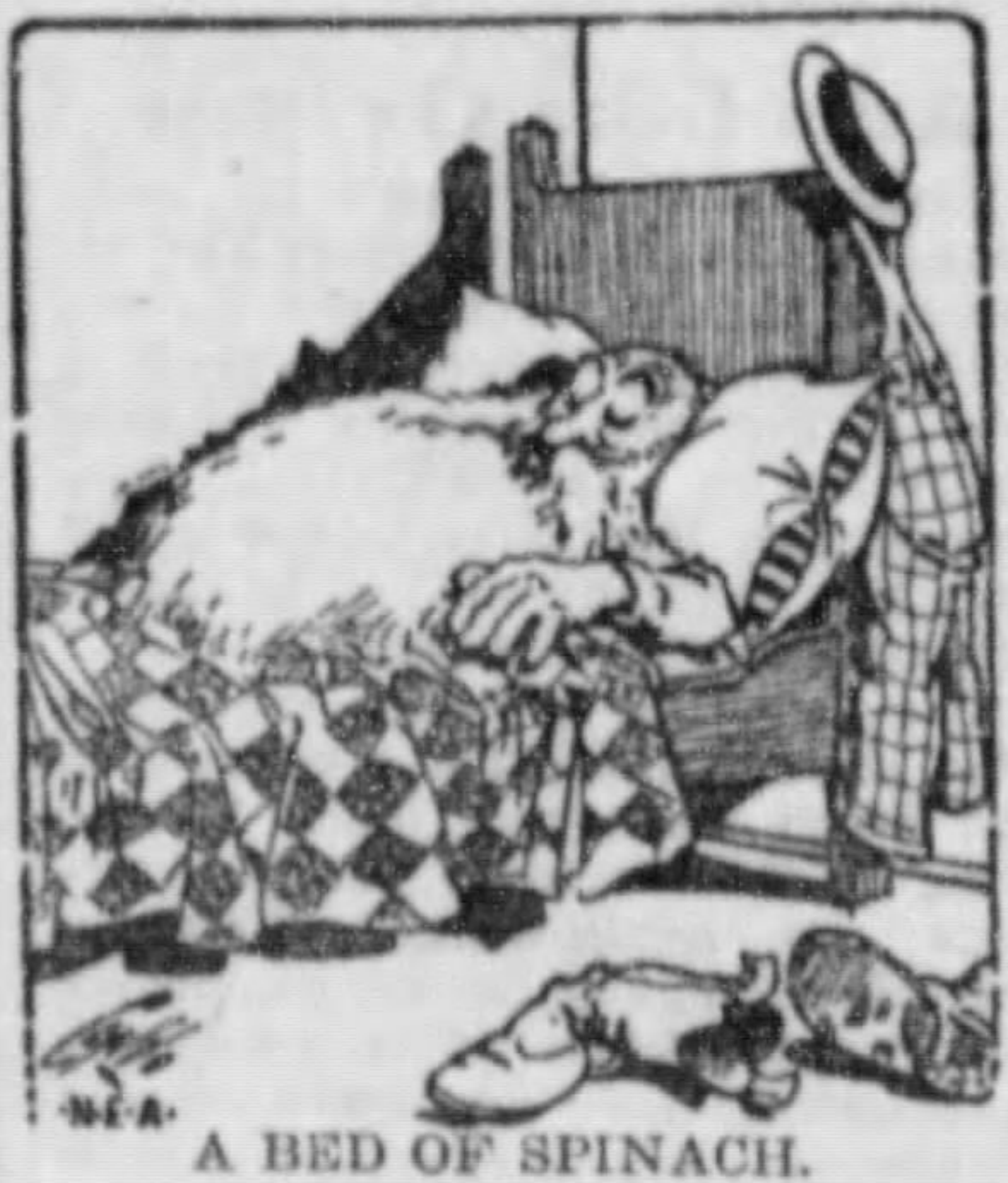


"I guess I'll watch things first," said grandpa.



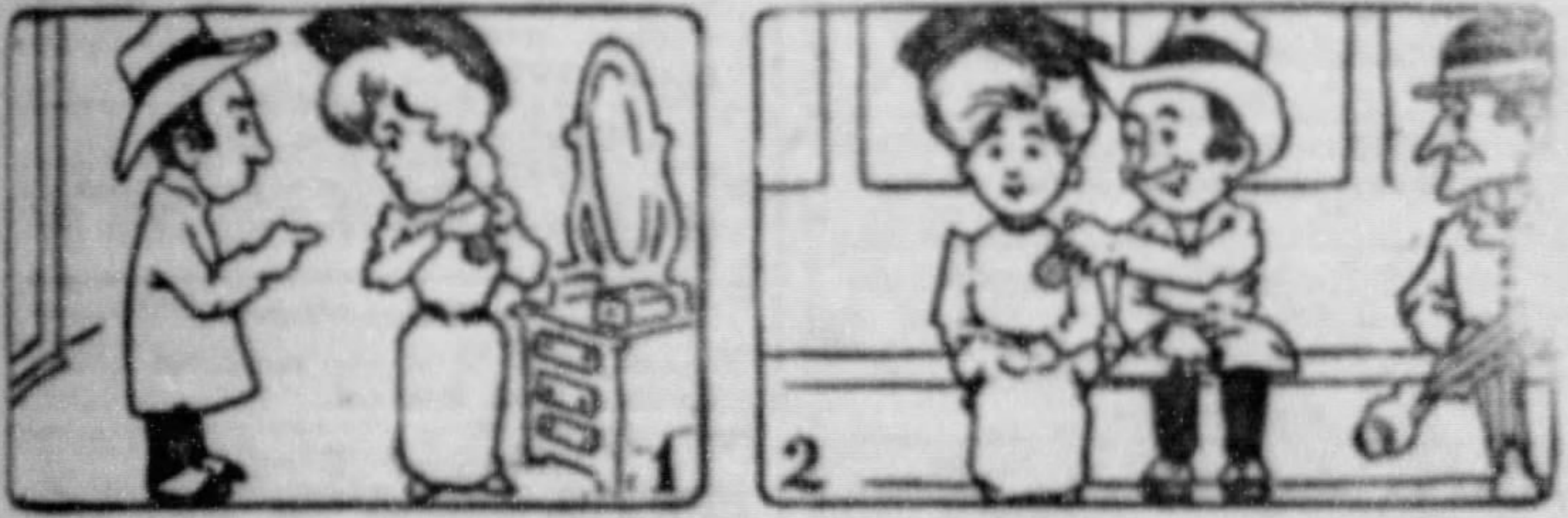
"You will fool your old grandfather, will you?"

# DOWN ON THE FARM.



A BED OF SPINACH.

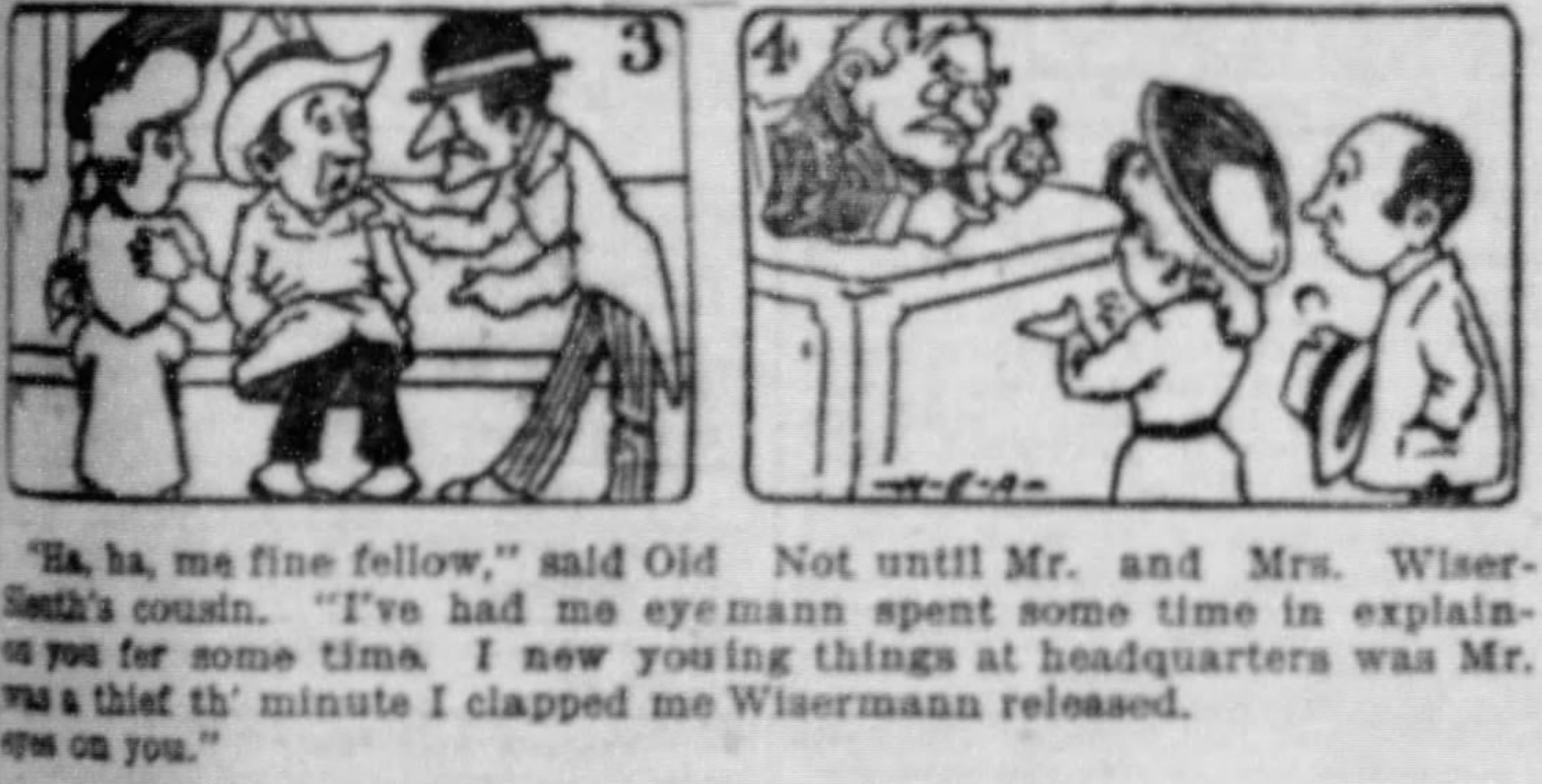
## A WISERMANN'S TRICK FAILED.



"I wouldn't wear that watch up there, my dear. Some sneak will be sure to steal it," said Mr. Wisermann.

"Oh, no, John. Nobody could steal it. I have my eye on it all the time."

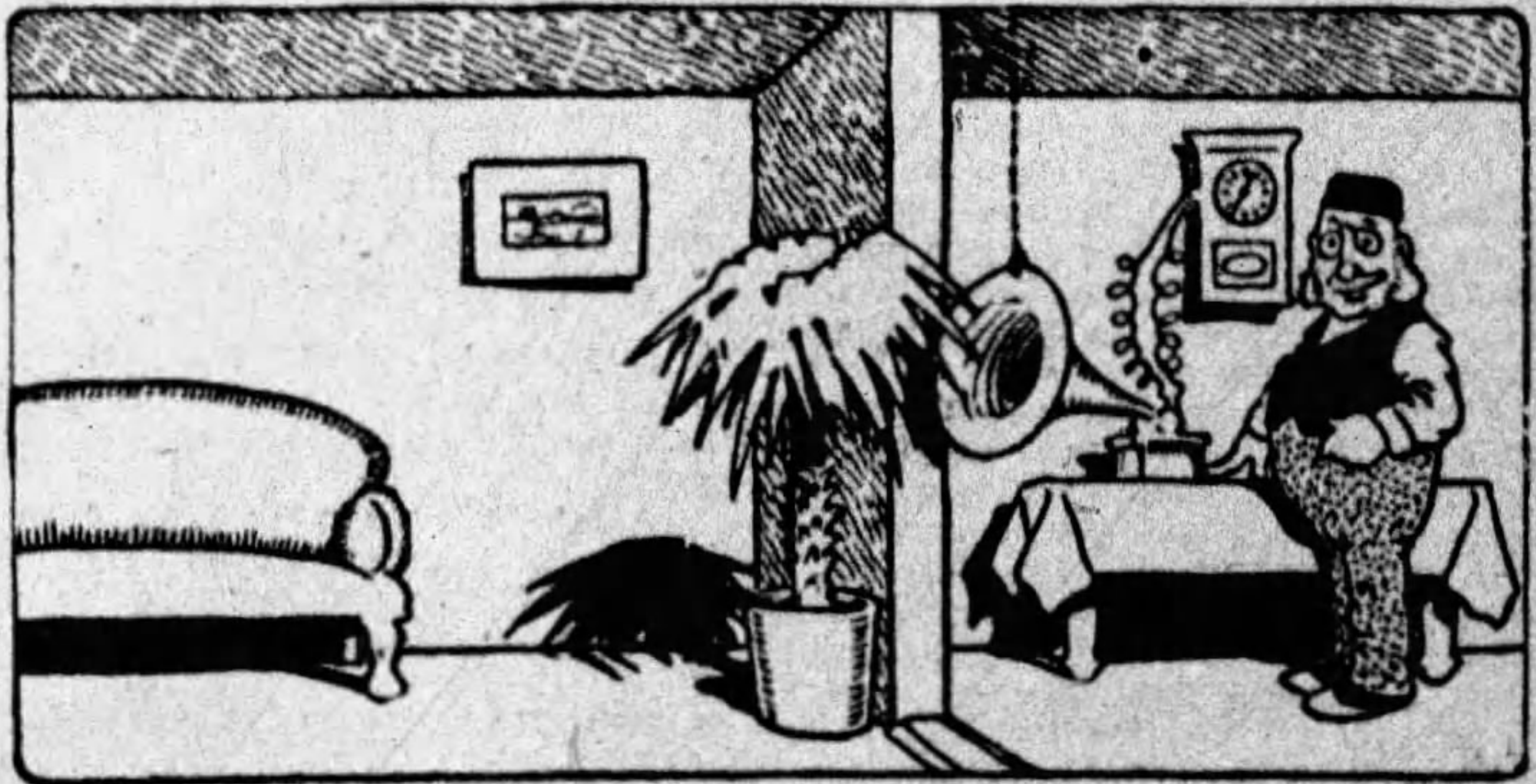
"I'll just take it to teach her a lesson," said Mr. Wisermann to himself, not noticing that Old Sleuth's first cousin, in citizen's dress, sat near.



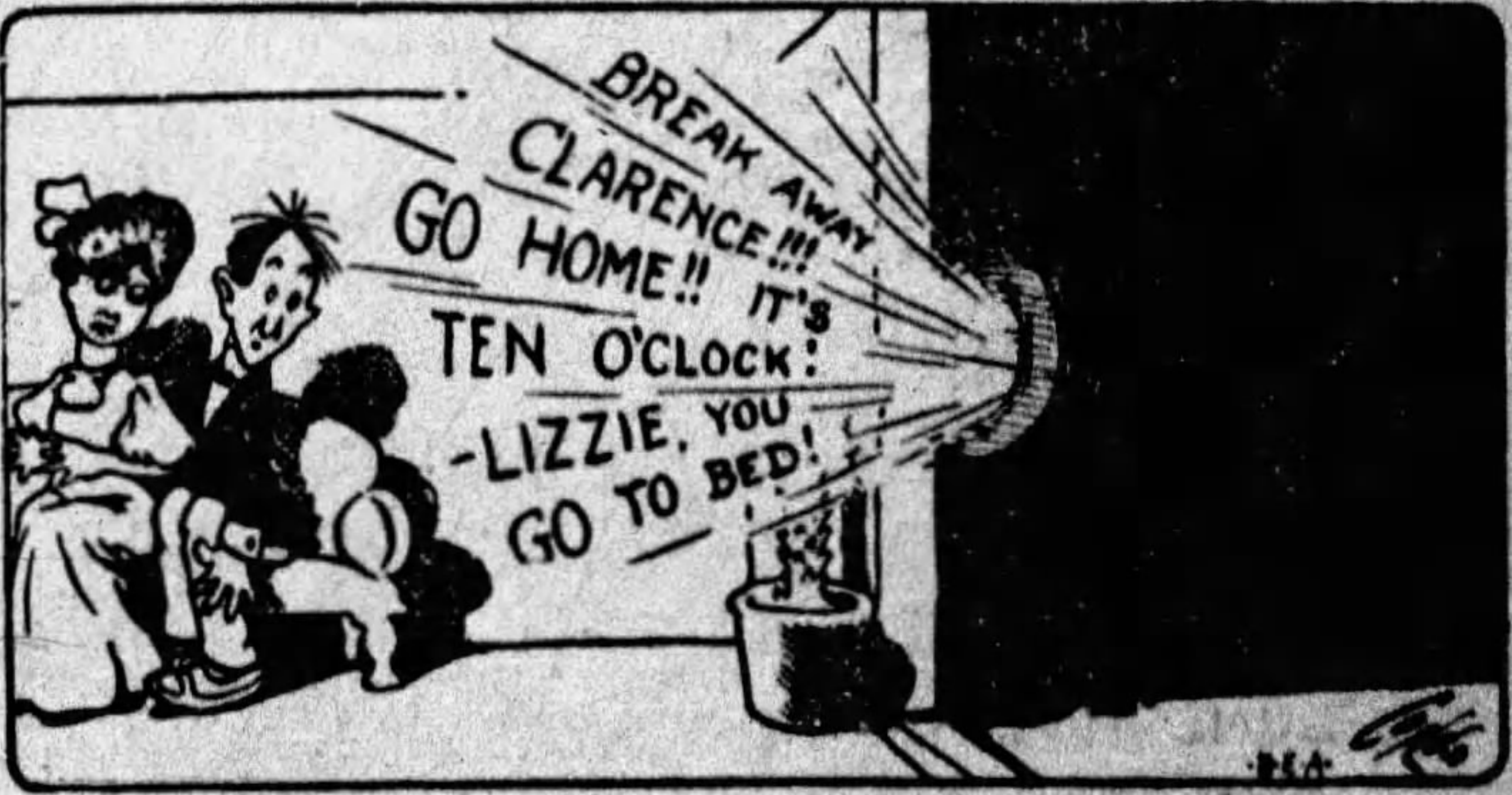
"Ha, ha, me fine fellow," said Old Sleuth's cousin. "I've had me eye on you fer some time. I new you was a thief th' minute I clapped me eyes on you."

Not until Mr. and Mrs. Wisermann spent some time in explaining things at headquarters was Mr. Wisermann released.

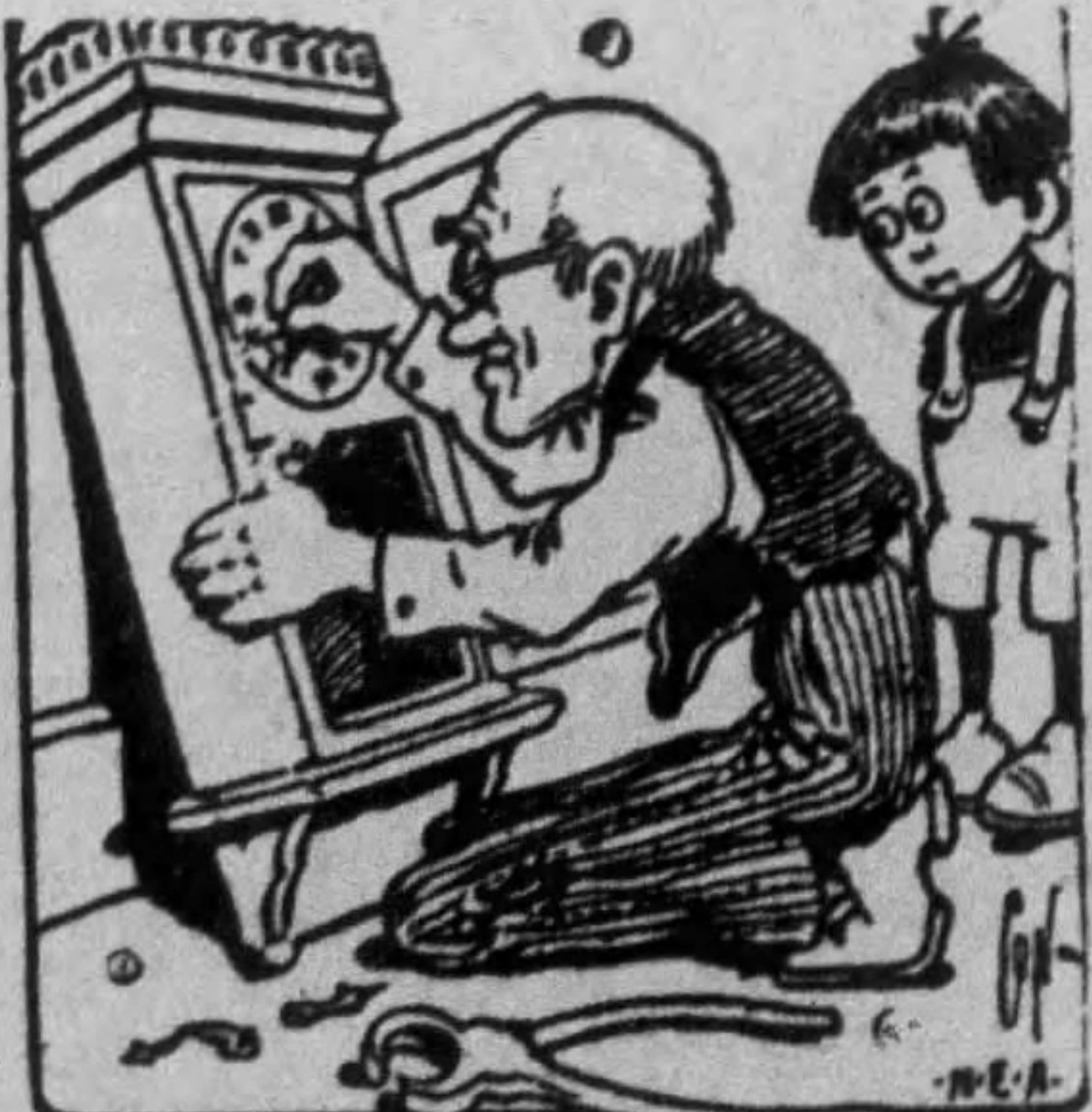
# FATHER OUTDOES EDISON



"I'll bet you that I'm not kept awake until midnight by that gabby Clarence."


BREAK AWAY CLARENCE!!! GO HOME!! IT'S TEN O'CLOCK! -LIZZIE, YOU GO TO BED!
NEA

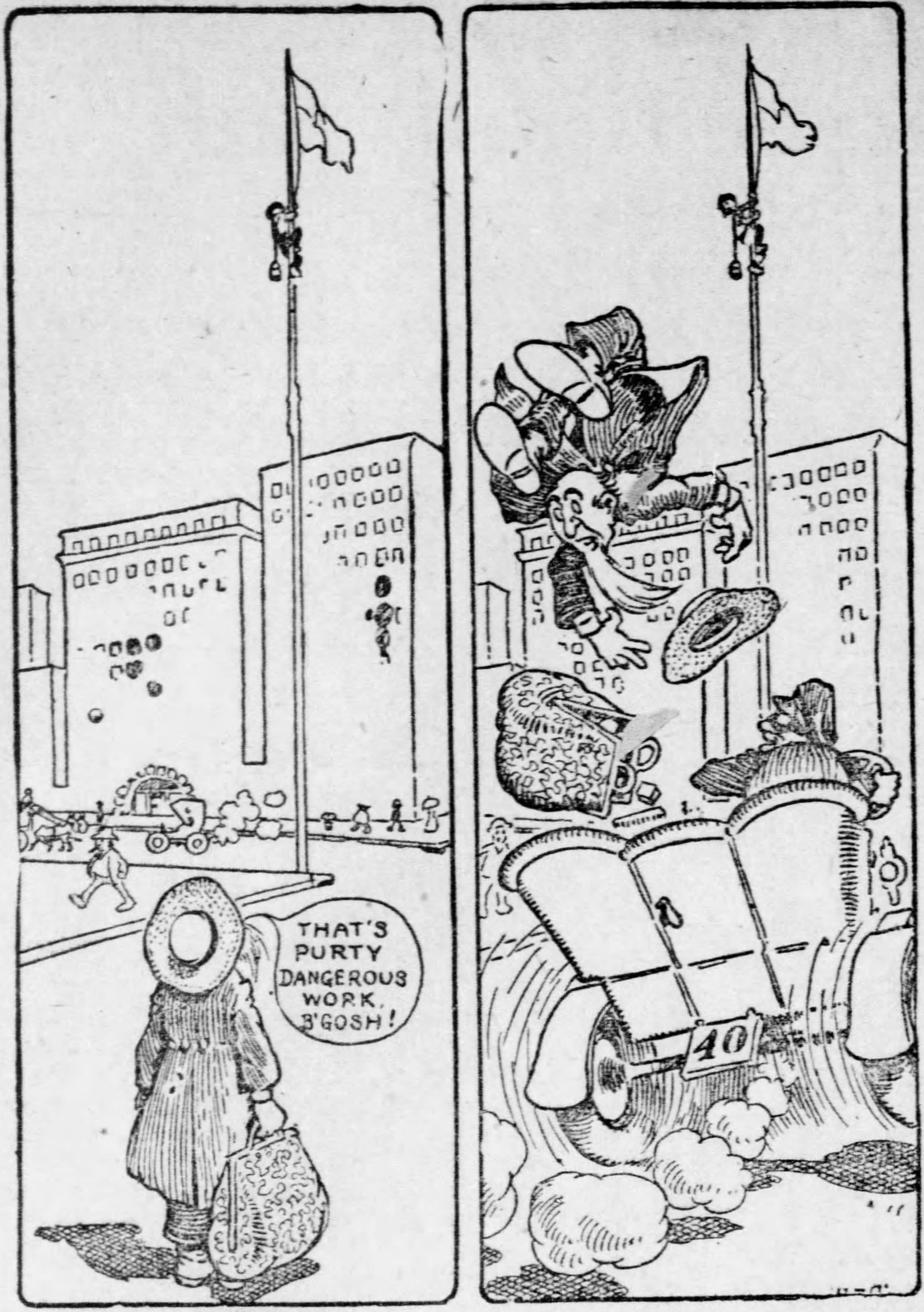
And he wasn't.



Putting on More Hands.

Do Women Go to Heaven?

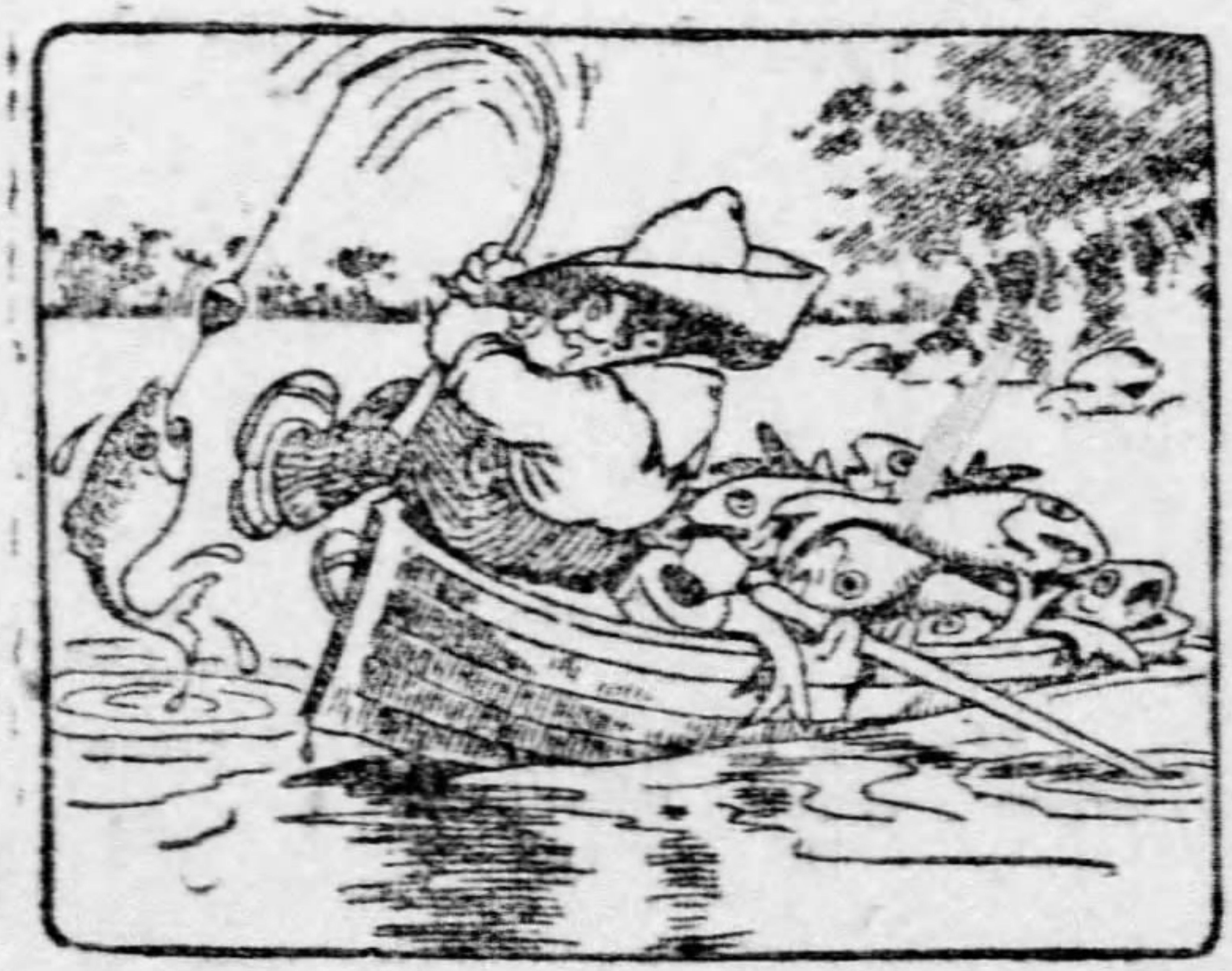
# THE POINT OF VIEW


THAT'S PURTY DANGEROUS WORK, B'GOSH!
40

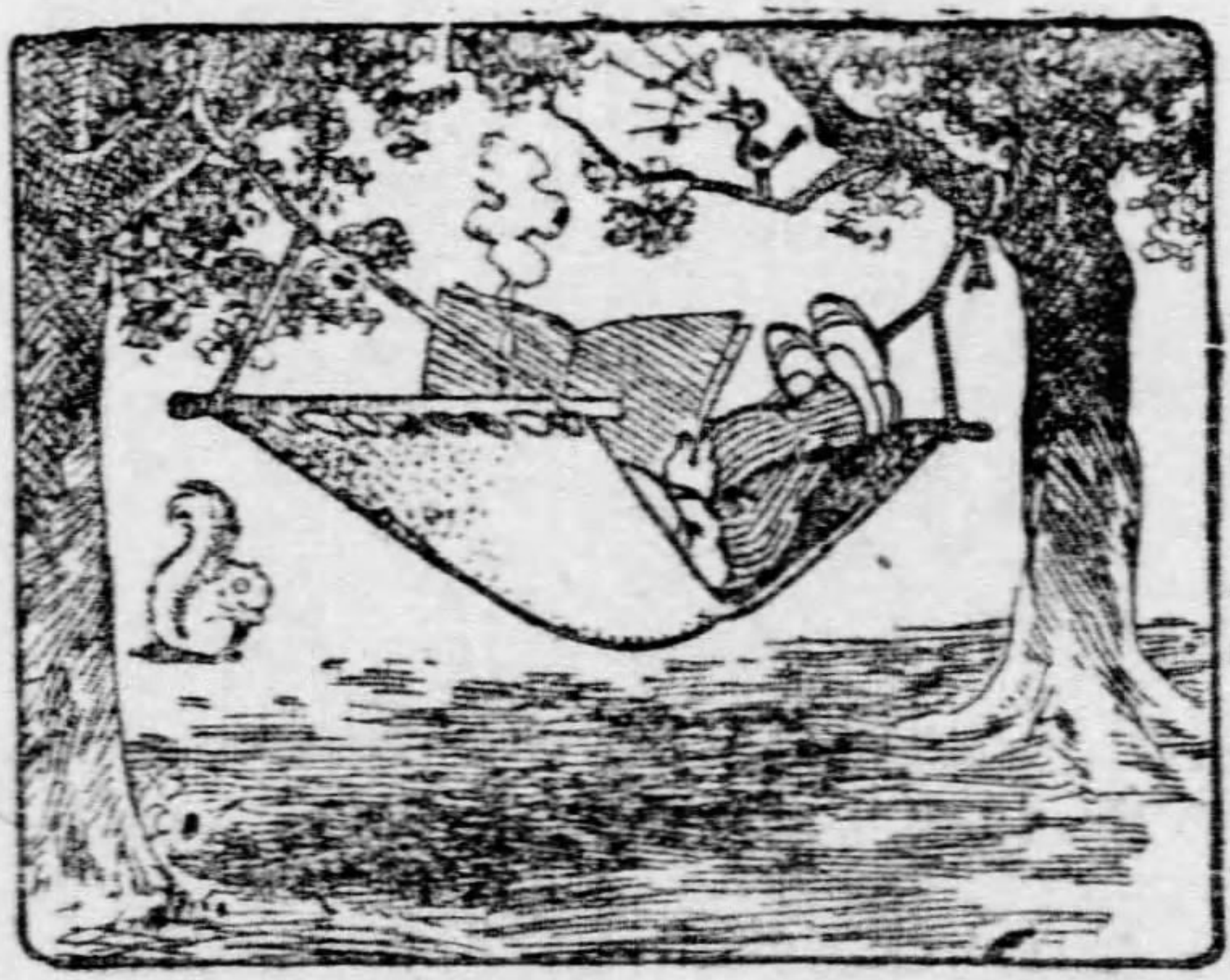
"Wull, there's lots uv ways uv earnin' a livin'," said the gentleman from the tall timbers, "but dinged if I'd risk life 'way up there. A man's a fool t' take such chances——"

Just then the man on the flagstaff remarked: "A man can't be too careful these days when he's in the street. He takes his life in his hands every time he leaves the sidewalk. Me for the safeplaces."

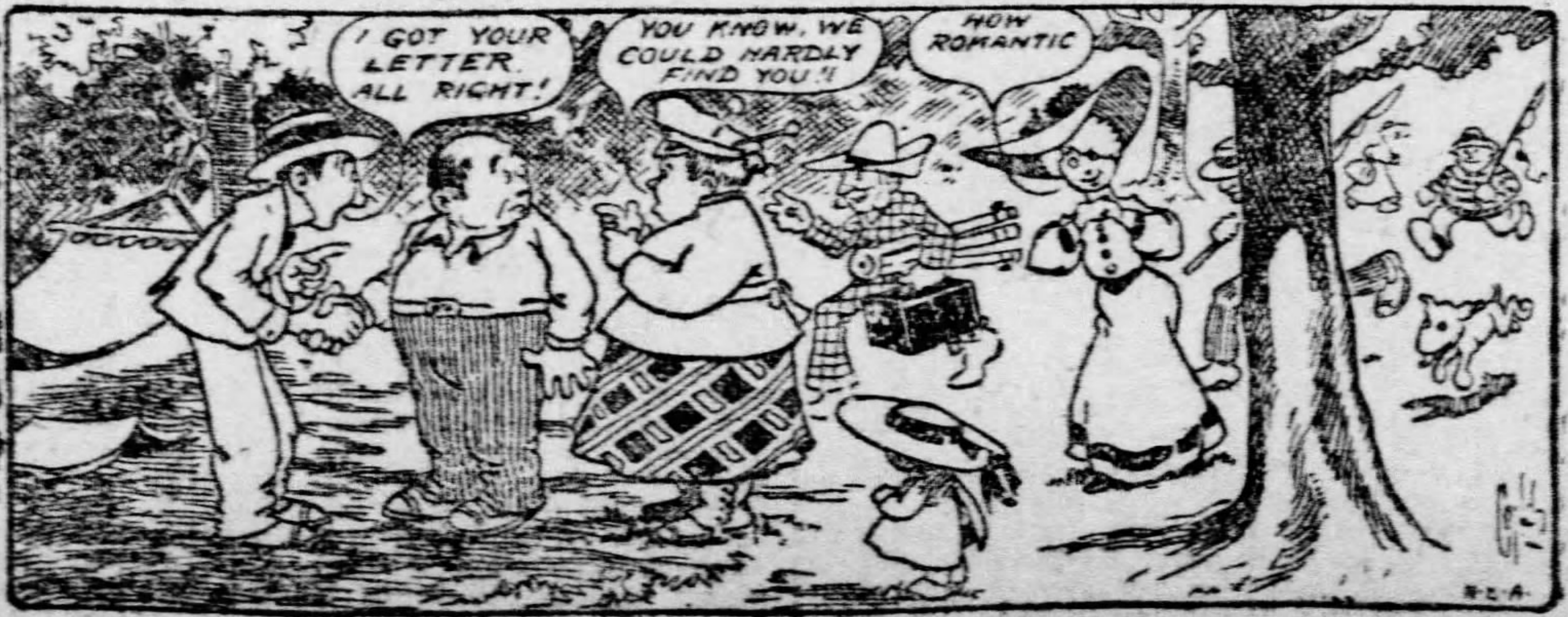
# MORAL: DON'T WRITE



Tompkins at last found a vacation place where the fishing was like you read about in the railroad guides. Best of all, there was no mob of amateurs to spoil the sport.

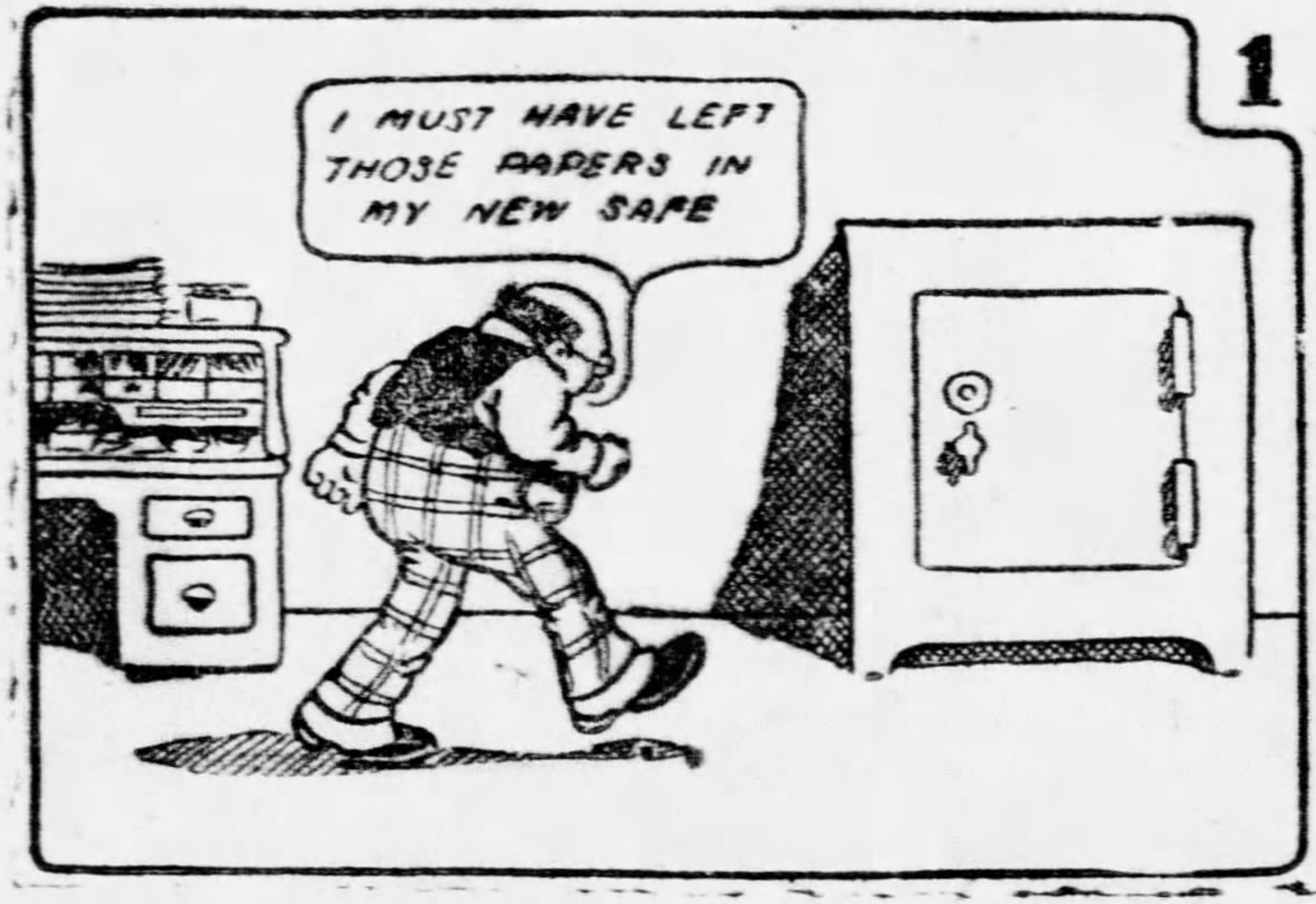


There wasn't a fly or bug near the place. In fact, it was such a fine place that Tompkins wrote to a friend in the city, telling him all about it.


I GOT YOUR LETTER ALL RIGHT!
YOU KNOW, WE COULD HARDLY FIND YOU!!
HOW ROMANTIC

Two days later Tompkins kicked himself for being so foolish.

# MR. SHORTMIND HAS THE USUAL EXPERIENCE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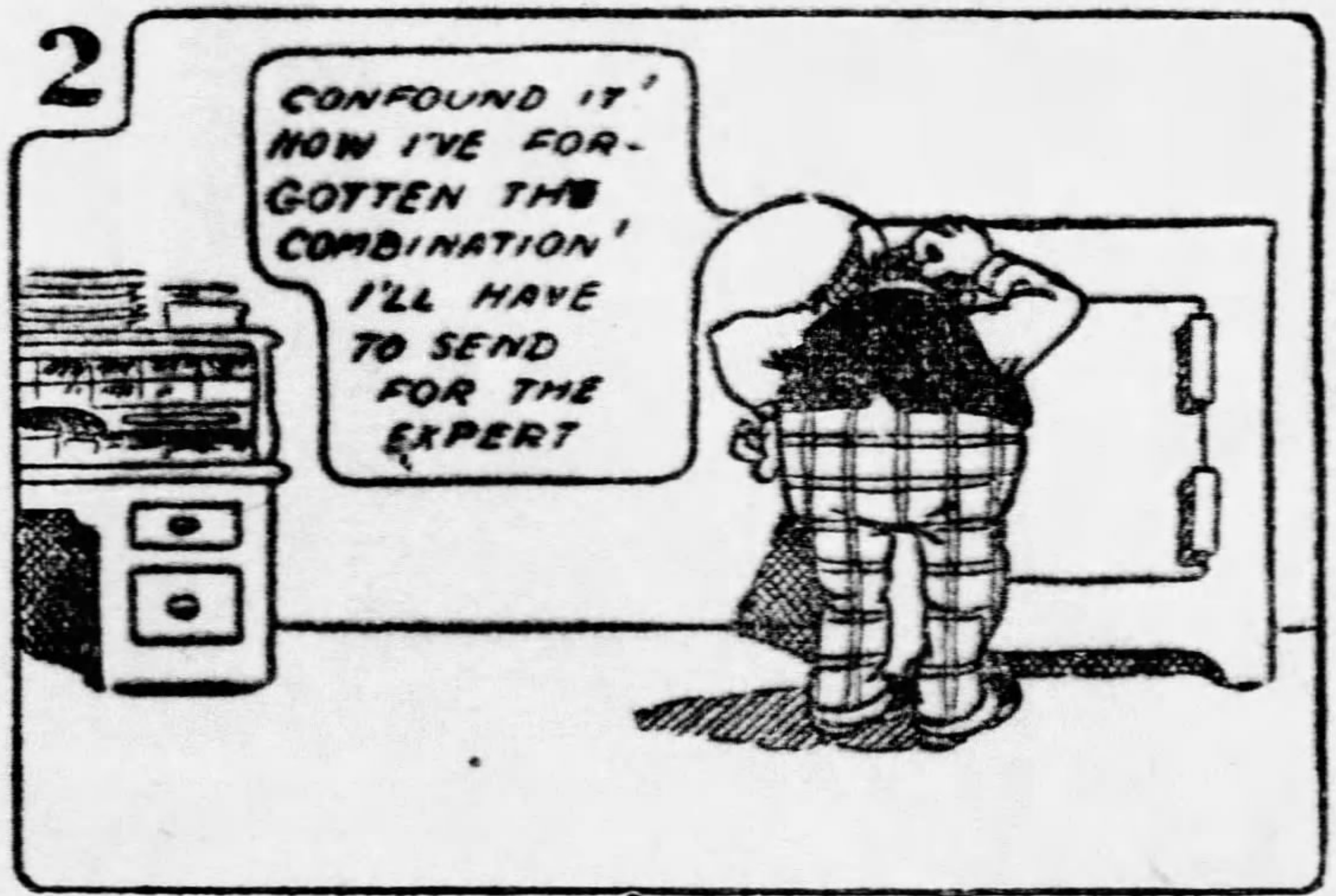
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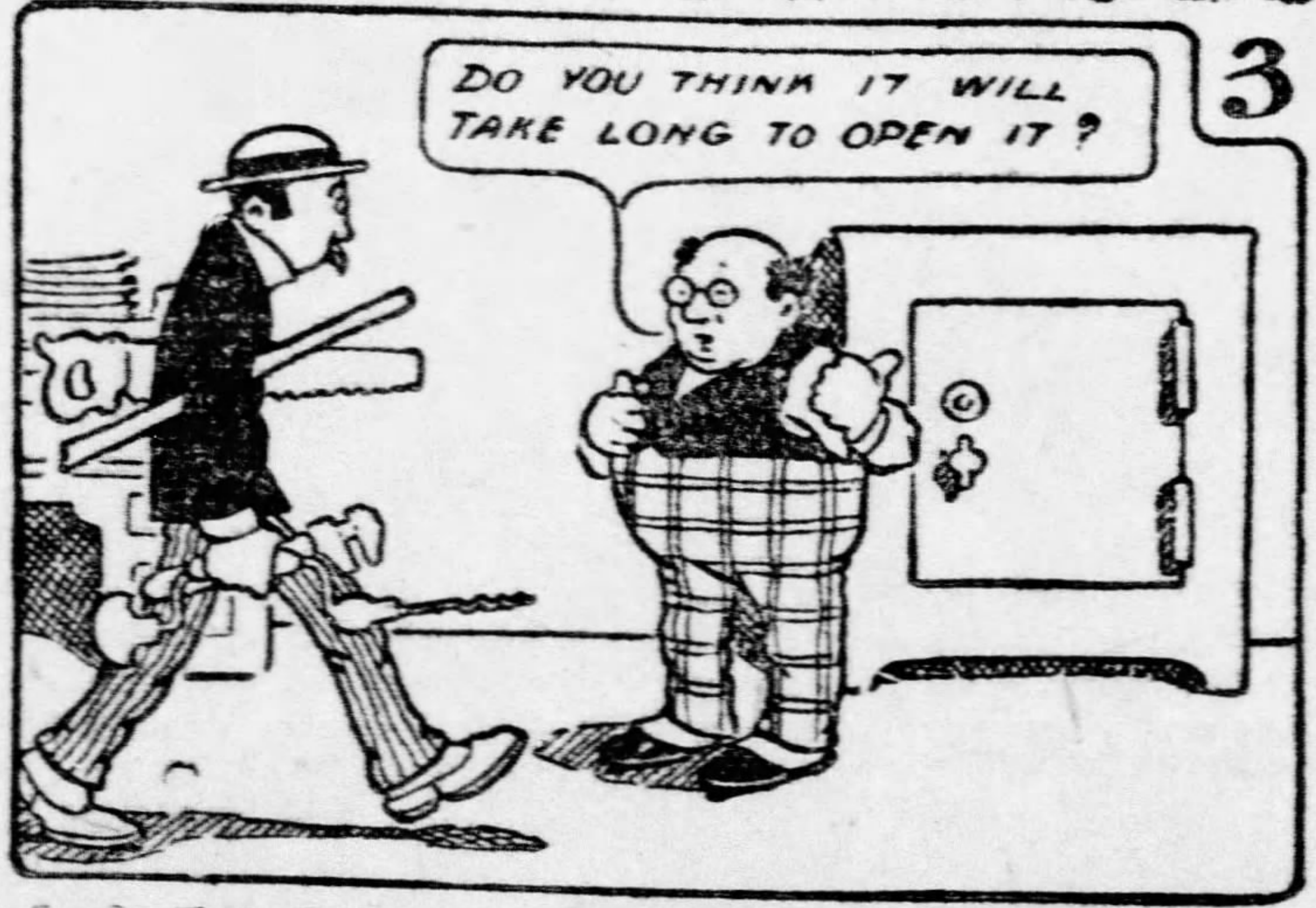
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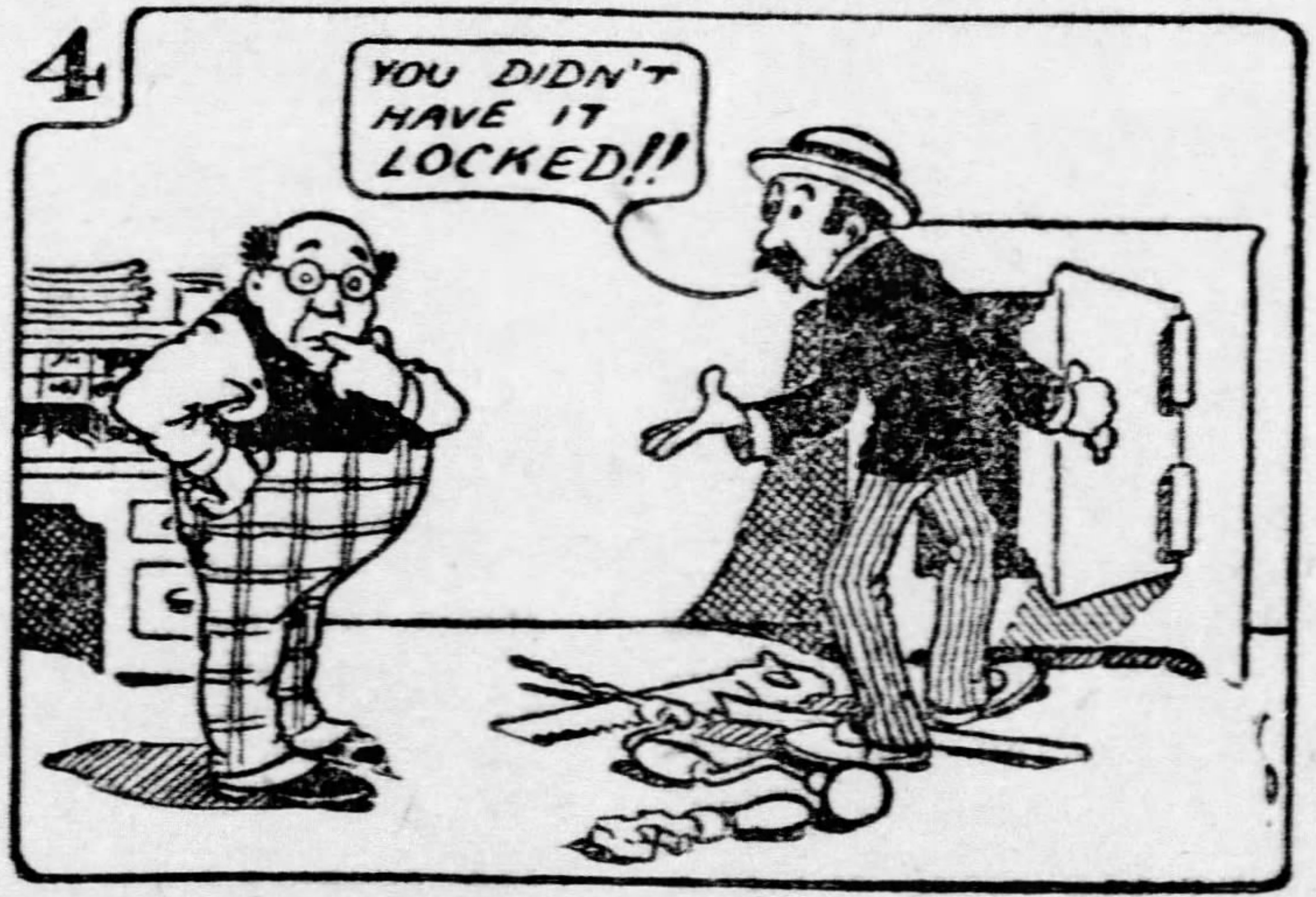
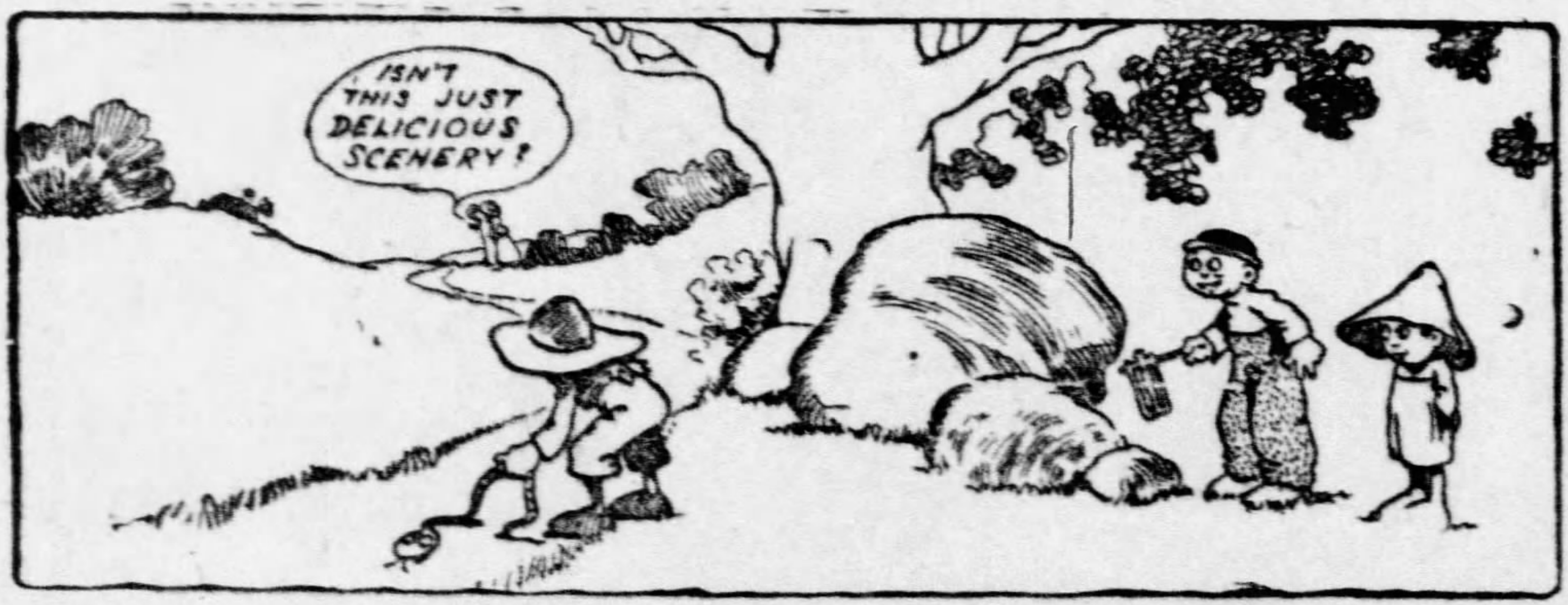
DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE LONG TO OPEN IT?

The expert came with a wagon load of tools.

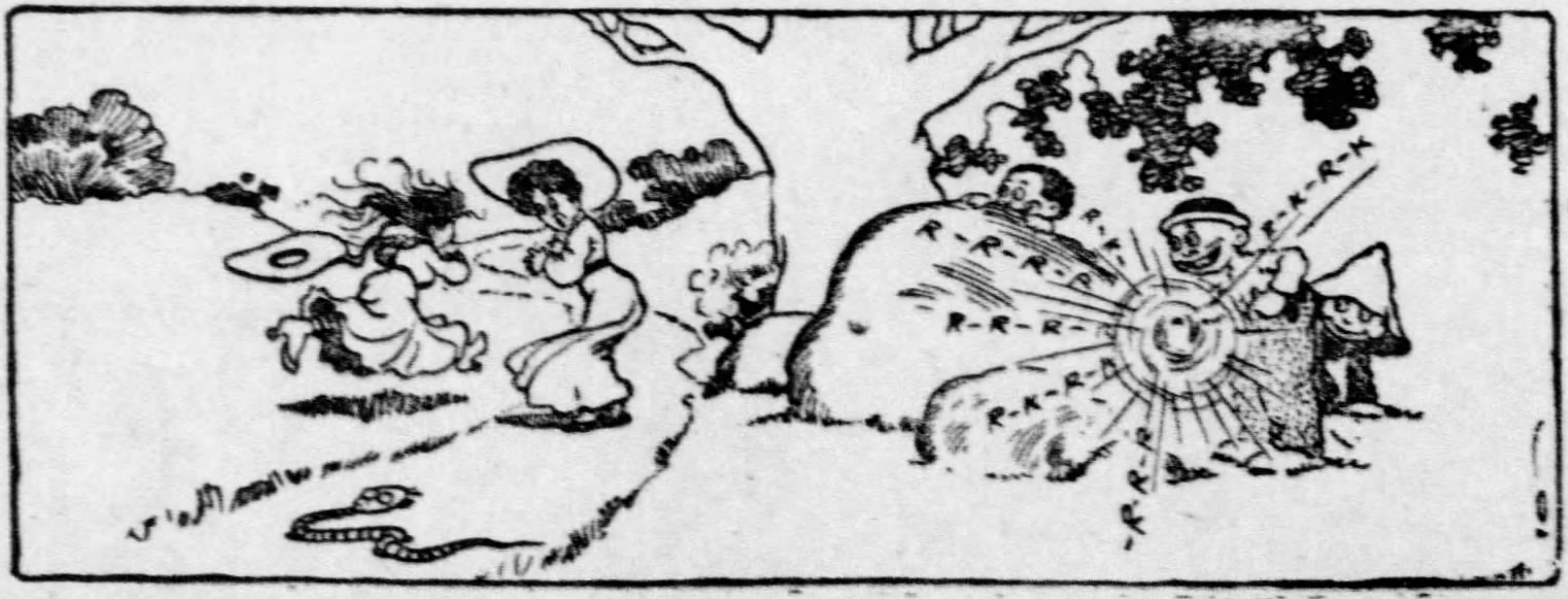

4
YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT LOCKED!!

Though it was a short job, the expert's bill was long enough.

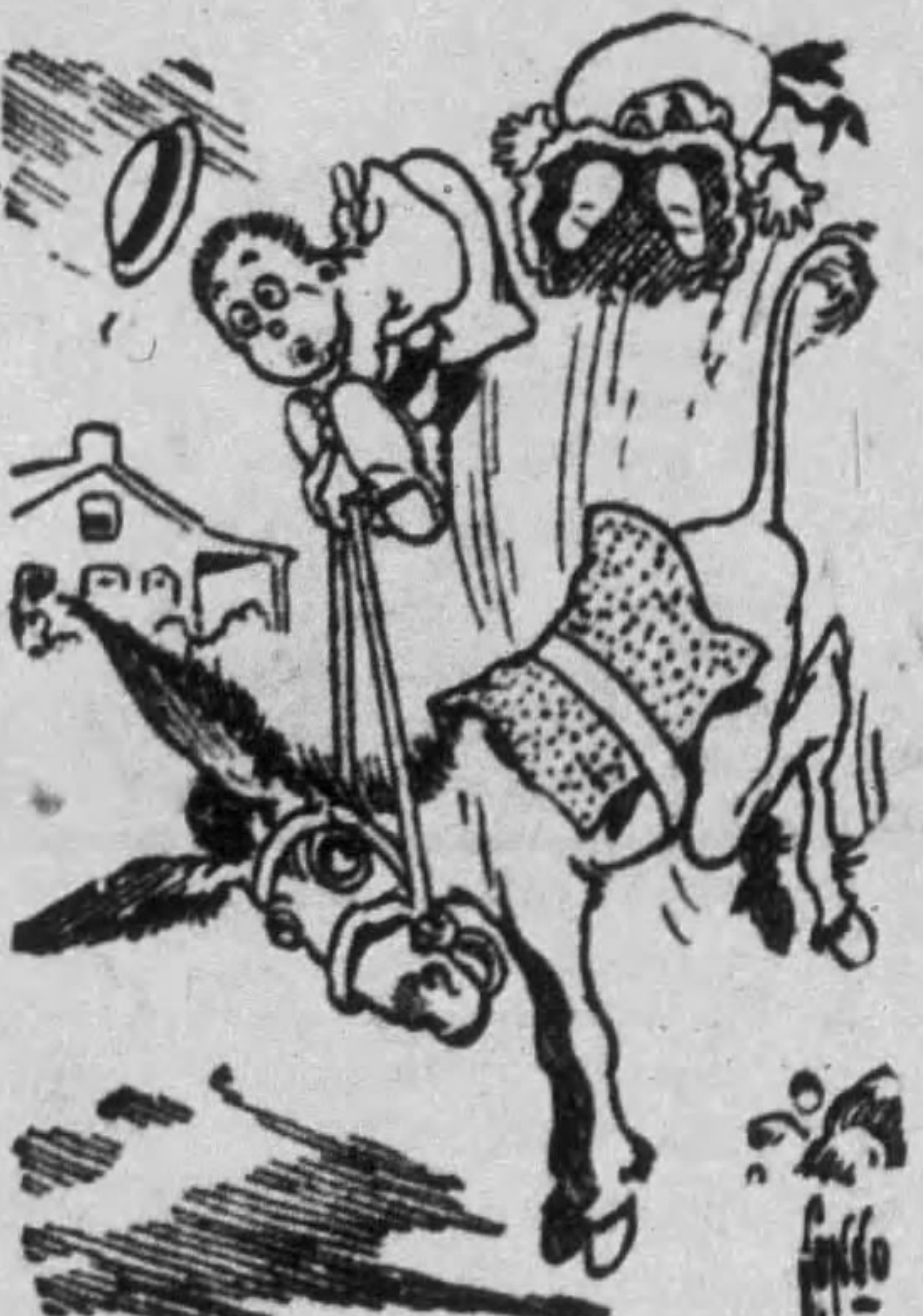
# OUT IN THE WILD, WILD COUNTRY


ISN'T THIS JUST DELICIOUS SCENERY!

"Hurry up, Bill, an' drop it before they see you."

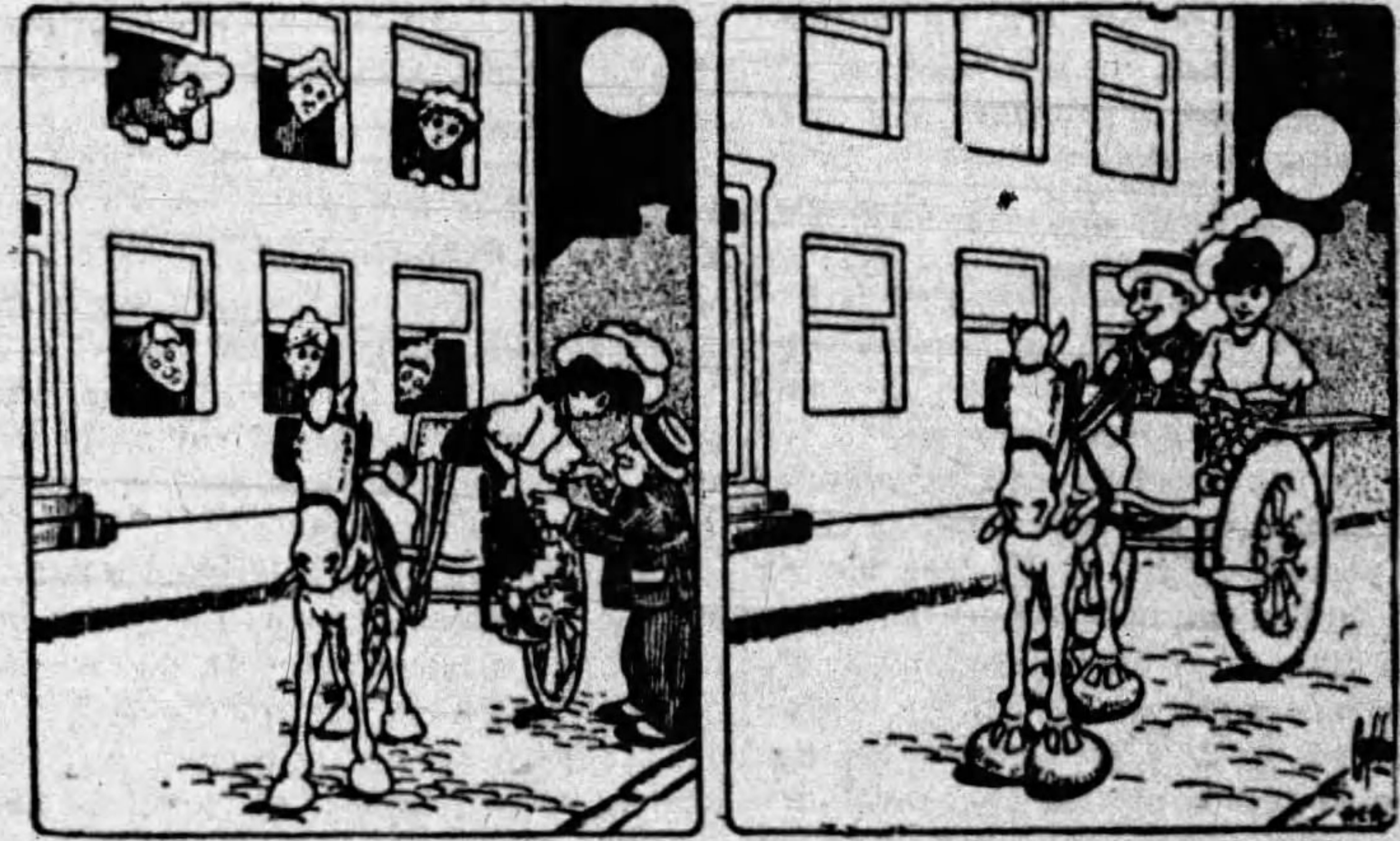

R-K-
R-R-R-R
R-R-R-
R-K-R-D
R-K-R-K
-R-R-R

"Run for your life, Agnes! It's a rattlesnake! Can't you hear its rattles?"



Rearing a Couple of Children.

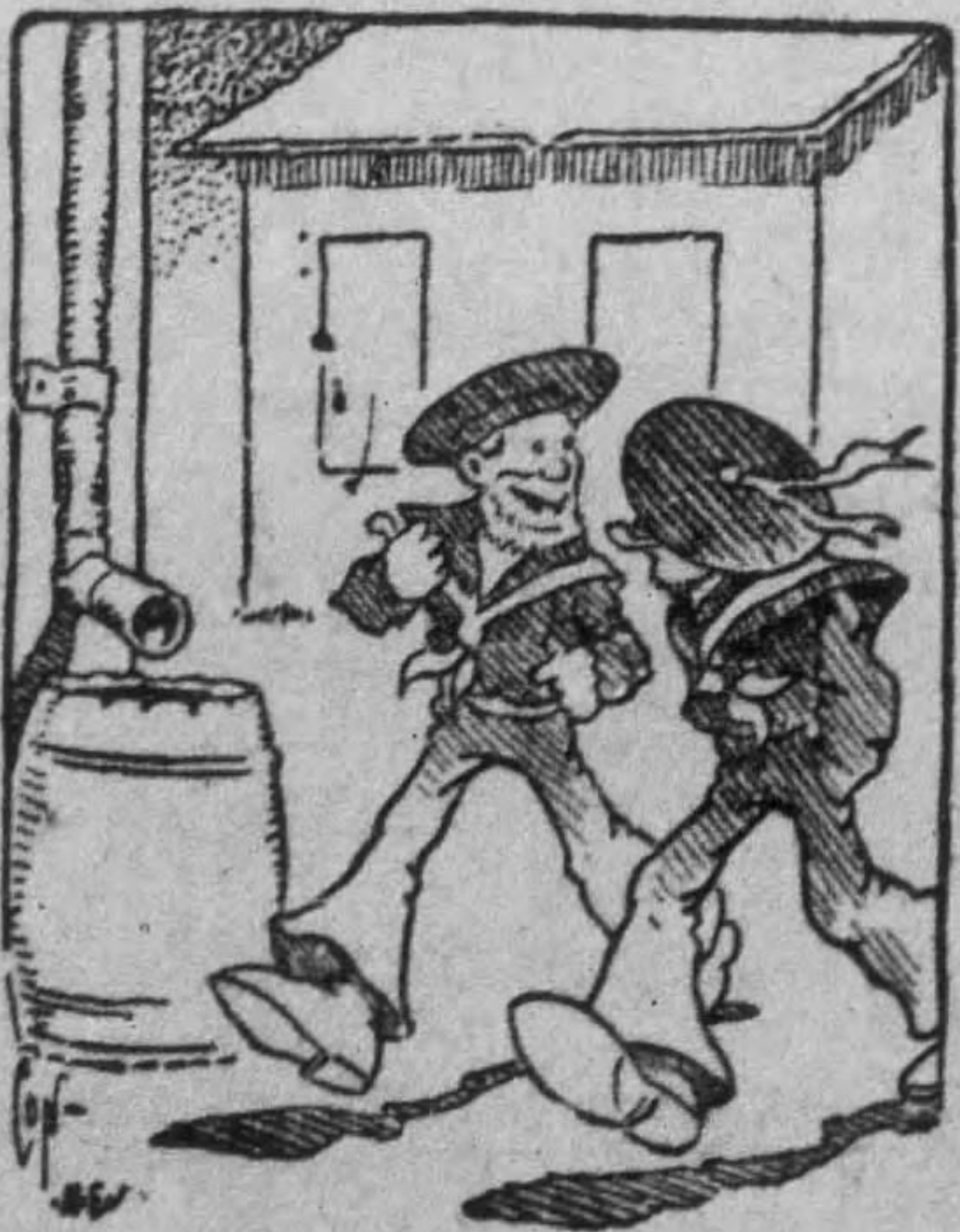
# RUBBERS VS. RUBBERS.



Every time the neighbors beard Percy's horse stop they had a look—

Until Percy put rubber tires on his cart and pneumatic shoes on his horse.

# A SAILOR'S JOKE



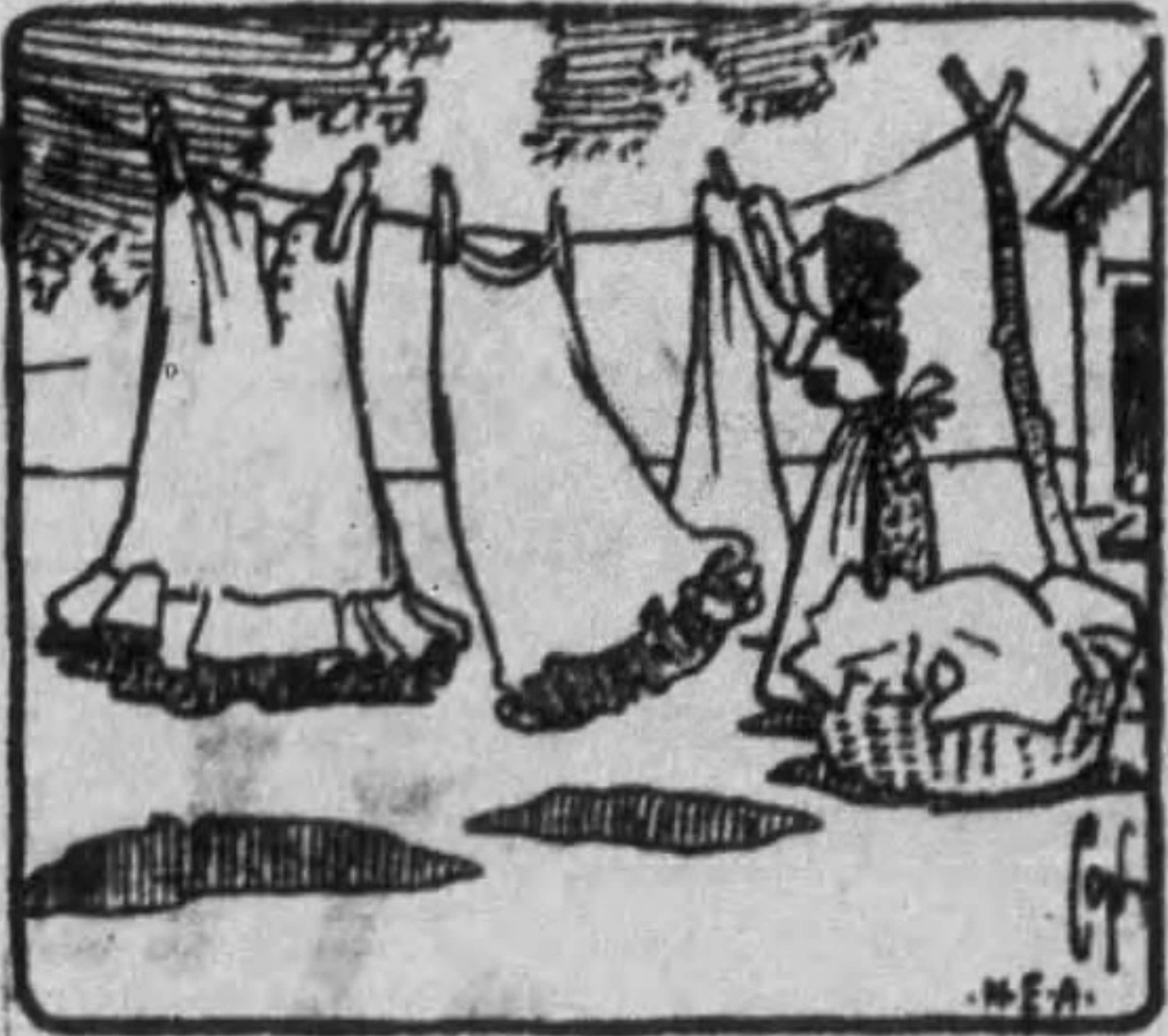
"I say, mate, don't this place remind ye uv th' Indian ocean?"

"I don't know uz it does, Bill."

"Don't ye remember th' day we wuz off Cape Guardafai, bound fer Singapore—th' day th' wind took that sudden shift from sou'west by sou' t' east-nor'est?"

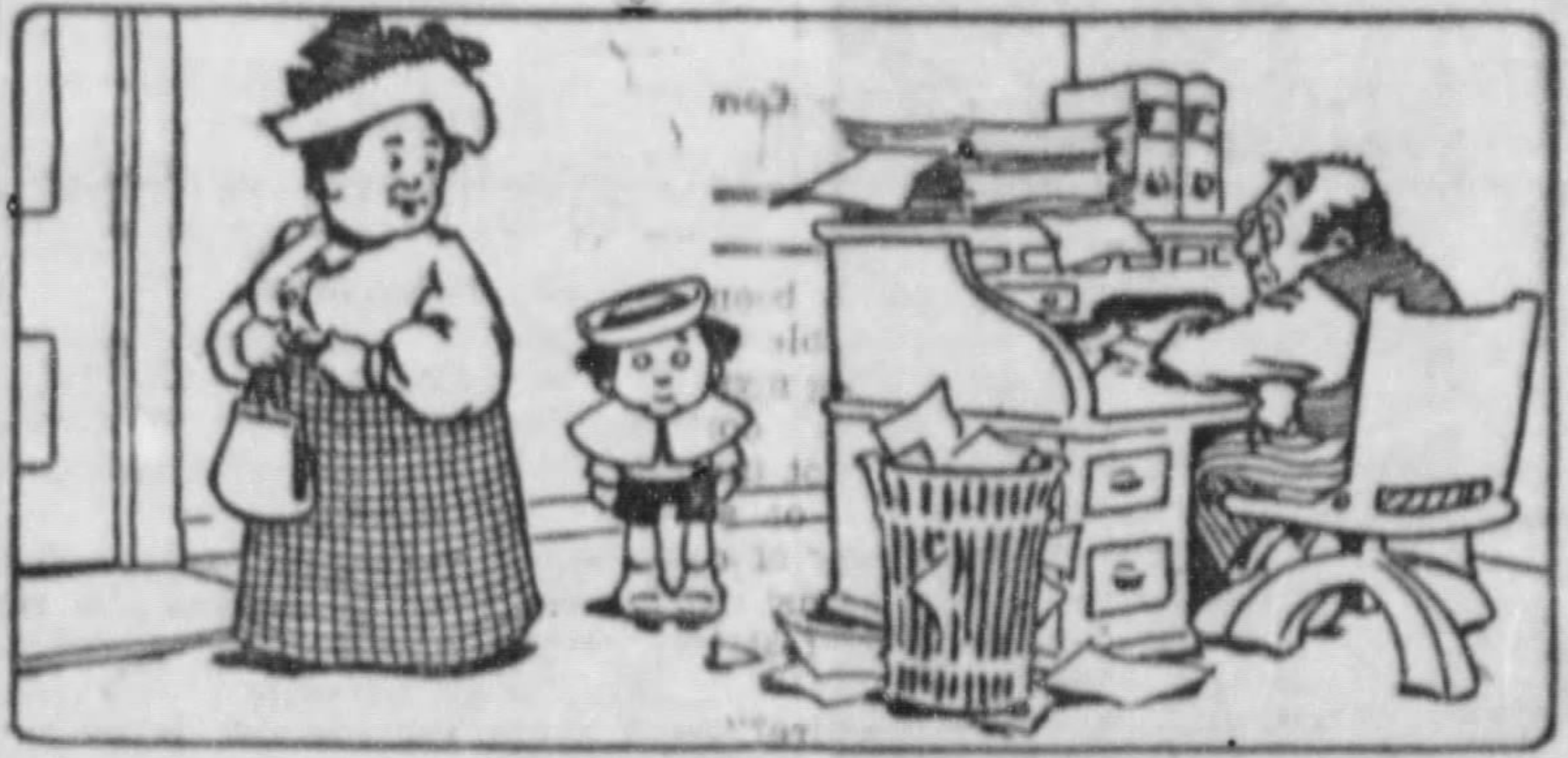
"Oh, that day. Yes, I remember that day.' '

"Well, don't you remember how we seen a waterspout that day?"



The Outskirts.

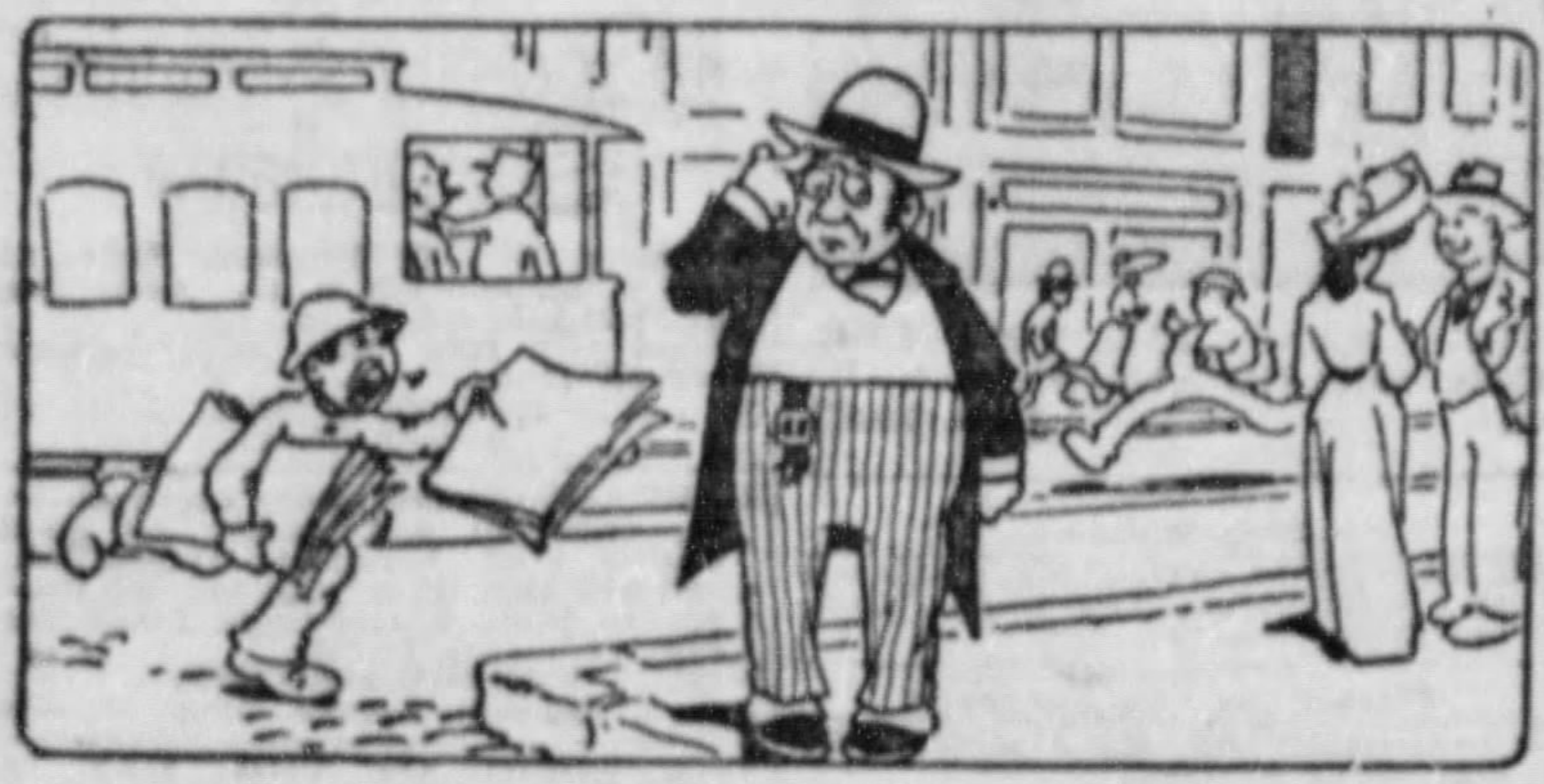
# JUST LIKE A FOOL MAN.



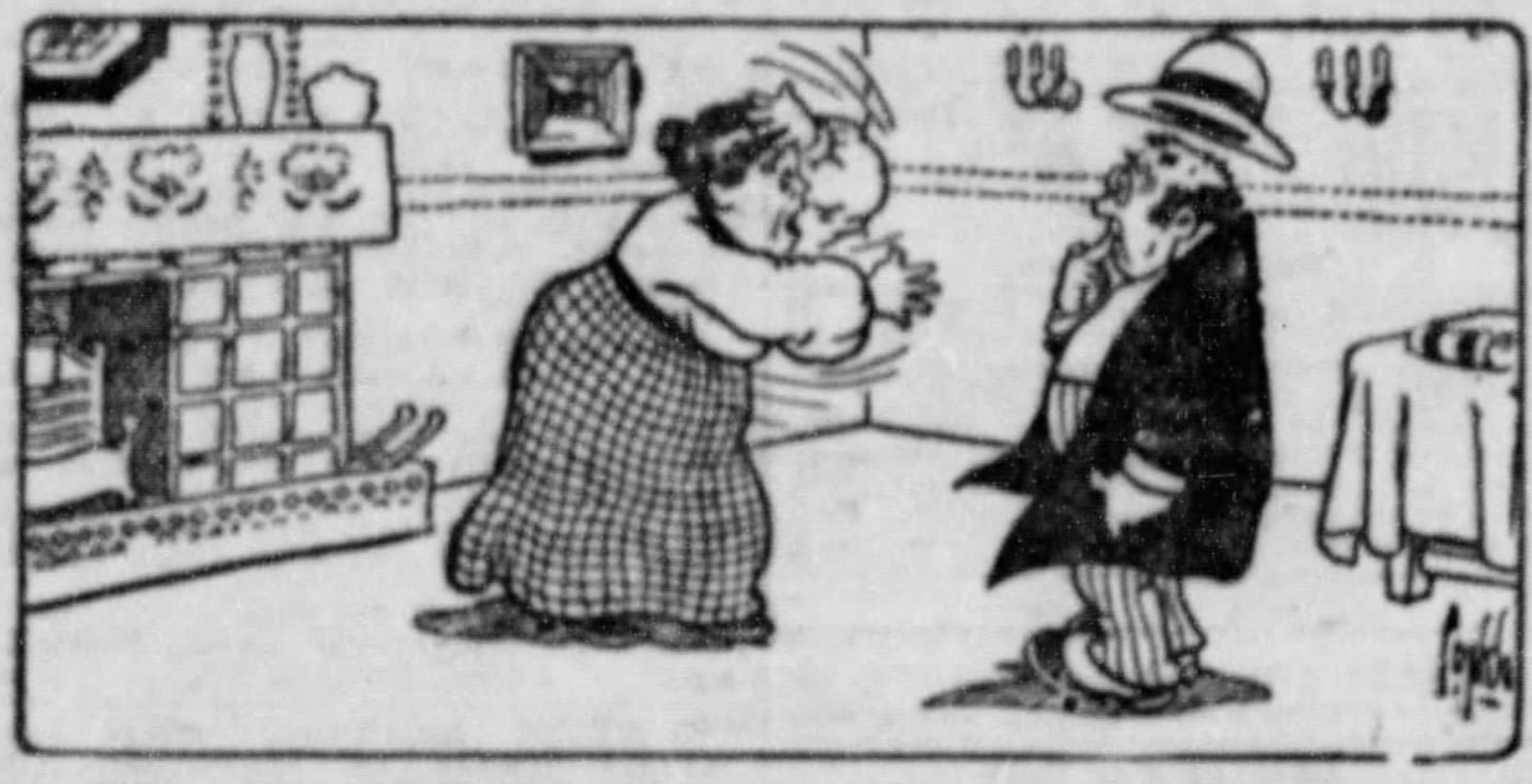
"Willie wants to spend the afternoon here at the office with you, John."

"Now, you'd better take him home with you, Sarah. I'm very busy this afternoon and I won't have time to look after him."

"You won't have to look after him. Just let him alone and he'll amuse himself. Goodby."



"By George, I know I've forgotten something. Let's see—coffee, sugar, flour, kerosene, gasoline, rug, wall paper to be cleaned, buttons, brilliantine, hominy; no, I've looked after everything. But when I start home without some kind of a bundle I always have a feeling that I've forgotten something."



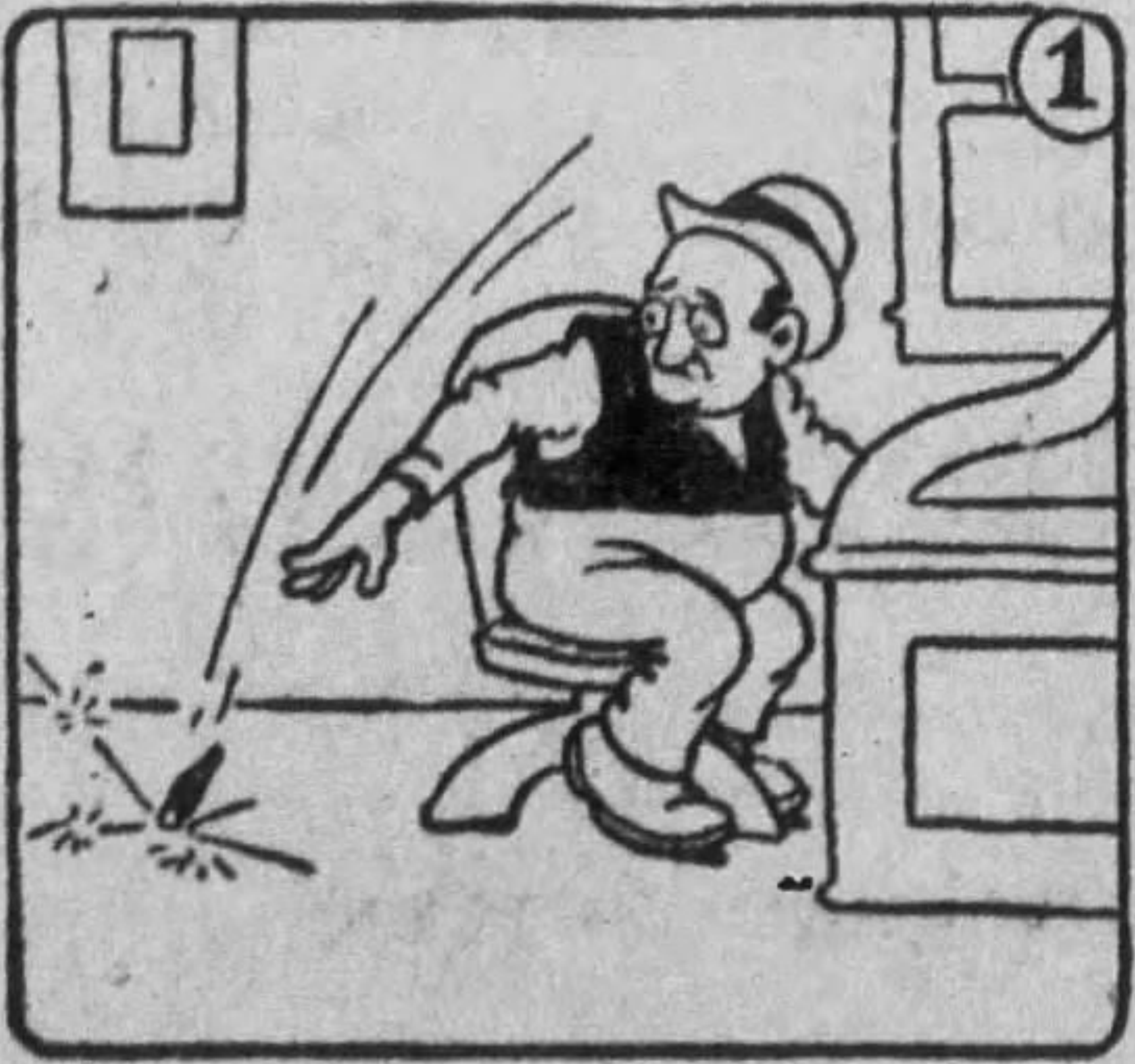
"My boy! My Willie! My son! Tell me—dead! Run over by the street cars—"

"My dear—"

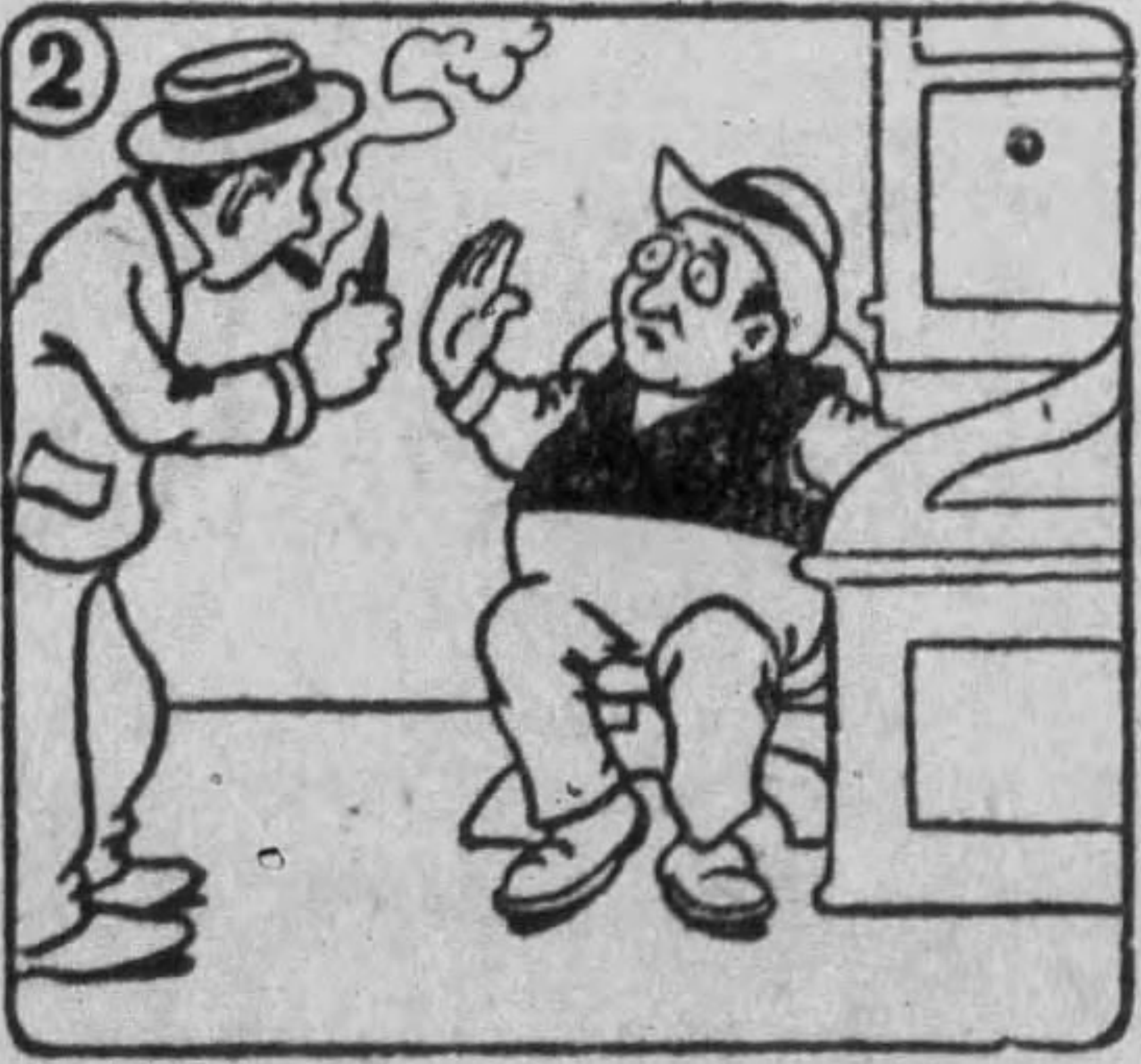
"Speak to me! Tell me! This silence will kill me!"

"I left him at-at-the-the office, my dear."

# SAVED BY HIS GOOD WIFE

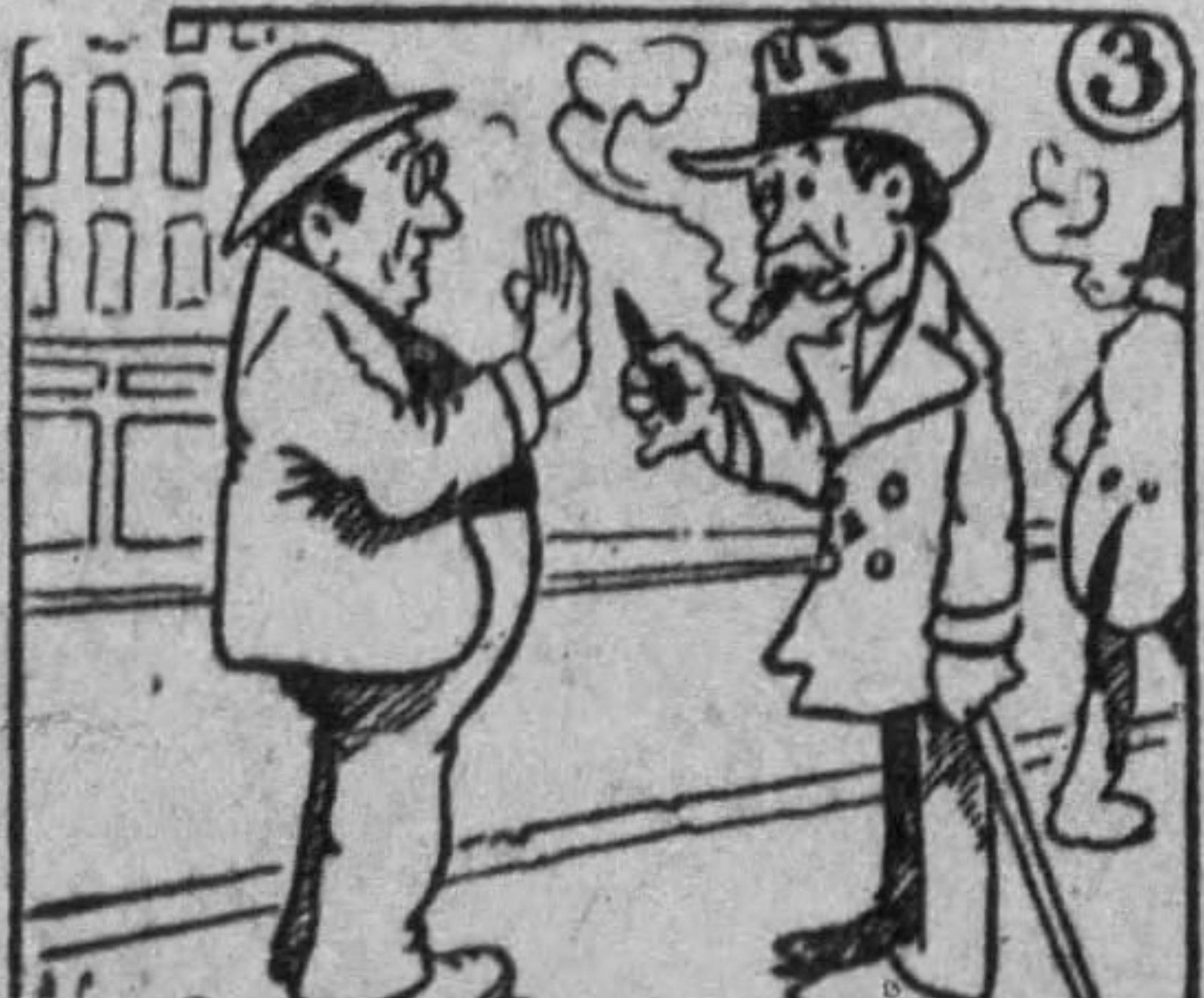


"That cigar doesn't taste right to me and I guess that must be a sign for me to stop smoking. No more for me, not another smoke for six months. It'll do me good to stop awhile."



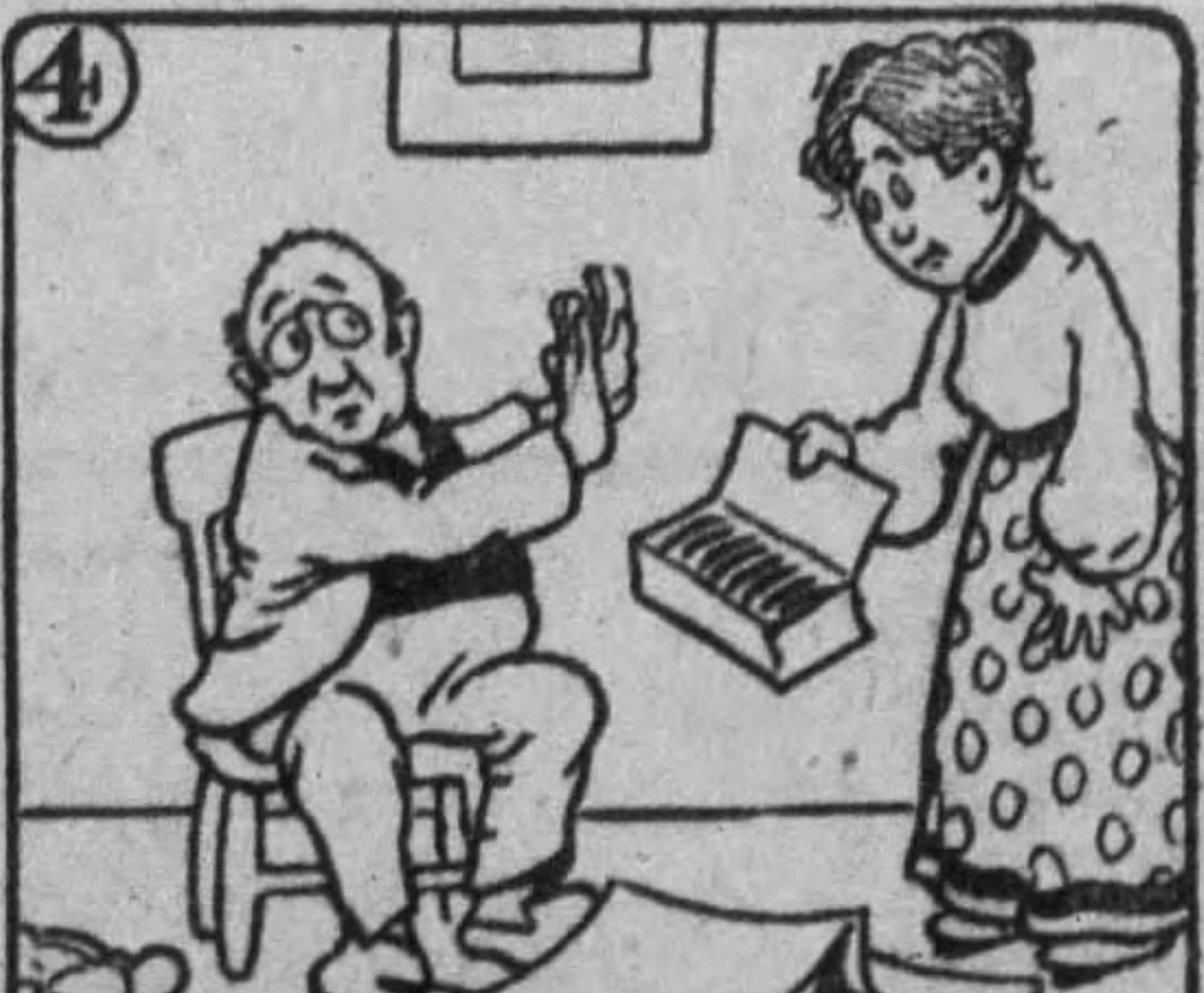
"Have a cigar, old man. New brand, clear Havana, one of the best I ever tried."

"Thanks, but I've decided not to smoke any more for a few months. I've been smoking too much."



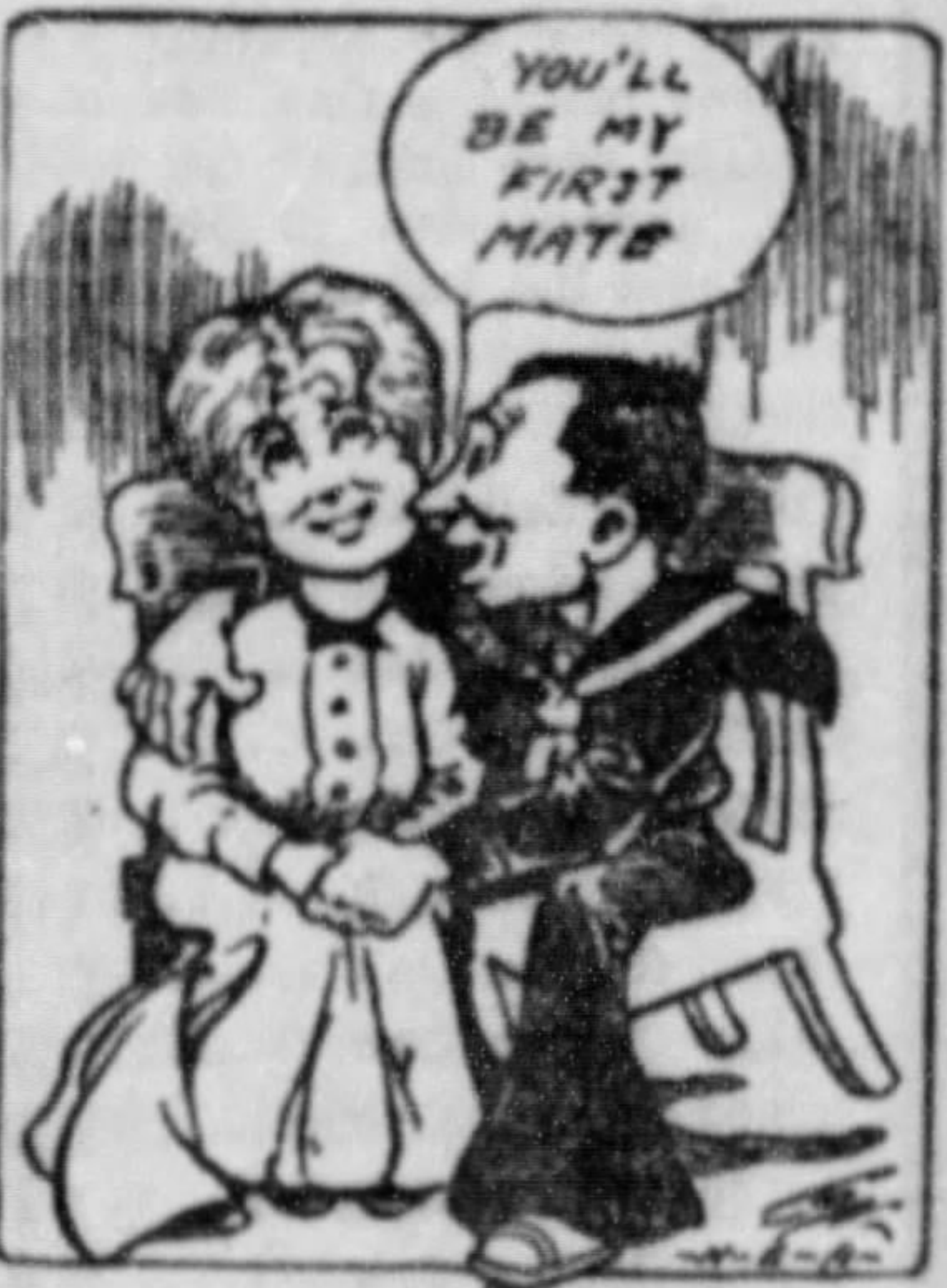
"Have a smoke, Smith. Fine new ———."

"Don't tempt me. I swore off not an hour ago. But it's always the way. Stop smoking and all your friends offer you cigars. I suppose I'll find it hard to keep away from the weed and I'll probably begin again tomorrow."

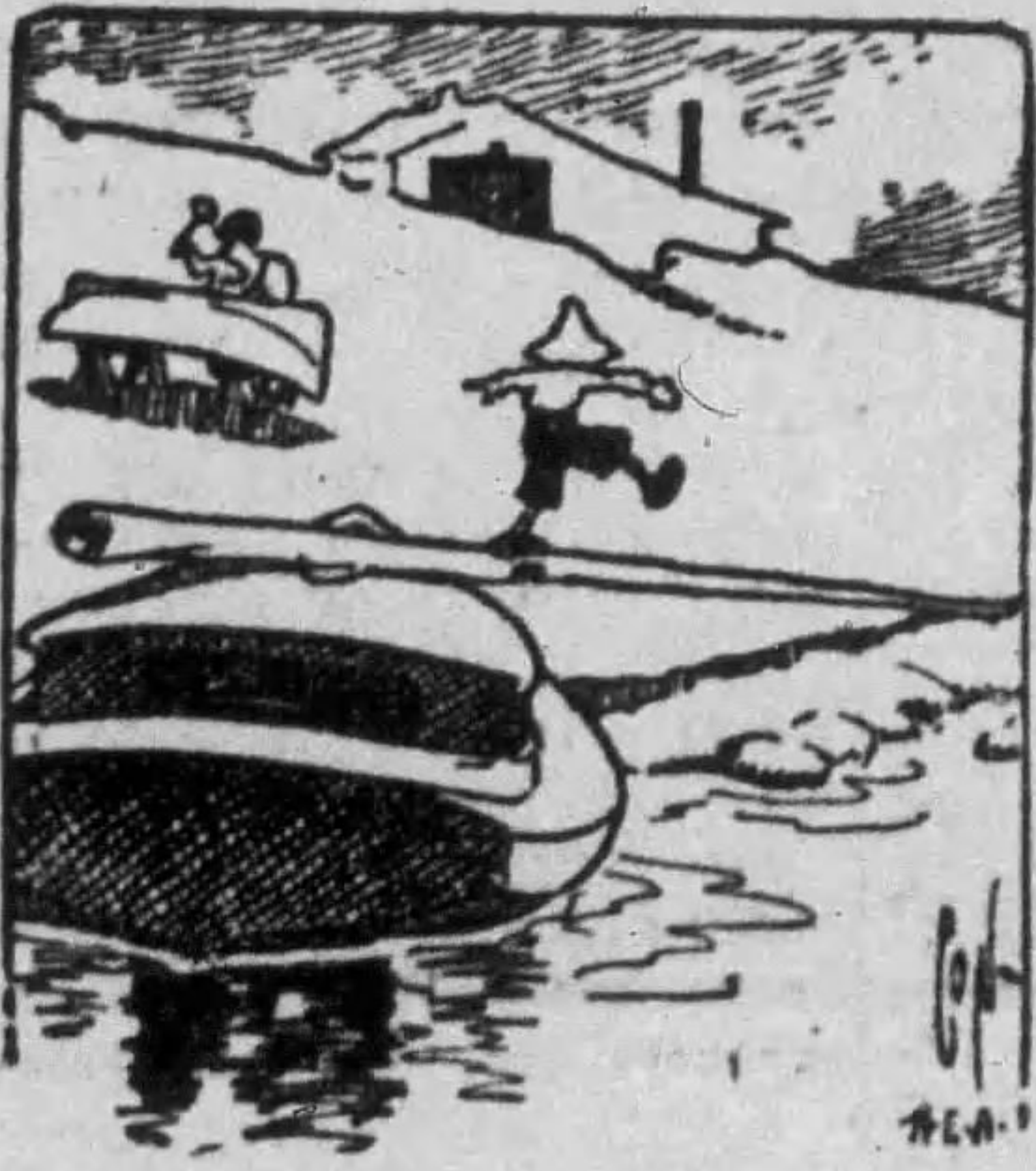


"John, dear, a poor Cuban came here today with some extra fine cigars—some he'd smuggled into the country and so he was willing to sell them cheap. They only cost 2 cents apiece, so we save 8 cents on each cigar. Ain't I the thoughtful wife?"

"Now I can keep my good resolution!"

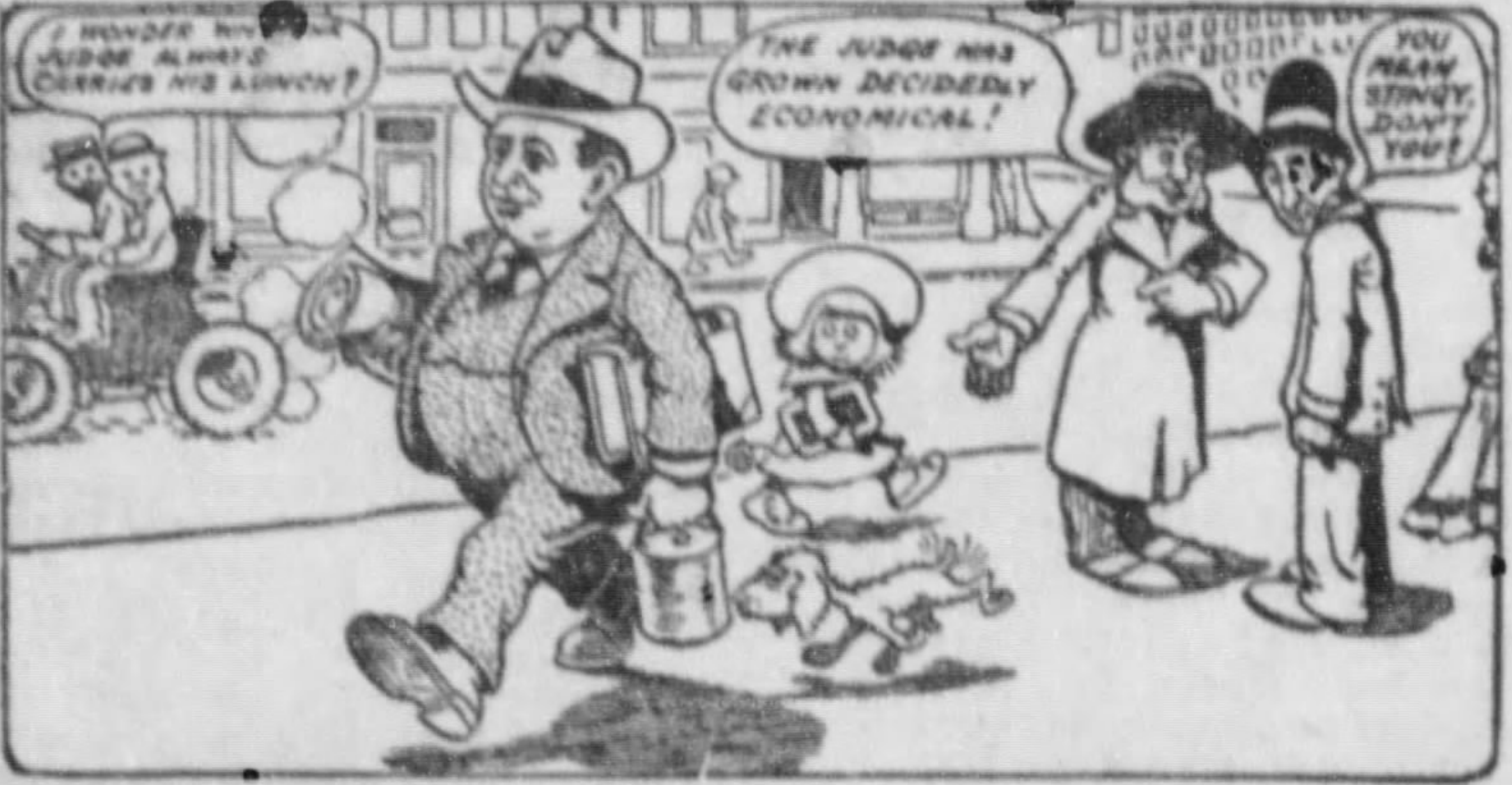

YOU'LL BE MY FIRST MATE

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

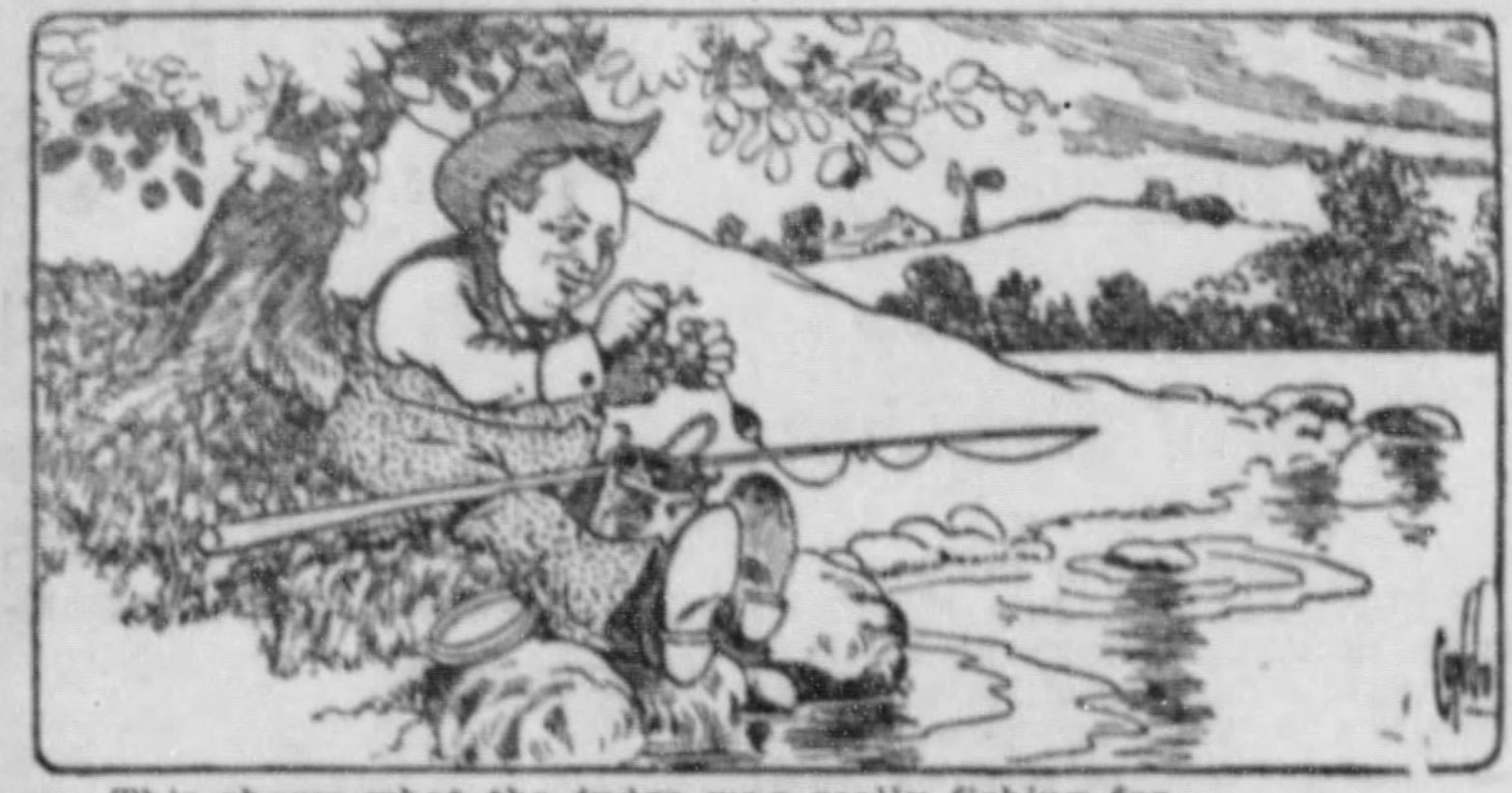


Stepping the Mast.

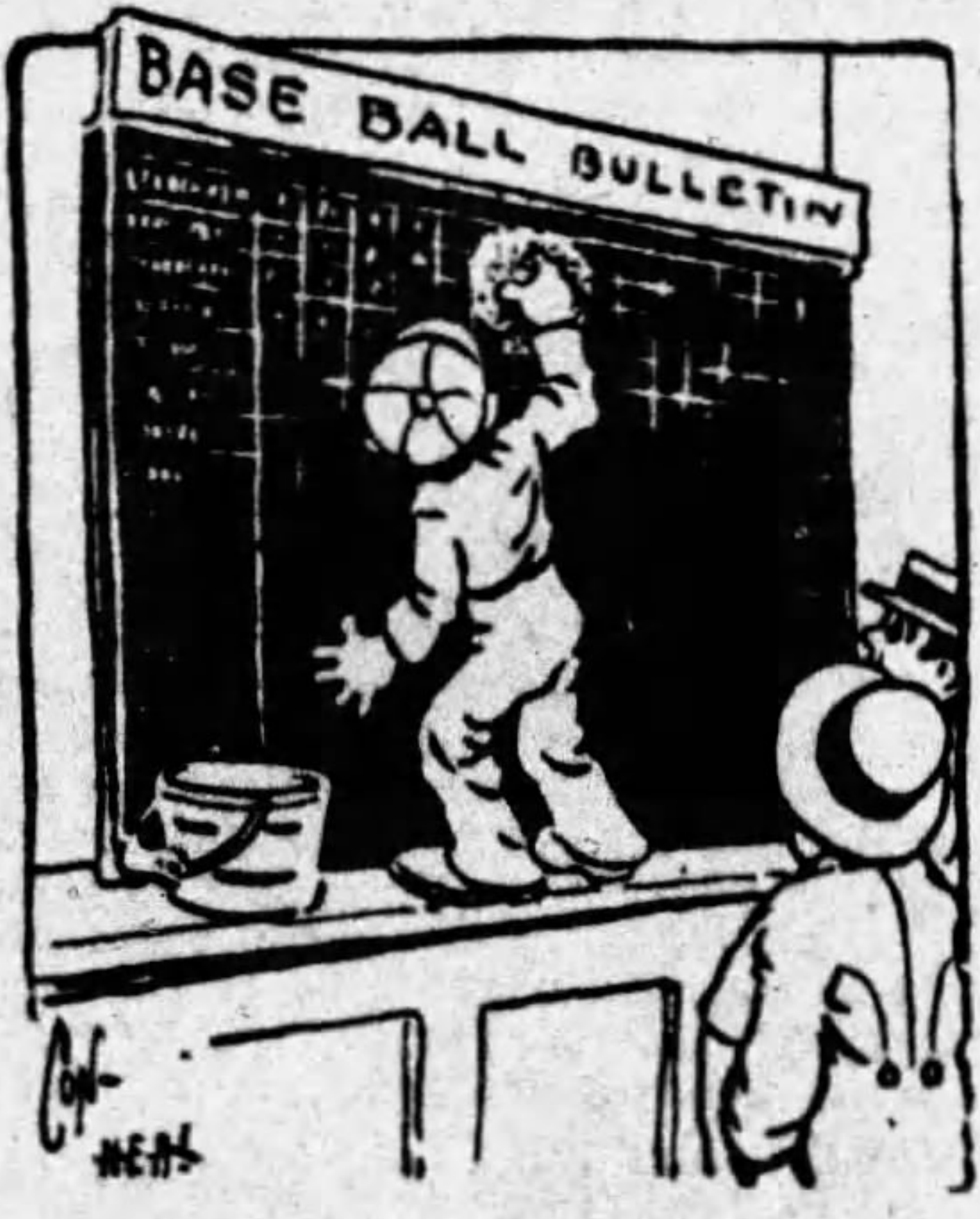
# THE JUDGE AND THE DINNER PAIL.


I WONDER WH[illegible]R JUDGE ALWAYS CARRIES HIS LUNCH?
THE JUDGE HAS GROWN DECIDEDLY ECONOMICAL!
YOU MEAN STINGY, DON'T YOU?

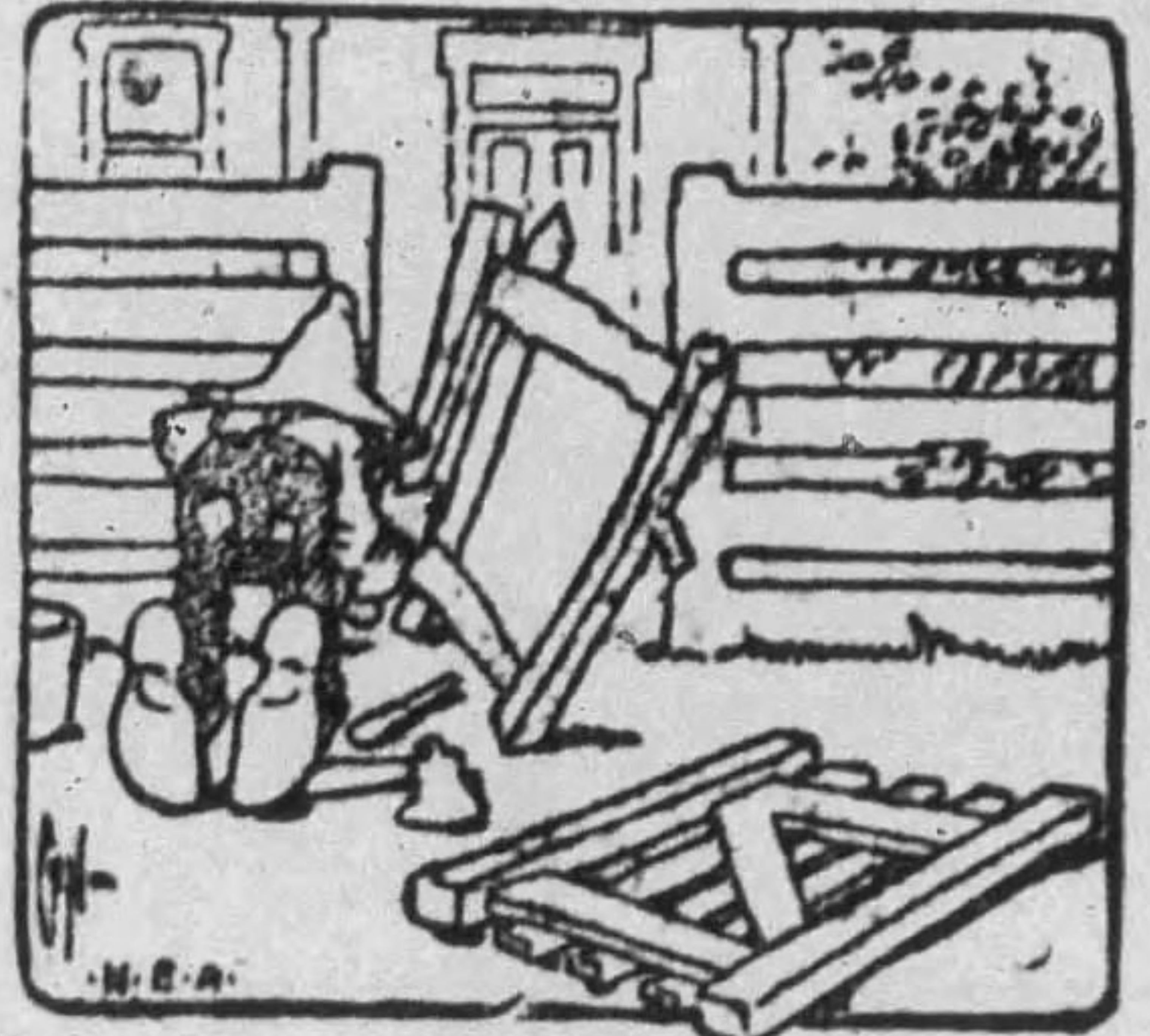
Judge Lexer attracted much attention by carrying a full dinner pail to his office nearly every day in the early spring. Some said the judge was economizing, and others declared he was fishing for the workingmen's vote.



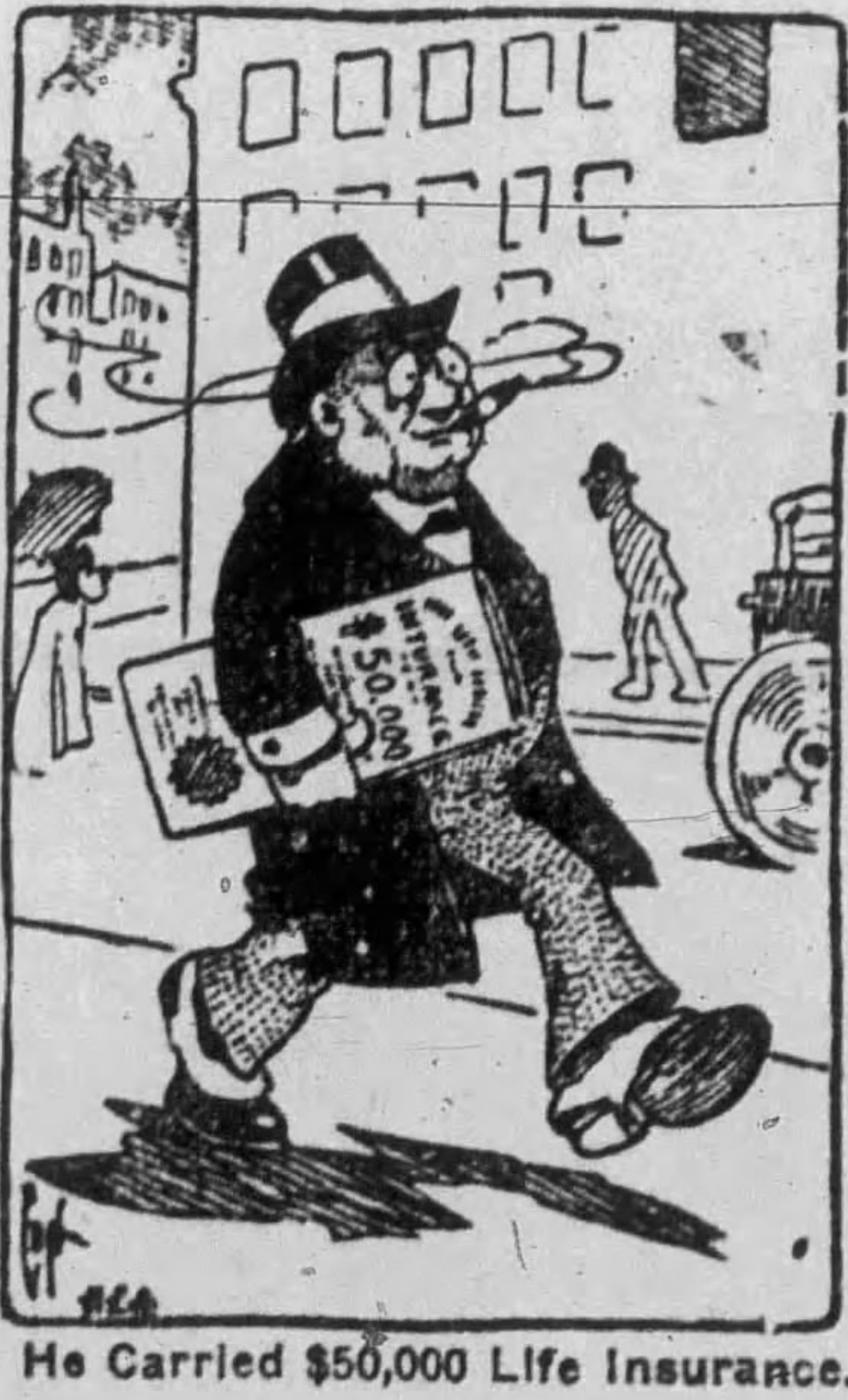
This shows what the judge was really fishing for.


BASE BALL BULLETIN

Wiping Out Old Scores.

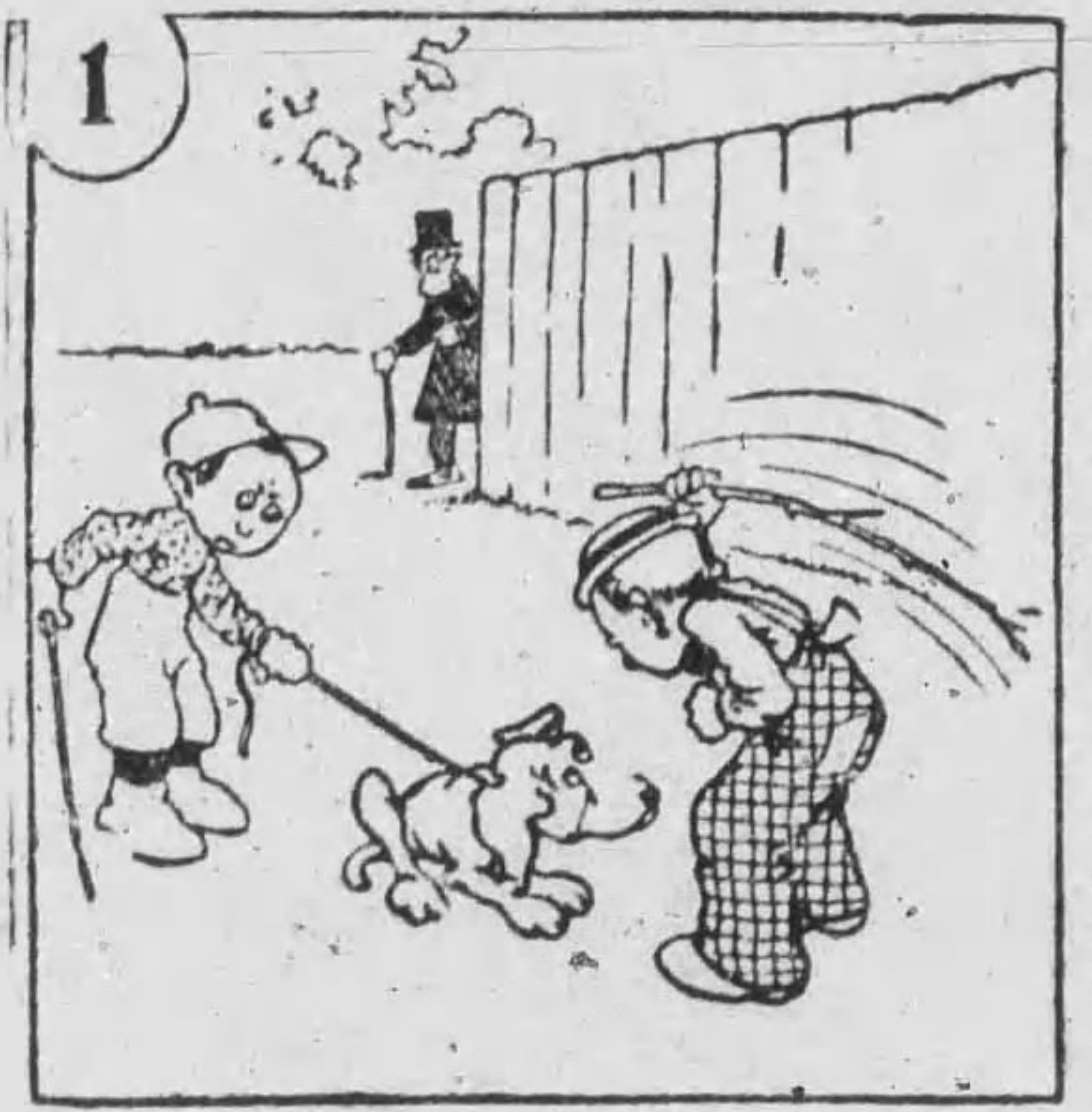


Changing His Gait.

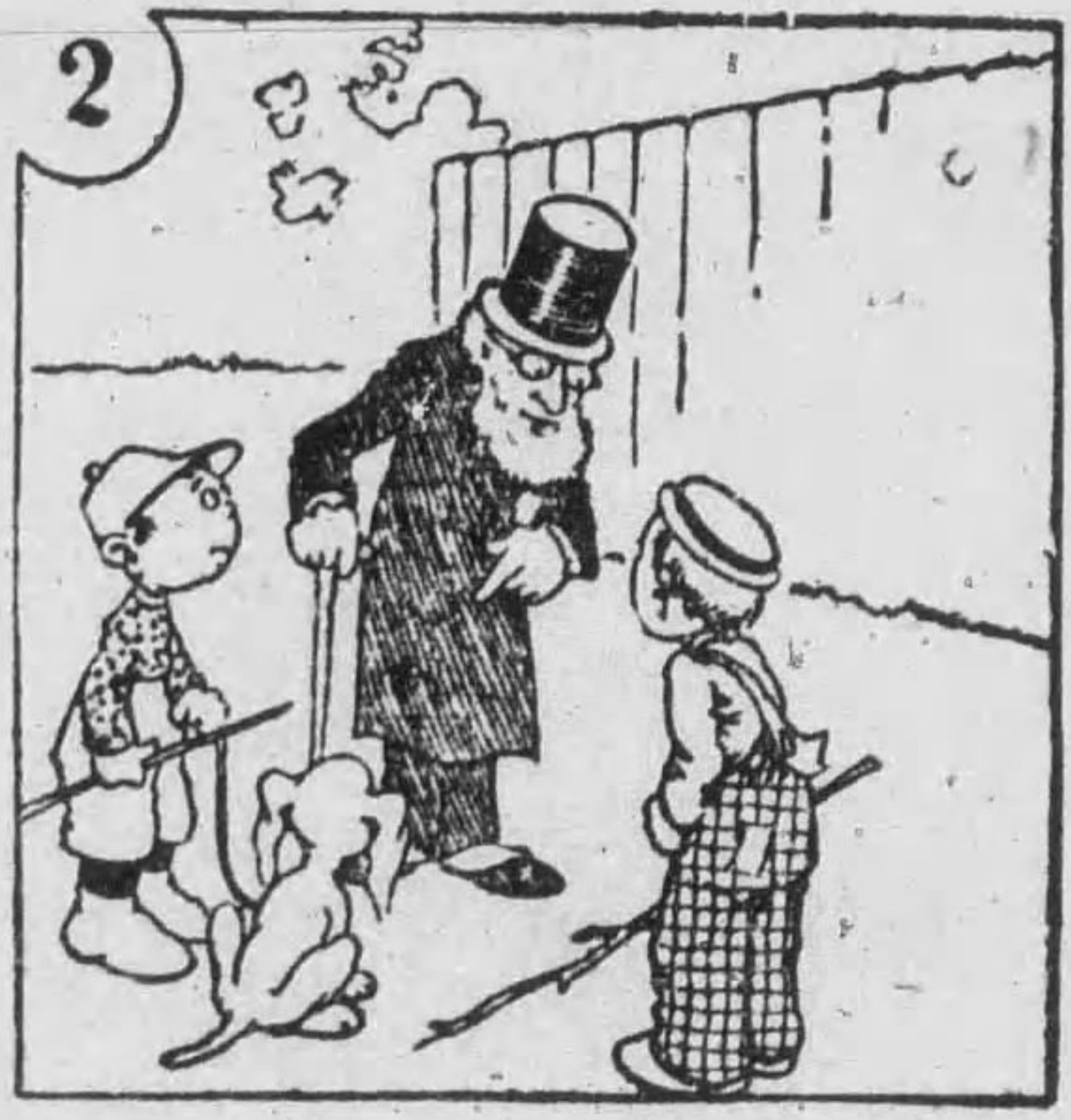


He Carried $50,000 Life Insurance.

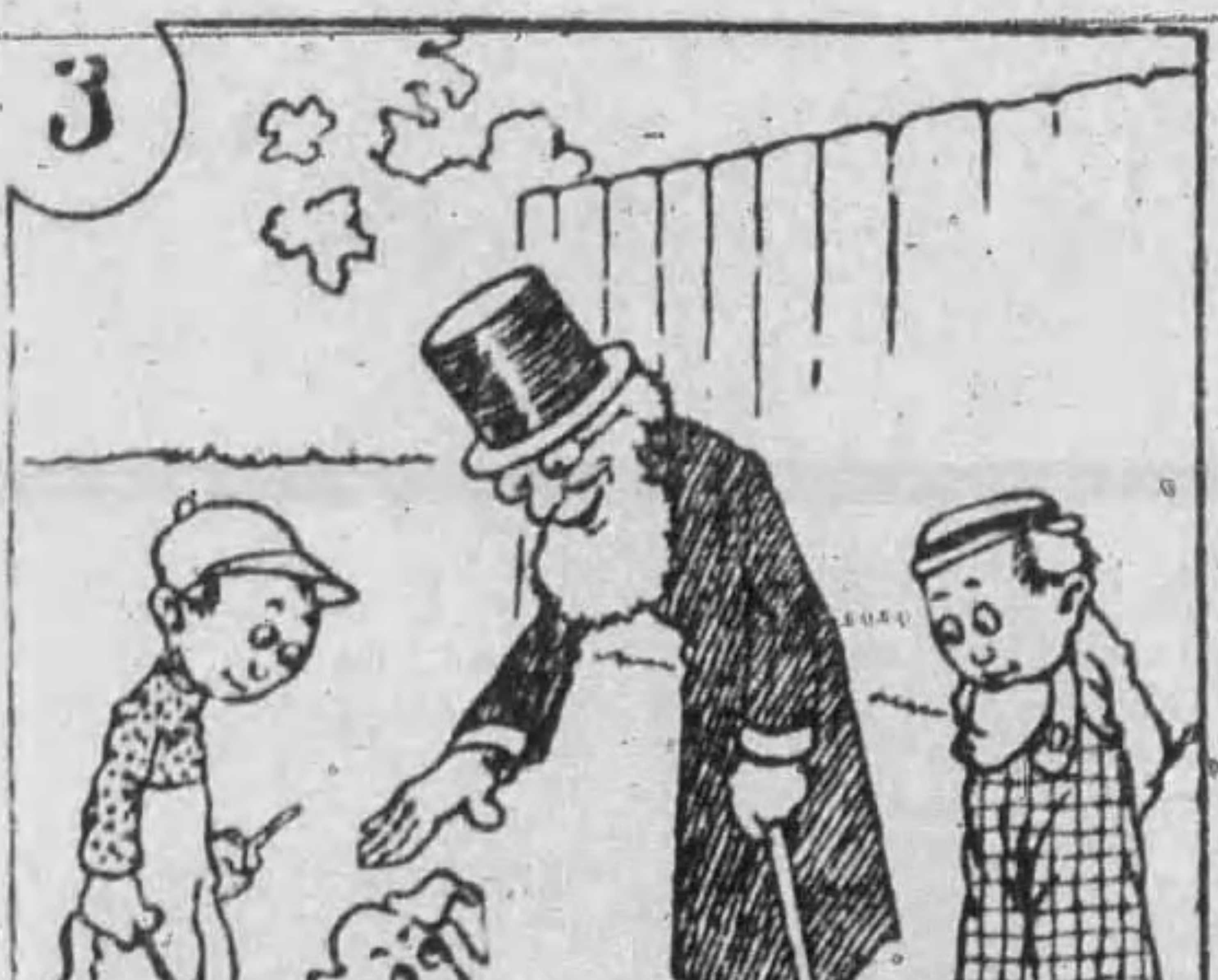
# THE FATE OF MR. BUTTERIN



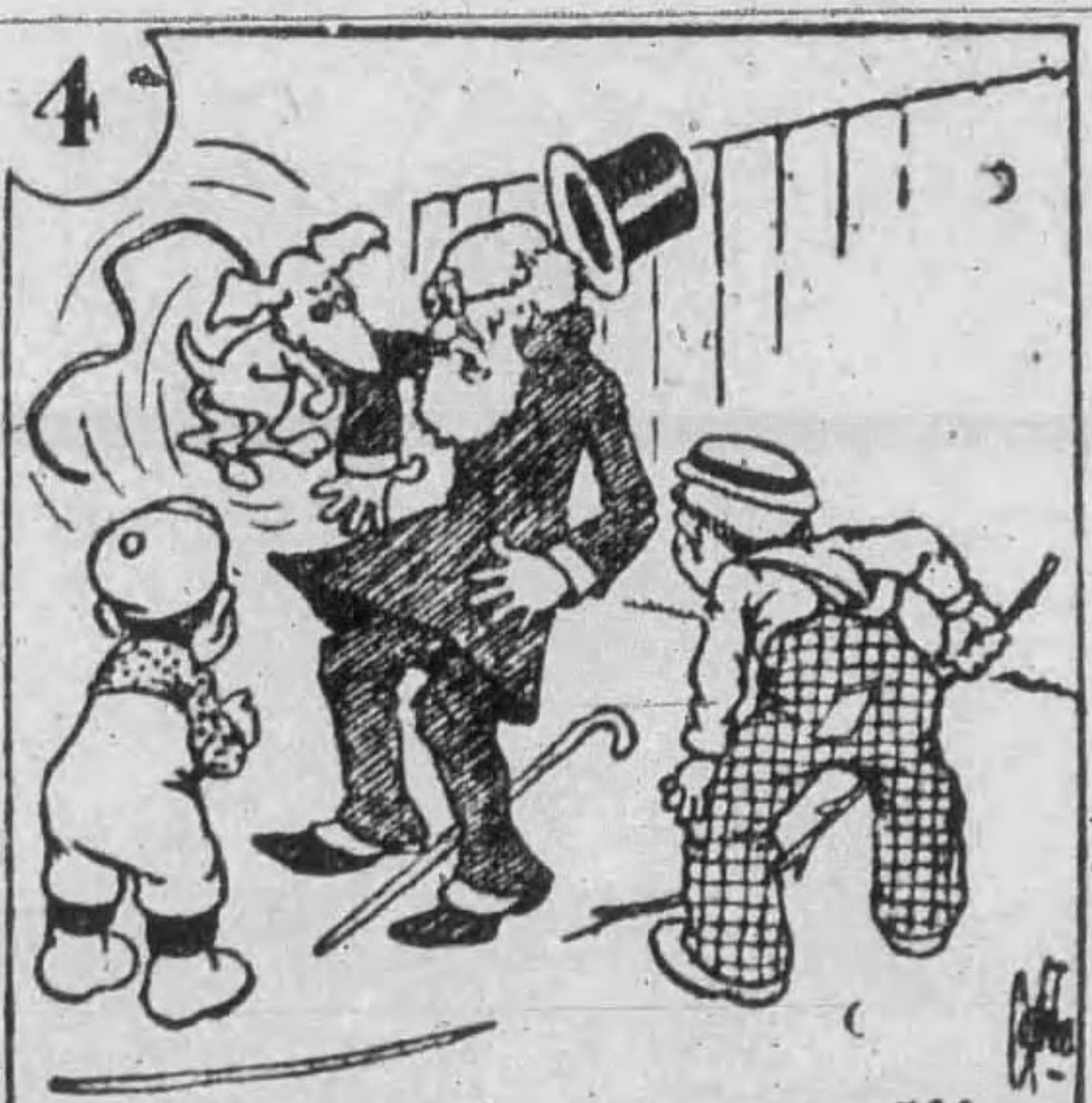
"Mercy me! Just see those bad boys beating that poor little dog! I must save the poor animal and give the boys a lesson at the same time."



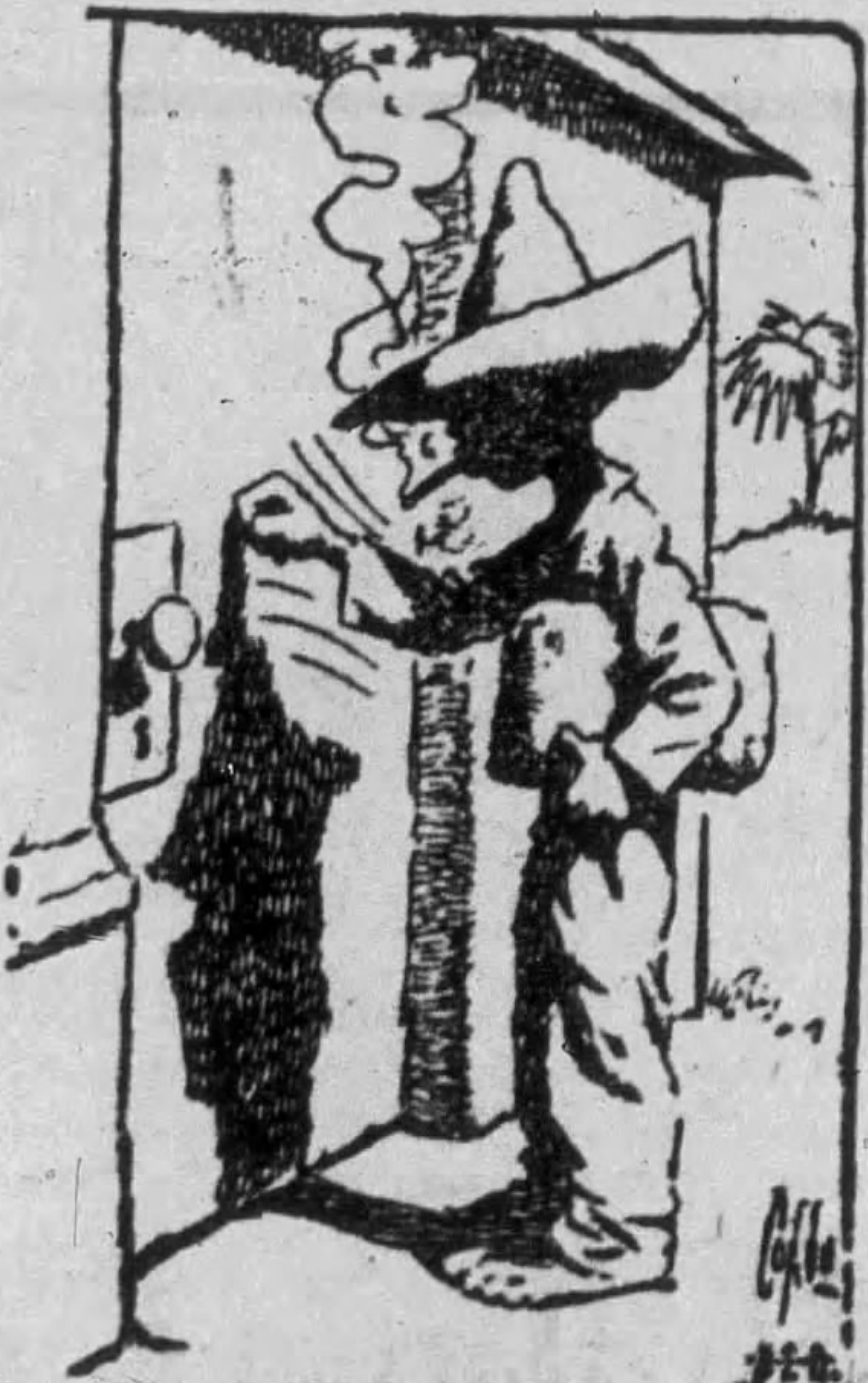
"Treat the dog kindly, boys, and he will love you. No animal loves man as the dog does. All he asks is a kind word now and then and he'll die for you."



"Just pat him on the head and see how he responds."

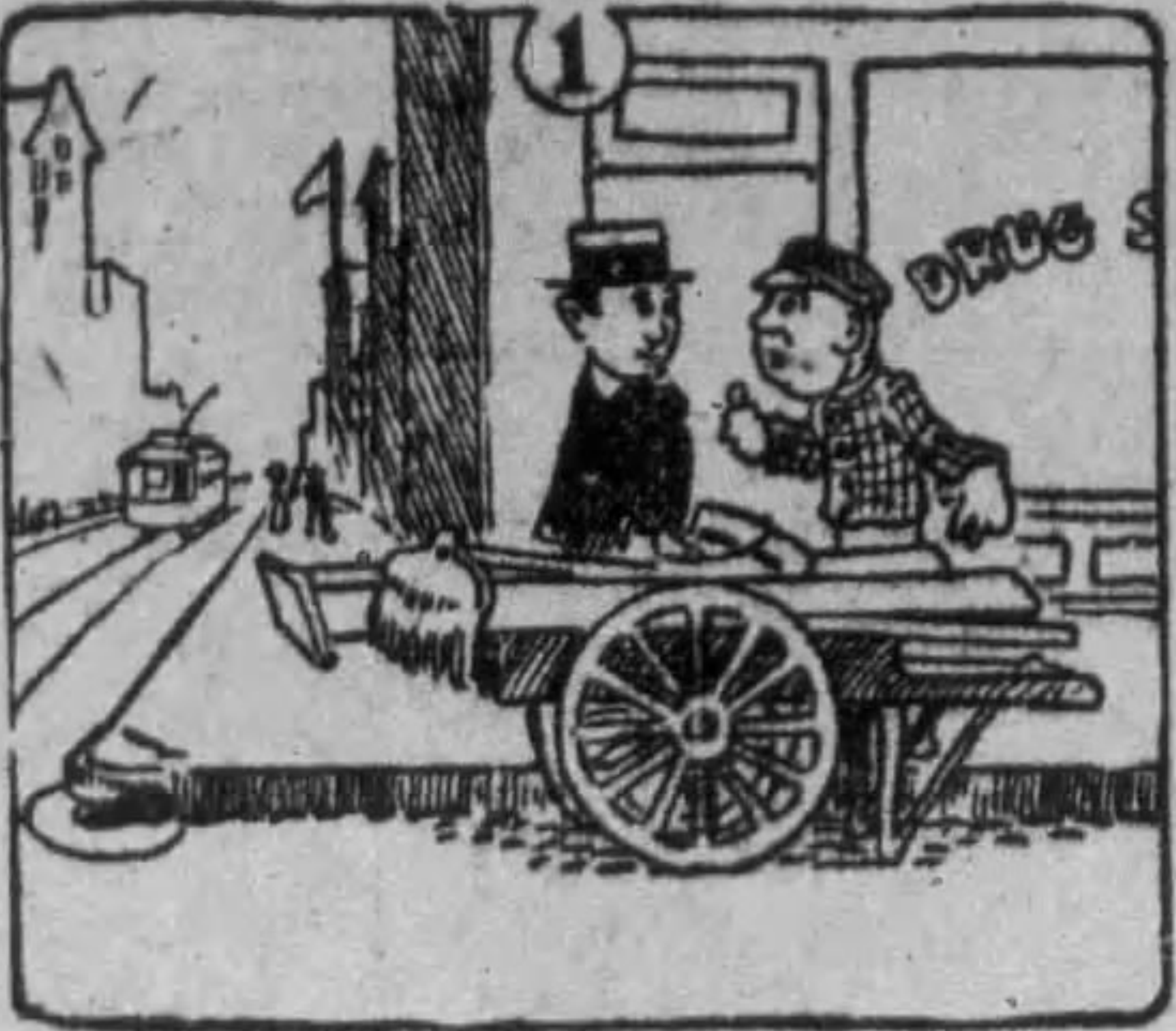


"Ow, wow, wow, give me a club! Beat him off! Kill him!"



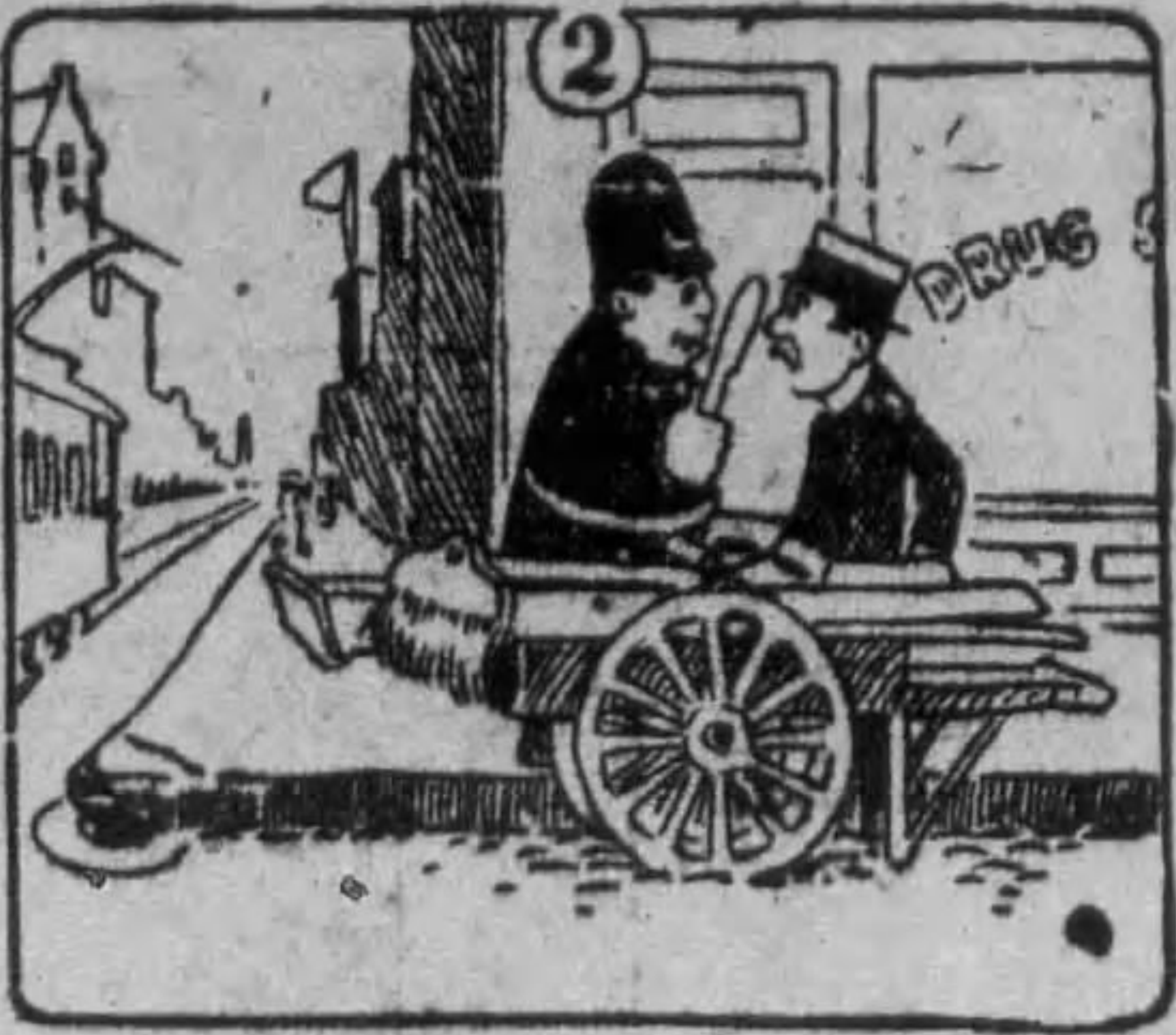
A Havana Rapper.

# CHUMPEN, THE FOOLISH COP



"Excuse me, but will you watch my cart a minute or two while I go into the drug store and get some medicine? I've got a sudden attack of dizziness."

"Certainly. Go ahead."

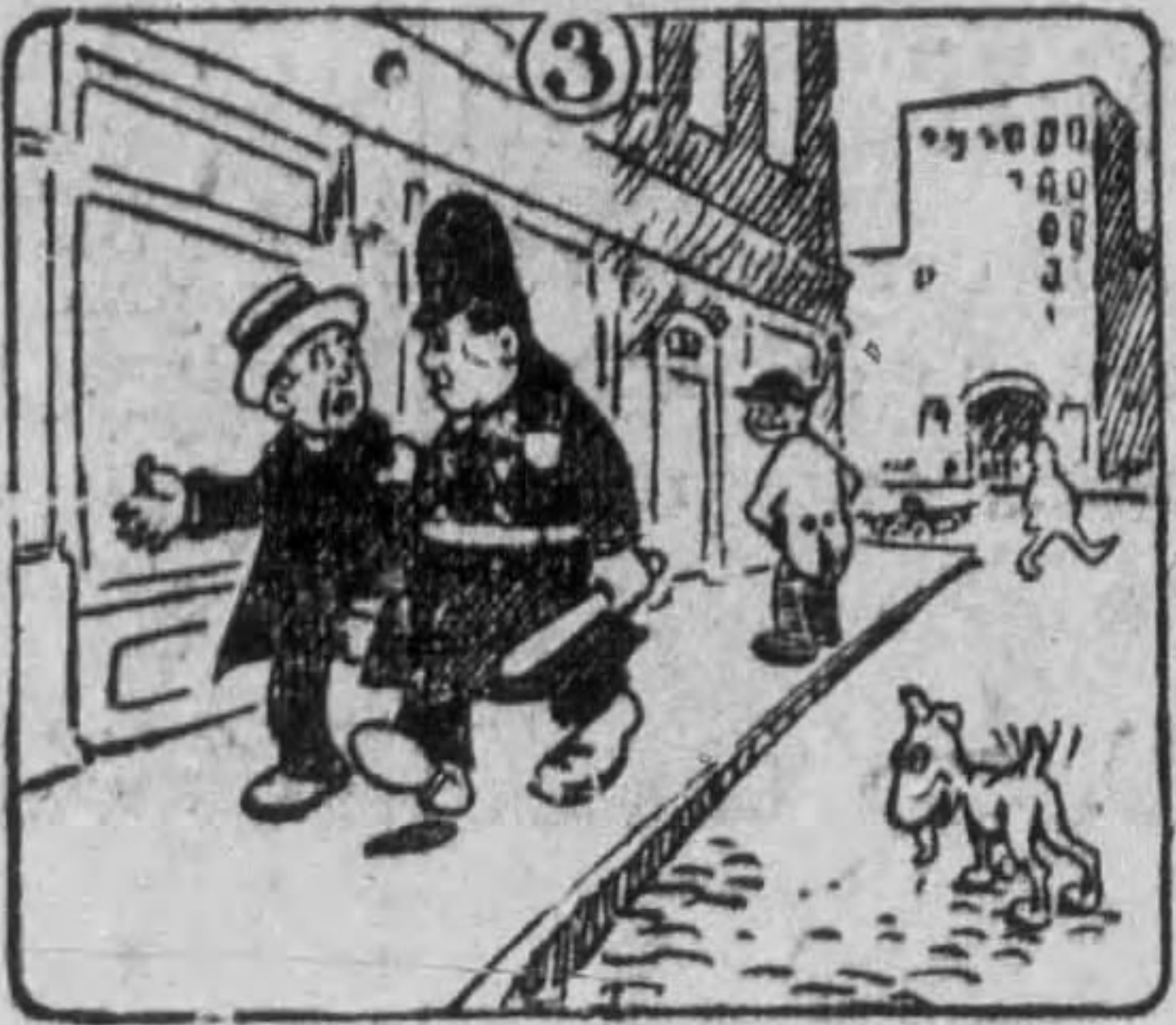


"Here, you've got to move this cart."

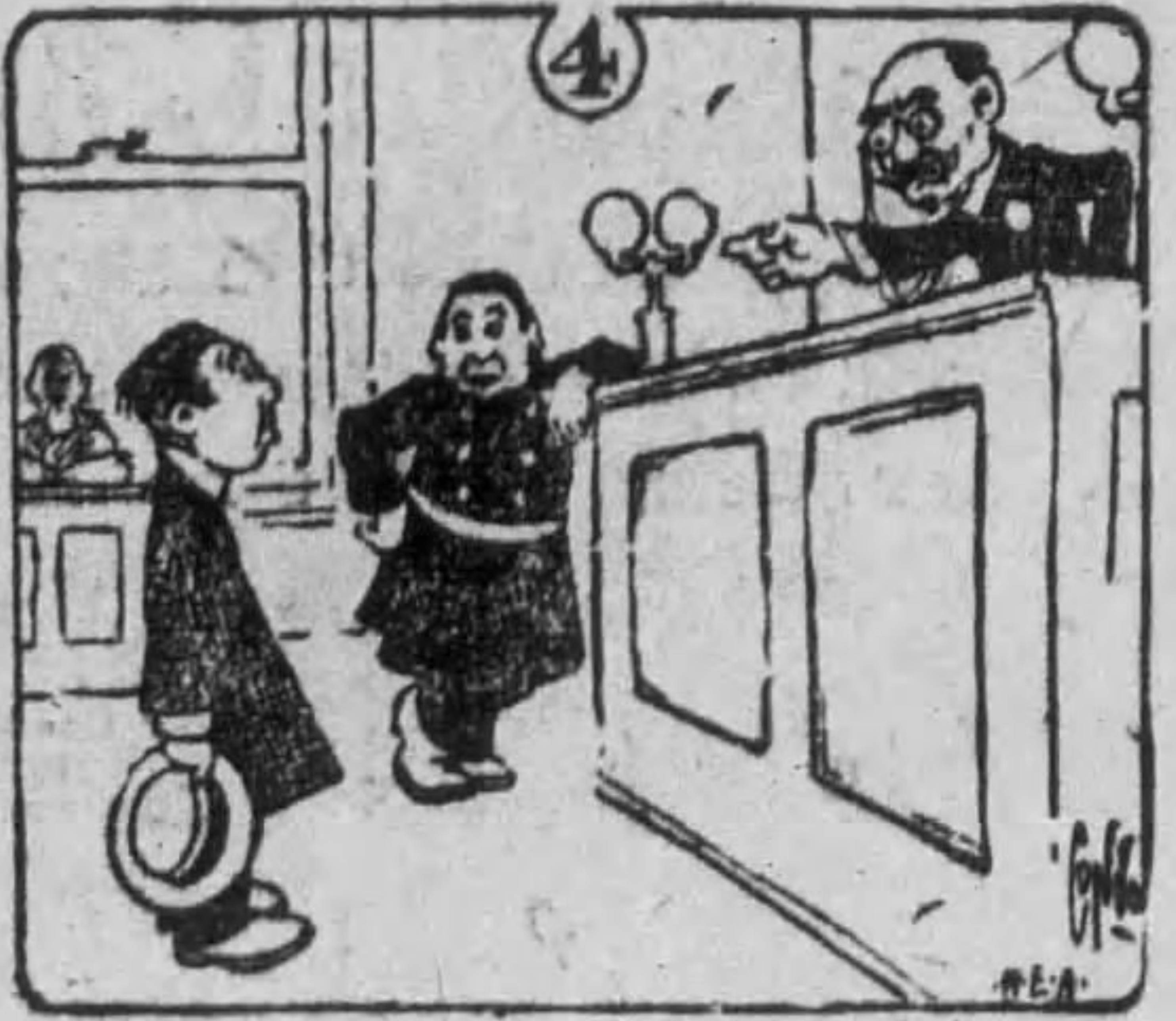
"Have I?"

"Yes, move it, and be lively too."

"Well, I guess not."



"I'll show you a few things. When I tell you to move a cart, you move it. You'll find it's a good deal cheaper. The next time you won't refuse to obey my orders."

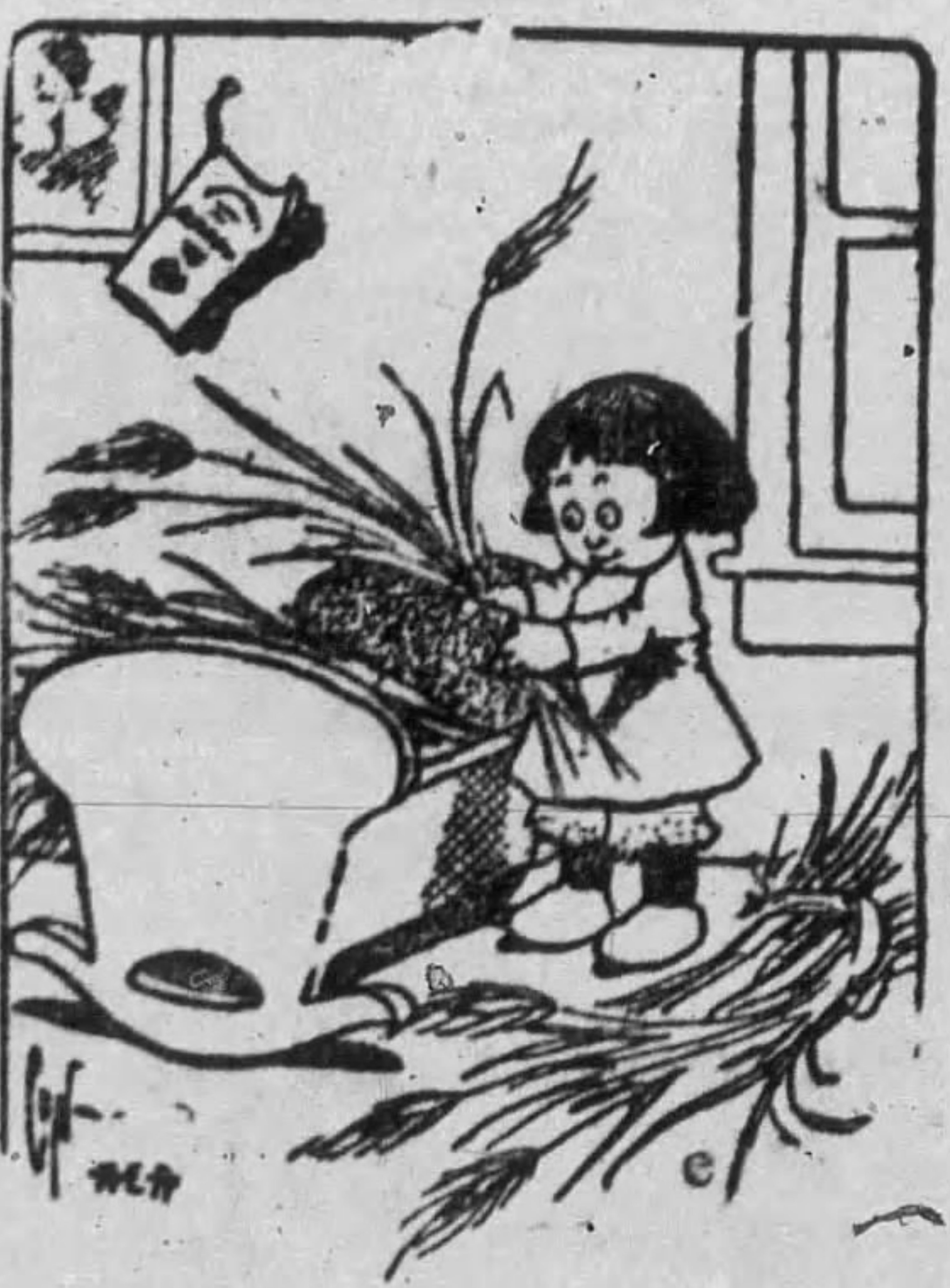


"Prisoner, why did you refuse to move that cart?"

"Why, judge, it wasn't my cart."

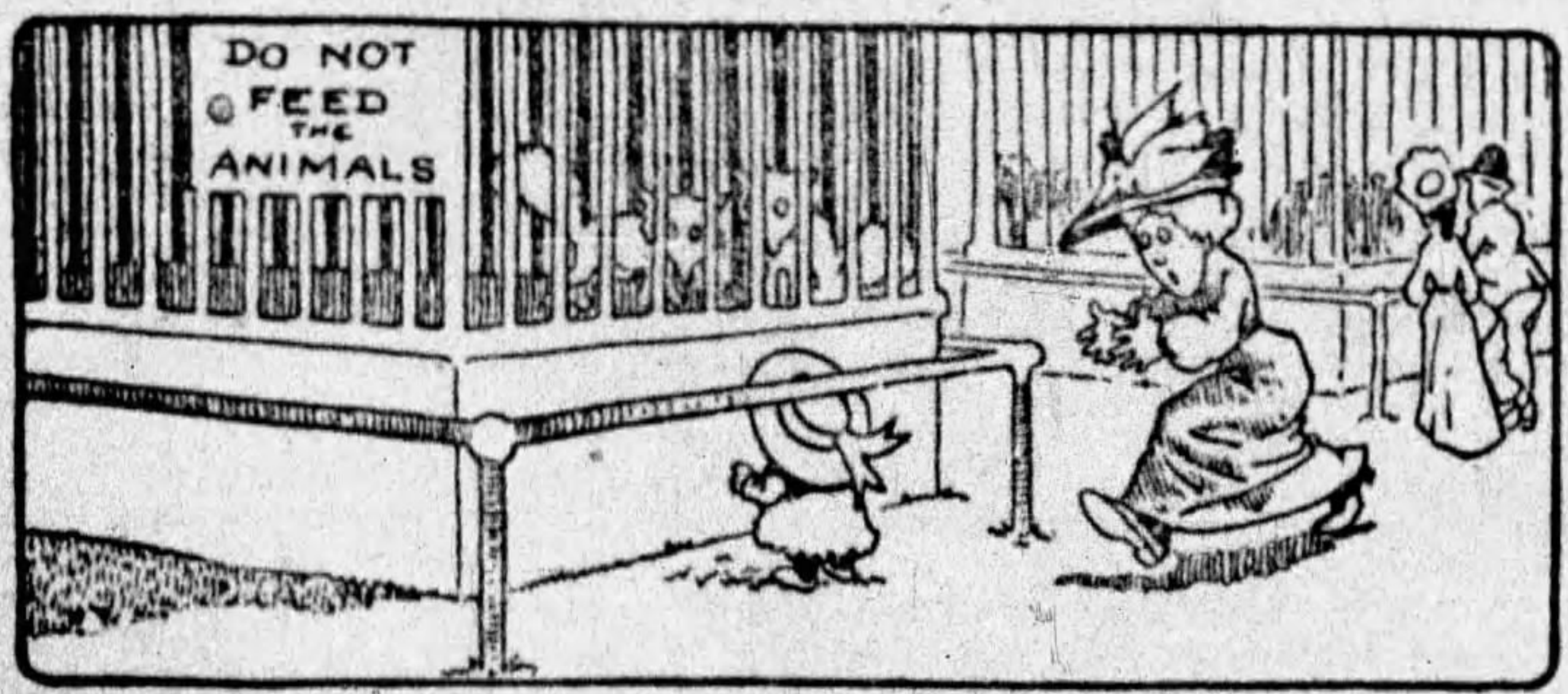
"Officer Chumpen, you're the biggest fool on the force."

## Down on the Farm.

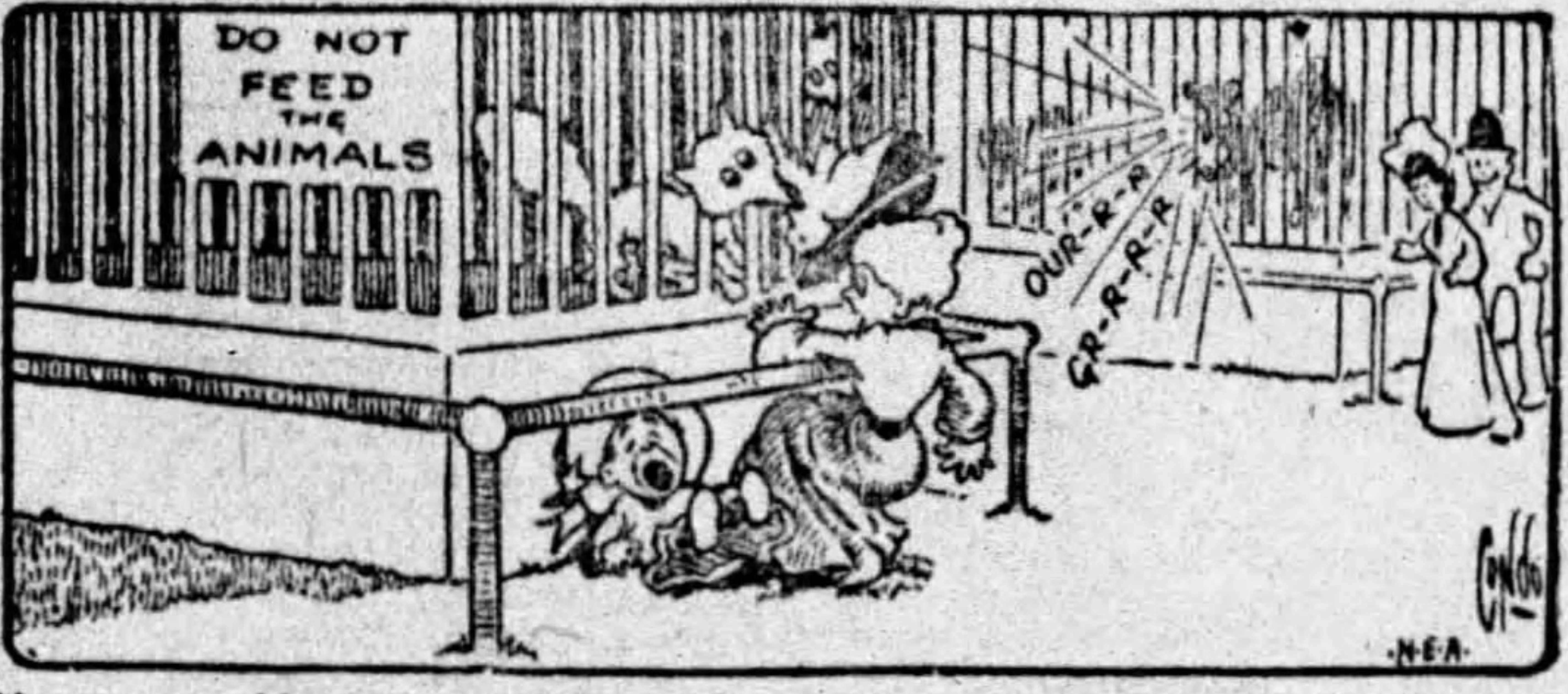


CRADLING THE WHEAT.

# DRY MEAL FOR BRE'R FOX.

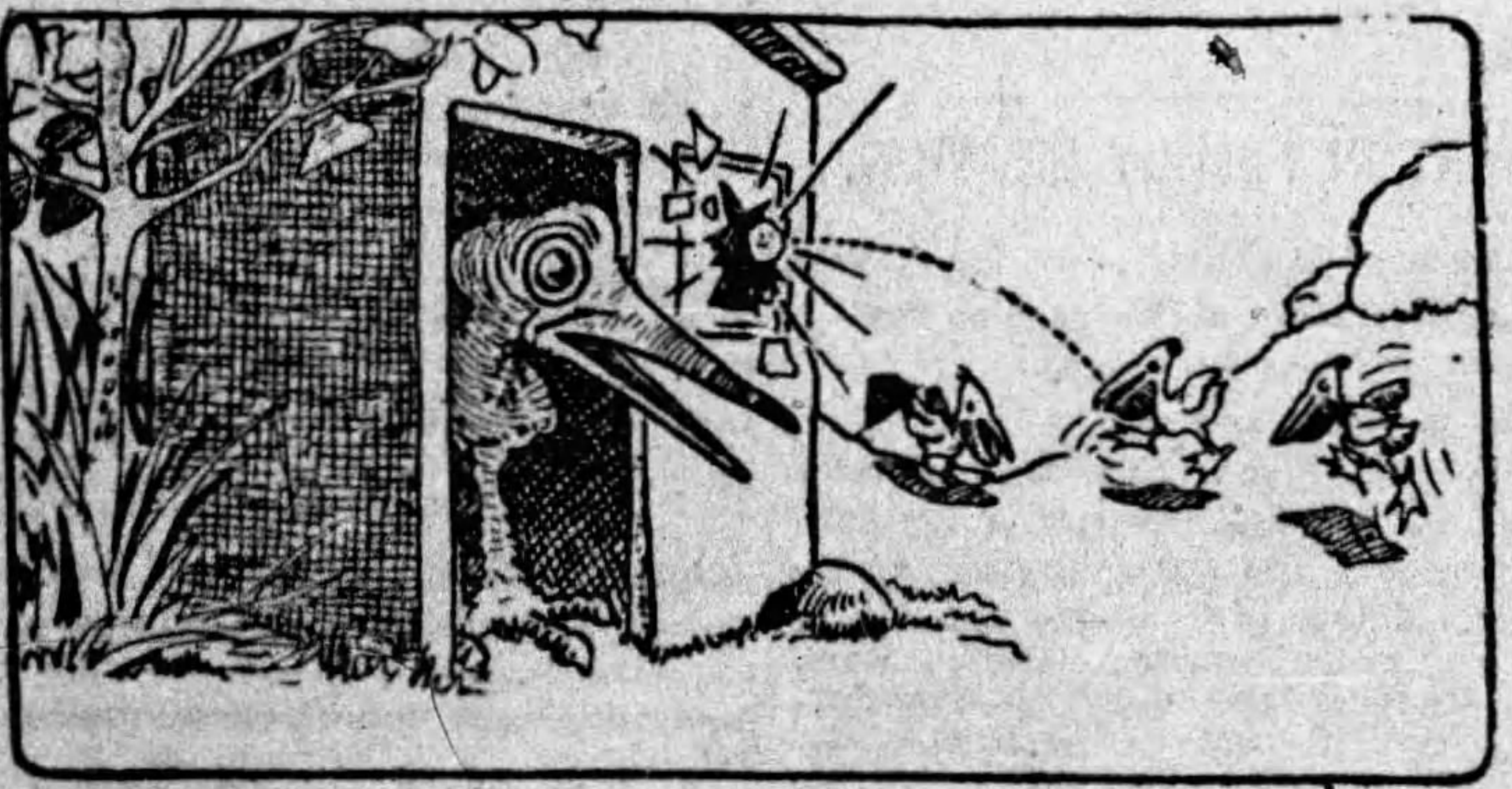

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

"Harry, my darling, come away from those vicious foxes! Theyll eat you up, my darling!"

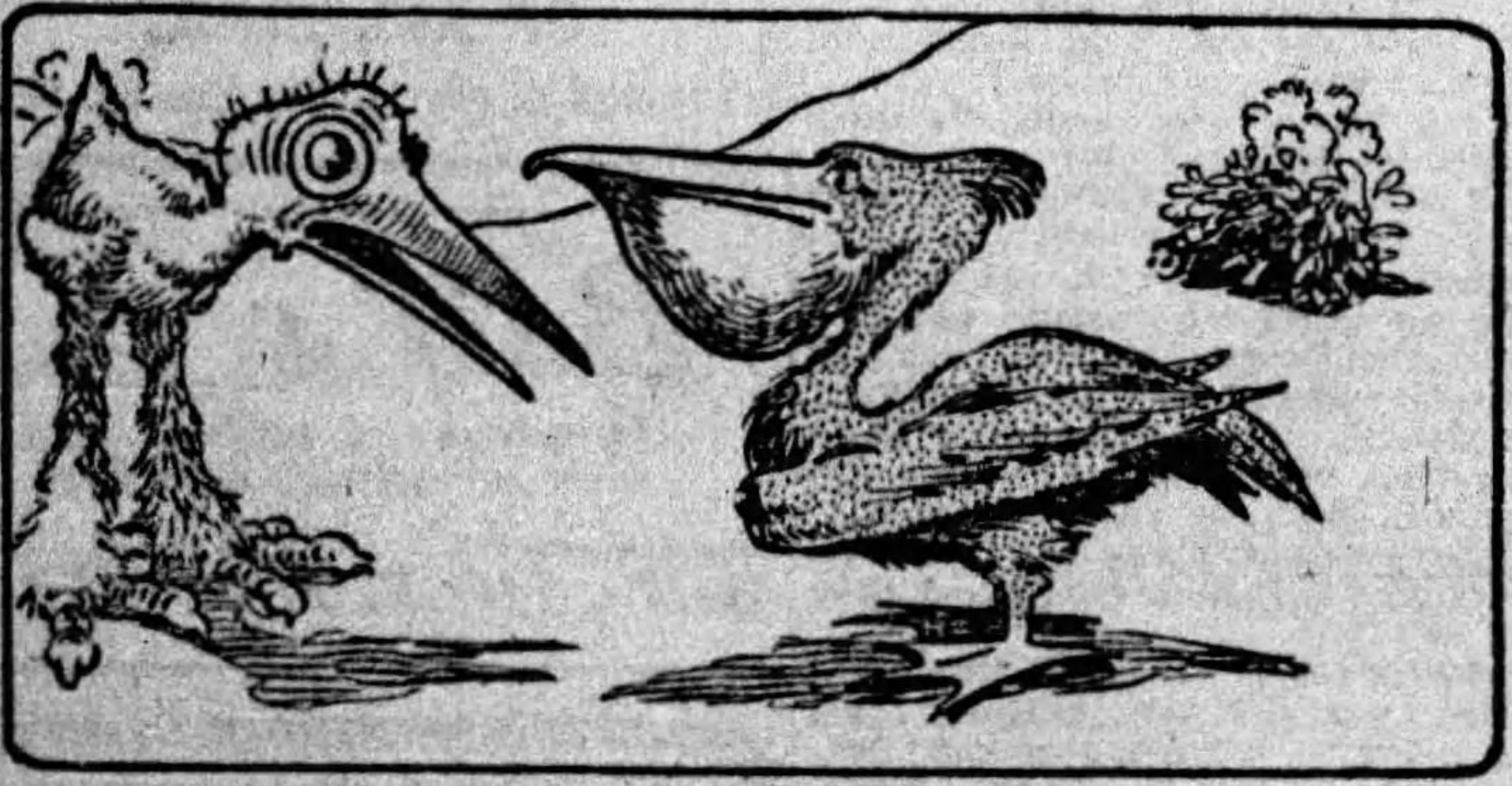

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS
OUR-R-R
GR-R-R-R
Condo
N.E.A.

Mamma would wear one of those lovely birds on her bonnet.

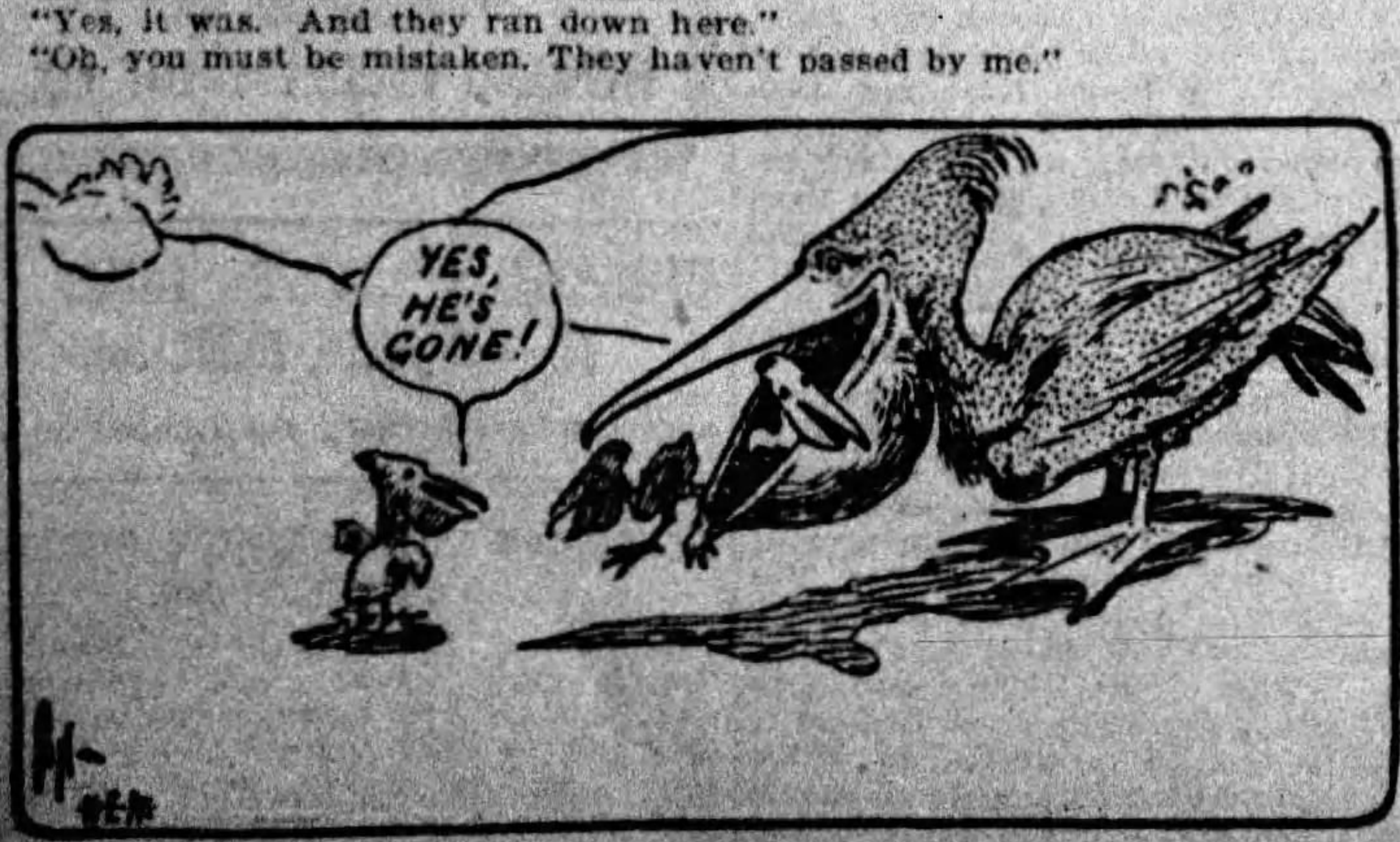
# ESCAPE OF THE PELICAN BOYS.



"Run, kids, run!" yelled little Andy Pelican, who threw the stone. "The old guy's comin' after us. Run!"

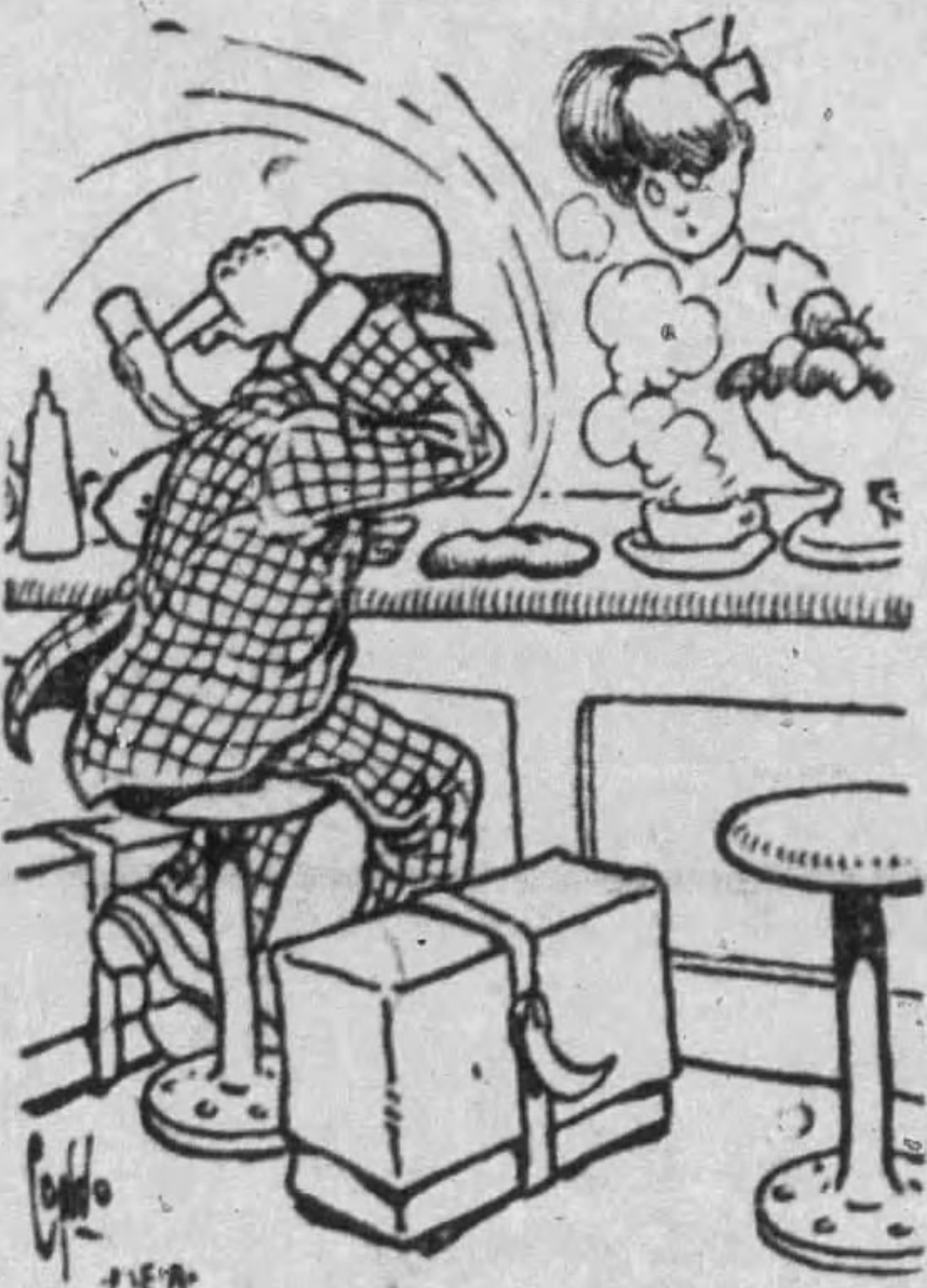


"Mrs. Pelican, one of your boys broke my window with a stone."
"It couldn't have been one of mine."
"Yes, it was. And they ran down here."
"Oh, you must be mistaken. They haven't passed by me."

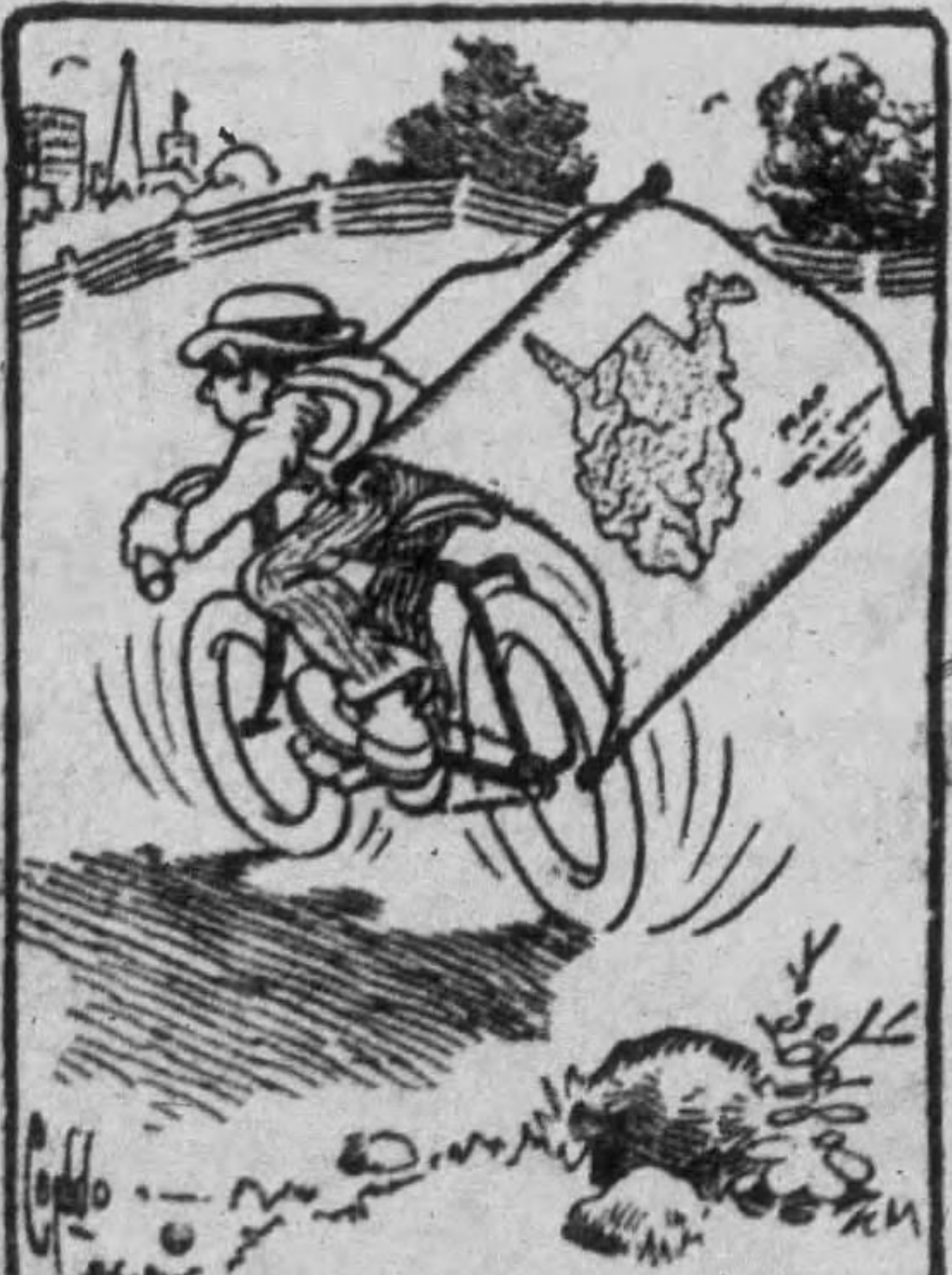


YES, HE'S GONE!

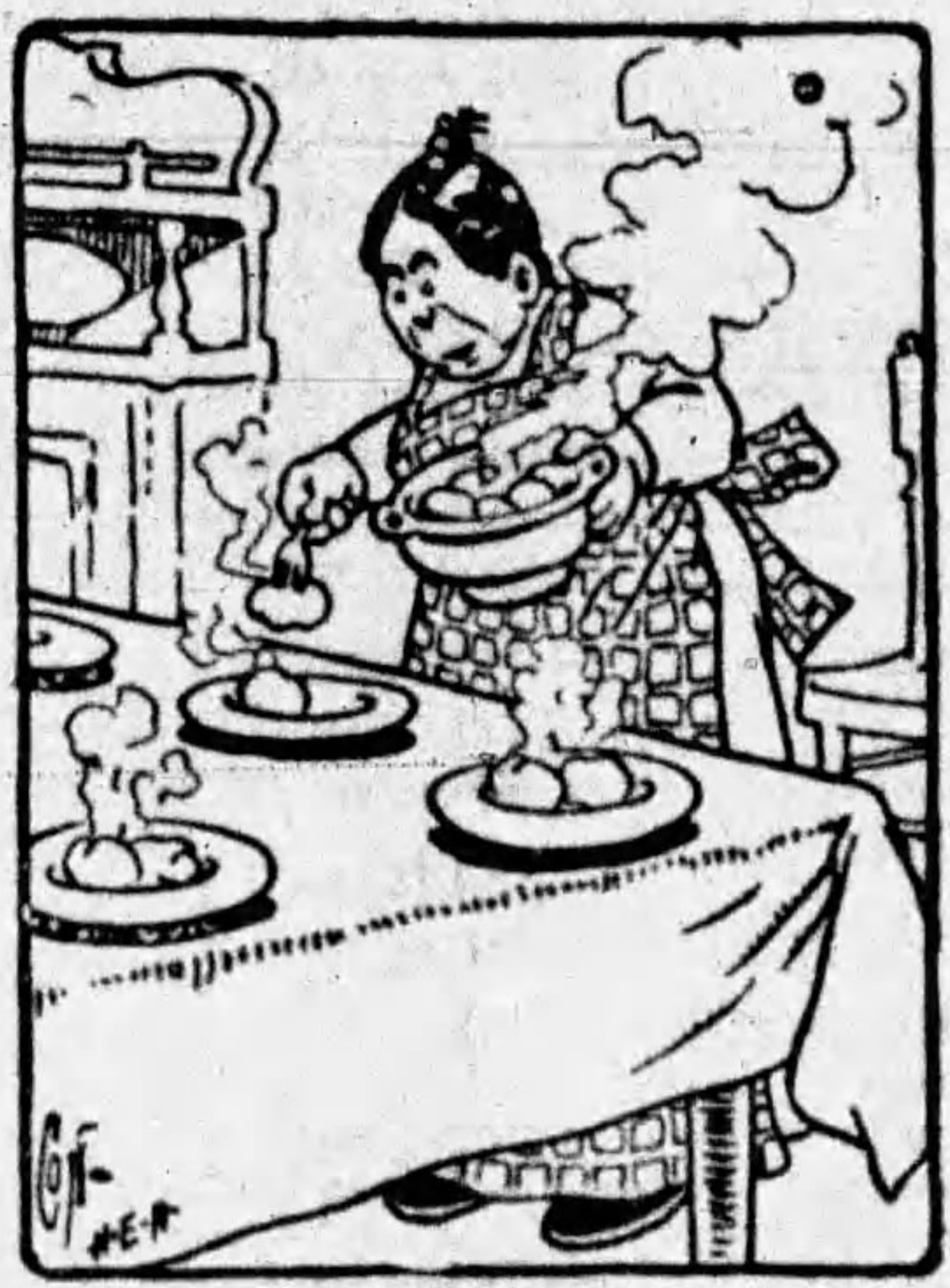
"I saved you this time, children, but you need a good spanking."



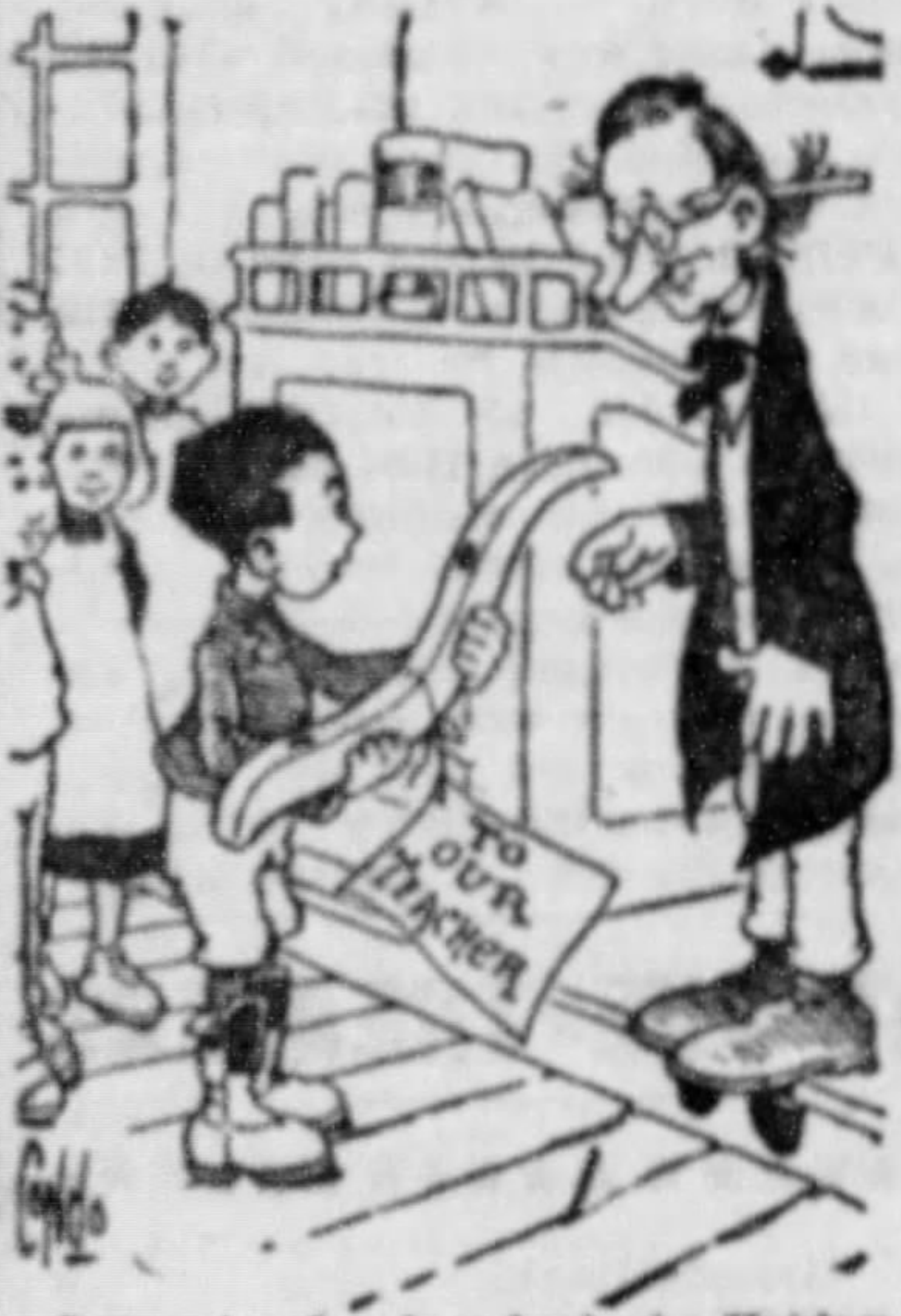
The Drummer Beat the Long Roll.



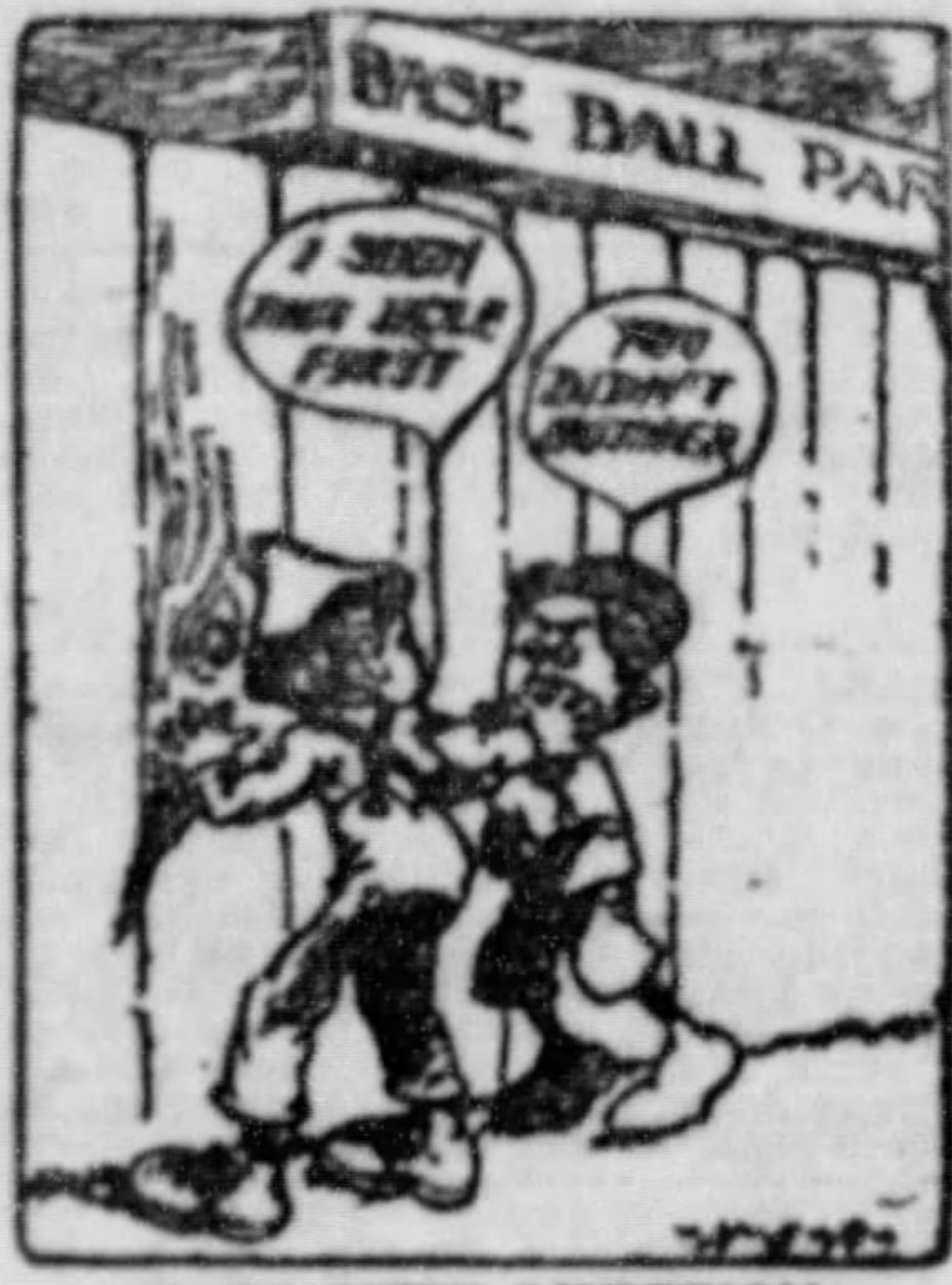
Wheeling West Virginia.



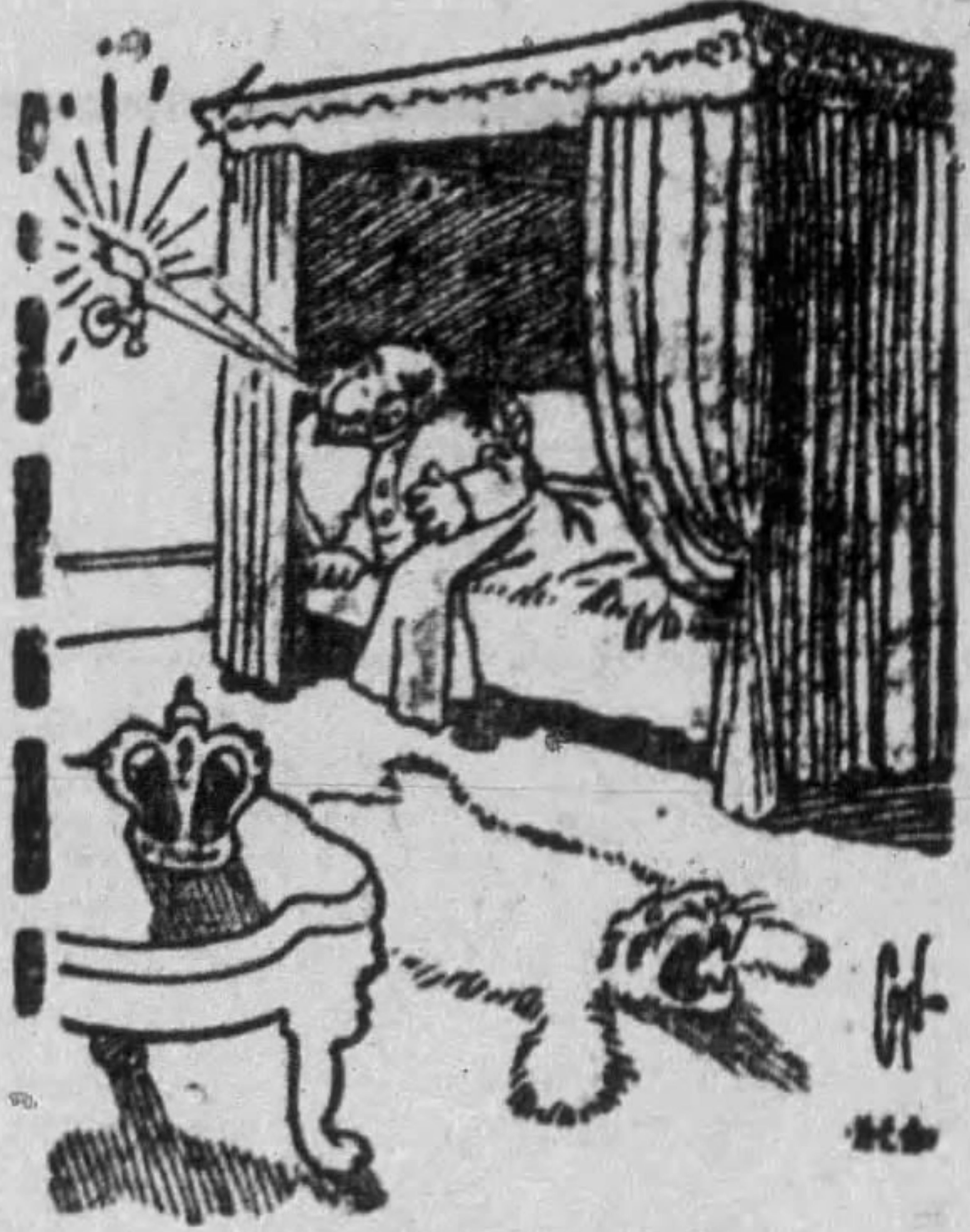
Pairing the Potatoes.



Our school closed last Friday. The scholars presented their teacher, Albert Smith, with a fine rocker. —Pokebury correspondence, Orrville, O. Courier.

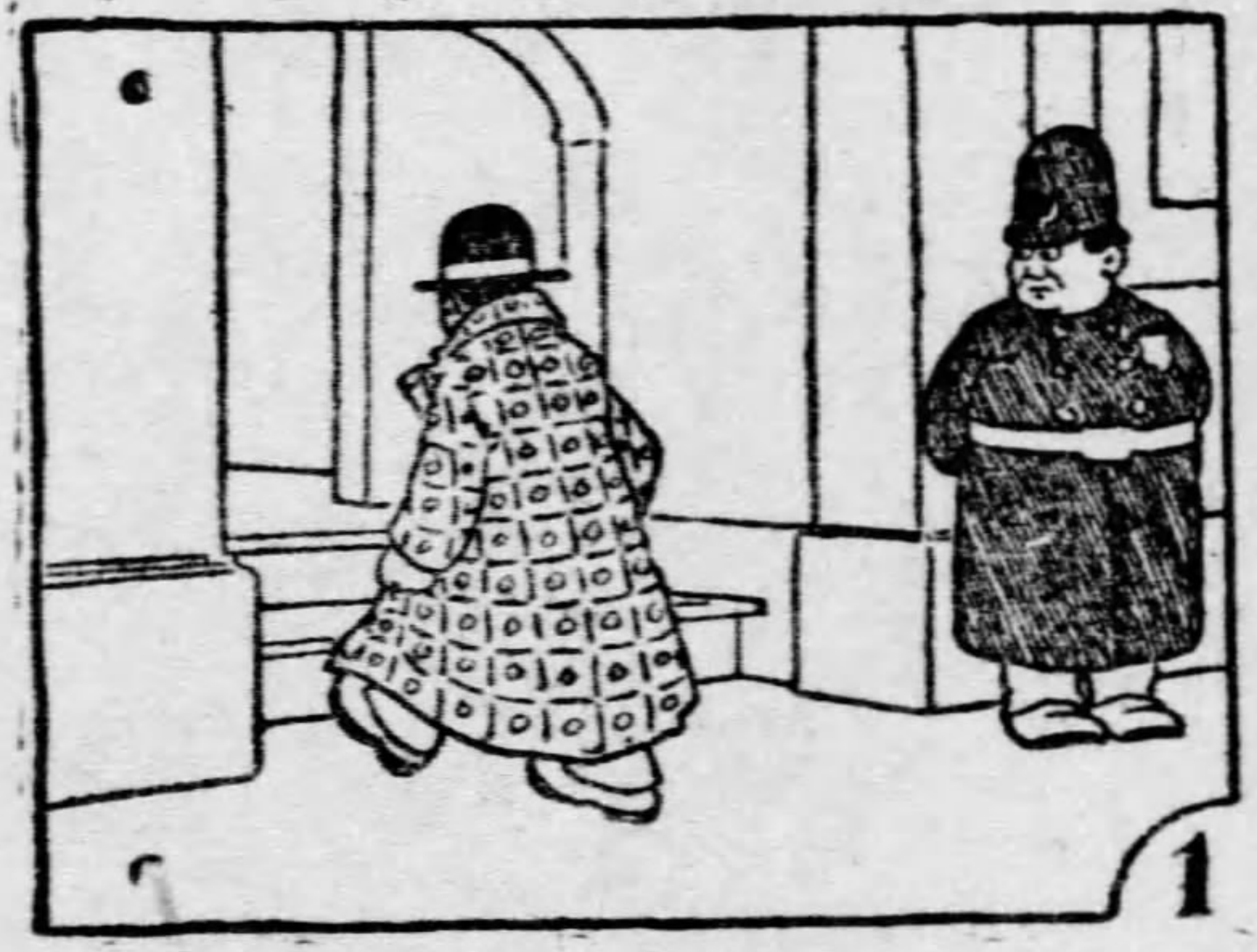

BASE BALL PAR
I SEEN THIS HOLE FIRST
YOU DIDN'T NEITHER

A KNOTTY QUESTION.

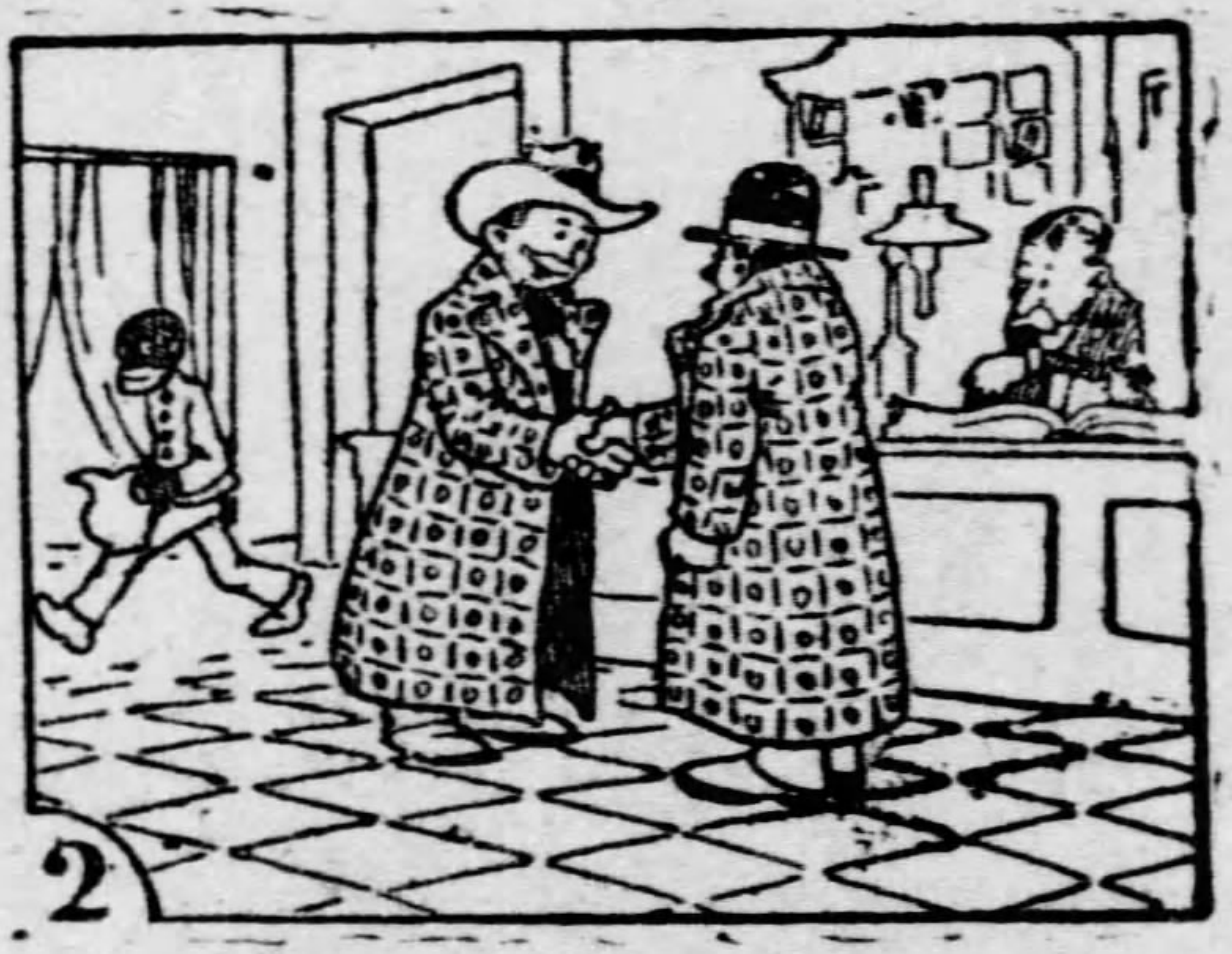


A Royal Blow Out.

# CHUMPEN BLUNDERS AGAIN



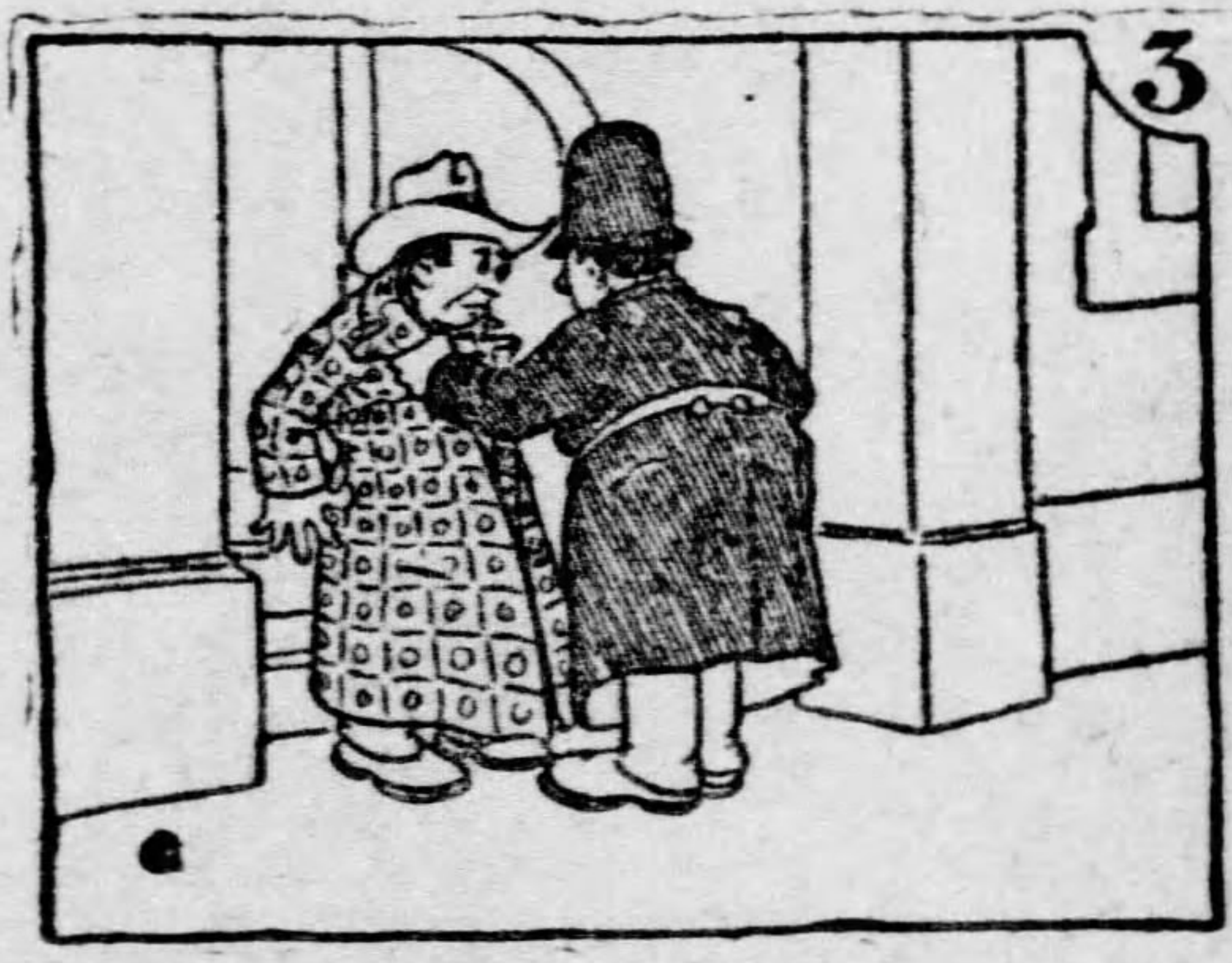
"Well, if that coat's not the limit!" exclaimed Patrolman Chumpen, as the stranger entered the hotel. It beats anything I ever saw. Why, I'd be ashamed to wear a coat like that in London. The fellow must be daffy."



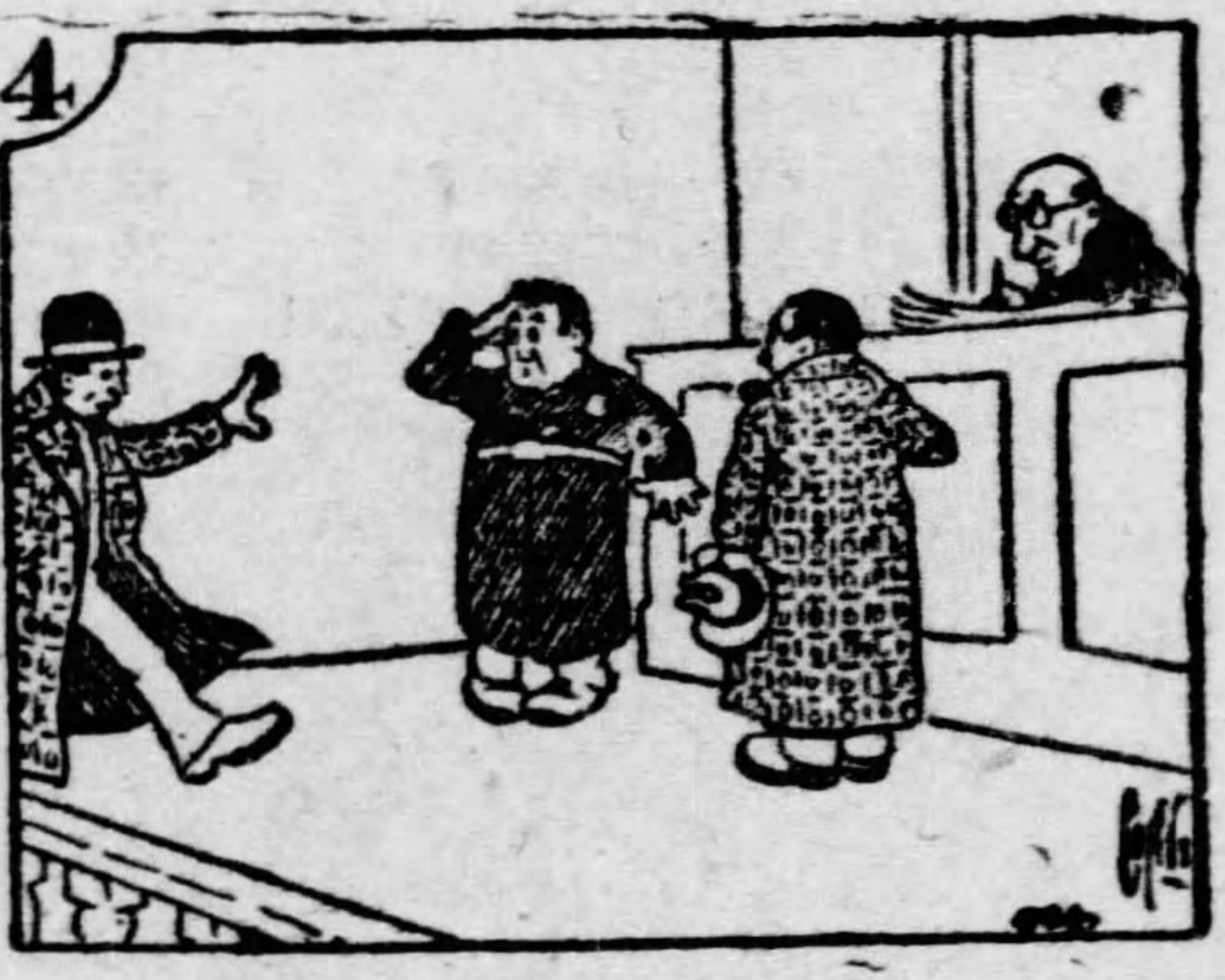
"Hello, Dave—where'd you get that coat? I supposed I was the only man in the world with a coat made of that material."

"You don't see many coats like ours, do you?"

"I guess we've got the only two in the world."

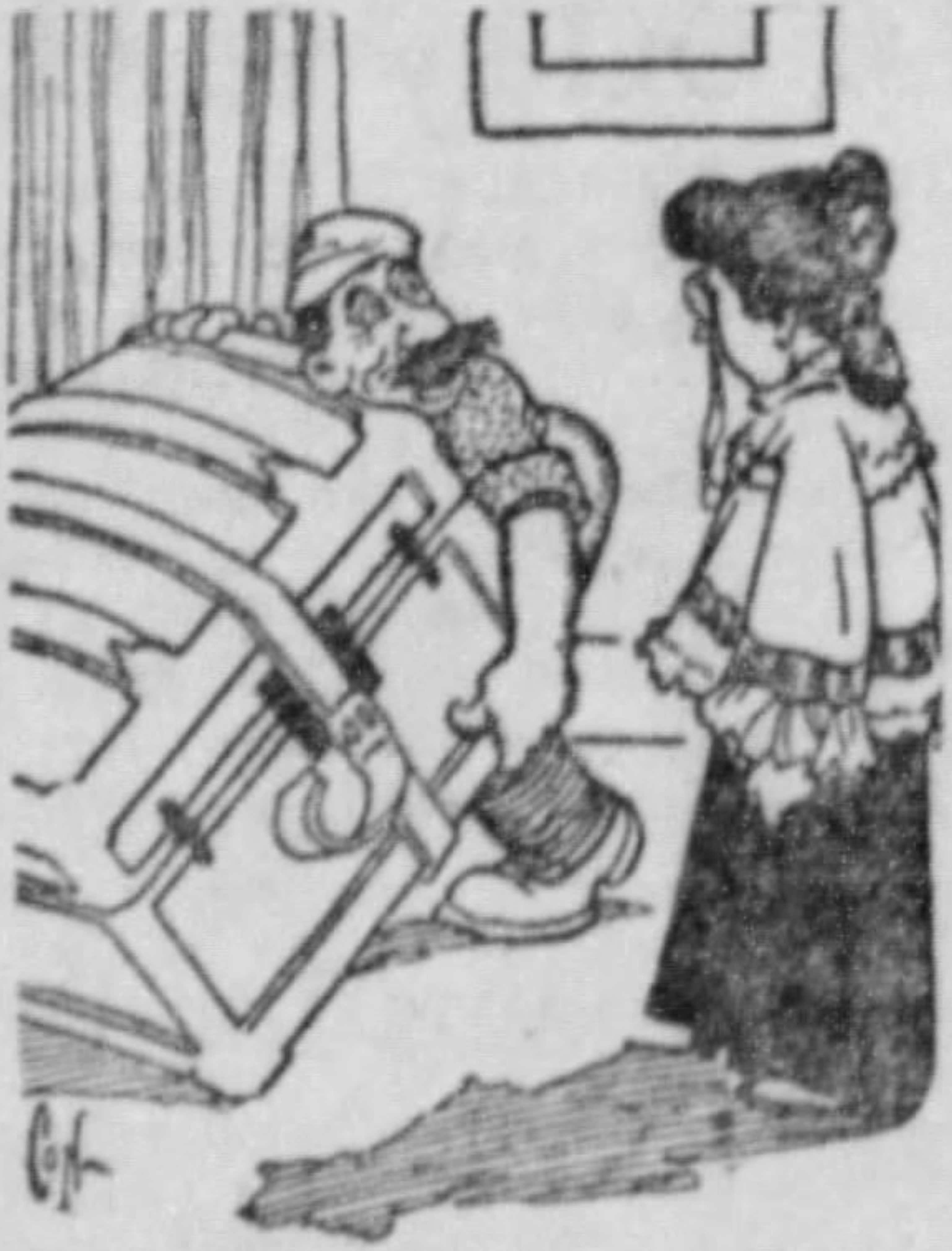


"Here, my fine fellow, you take a walk with me. You pinched that coat, and you'll go to the workhouse for six months or my name's not Chumpen. Don't try to make any excuses. I know the man who owns that coat."



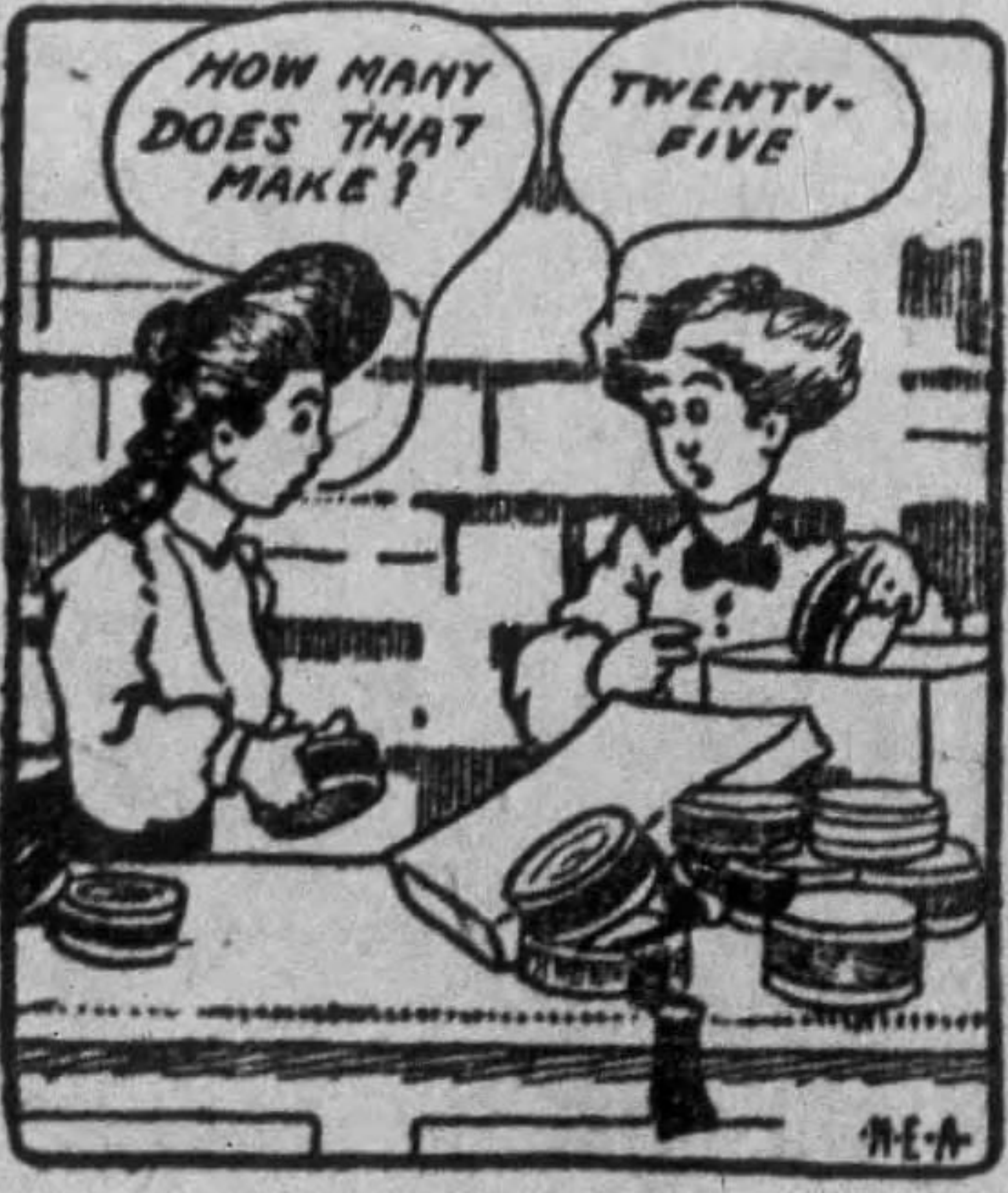
"Say, Judge, the prisoner is a friend of mine. Why, he dosen't have [illegible] steal a coat. He's a Pittsburg millionaire and he can buy all the coats the factories can make in a year."

"Officer Chumpen, you're a disgrace to the force. Get out of here."



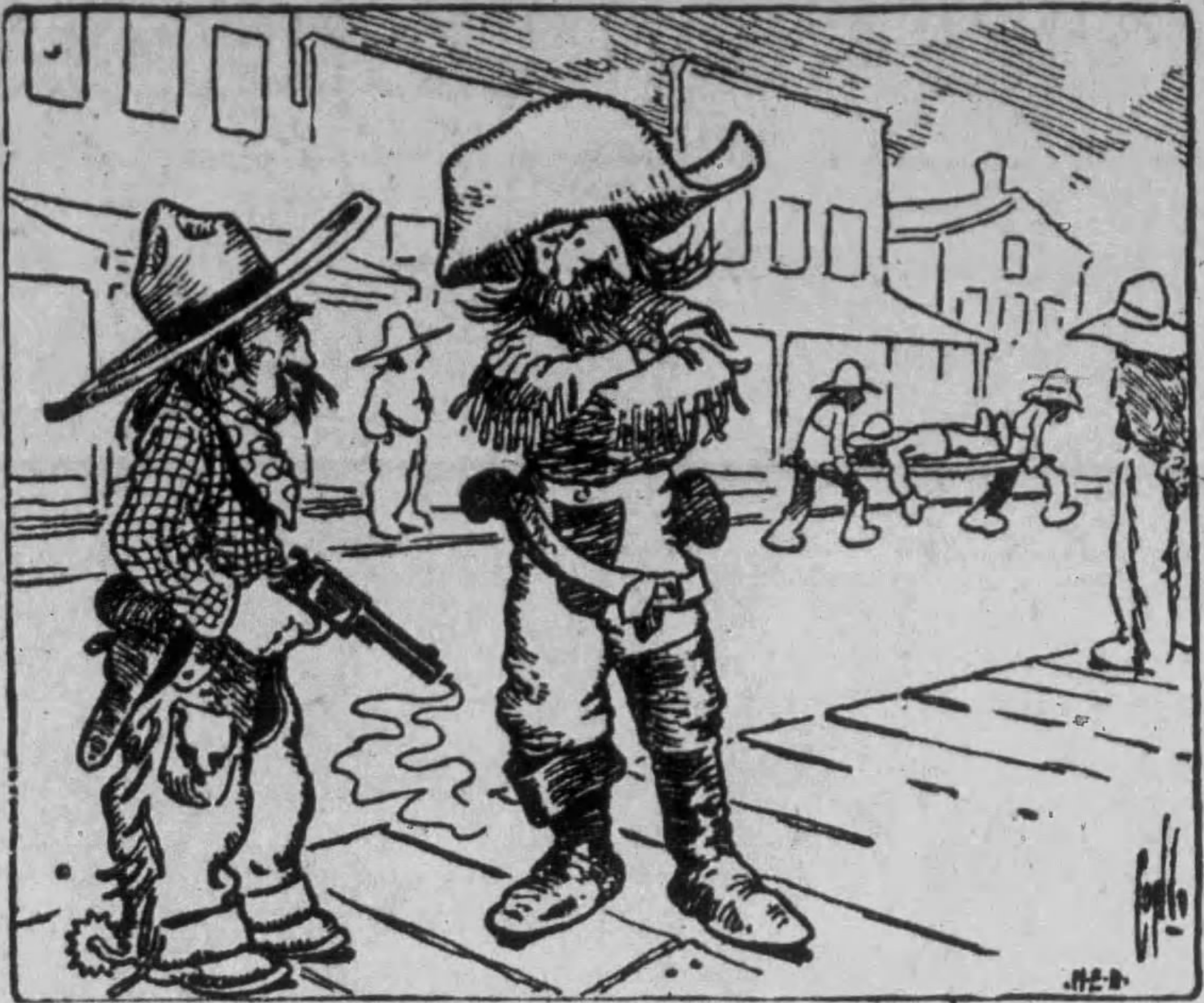
"I don't suppose you like to handle big heavy trunks."

"Oh, it don't matter much t' me, ma'am. Some fellers take things as they come, I take 'em as they go."


HOW MANY DOES THAT MAKE?
TWENTY-FIVE
N-E-A

A Ribbon Counter.

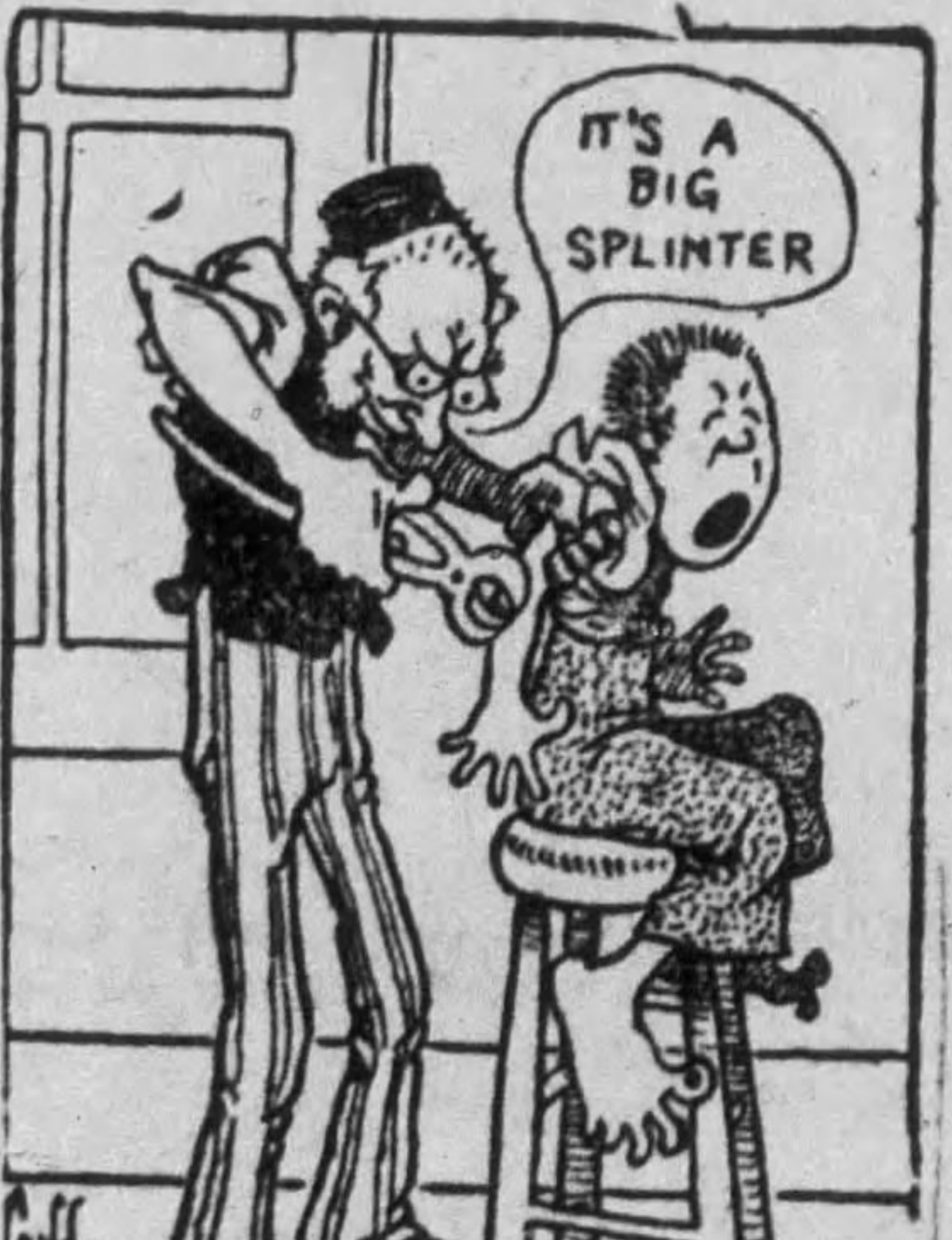
# MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN PERSONAL



"Whutjye plug 'im fer, Bill?"

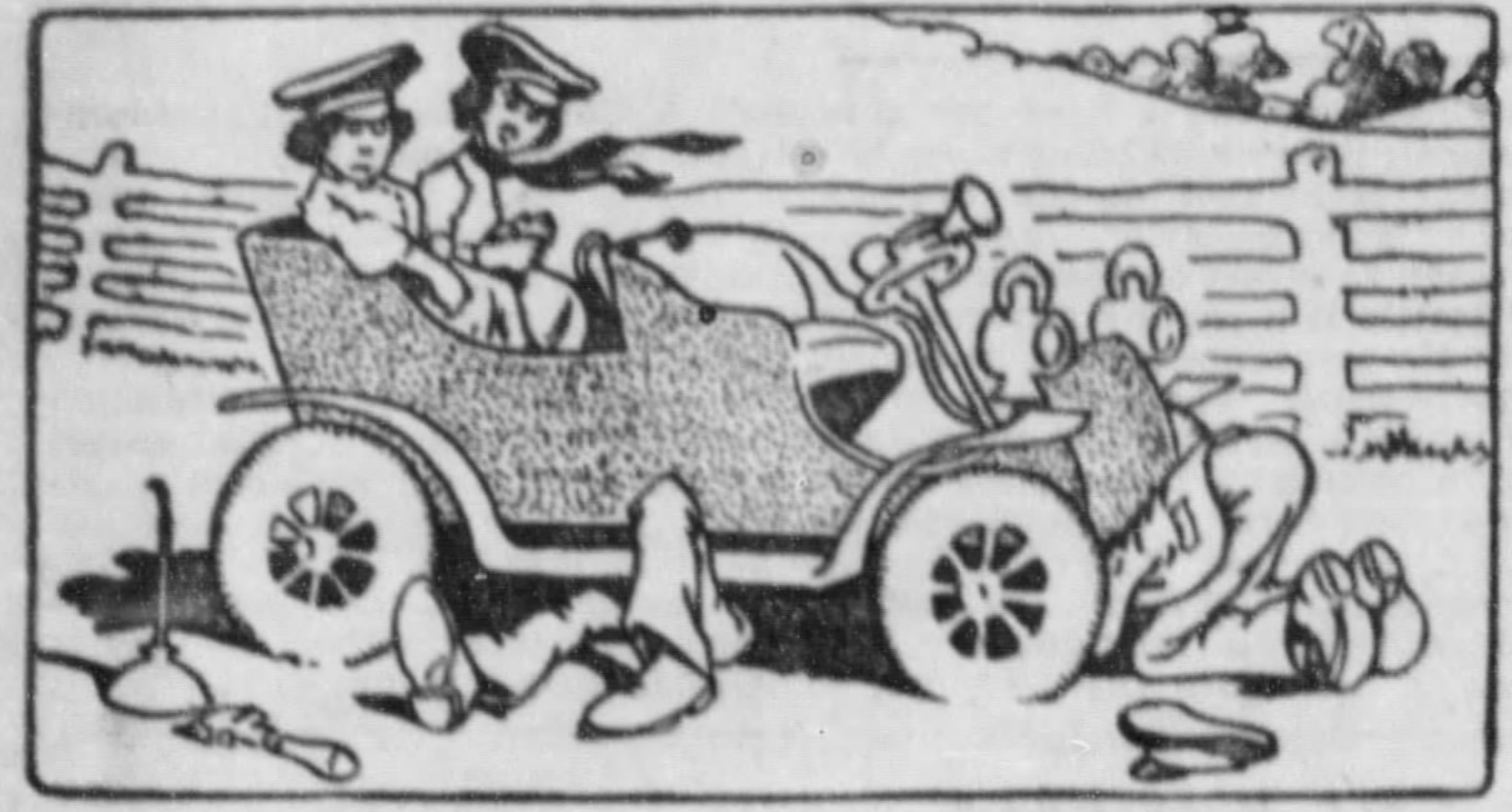
"He ast me ef I c'd tell 'im whur there wuz a barber shop."

"I'm 'fraidjye wuz a little rough, Bill. I don't think he meant nuthin' by it. He might 've been some strang th't wunted t' buy a shave."

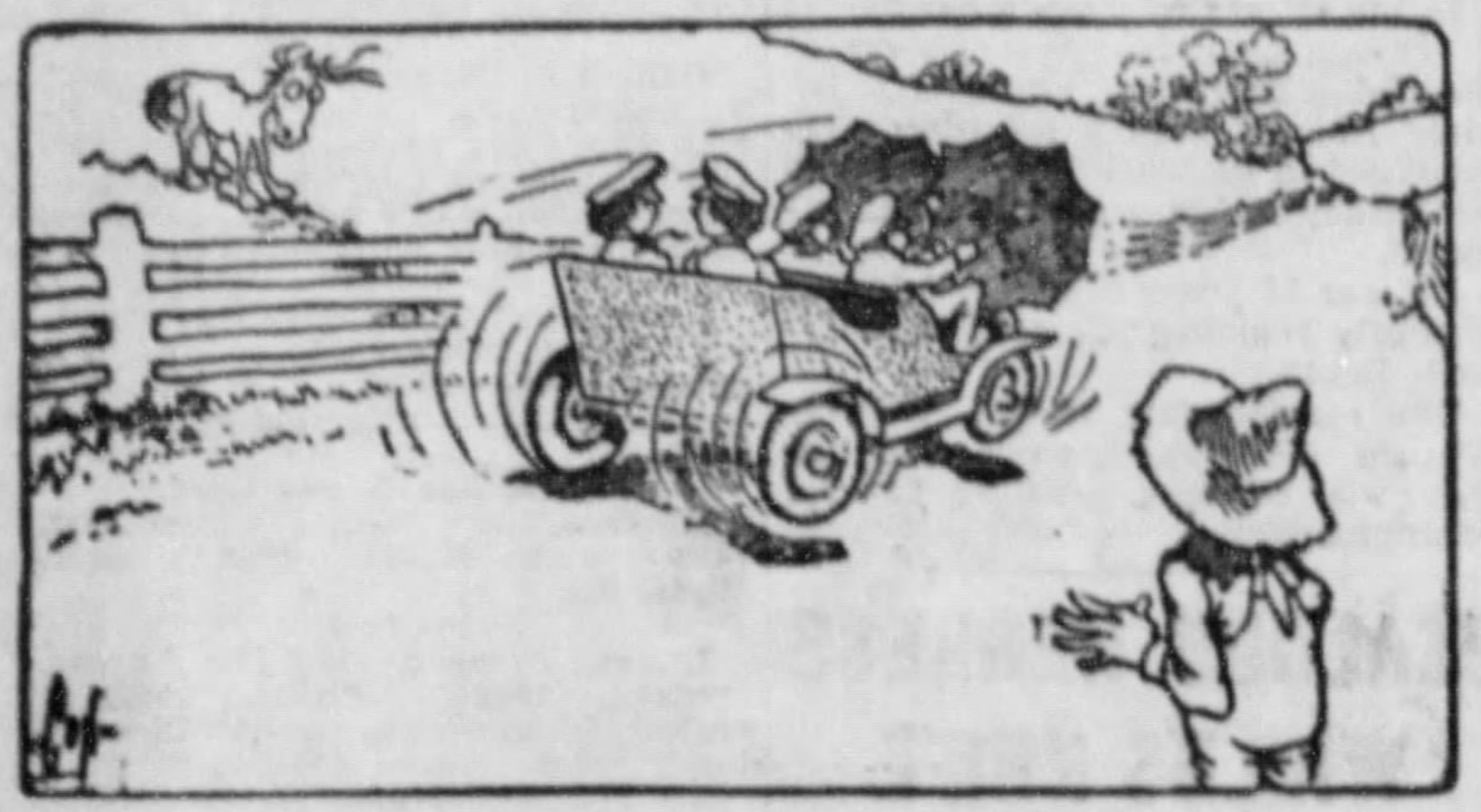

IT'S A BIG SPLINTER

Taking It Out of His Hide.

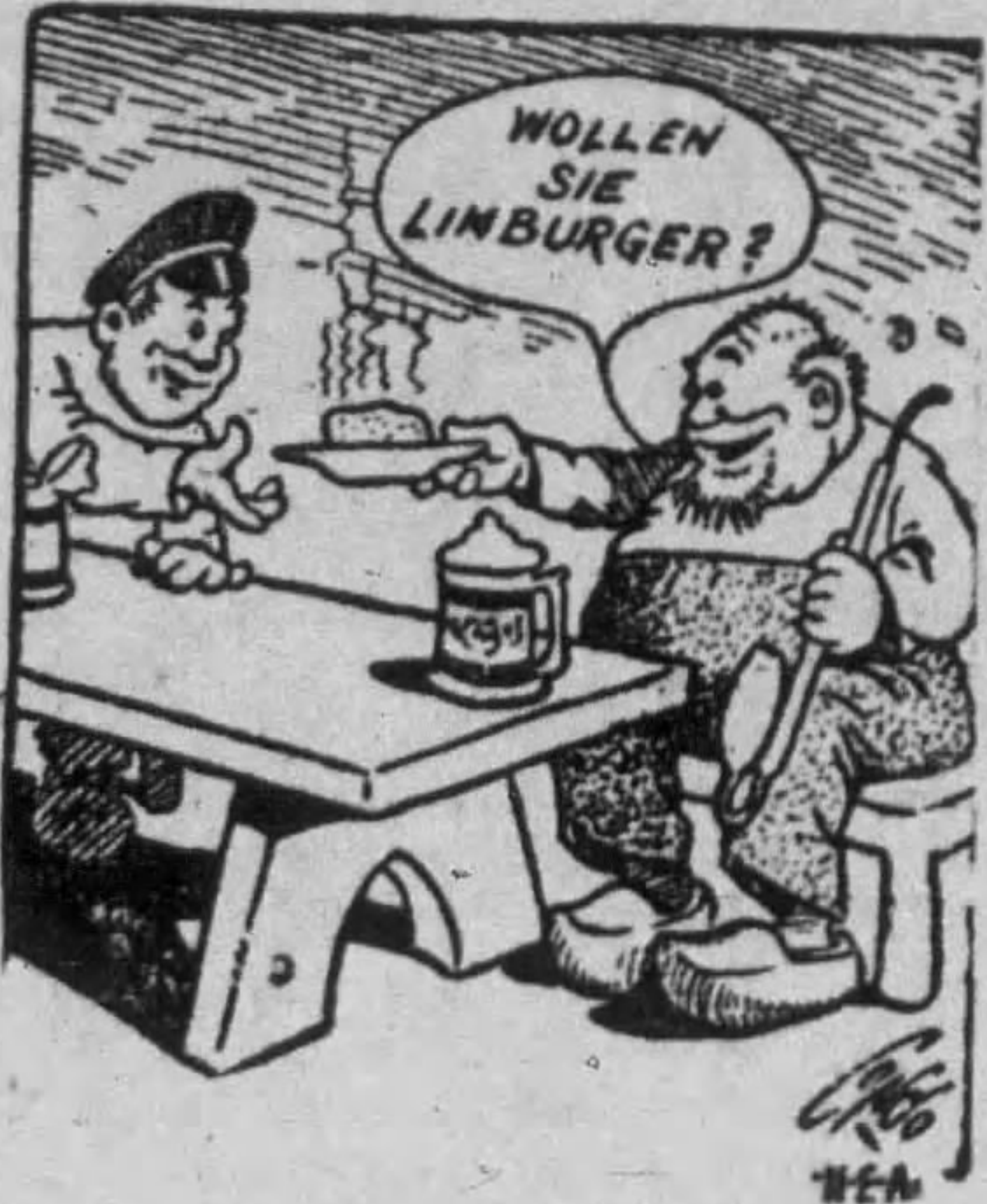
# GENIUS MAKES THE AUTO GO



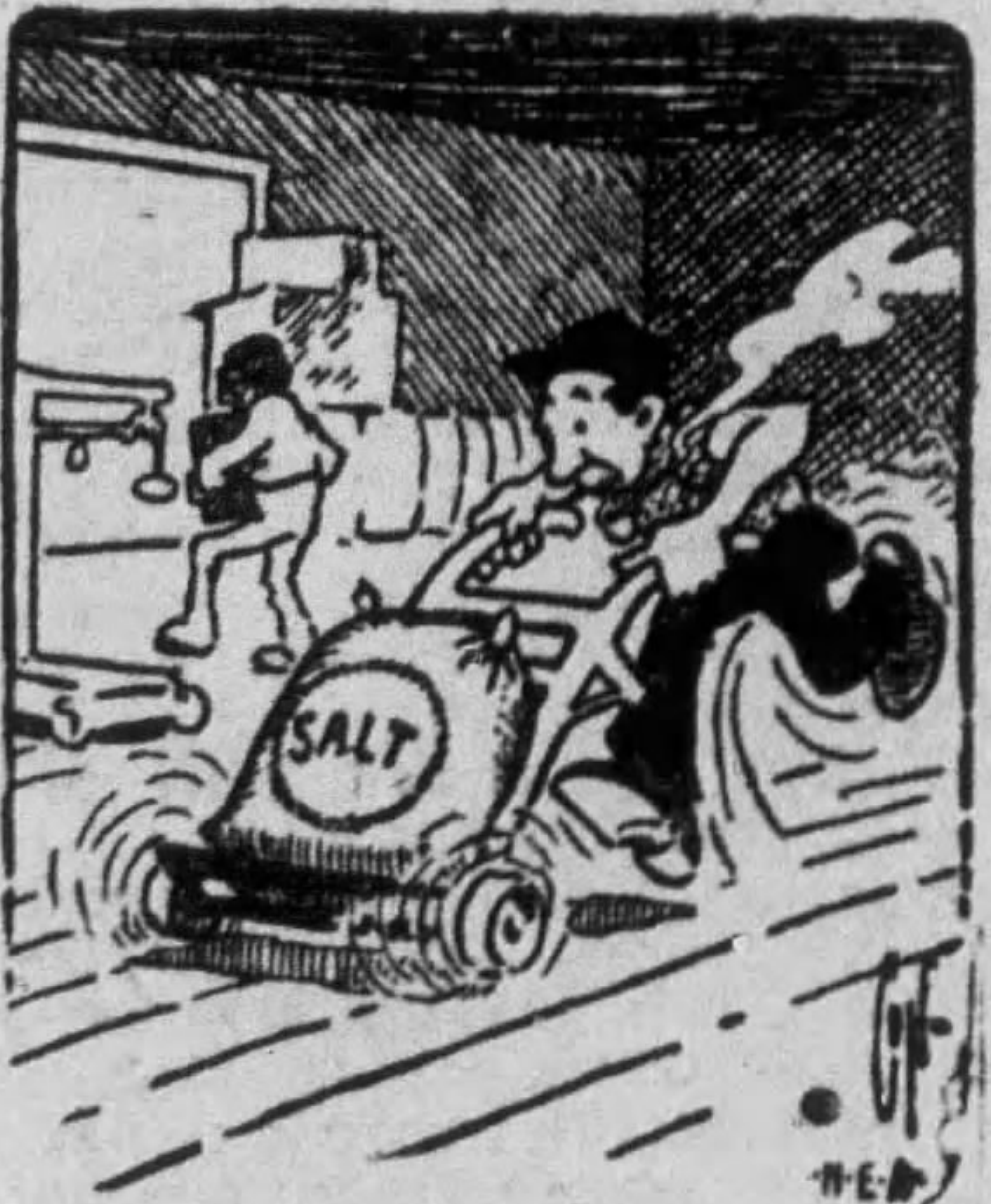
"We won't get home before tomorrow morning at this rate, and I'm nearly starved."



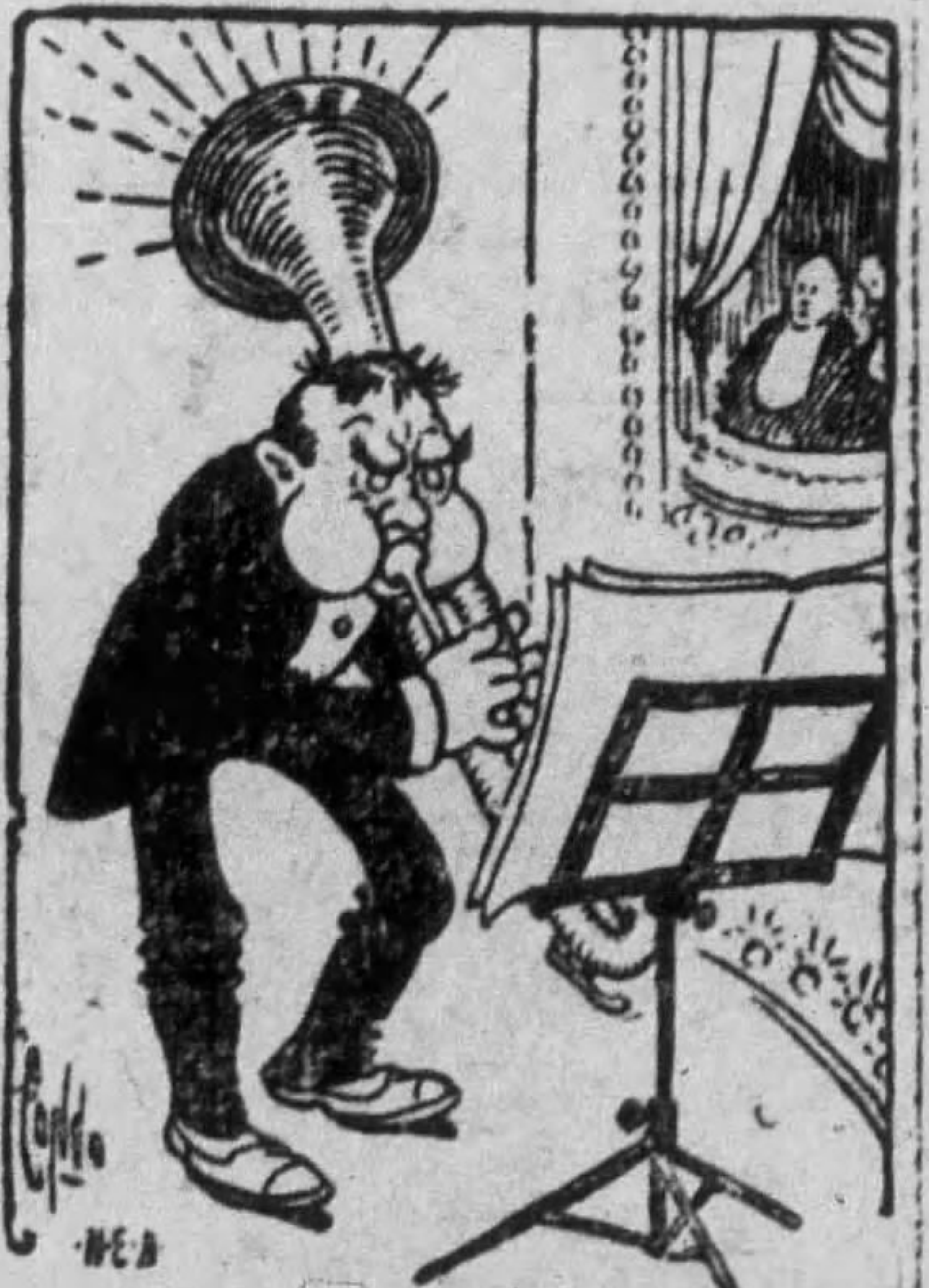
"I hope we're not arrested for scorching."


WOLLEN SIE LIMBURGER?
NEA

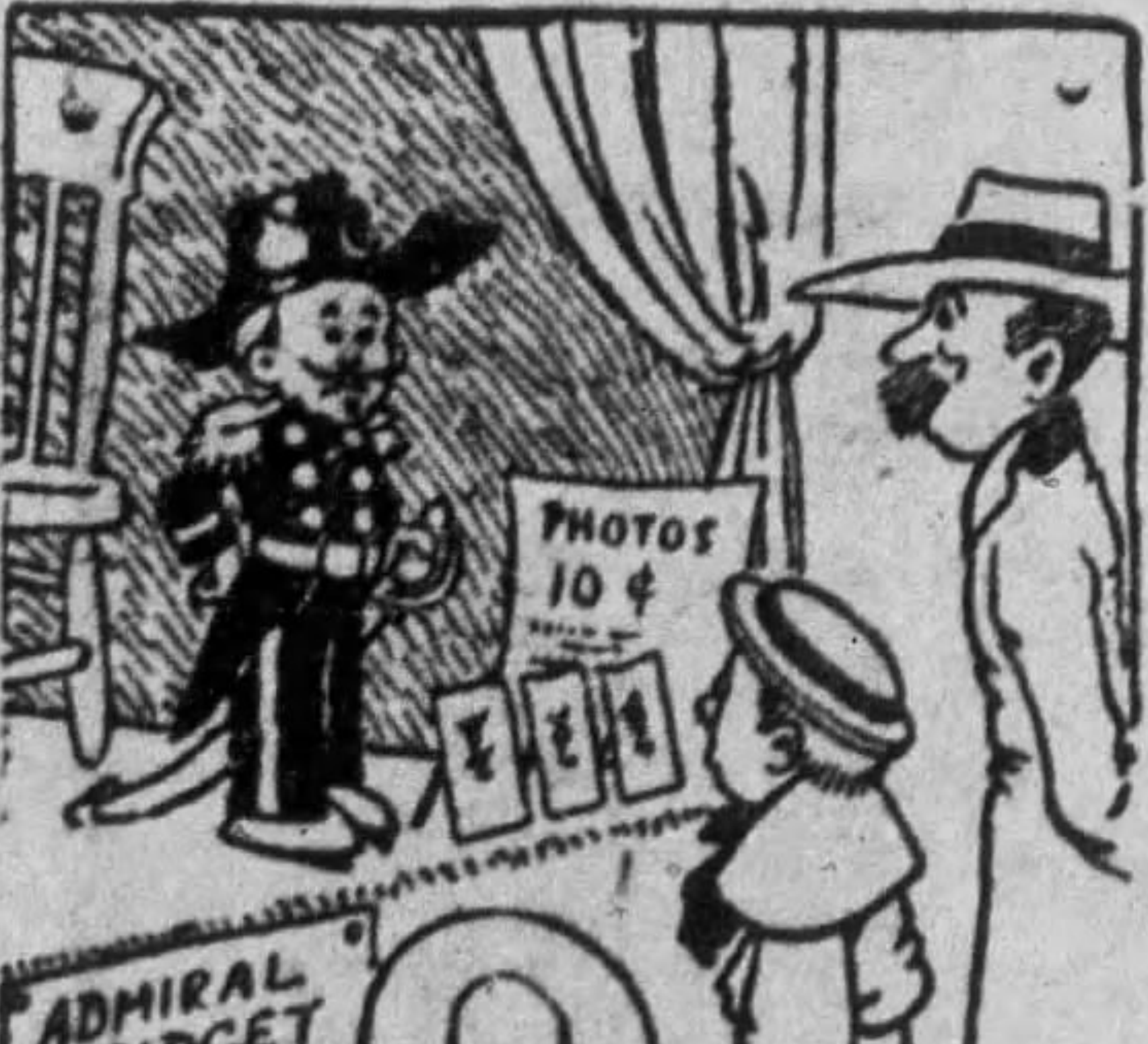
Passing a Bad Cent.



Rushing the Season.

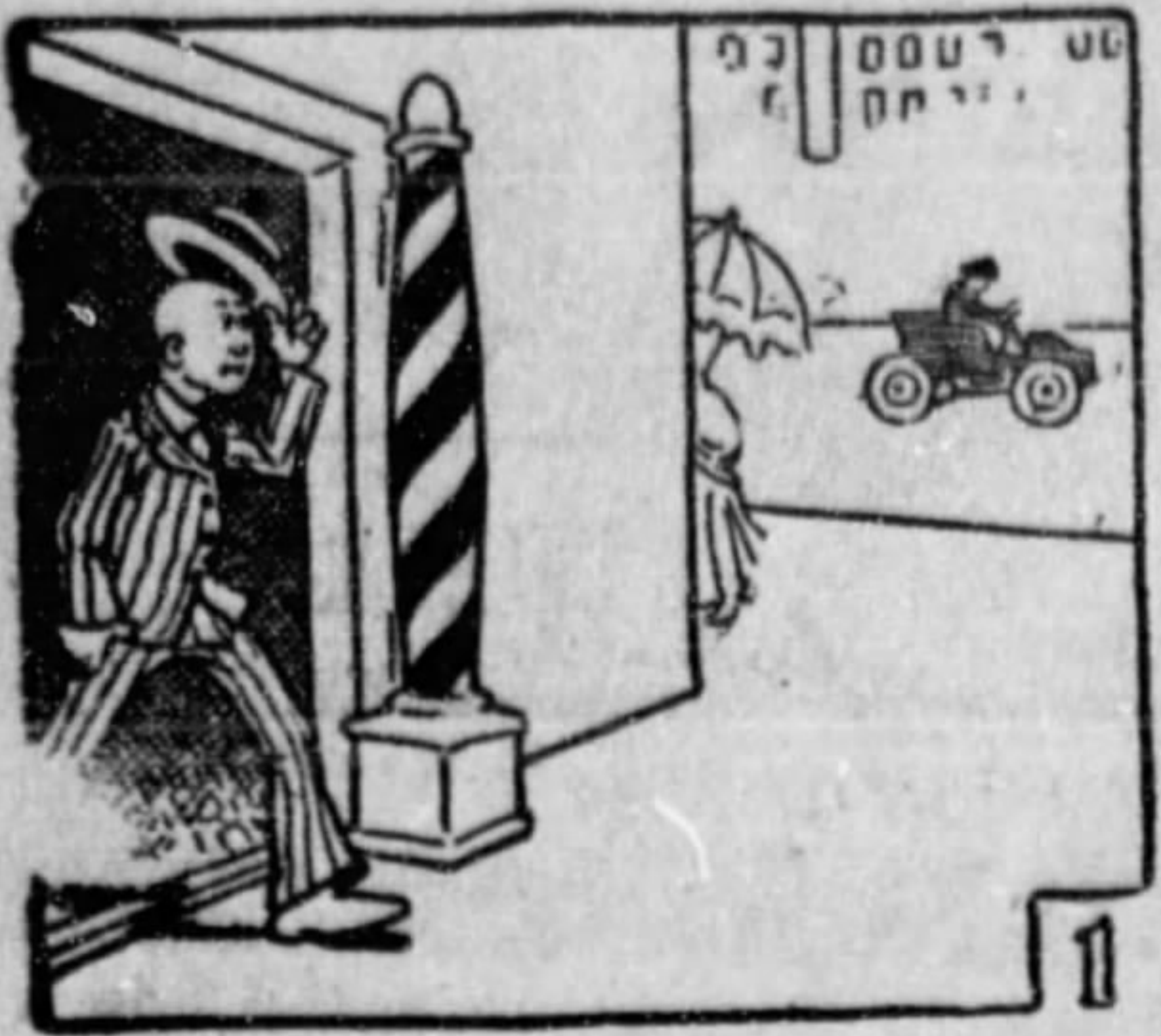


A Musical Strain.

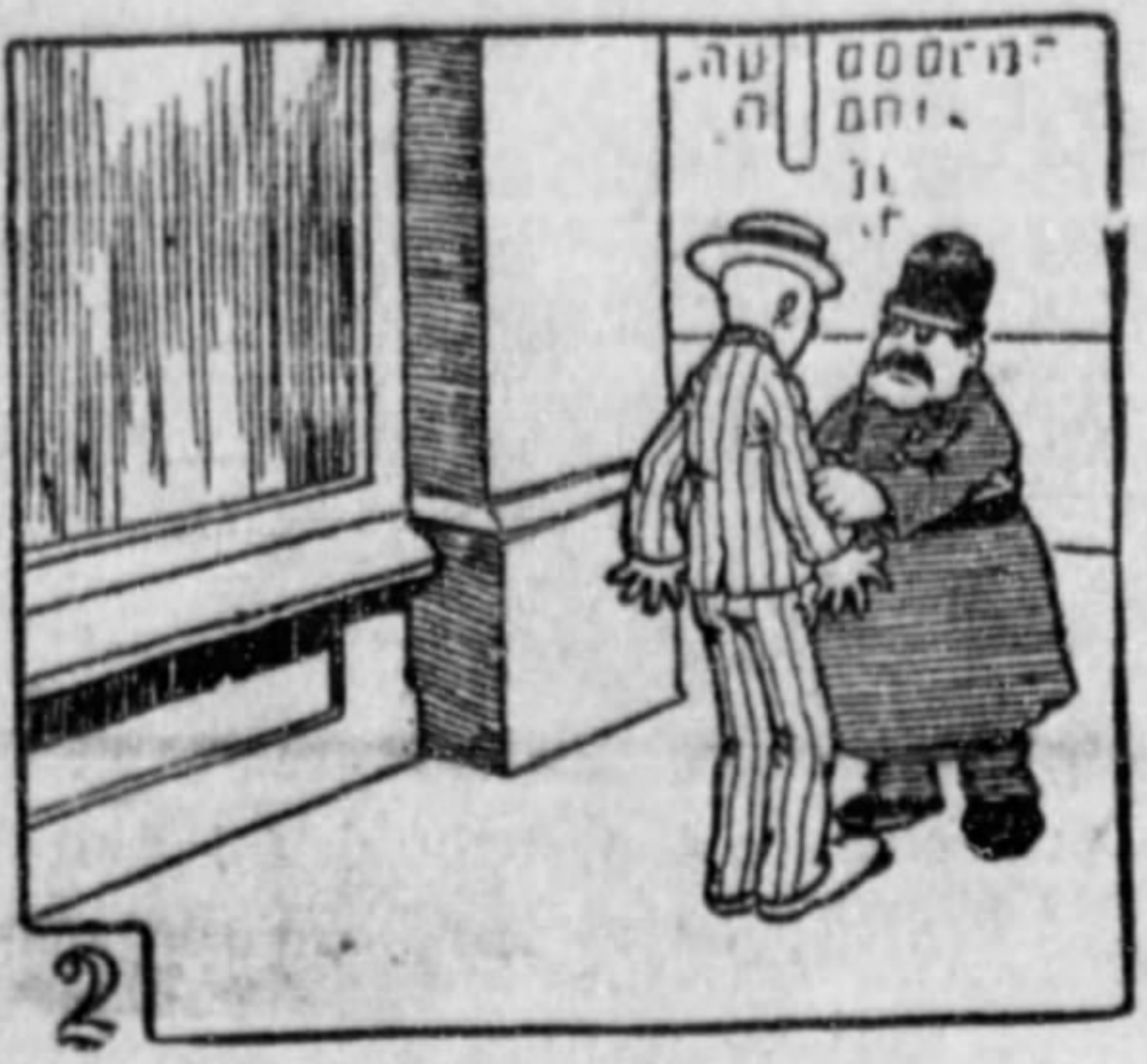

PHOTOS
10 ¢
ADMIRAL
MIDGET
SMALLEST MAN
IN THE
WORLD

The Limited Mail.

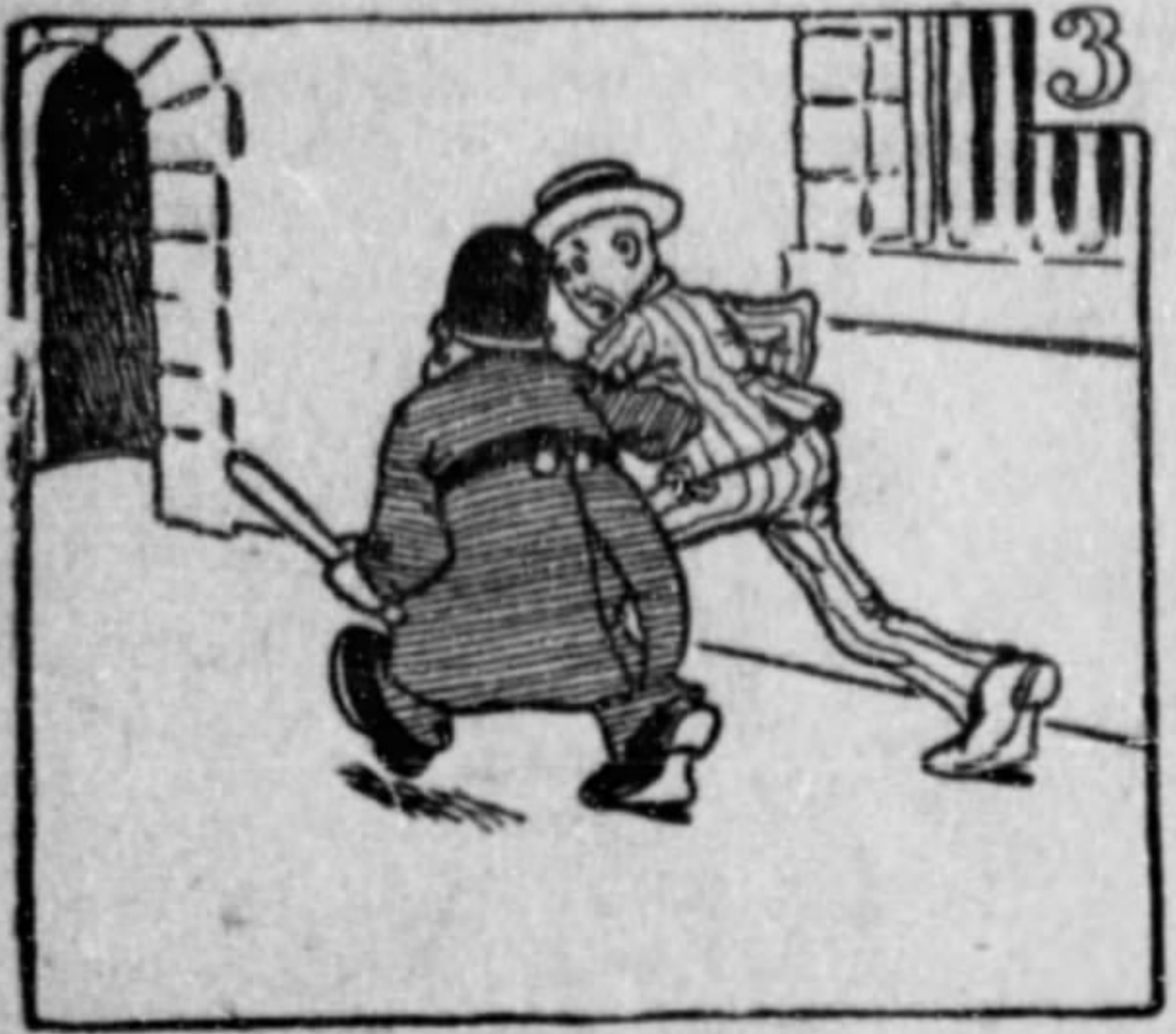
# PATROLMAN CHUMPEN, THICKHEAD.



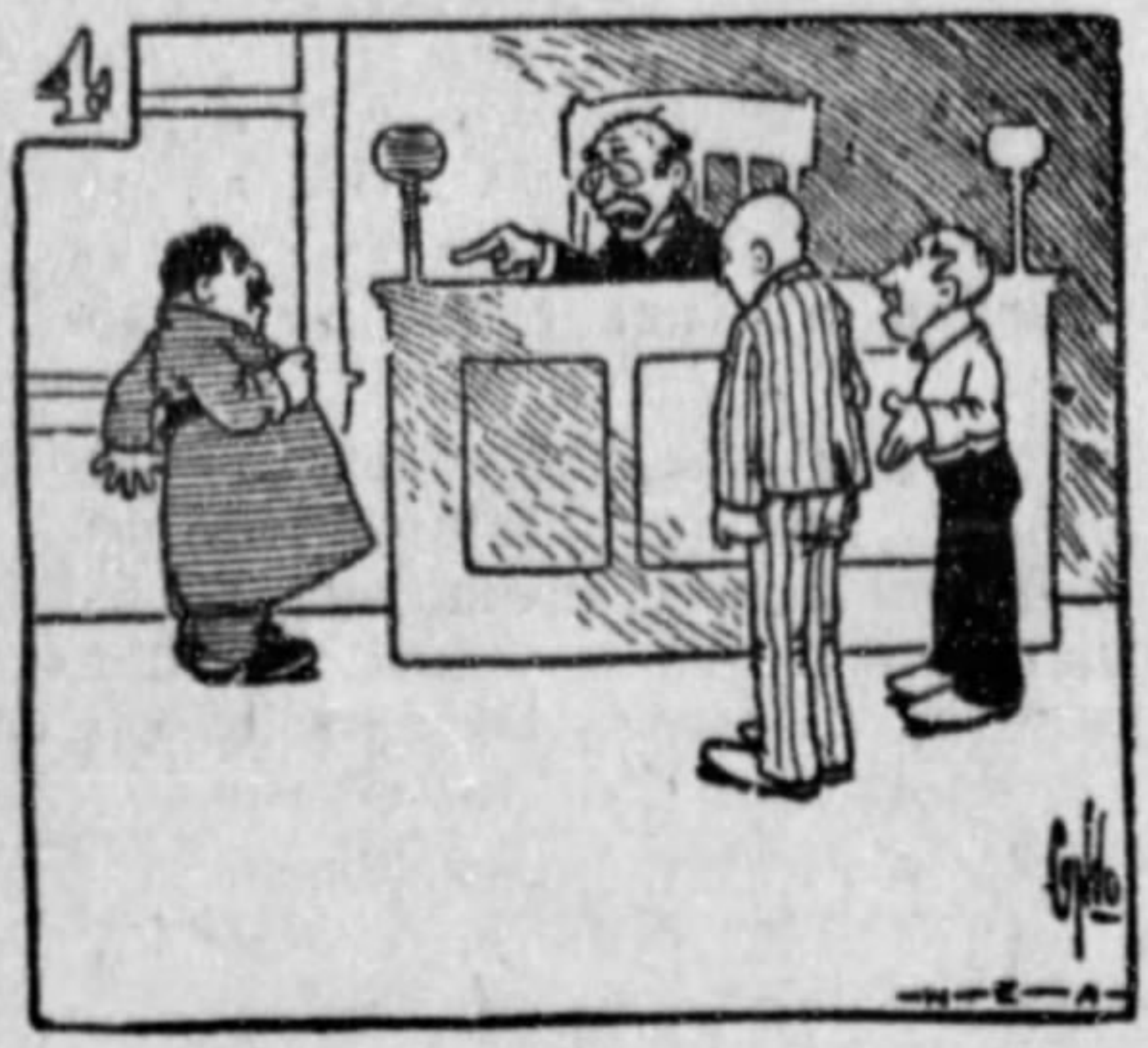
"A summer hair cut may not make a man look any too good, but by thunder, it makes him feel all right. I'll never carry a big bunch of hair around again in hot weather."



"Well, as I live, if there ain't old Sticky-finger Peter, th' pickpocket, just out of the pen. I guess I'll run you in for the good of th' public. You're too strong t' be at large."

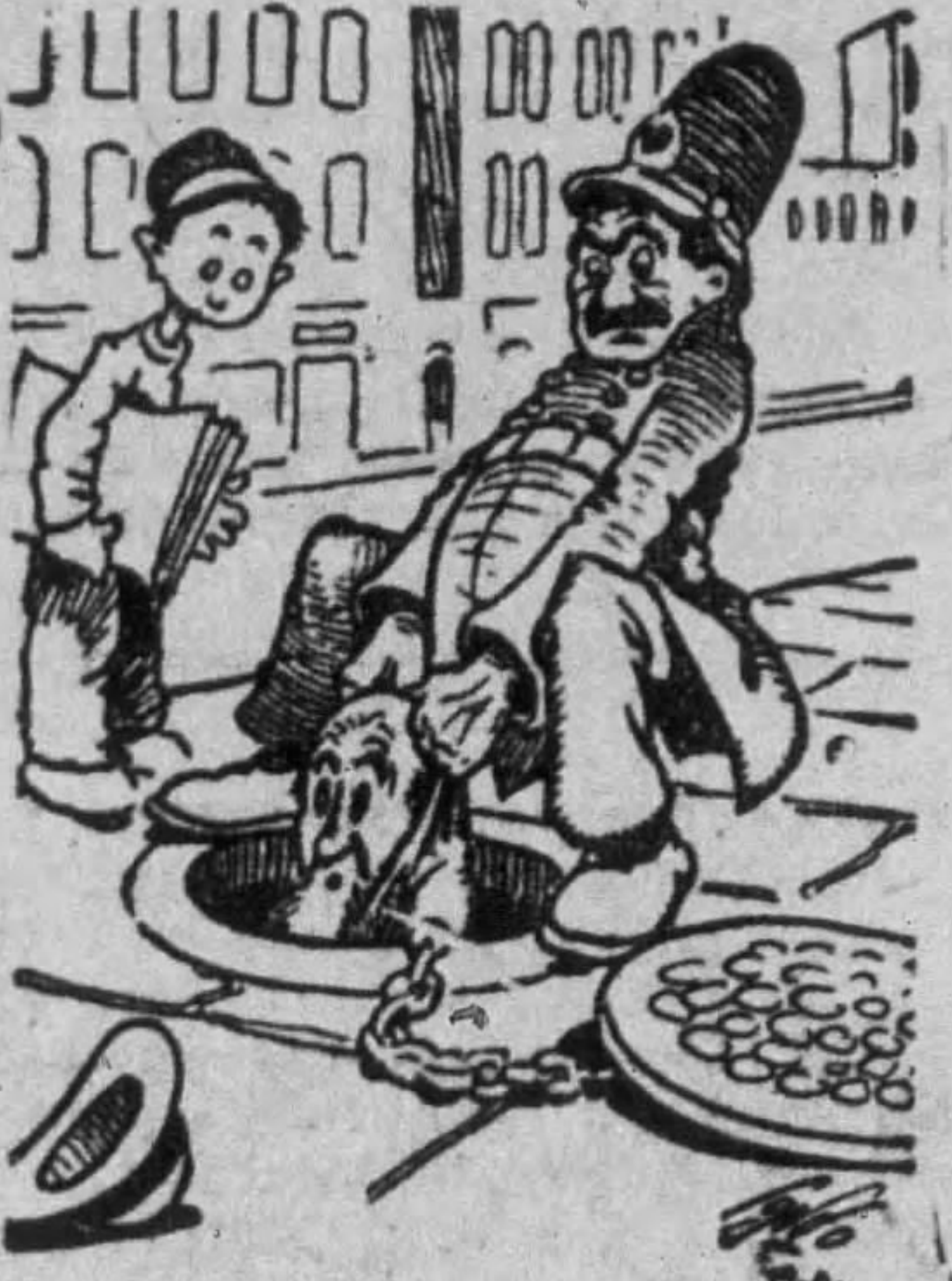


"Oh, you can't fool me. You've got th' regular penitentiary hair cut. Why, you haven't been out of prison 12 hours. None of your talk, or I'll use my club on you. Come on, now, and be lively, too."



"Judge, I'm a barber and I cut this man's hair myself, not two hours ago."

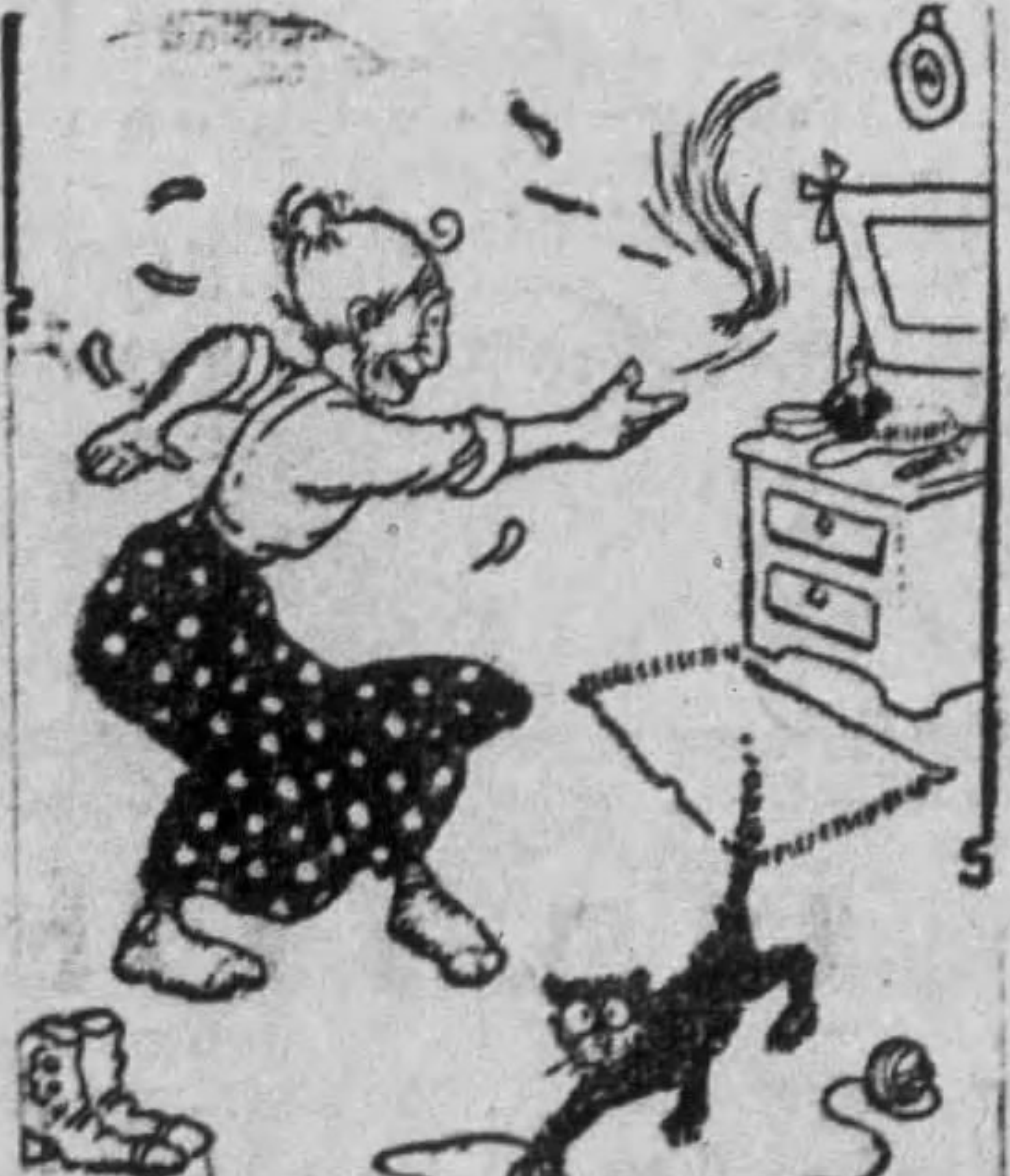
"Prisoner, you're discharged. Patrolman Chumpen, you haven't got brains enough to be a constable."



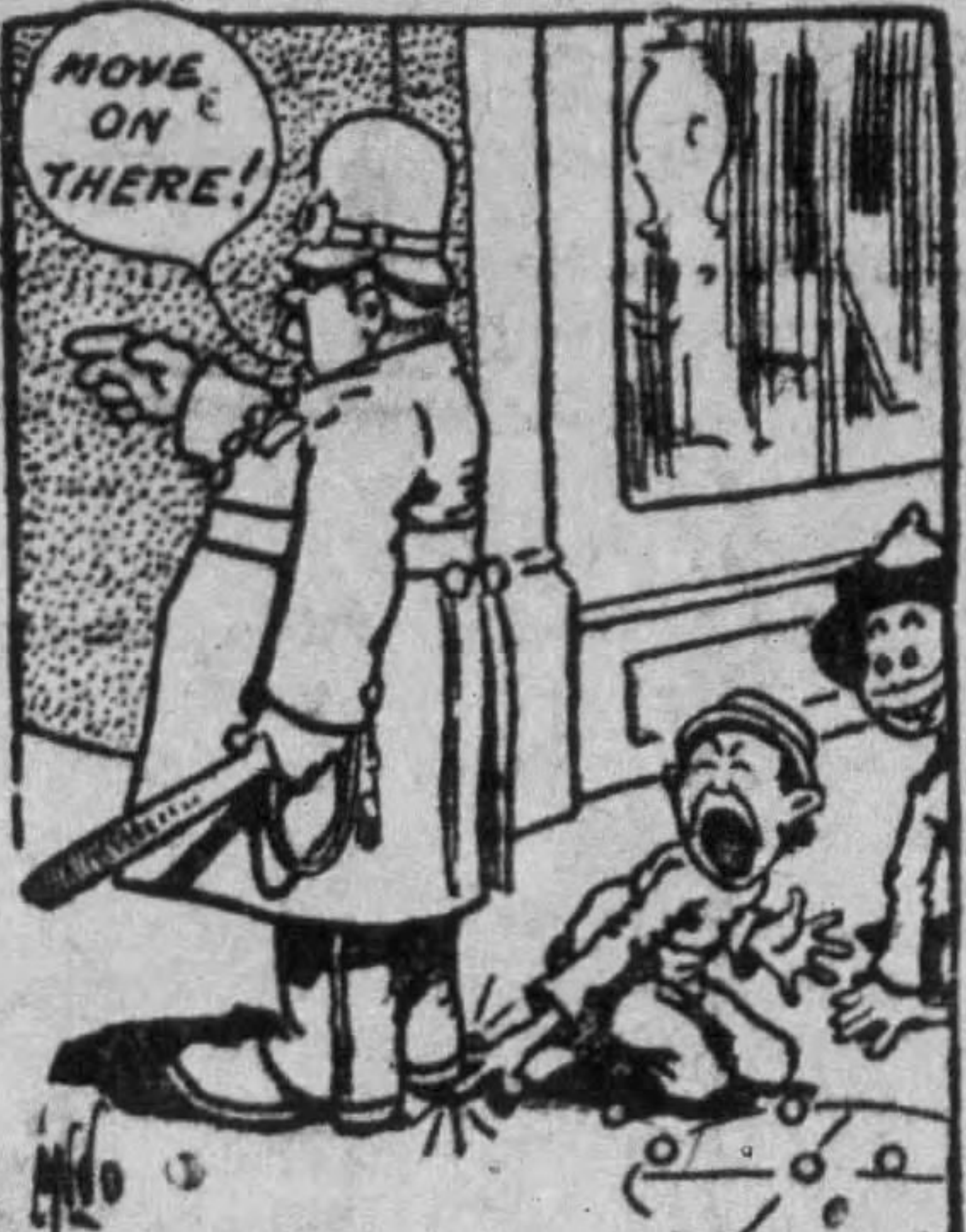
Drawing Him Out.

Burbank Bulletins

# Heard 'Round the Roundhouse.

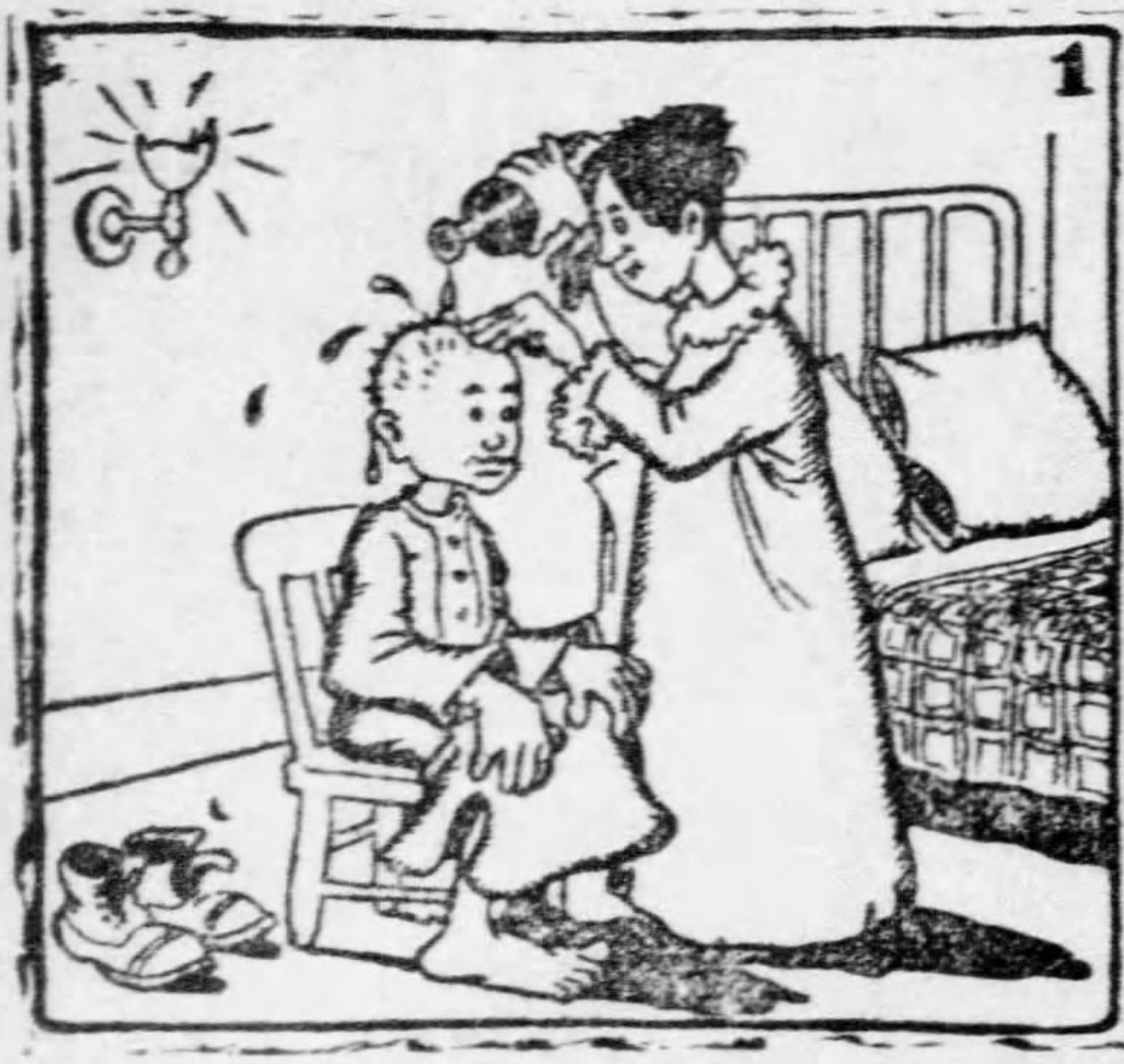


THROWING THE SWITCH.

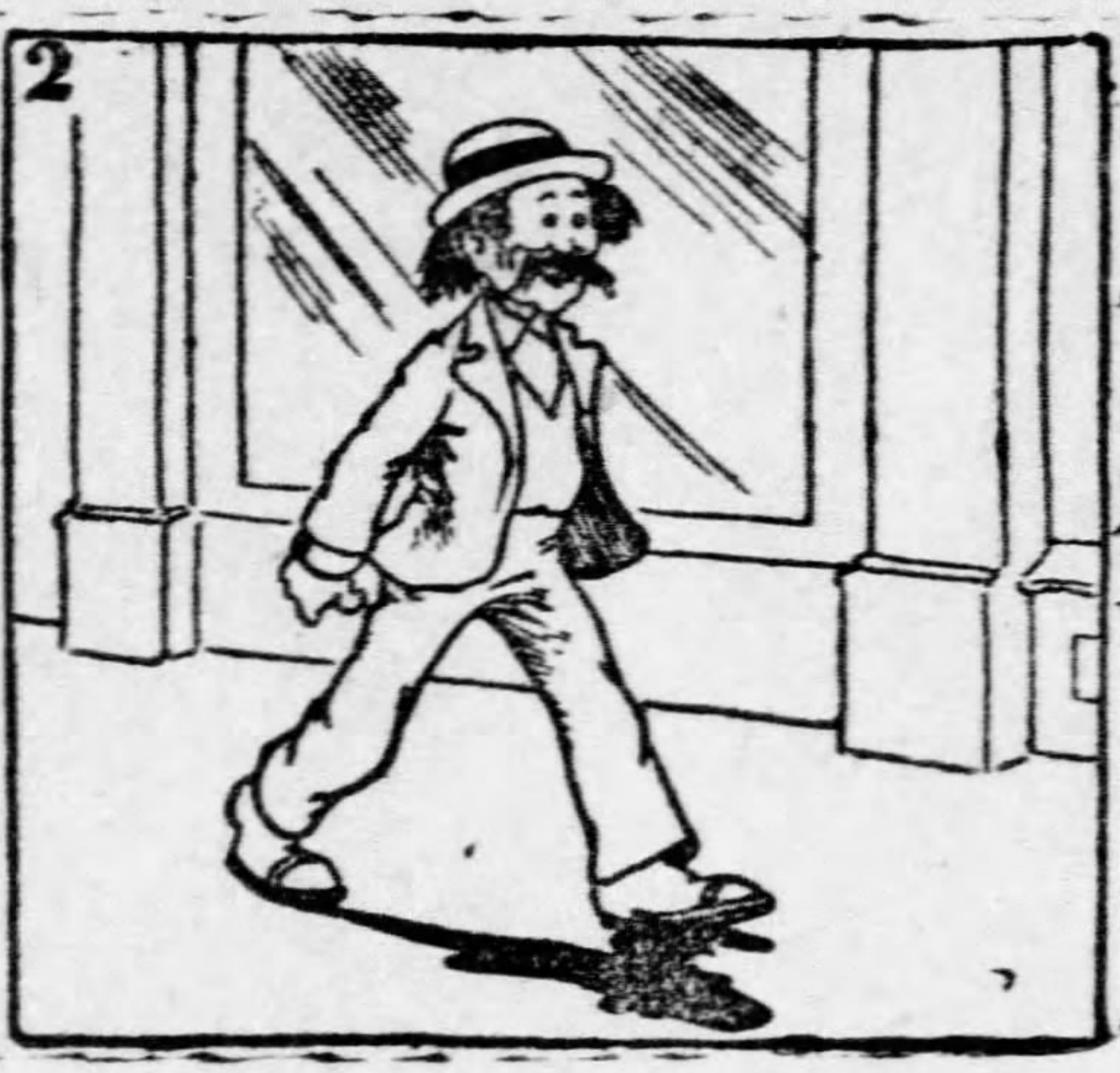

MOVE ON THERE!
NEA

Pinched by the Cop.

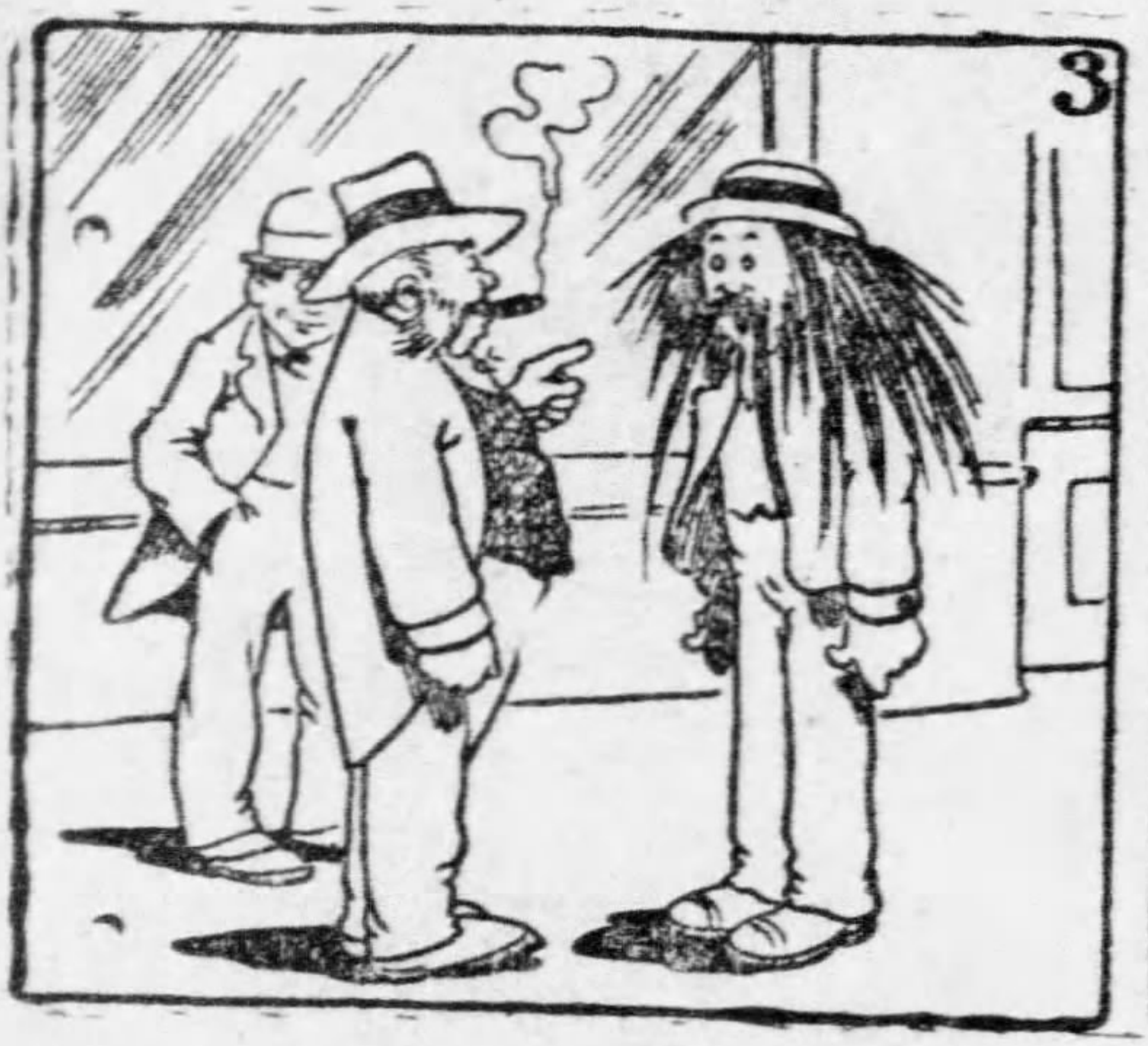
# THE MAGIC HAIR TONIC



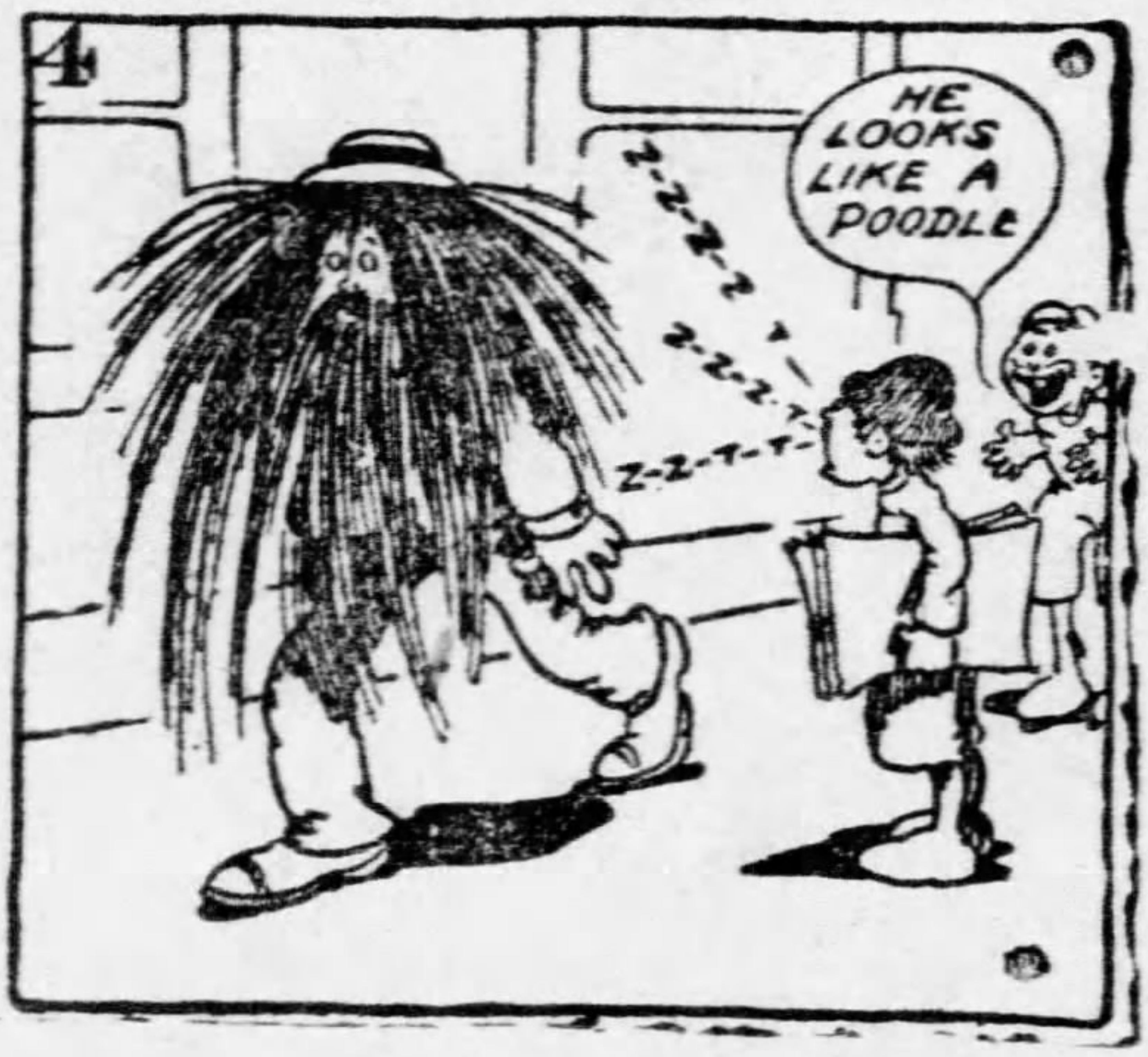
"I'll rub your head with this tonic every night, John, and we'll have some new hair on your head in no time."



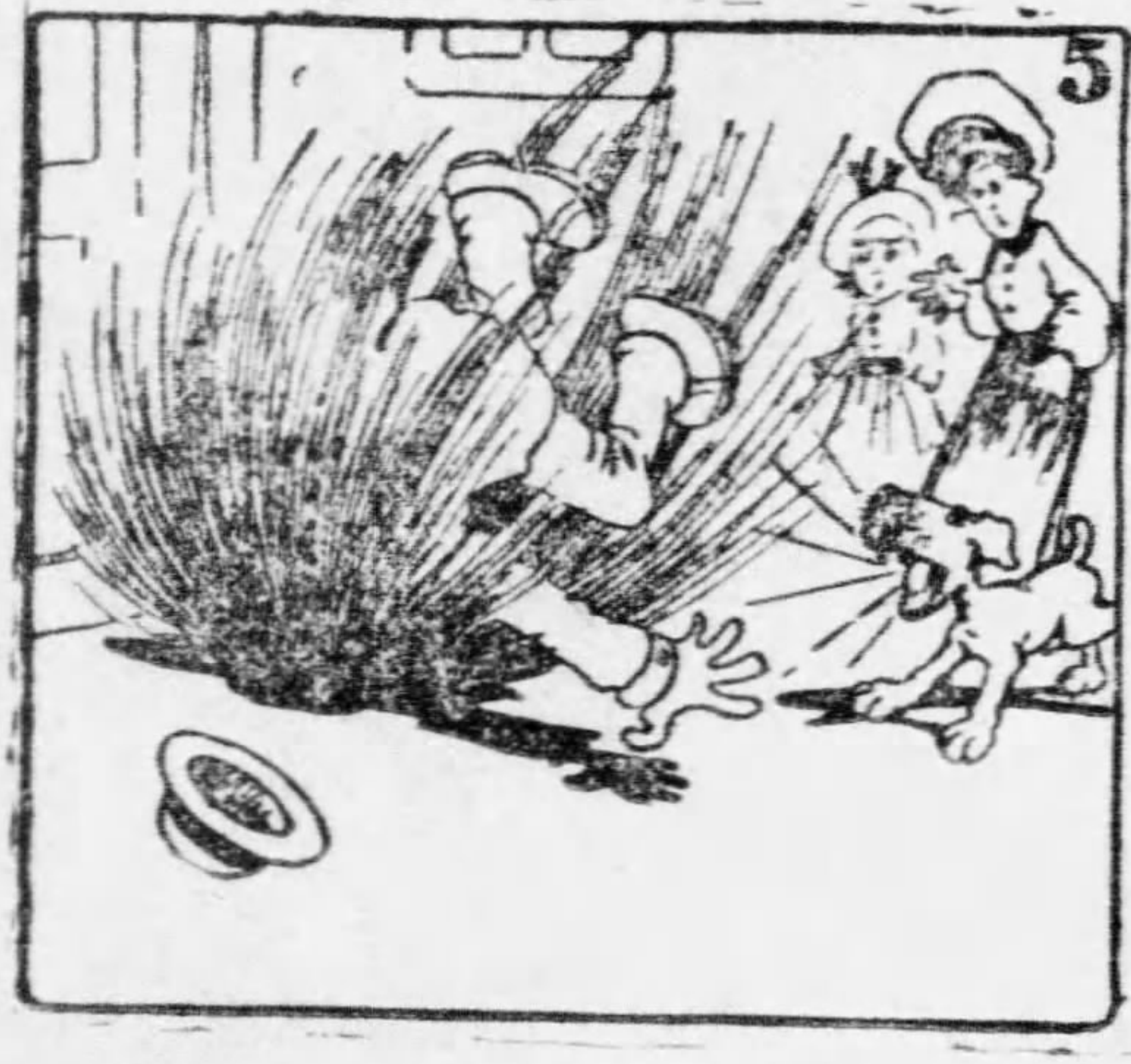
It was wonderful how that tonic worked. When John left home he had a fine crop of hair and a lovely mustach.



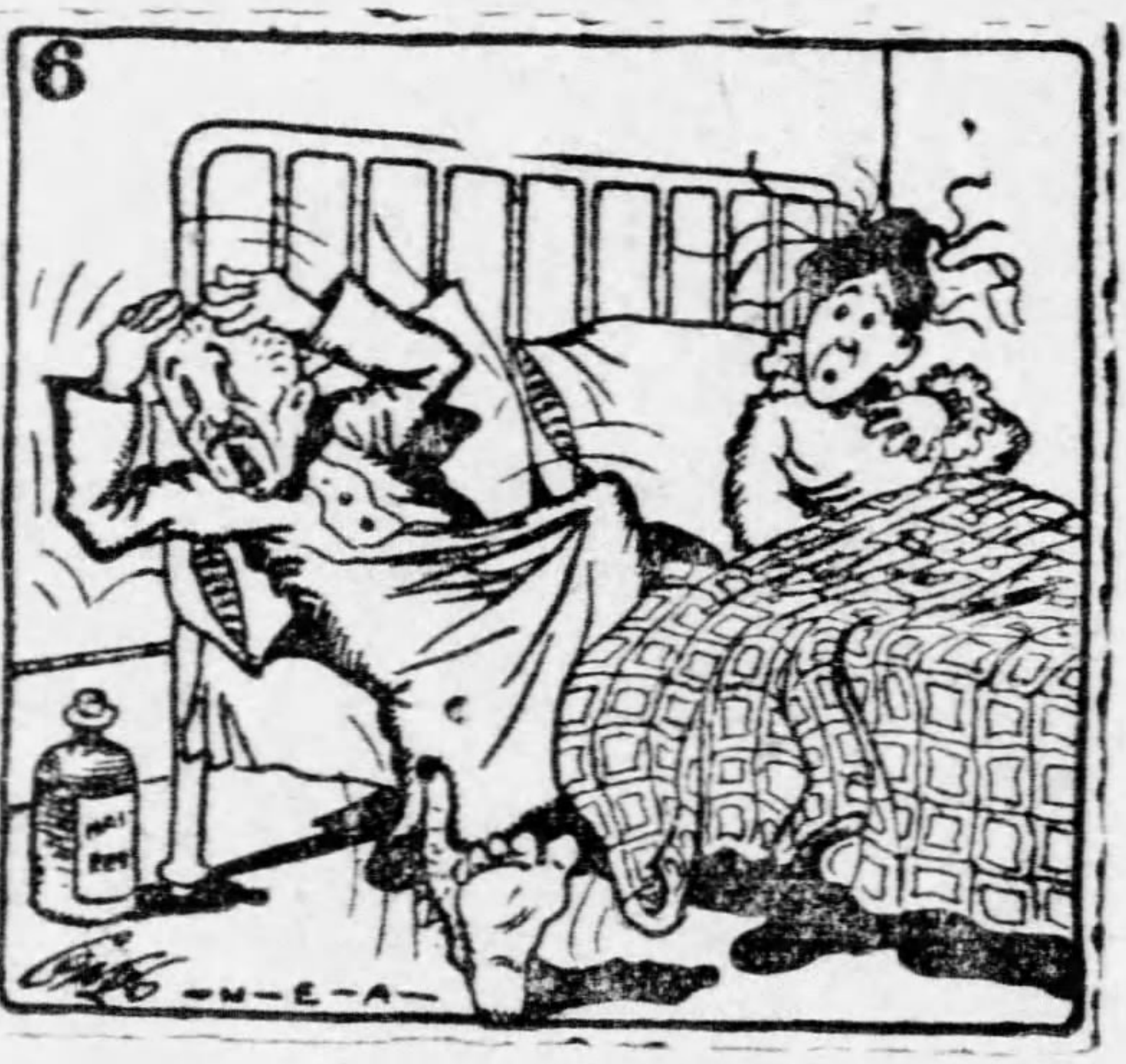
His hair kept on growing as he continued on his way downtown, and remarks of friends were embarrassing.


4
HE LOOKS LIKE A POODLE
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-T
Z-Z-T-T

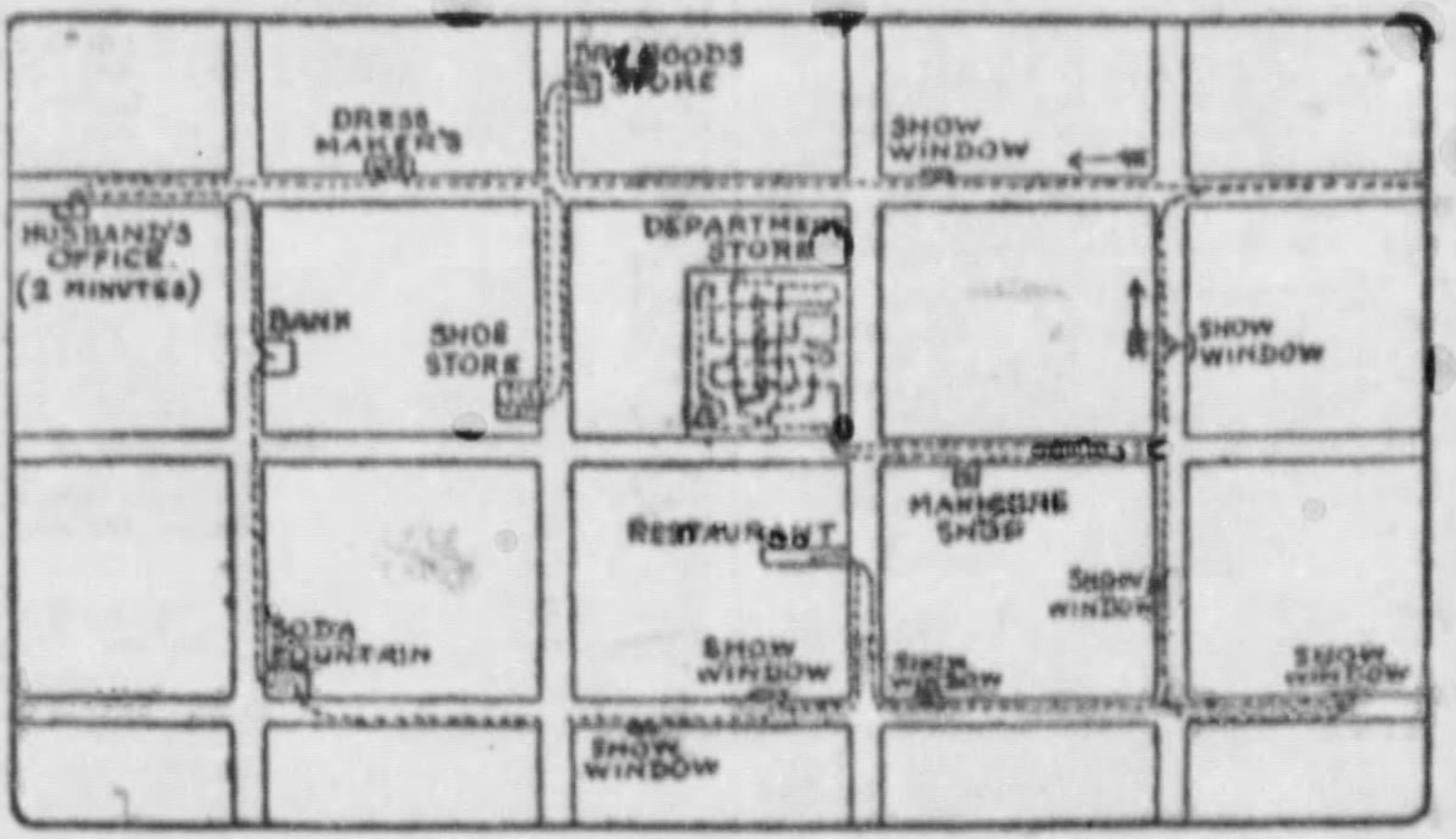
Before he reached his office a crowd was following him and the newsboys were yelling and jeering.



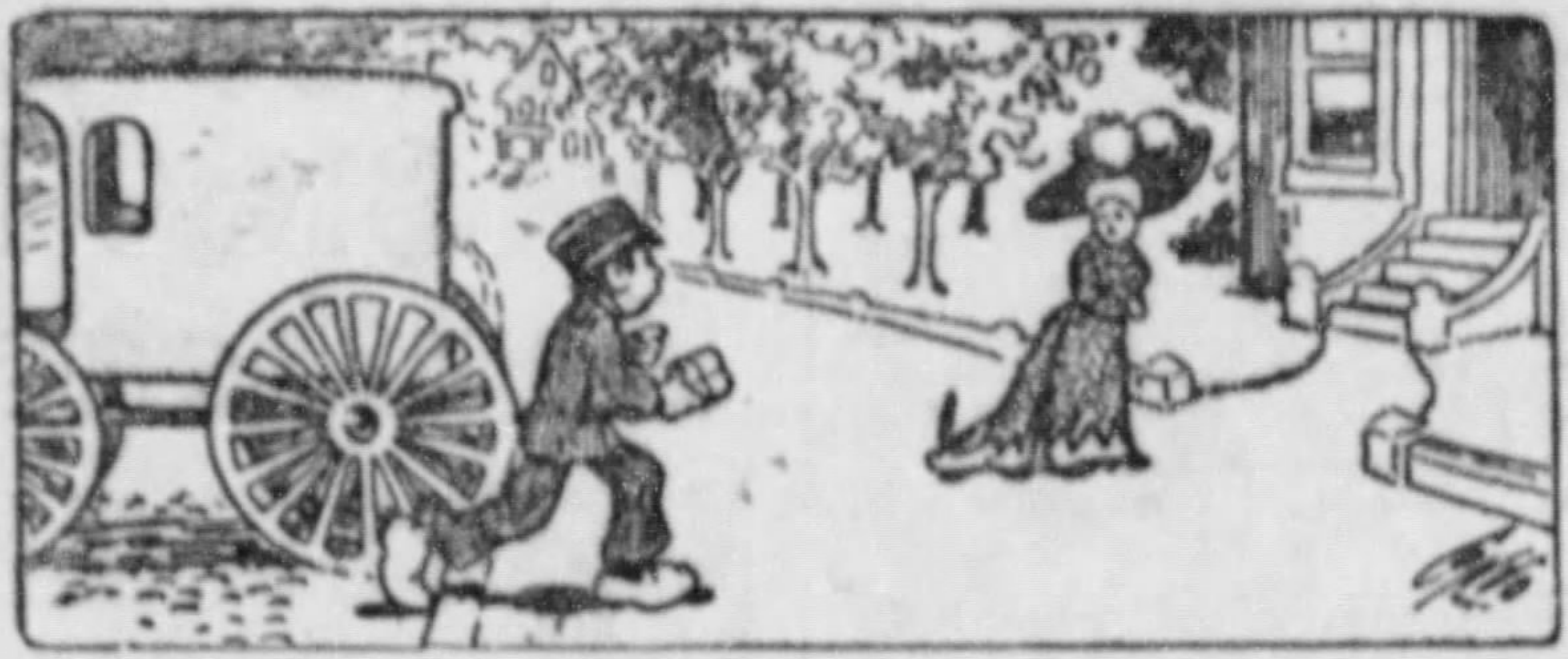
It grew so long he tripped on it.



Then he woke up.

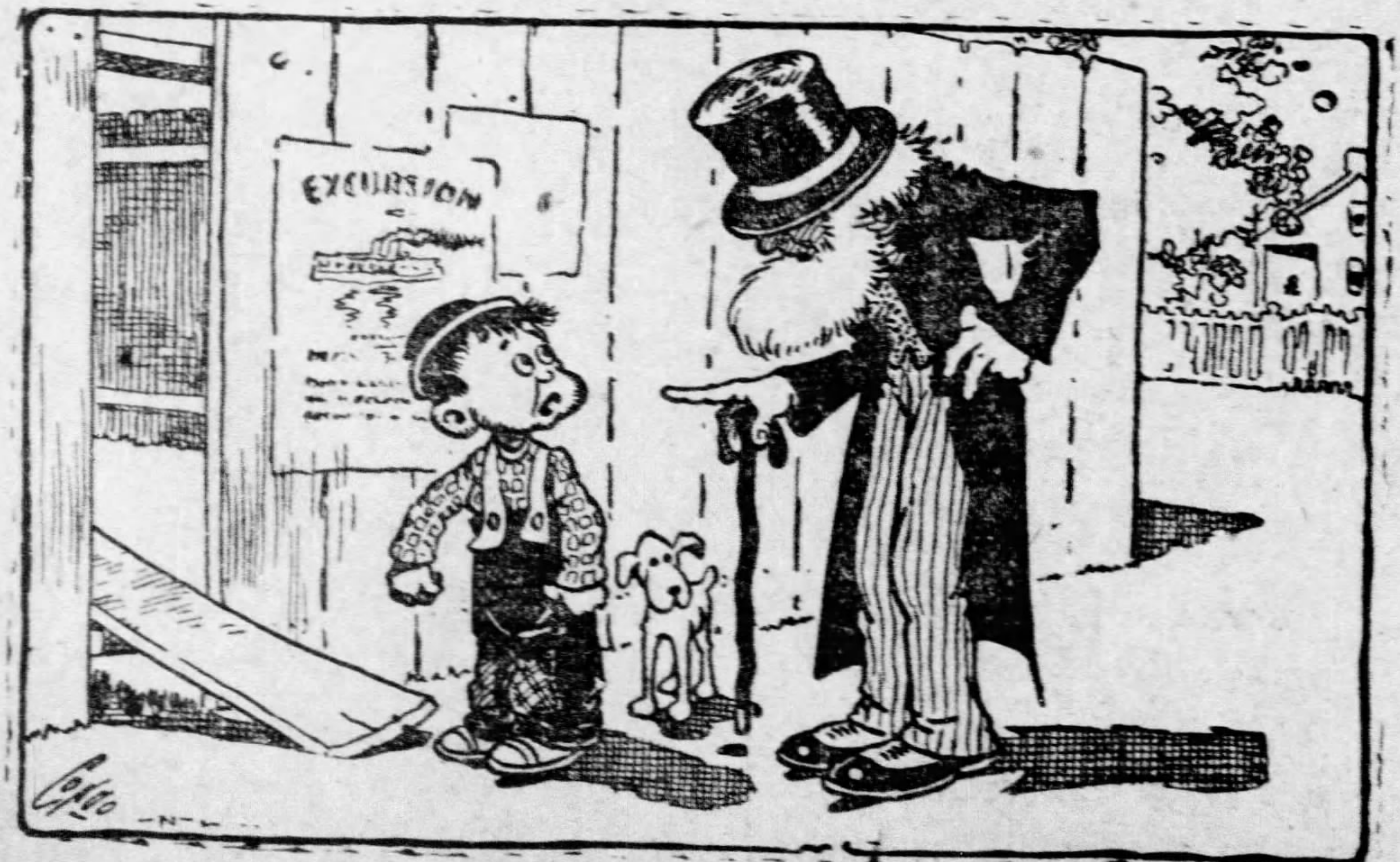

DRY GOODS STORE
DRESS MAKER'S
SHOW WINDOW
HUSBAND'S OFFICE (2 MINUTES)
BANK
SHOE STORE
DEPARTMENT STORE
SHOW WINDOW
MANICURE SHOP
RESTAURANT
SHOW WINDOW
SODA FOUNTAIN
SHOW WINDOW
SHOW WINDOW
SHOW WINDOW
SHOW WINDOW

This diagram shows how busy Jones' wife was from 11 a. m. to 6 p. m.



And just a she arrived home, tired and worn out by her task, a wagon backed up and a boy delivered all her purchases—all except those she carried home herself.

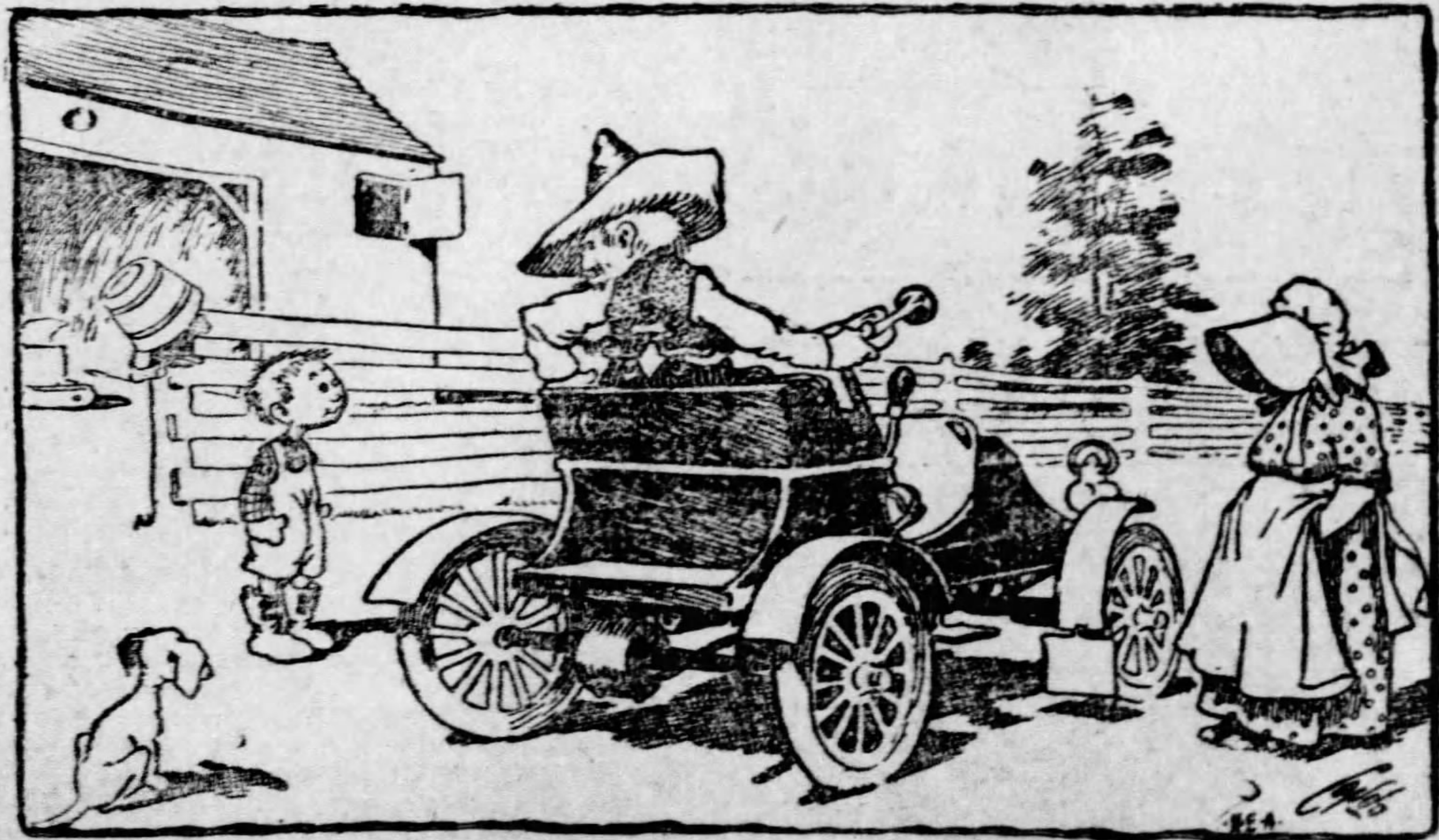
# A MISSIONARY'S MISTAKE



"Looky here, my fine young man, don't you know you're goin' t' the dogs? Th' very idee of a little boy of your size chawin' t'backer, that dirty, filthy weed!"

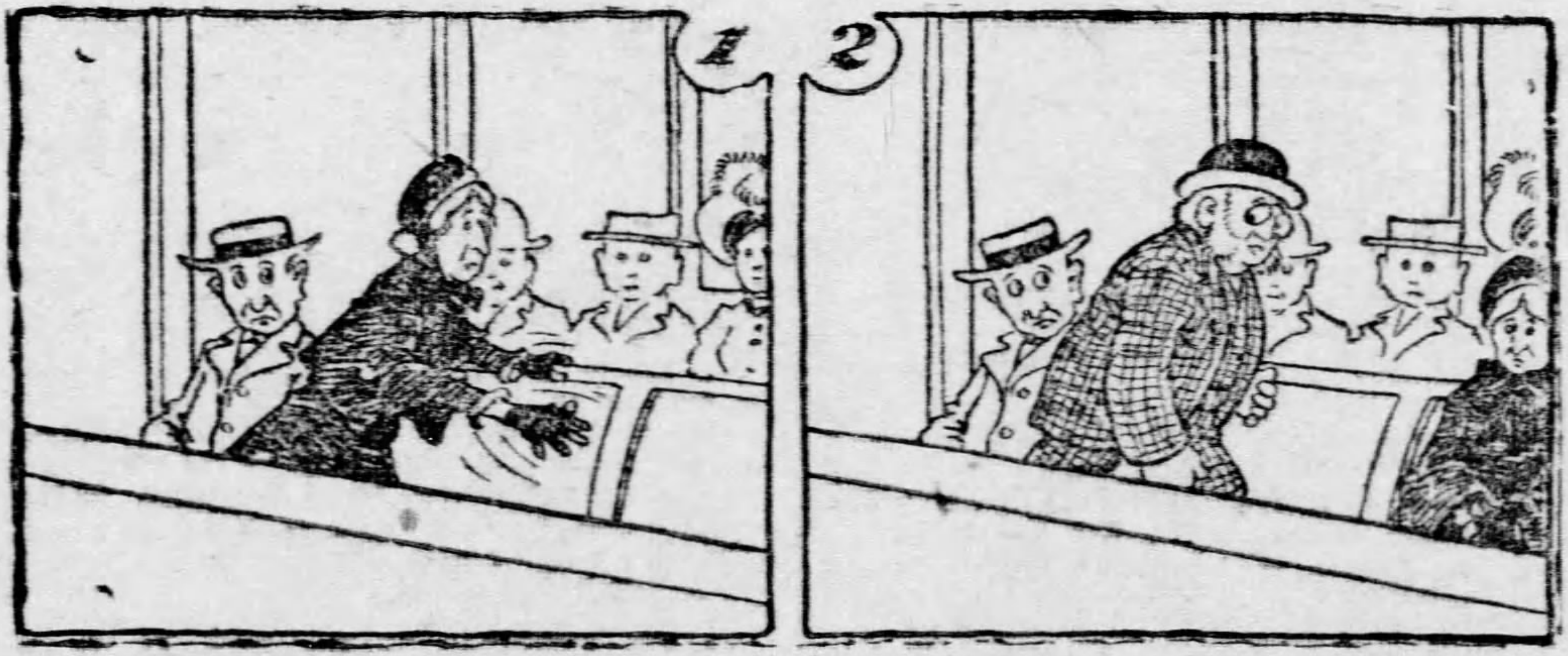
"Aw, gwan, you ole butterin; I've got de toothache."

# HABITS WILL STICK



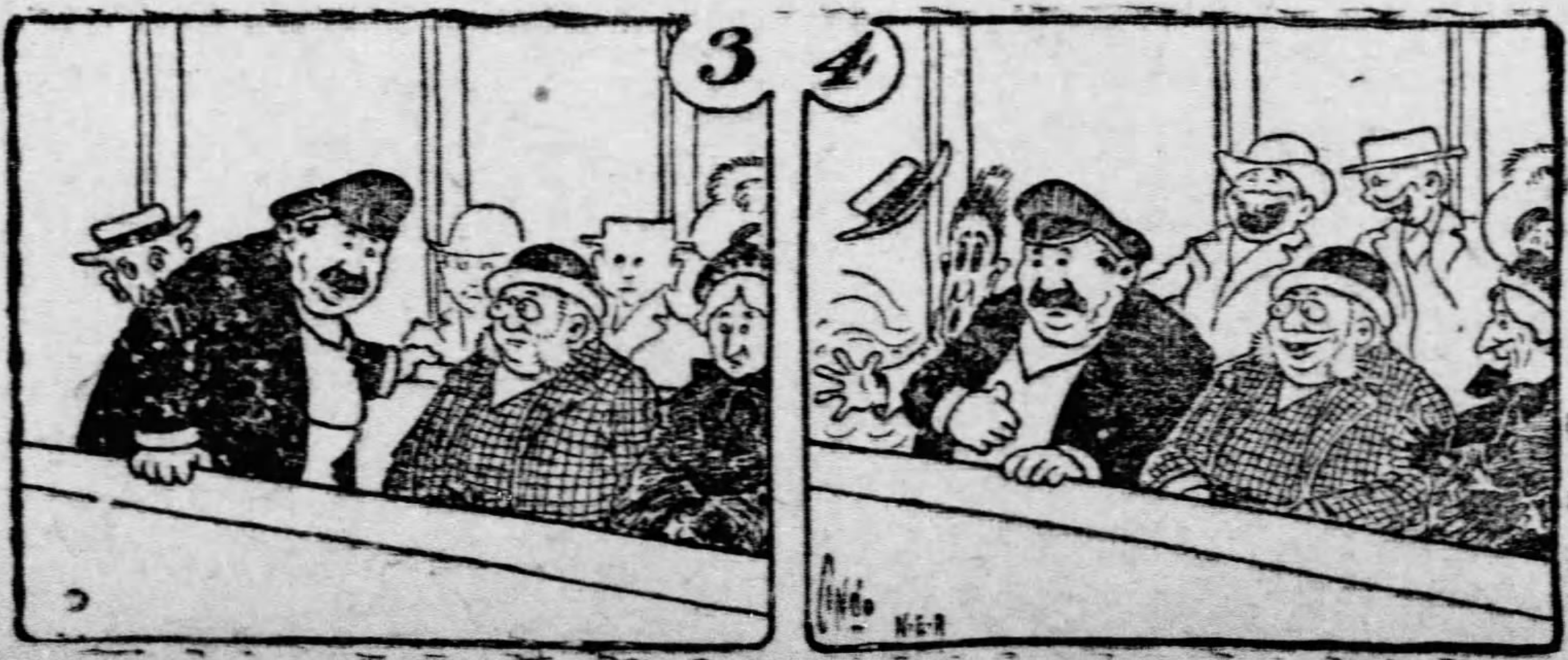
"Hennery, run back there t' th' shed an' git th' hitchin' strap. I come purty near fergettin' it."

# MR. ENDSEATHOGG'S DEFEAT



He wouldn't move for an old lady.

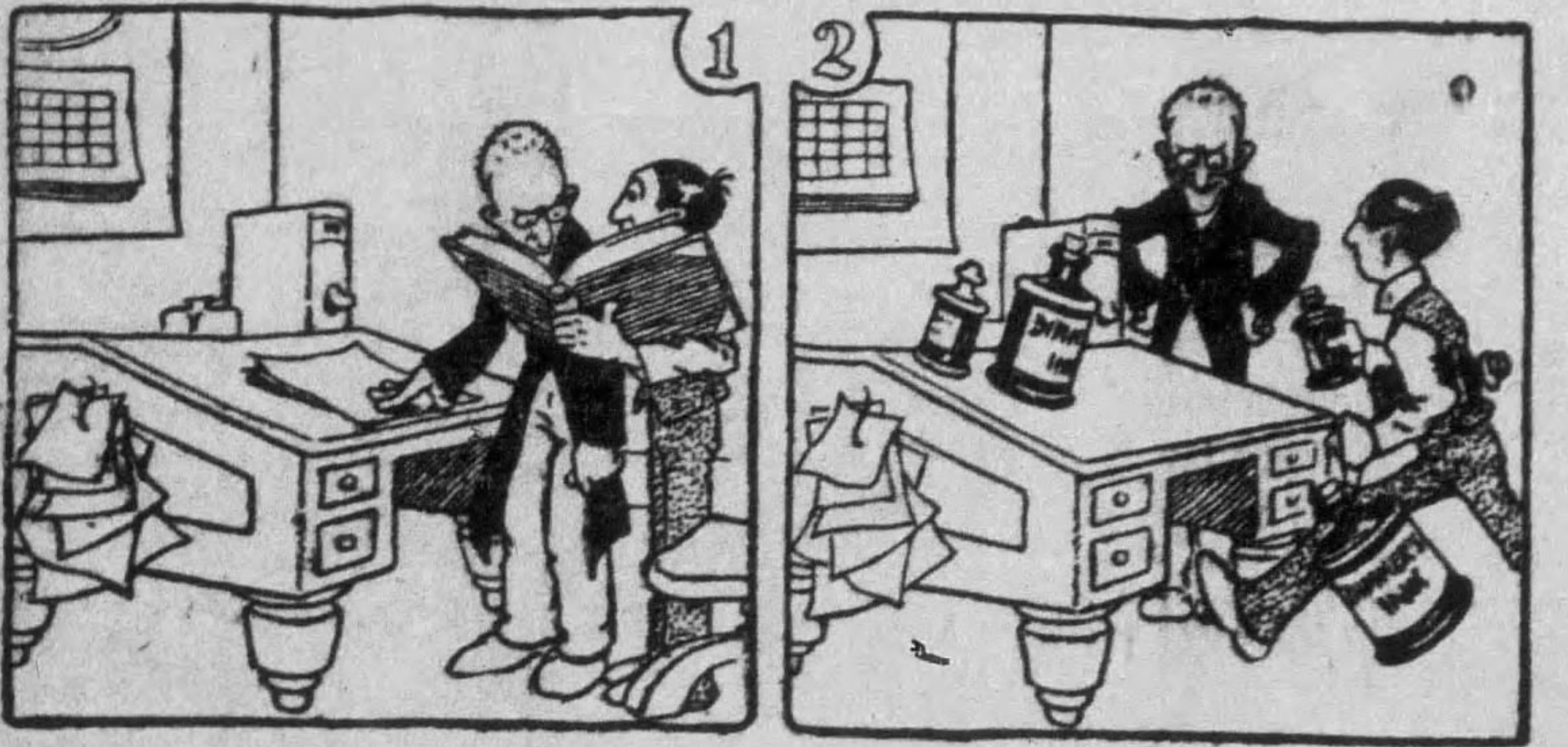
He forced an old man to climb.



Then along came a large, heavy man

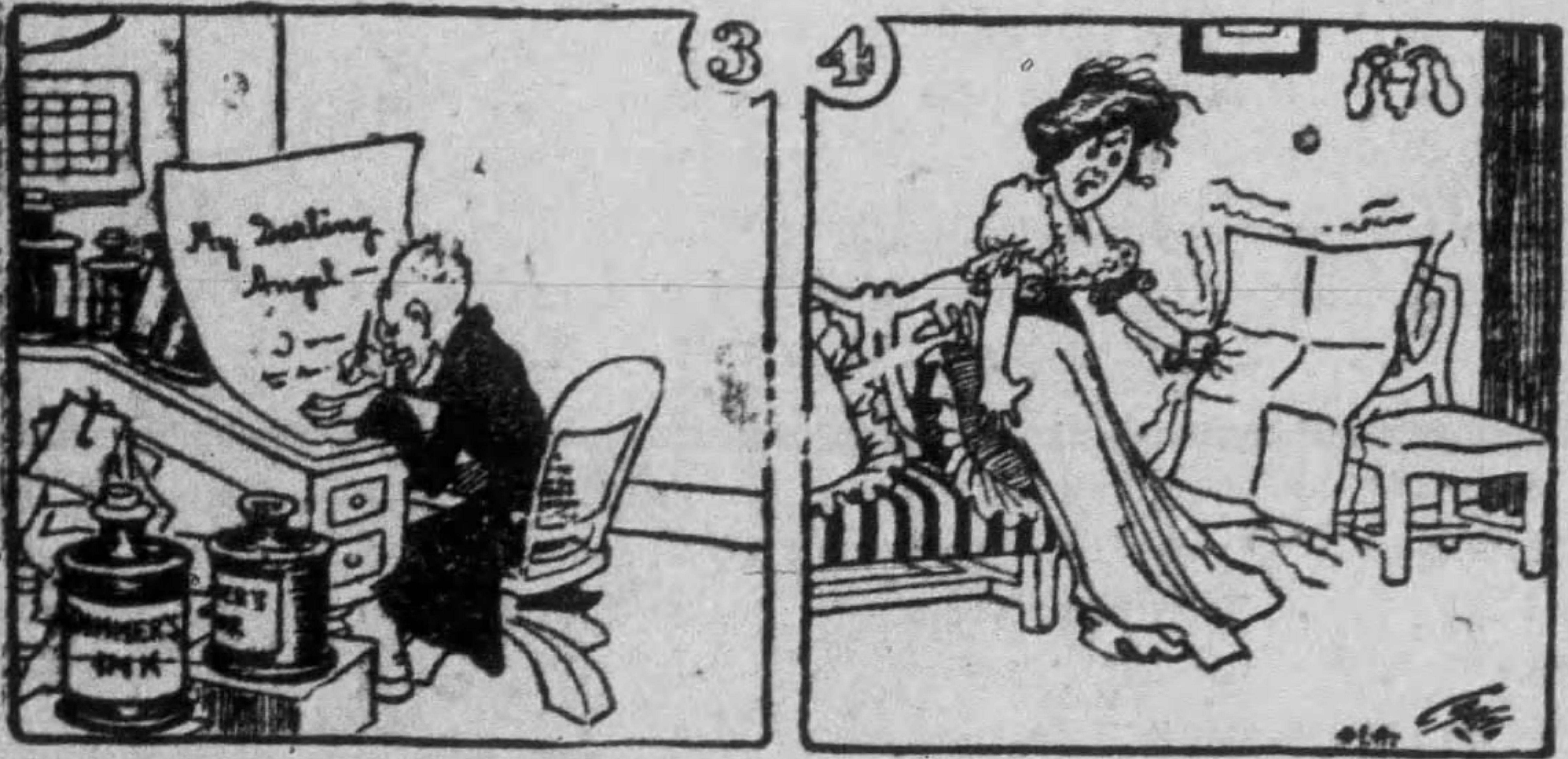
And Mr. Hogg got what he needed.

# NO FOX LIKE AN OLD FOX



"Look here, Mr. Oldguy, that new ink is no good at all. Every line in the journal has faded, and written only two weeks ago."

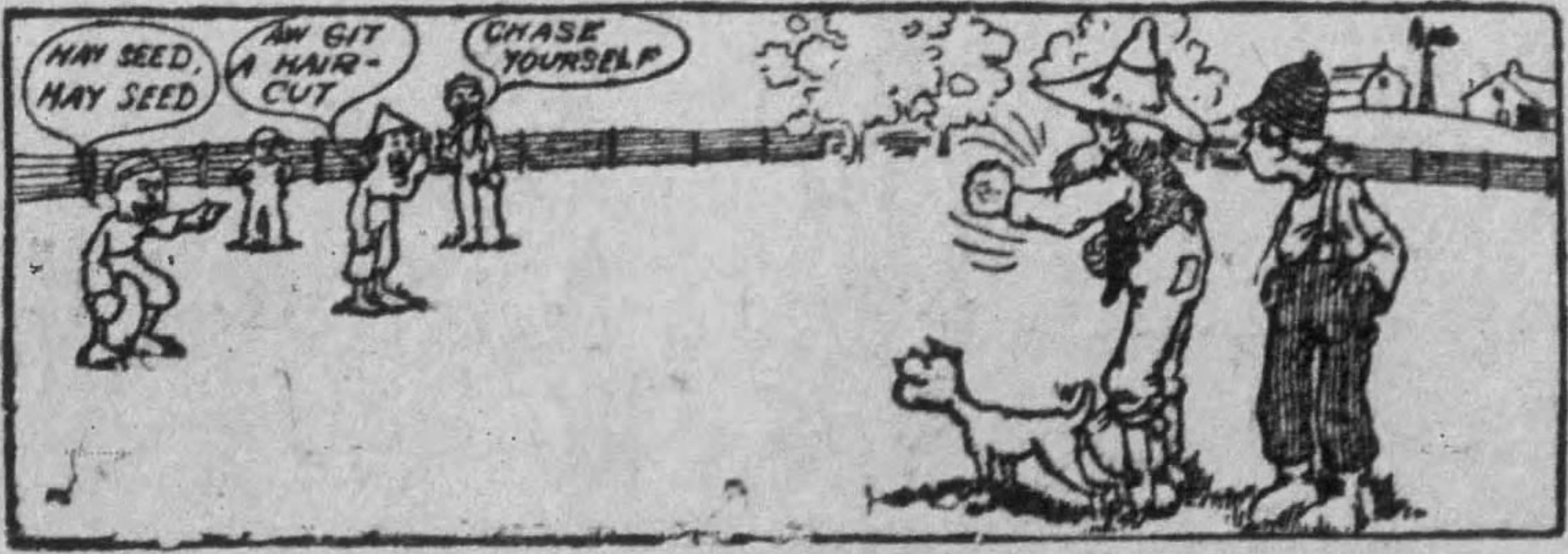
"Henry, my boy, you bring every bottle of that ink to me. Why, it's worth at least $100 a pint to me. Order about ten more gallons."


3
4
My Darling Angel—
MMER'S INK
INK

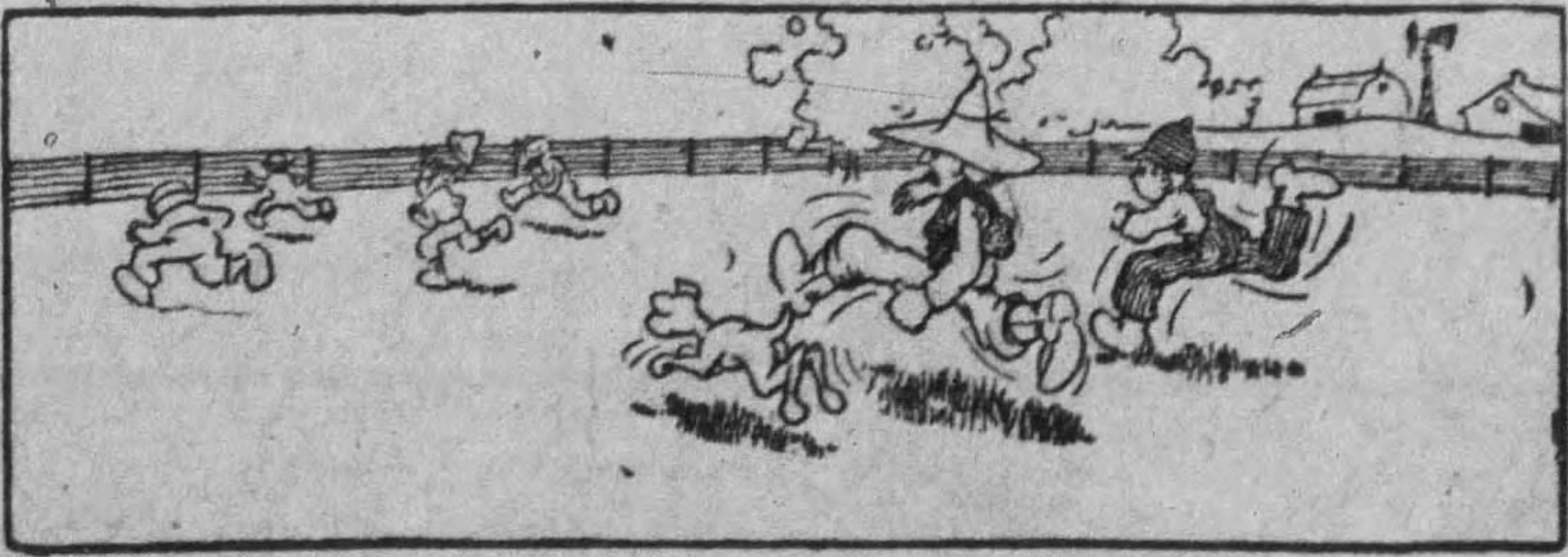
"I'll fill this letter with all kinds of love."

"The wretch. How can I sue him for breach of promise now."

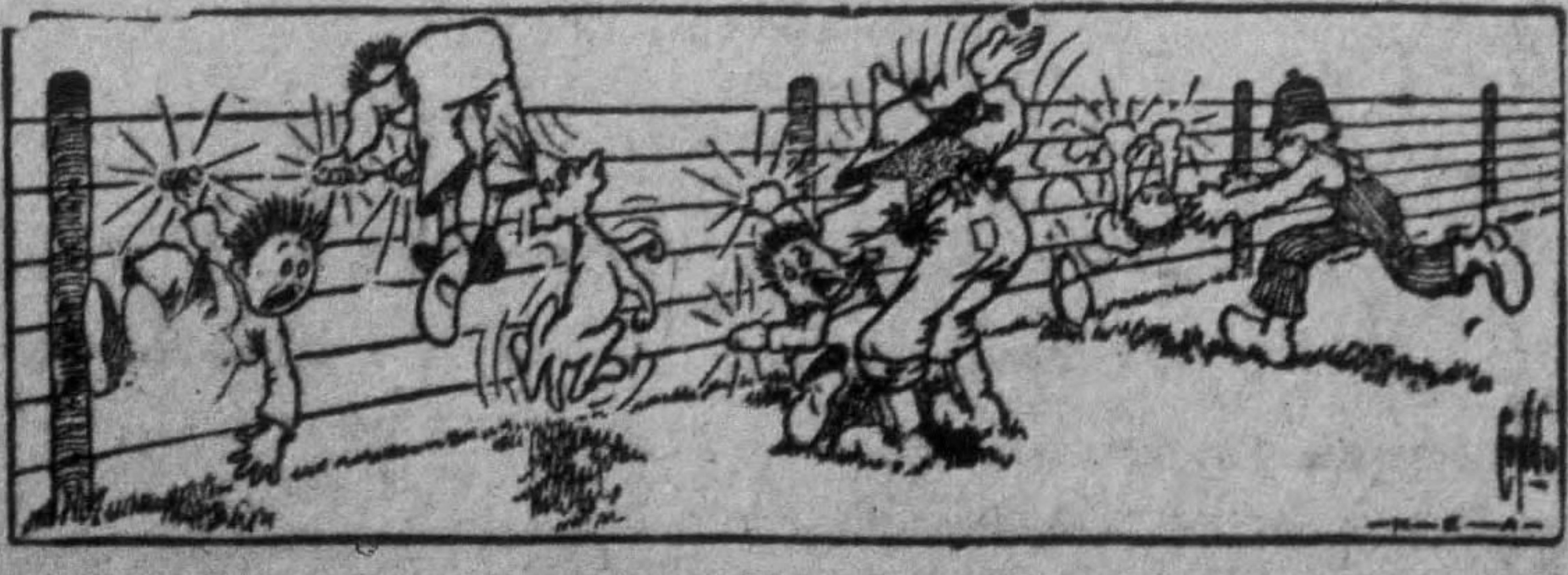
# SCIENCE ON THE FARM


HAY SEED, HAY SEED
AW GIT A HAIR-CUT
CHASE YOURSELF

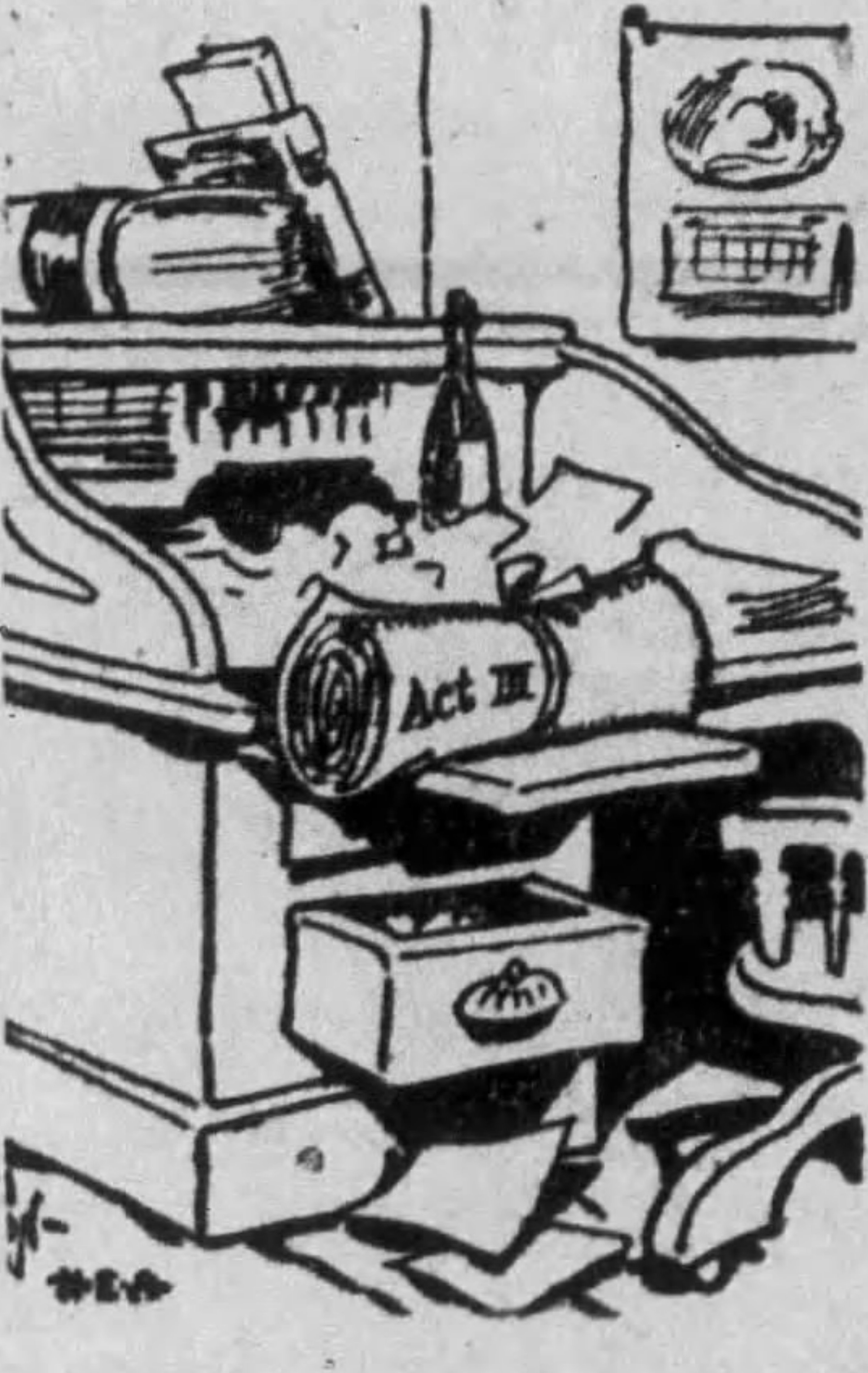
The bad boys from the wicked city only laughed and guyed the farmer when he ordered them not to tramp across his fields.



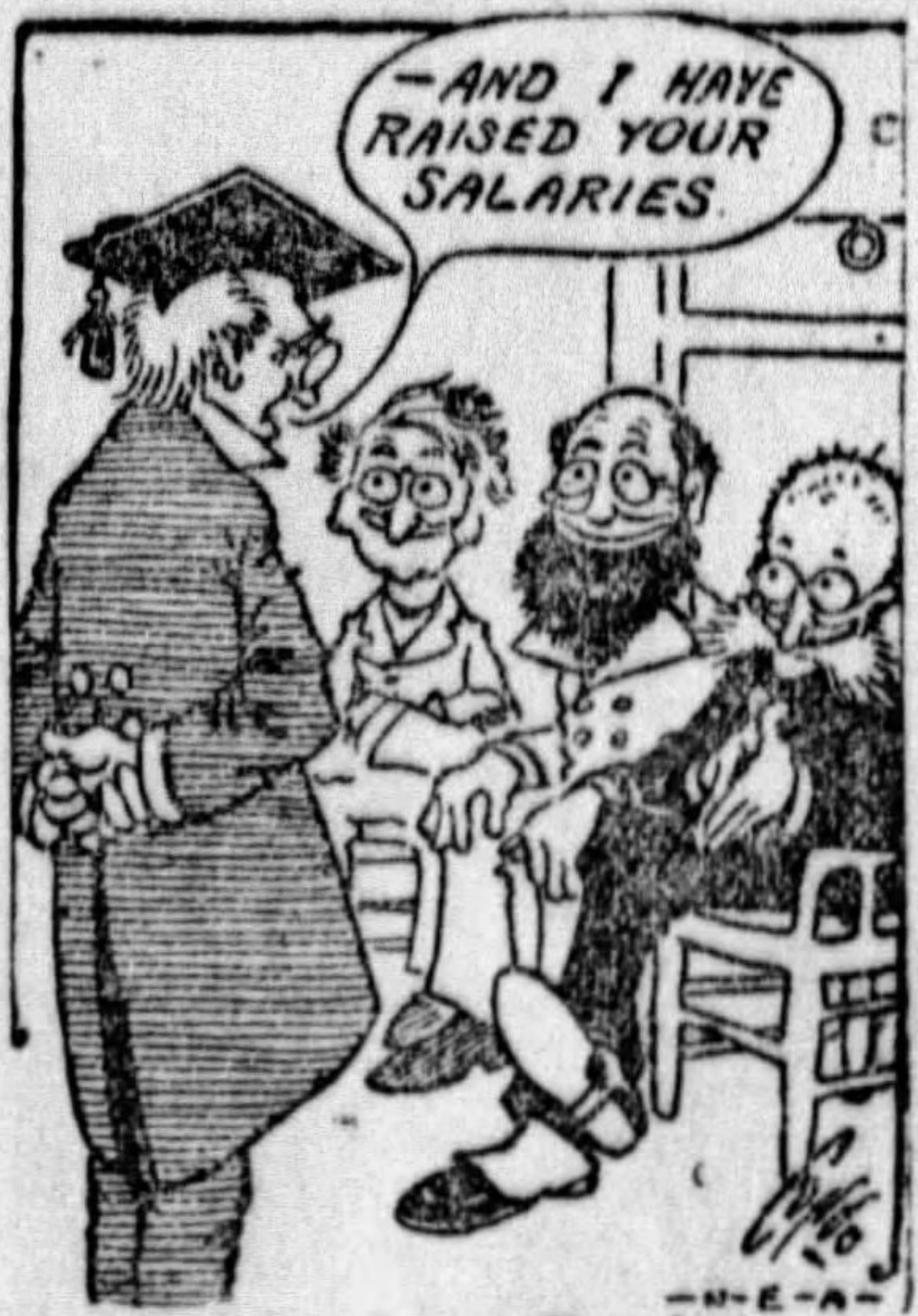
And when he tried to catch them they proved too fleet.



But one day he connected the wire fence with the interurban line's feed wire and there were things doing.

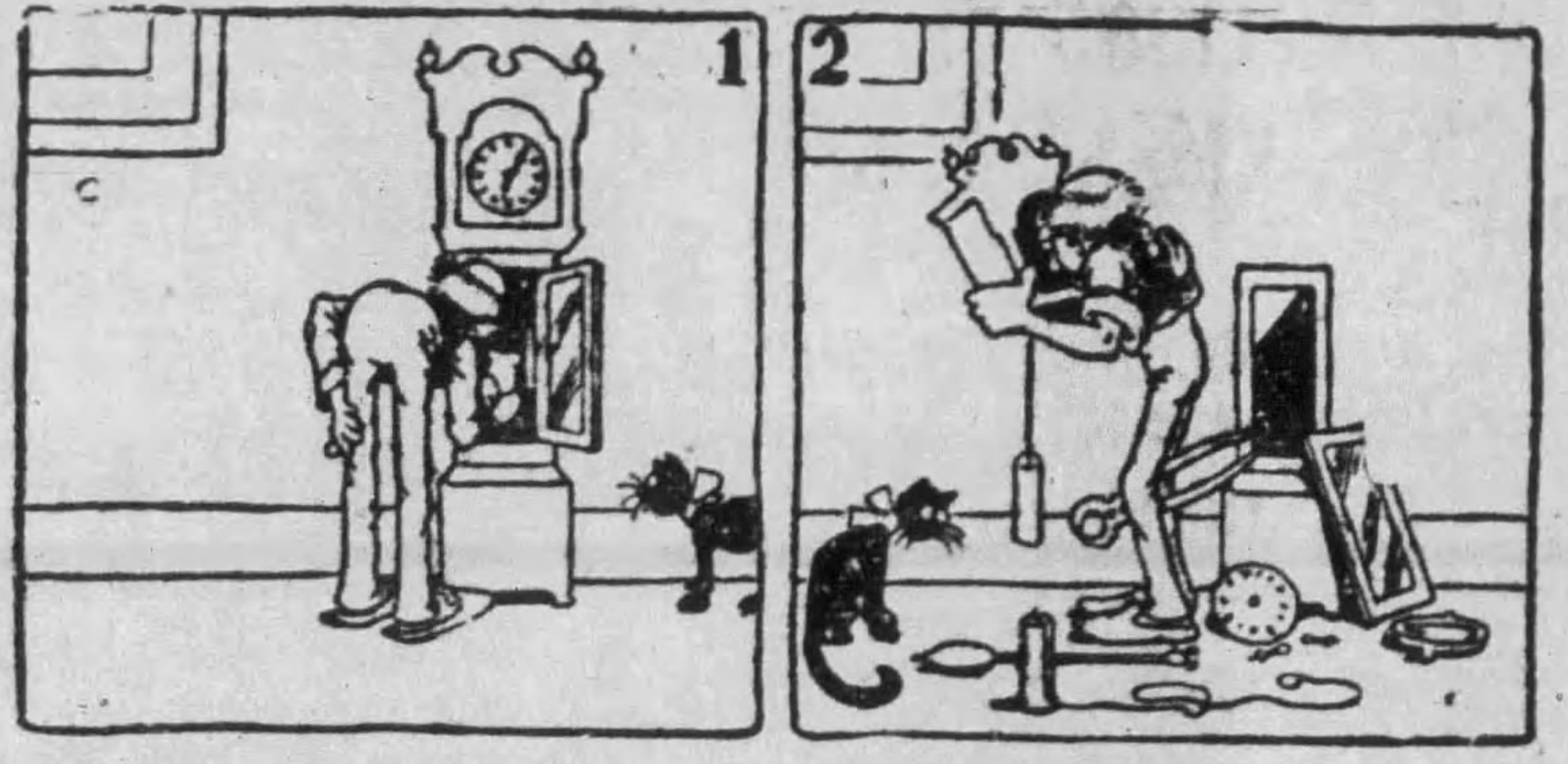


The Act Was Uncalled For.


—AND I HAVE RAISED YOUR SALARIES.
—N-E-A—

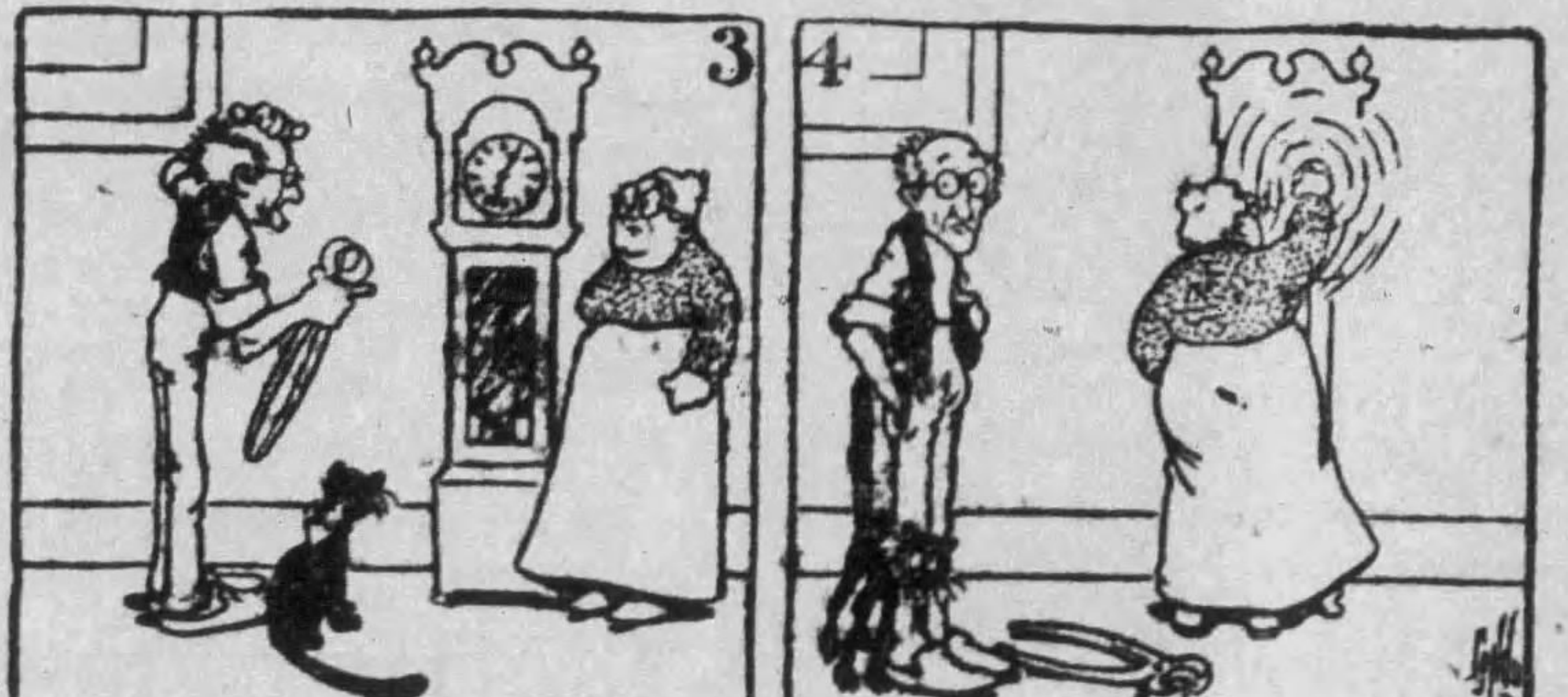
The Happy Faculty.

# JUST LIKE A MAN



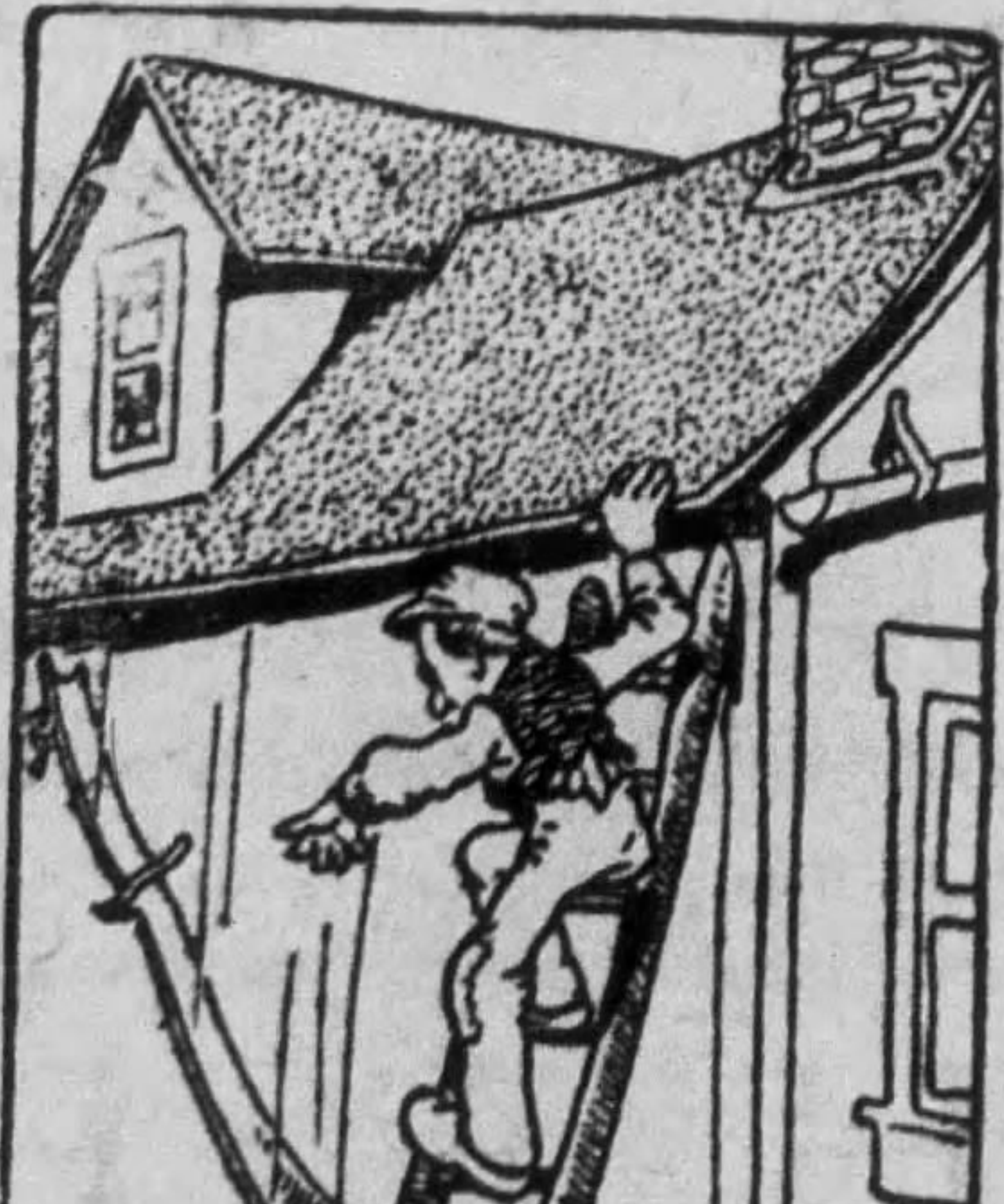
"I'd like to know why this confounded old clock won't run."

"I guess this overhauling will settle all the trouble."

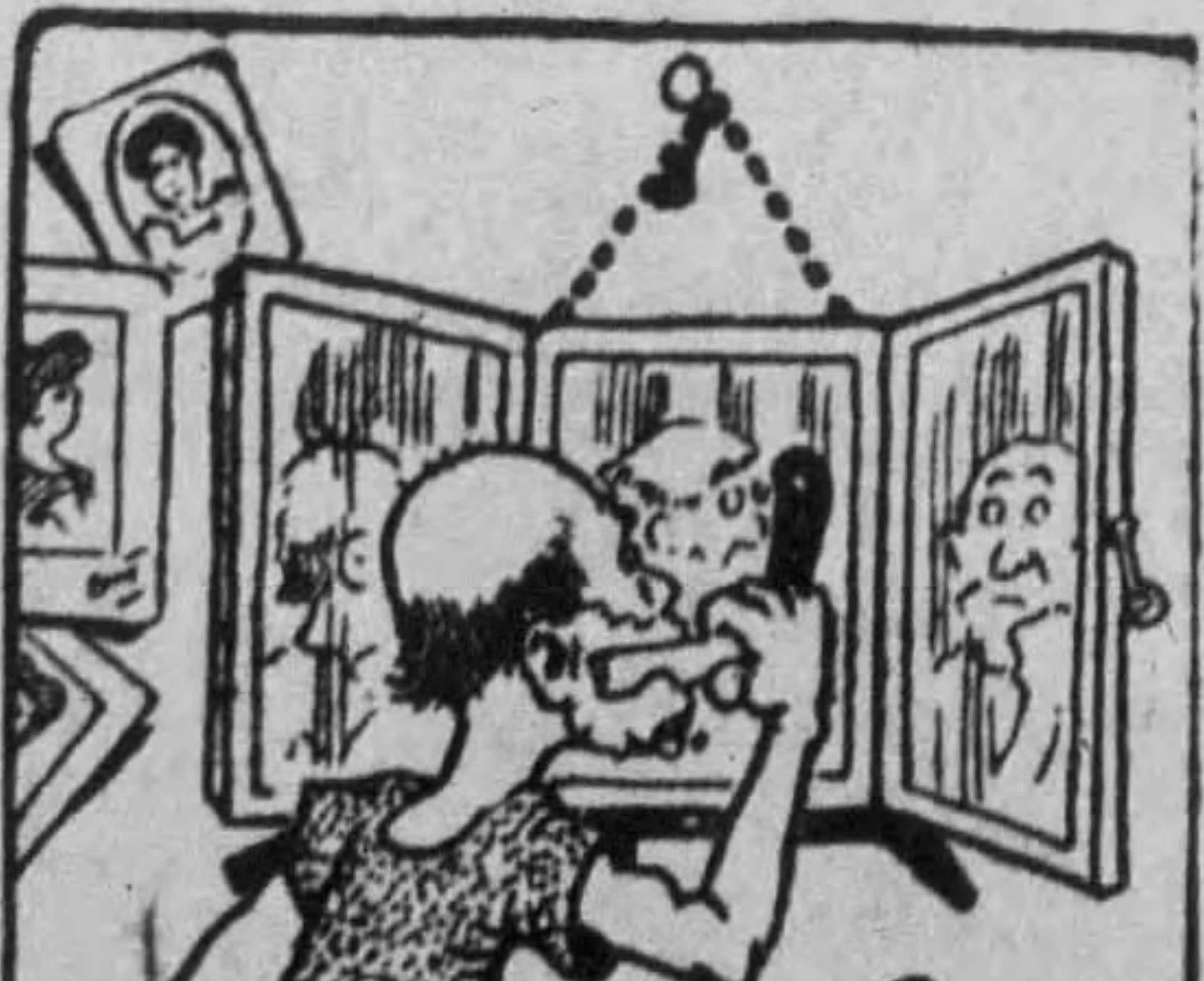


"Consarn the thing, anyway, it won't run. Guess I'll have to call in a clockmaker, mother."

"How can you expect a clock to run unless you wind it? You send for me when you want anything fixed."

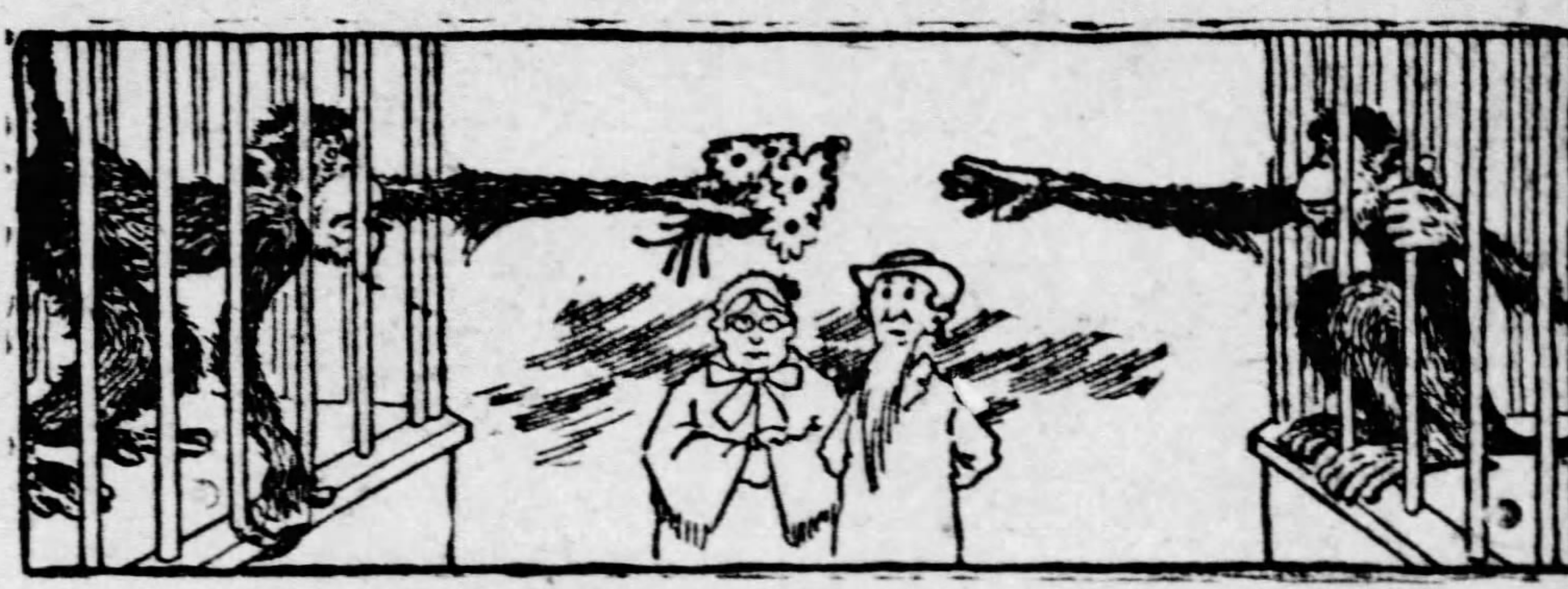


An Eavesdropper.

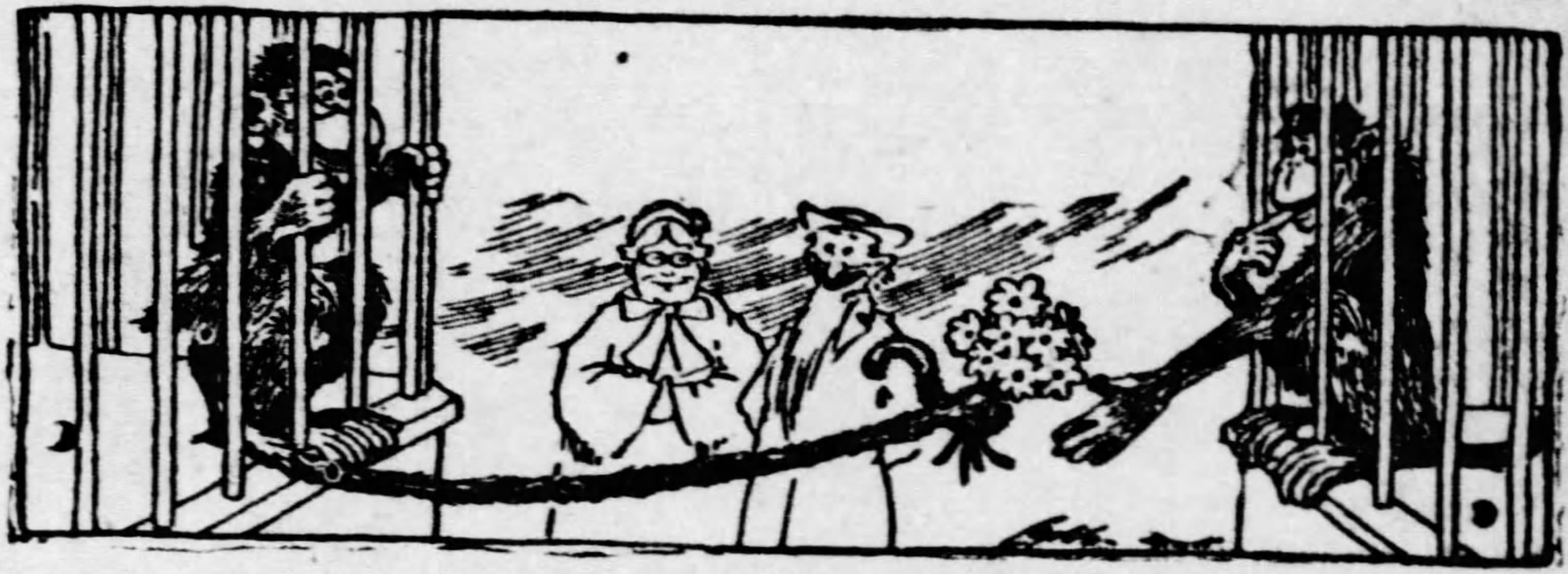


Reflections of a Bachelor.

# LOVE ALWAYS FINDS THE WAY

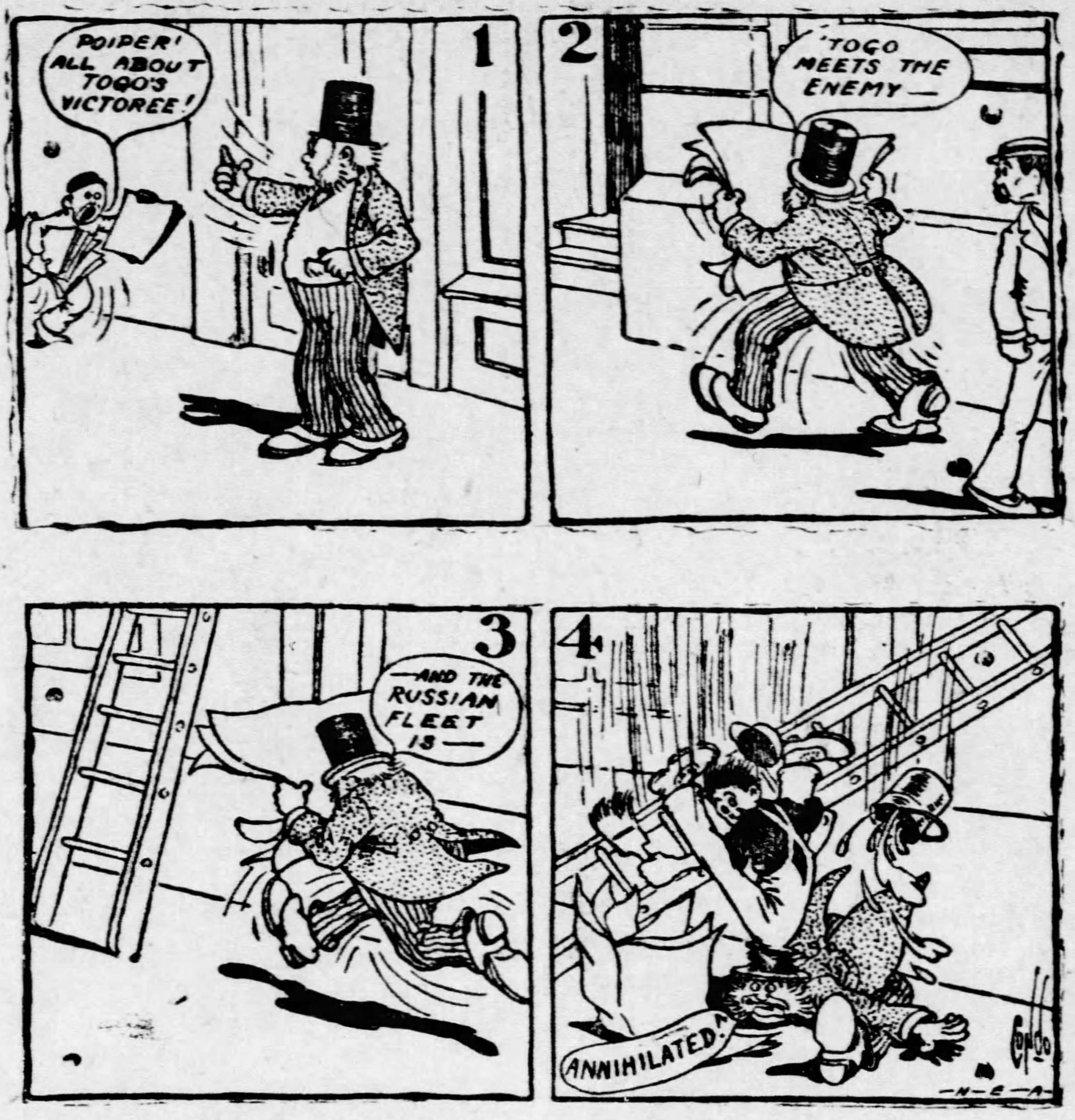


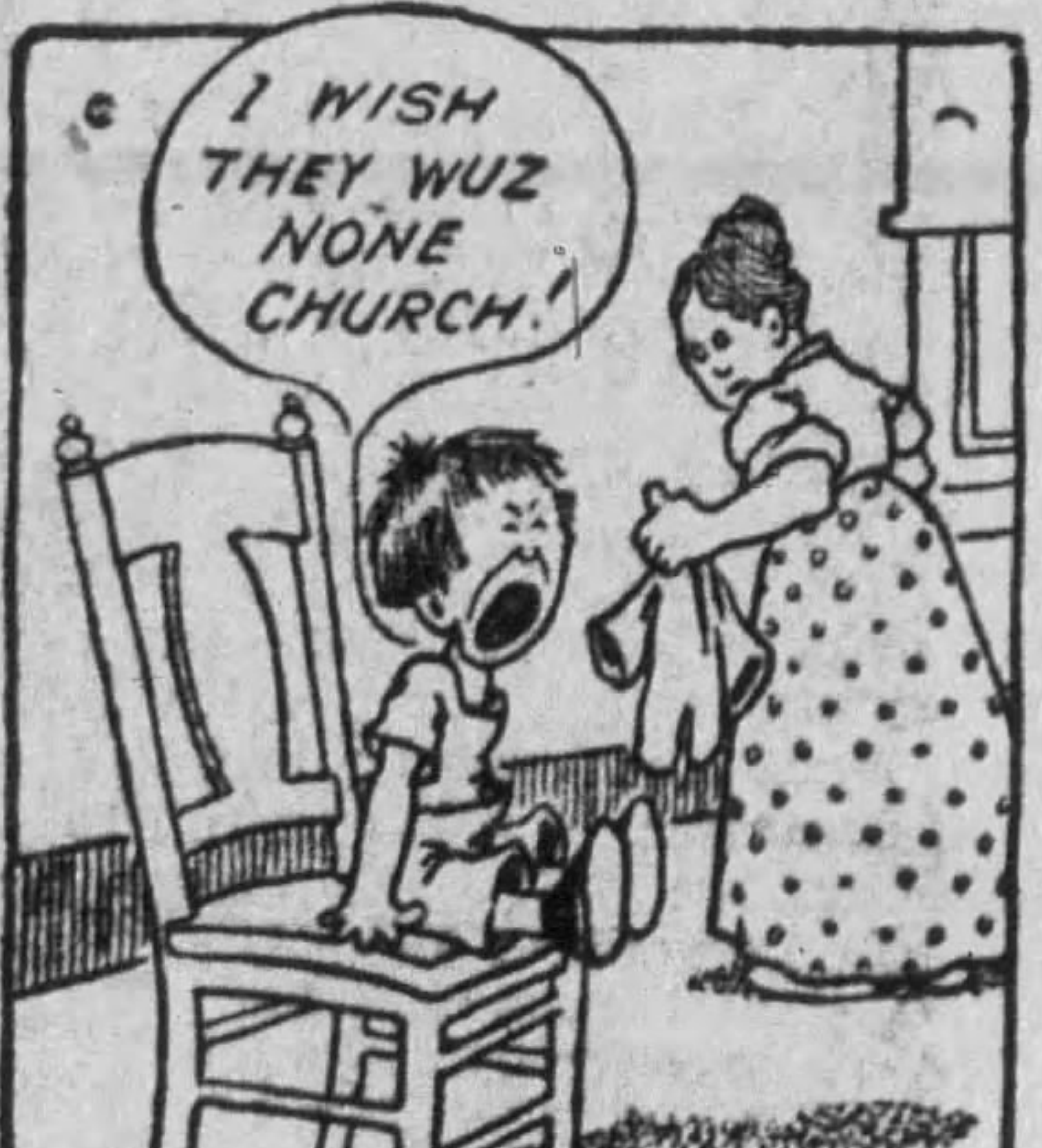
"Here's a lovely boquet, Carrie.
"Oh, horrors, Clarence, I can't reach it."



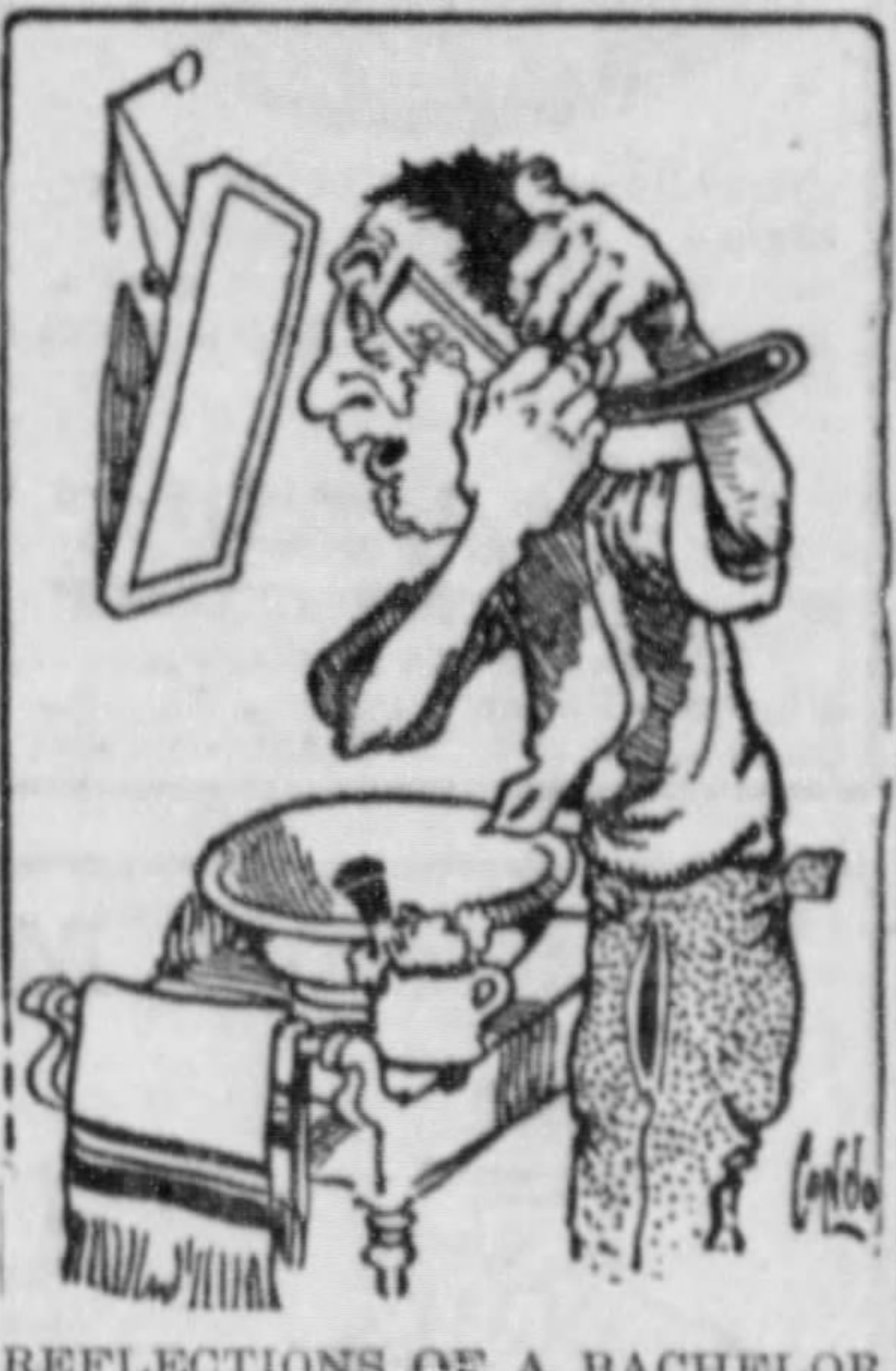
"Now you can, sweetheart."

# NEVER WALK AGAINST A LADDER


1
POIPER! ALL ABOUT TOGO'S VICTOREE!
2
'TOGO MEETS THE ENEMY—
3
—AND THE RUSSIAN FLEET IS—
4
ANNIHILATED!
CONDO
—N—E—A—

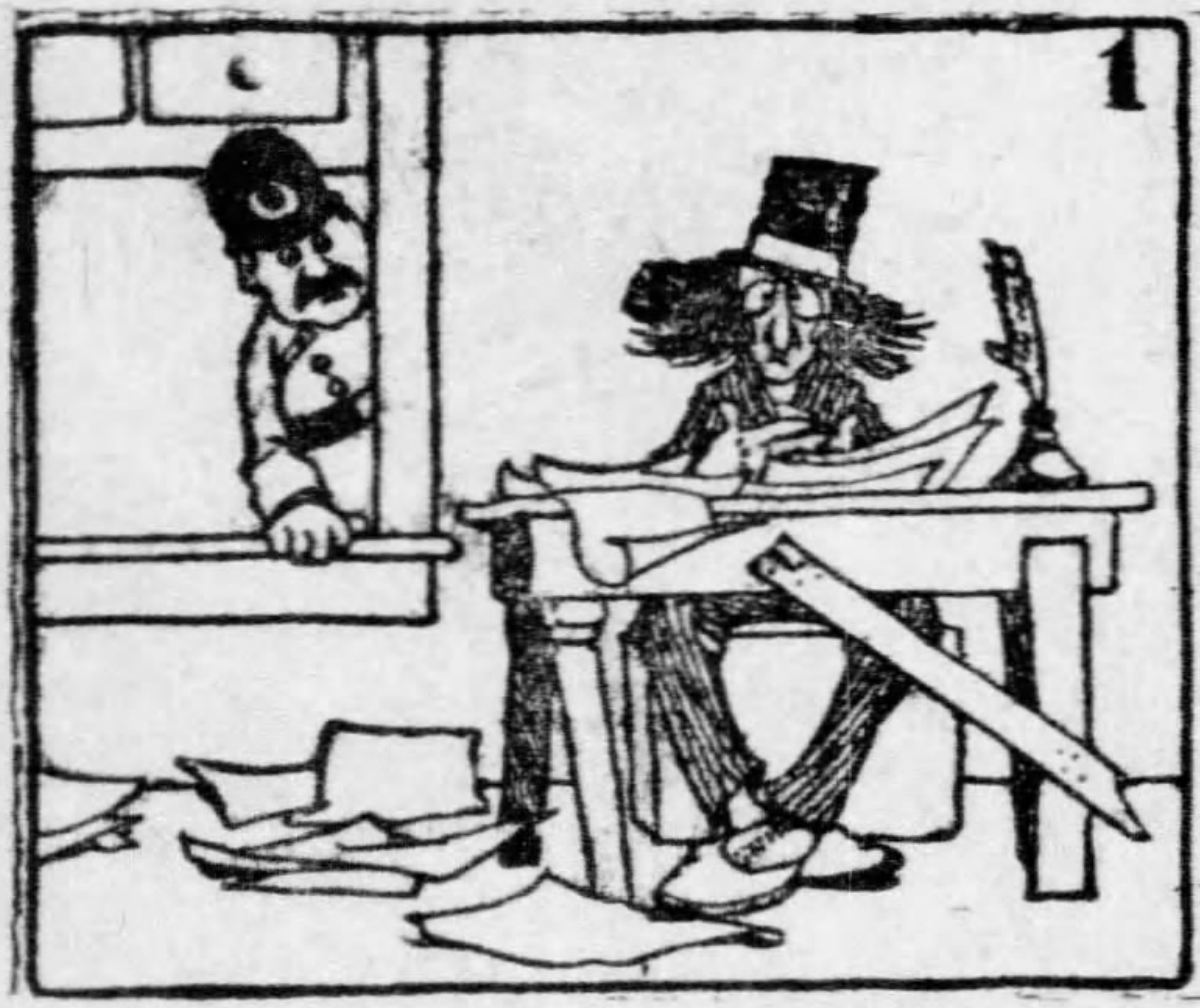

I WISH THEY WUZ NONE CHURCH!
Condo

Sunday Ball.

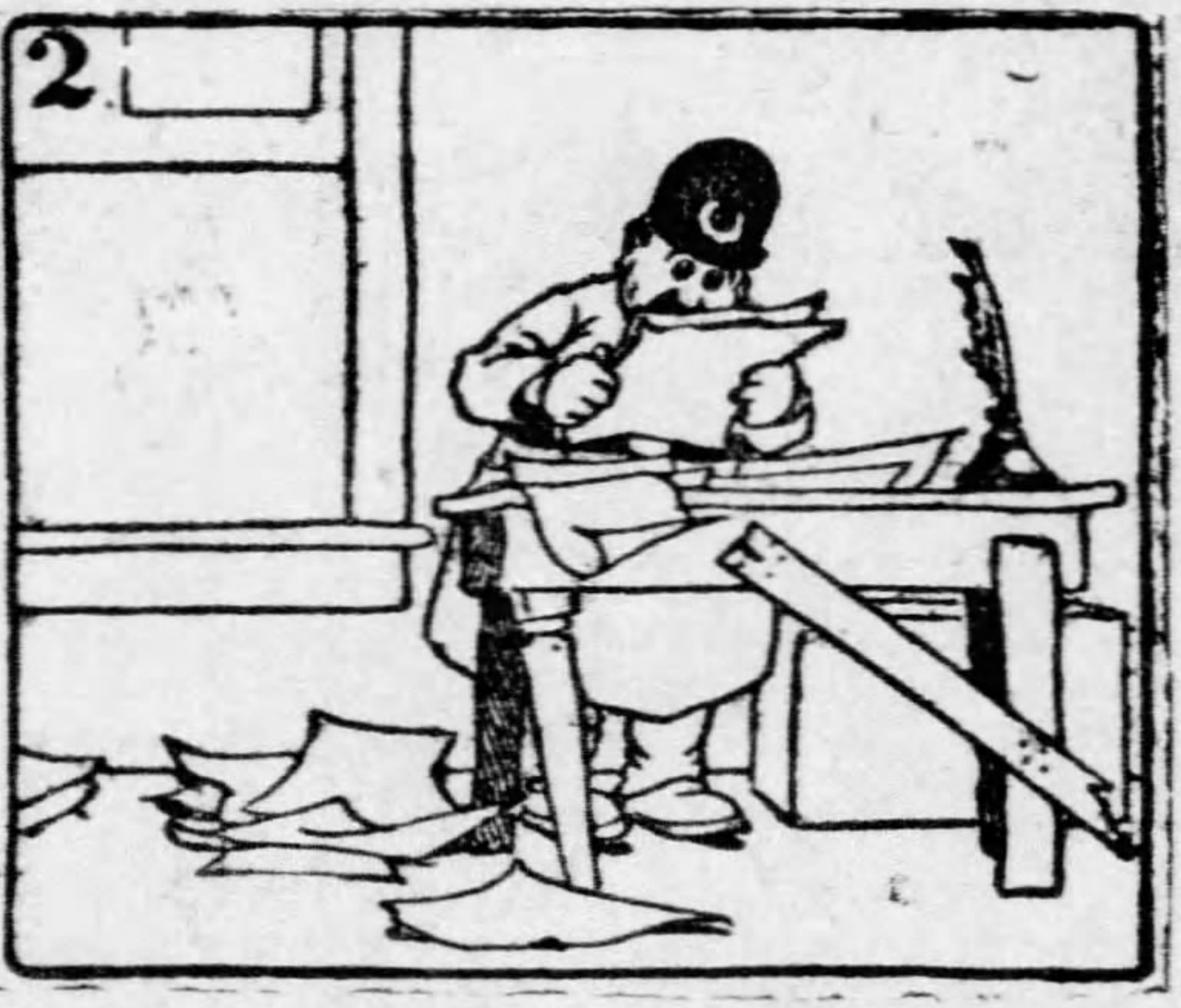


REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

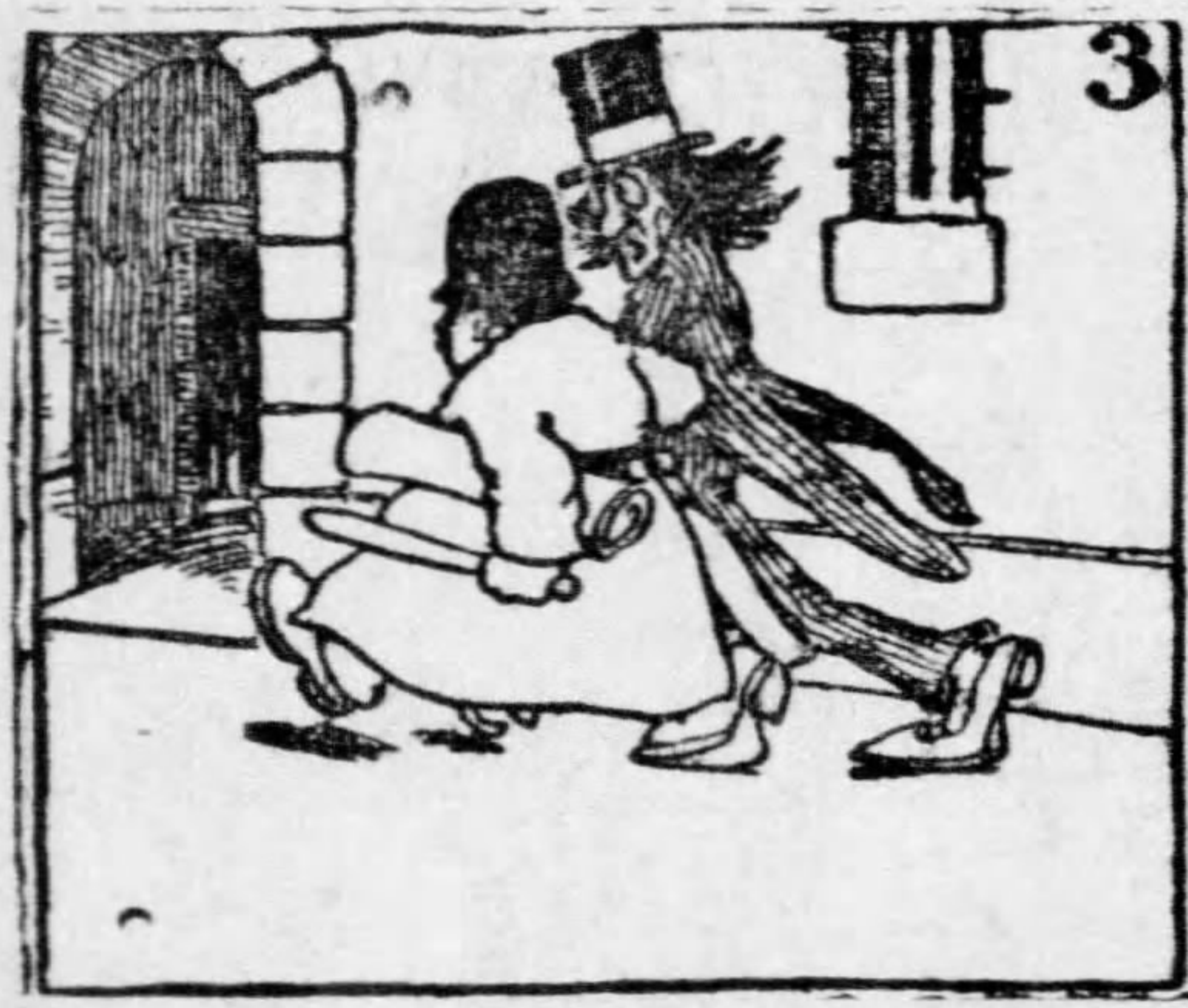
# CHUMPEN'S USUAL BLUNDER



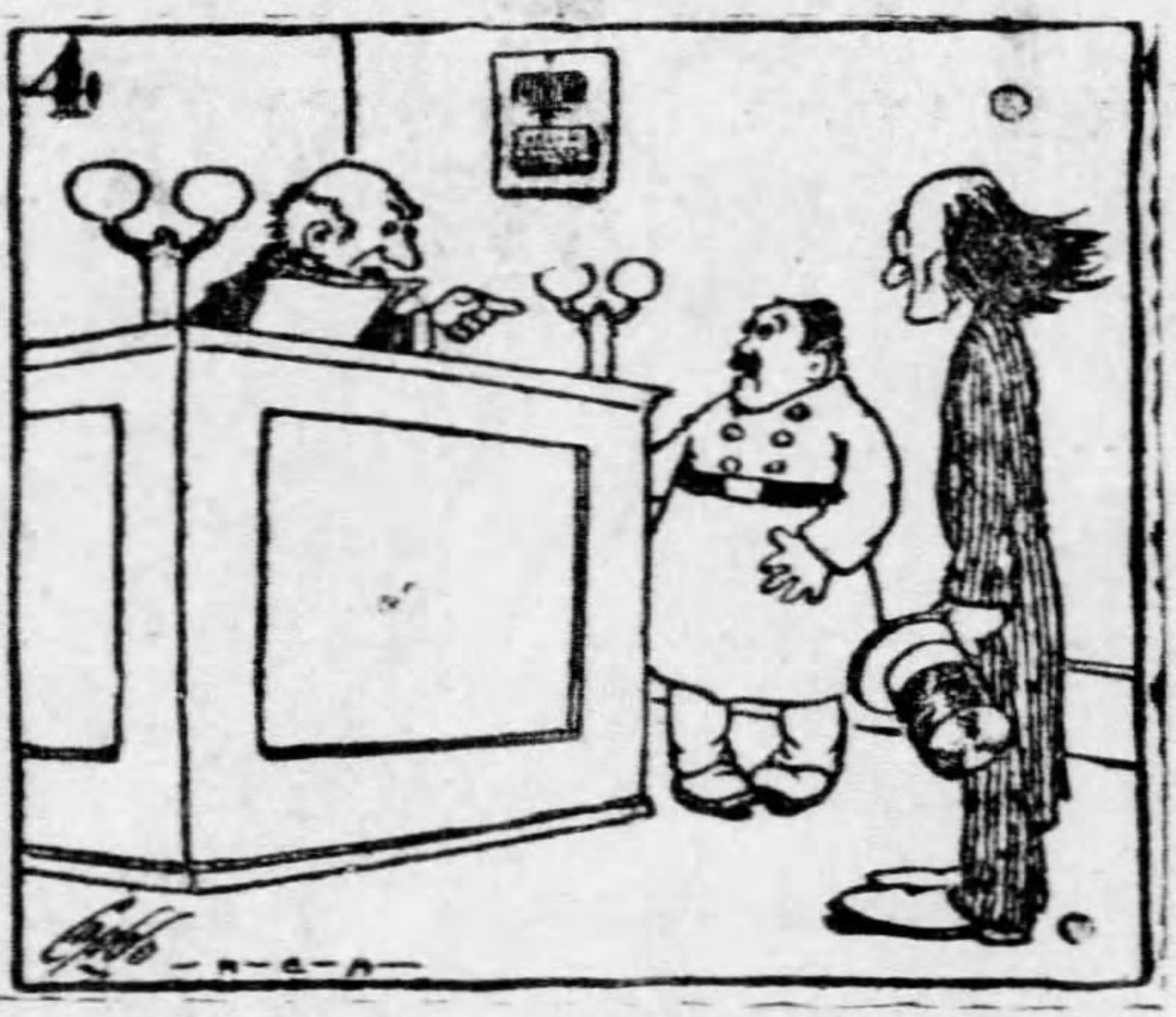
"That fellow looks suspicious to me," said Patrolman Chumpen to himself. "I've been shadowing him for a week and I've found evidence to prove that he's a safe blower. I'll keep an eye on him and arrest him and I'll be promoted sure."



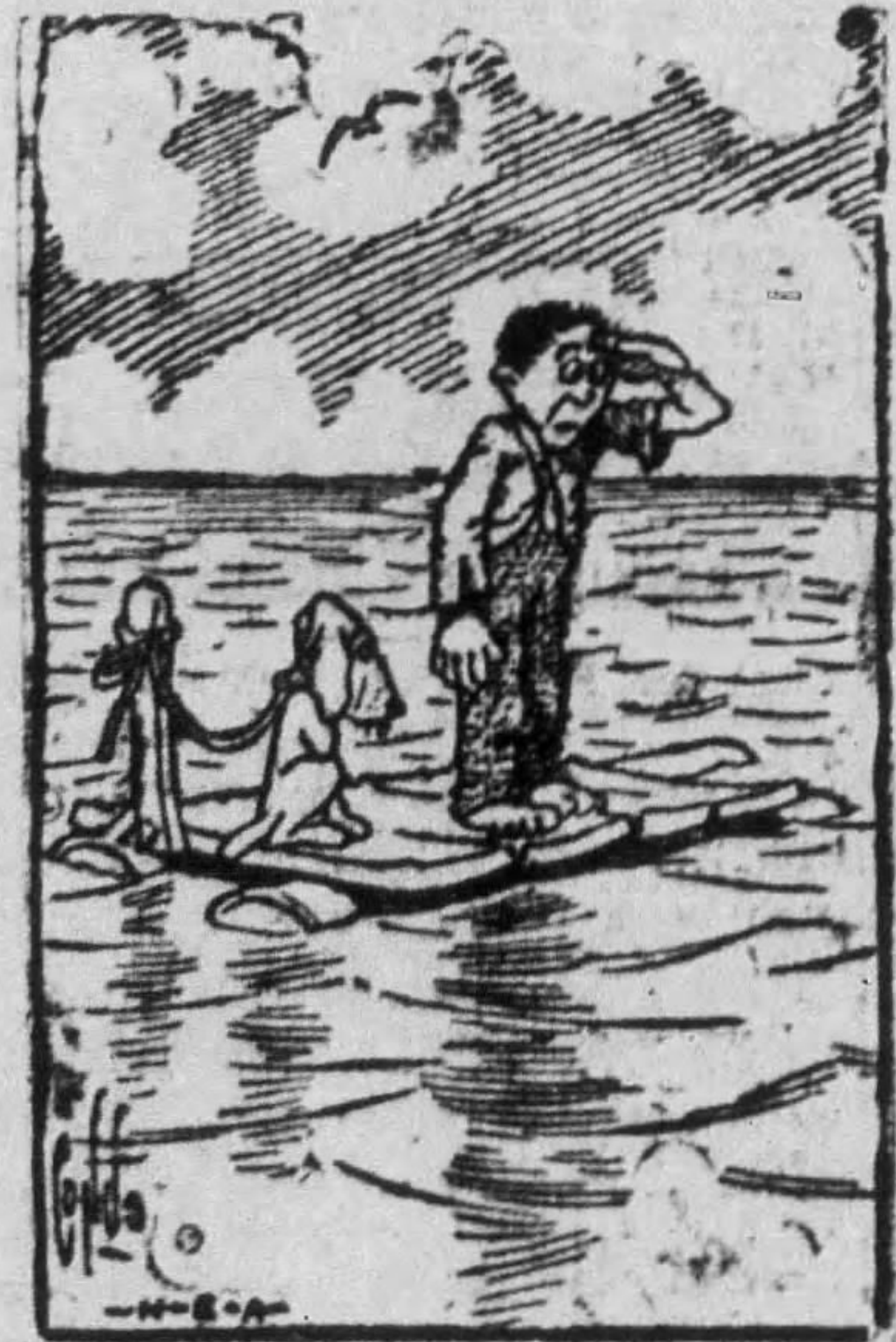
"As I live," said Chumpen, "he's an anarchist and a dangerous one, too. Just listen to this: 'I'll put 500 pounds of dynamite under your castle, me proud lord, and blow you to the four winds!' Oh, but this is a fine capture for me!"



"Don't try to explain to me, you bloodthirsty anarchist! You ought to be glad I don't club you to death. You'll get about a thousand years at hard labor."

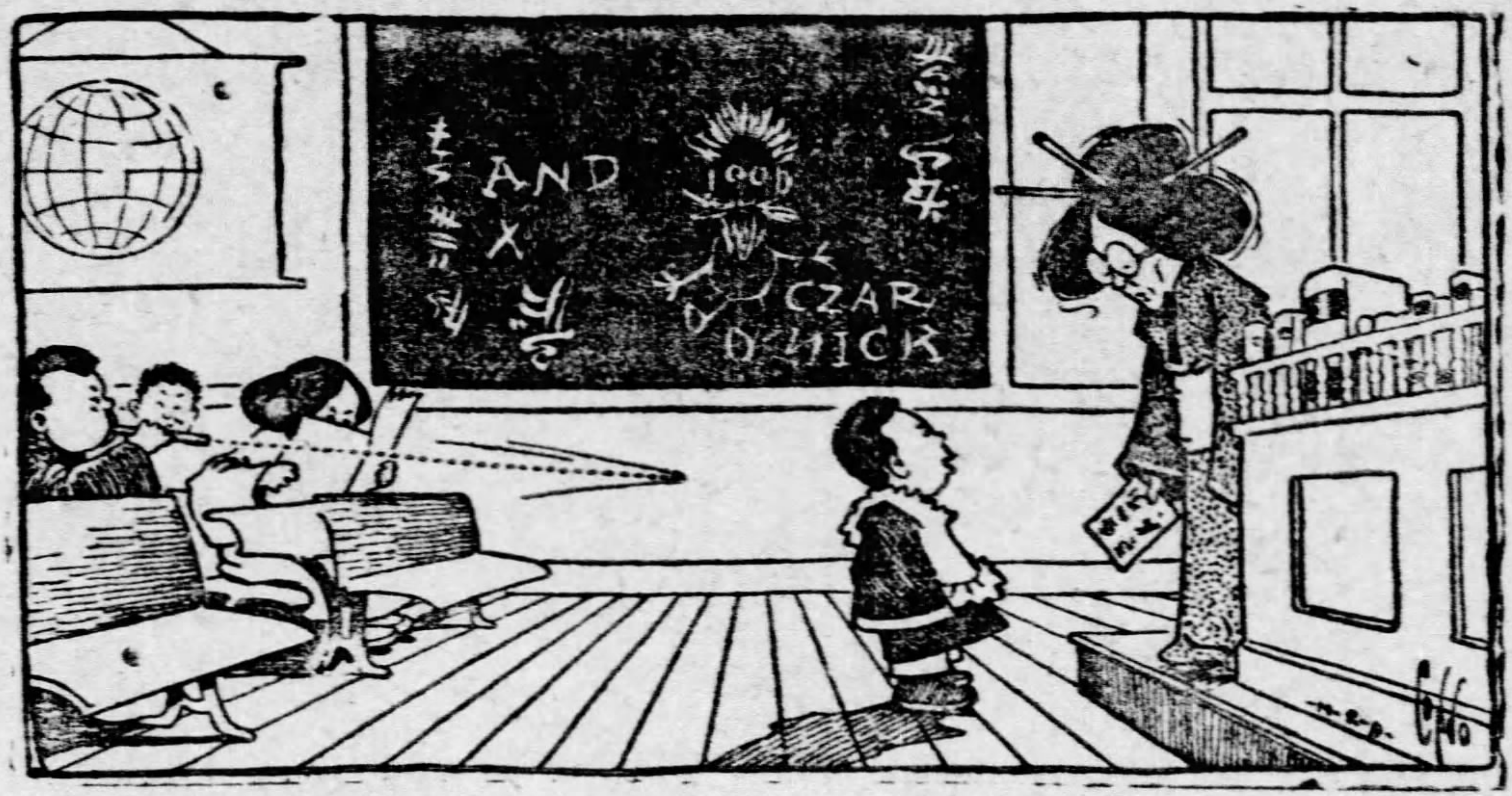


"Patrolman Chumpen," said the judge, "your stupidity astonishes me. Couldn't you see this gentleman was a playwright and that you were reading his play?"

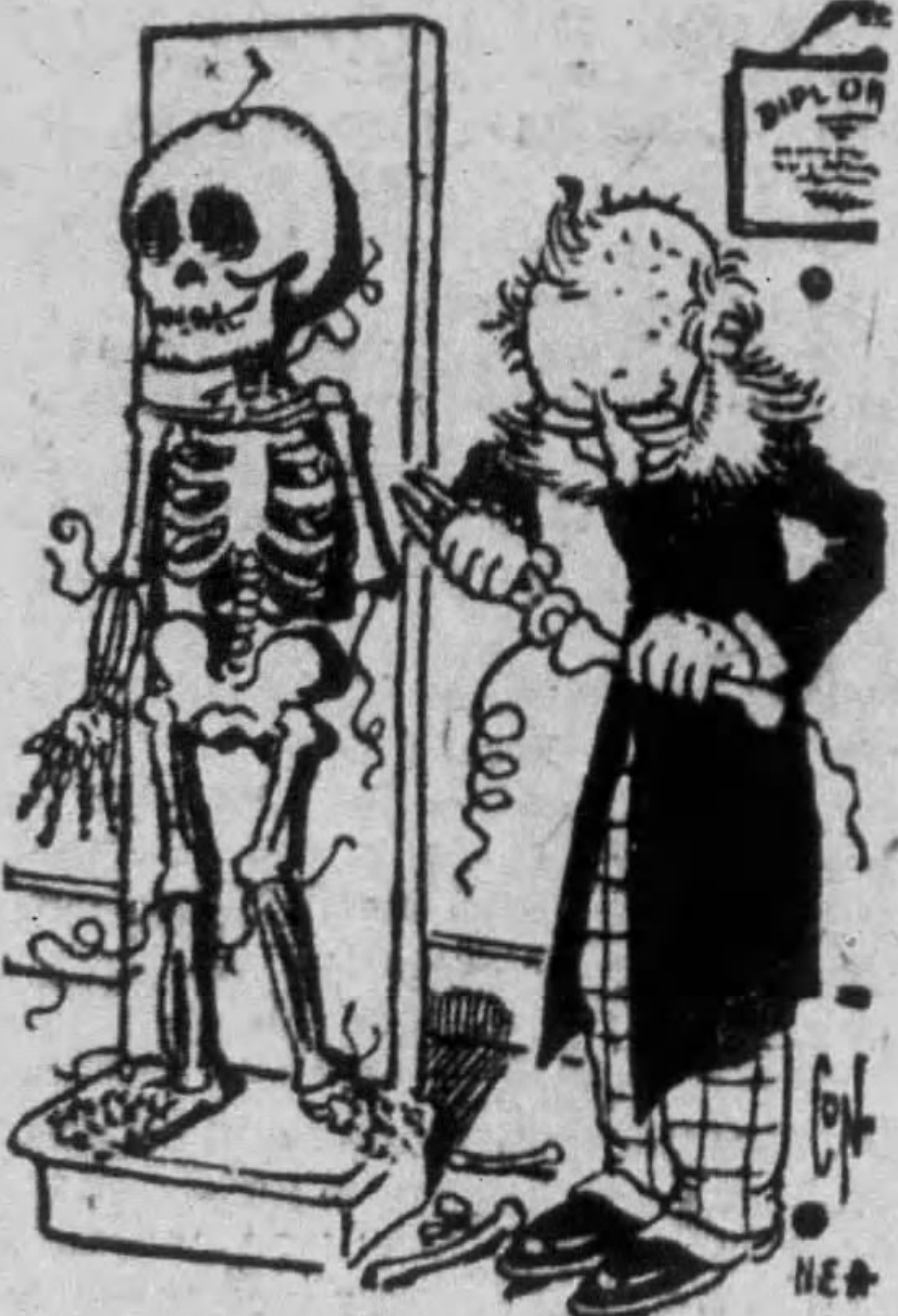


Floating With the Tide.

# LIKE OUR GEORGE DEWEYS



(In the primary grade, Schoon No. 16, Tokio.)
"How old are you, little boy?"
"Six years old last June, teacher."
"What's your name?"
"T. O. Kamarara."
"What's your full name?"
"Togo Oyama Kamarara."


DIPLOM
CON
NEA

The Doctor Wired an Old Friend.

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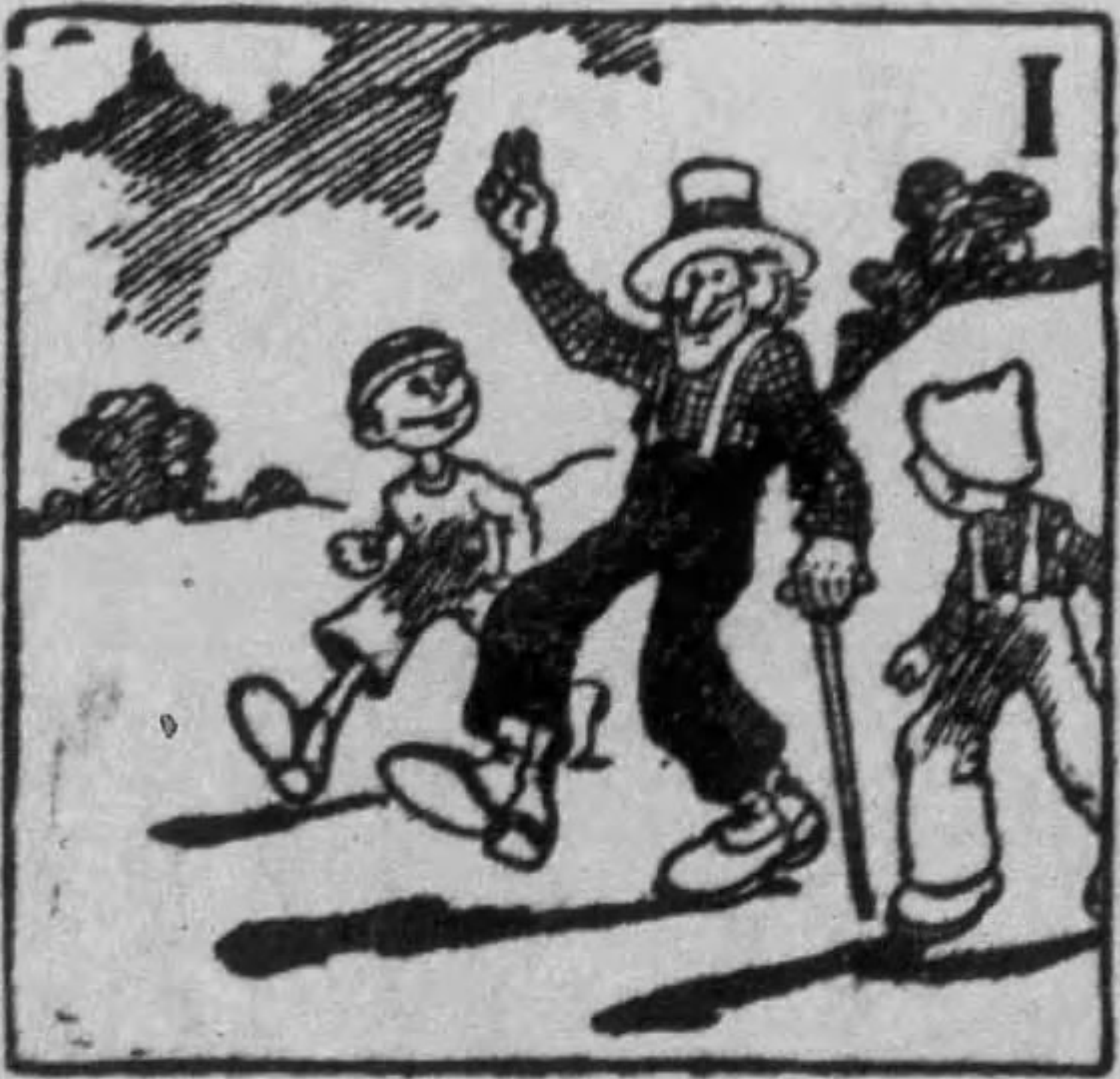
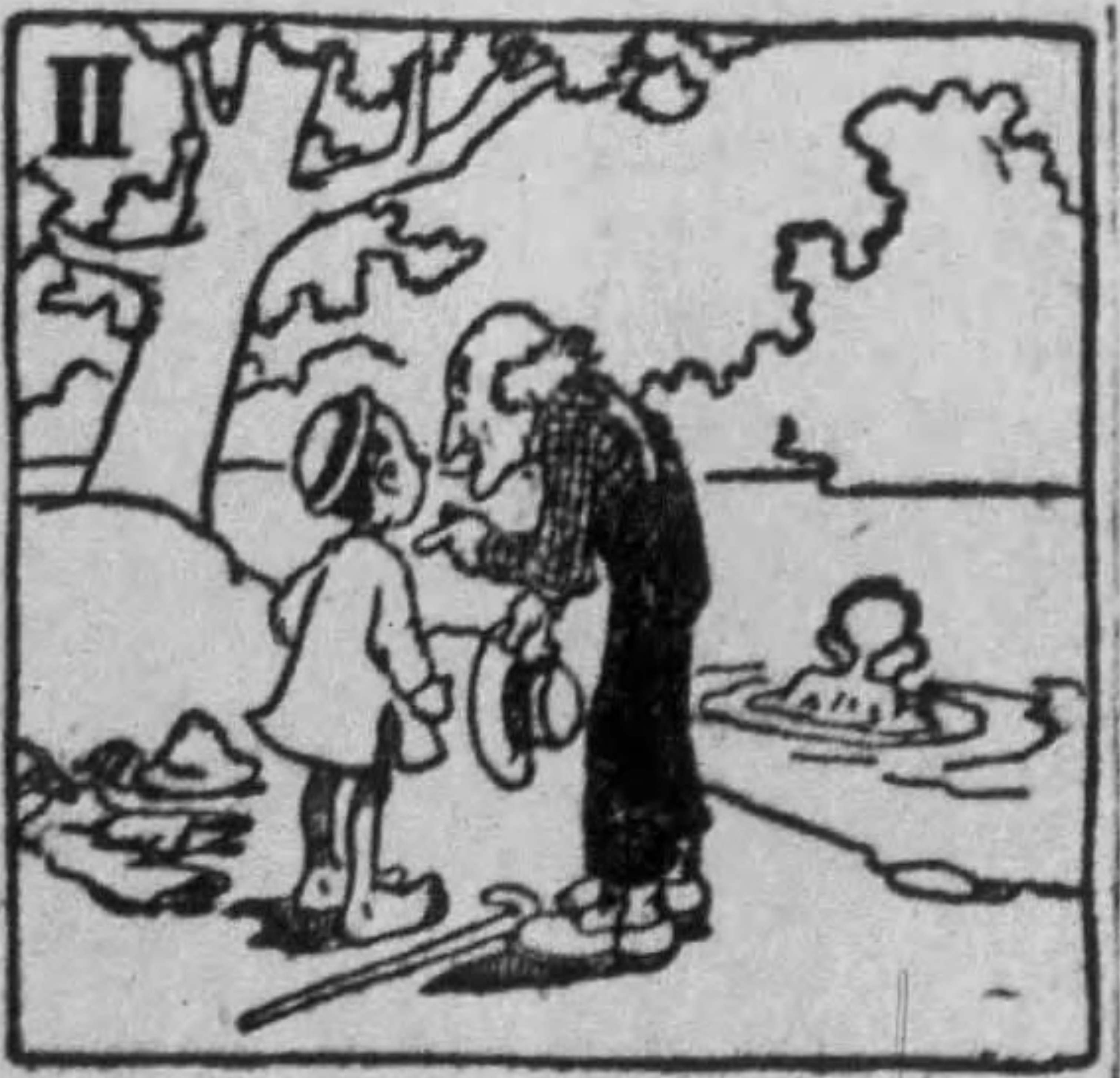
Not Denied

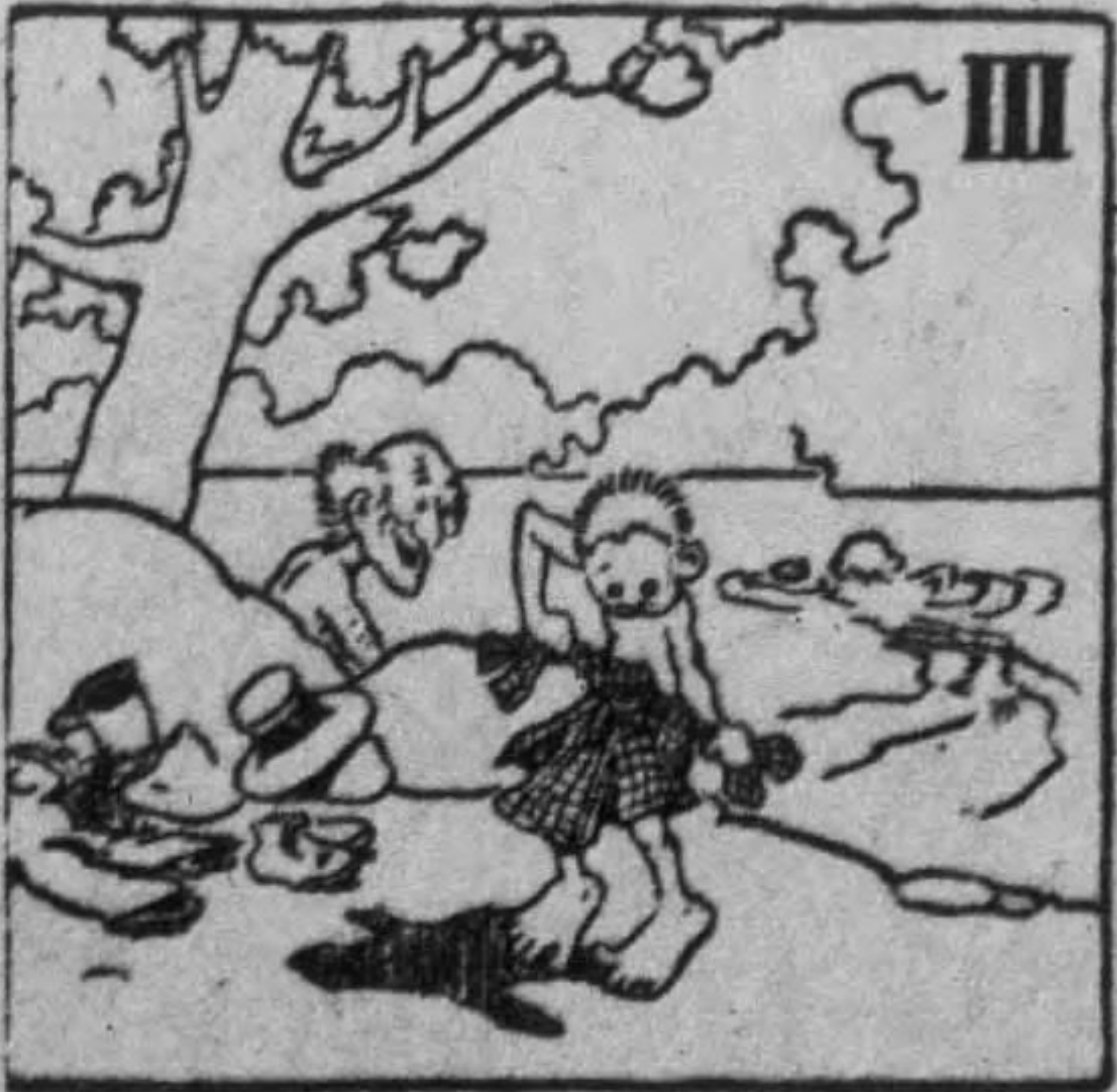
# GRAN'DAD TURNS BOY AGAIN



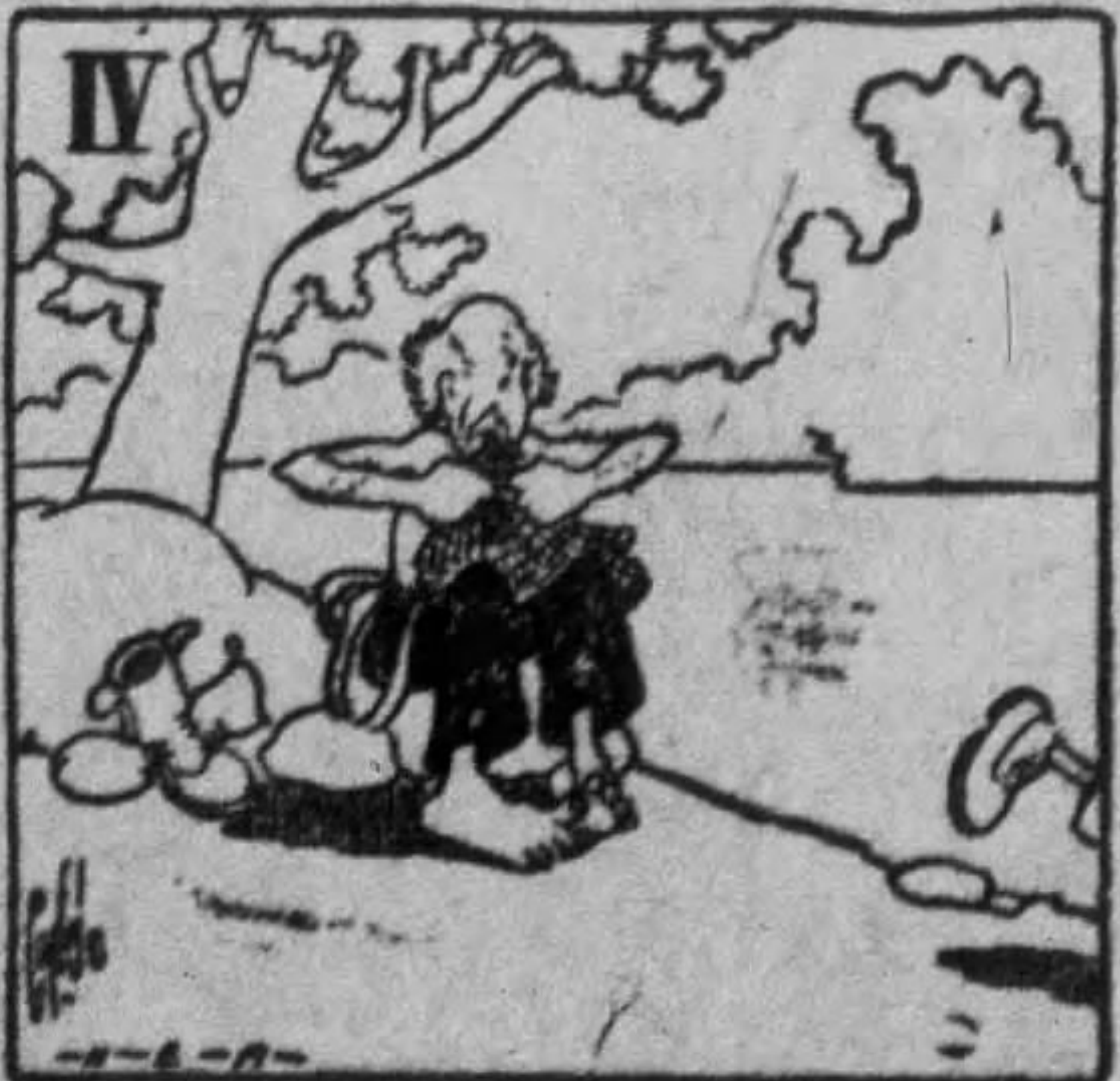
"Come on, boys, we'll go swimming. Your old gran'dad's not half as old as you youngsters think he is. I'll show you I'm a reg'lar old water rat."



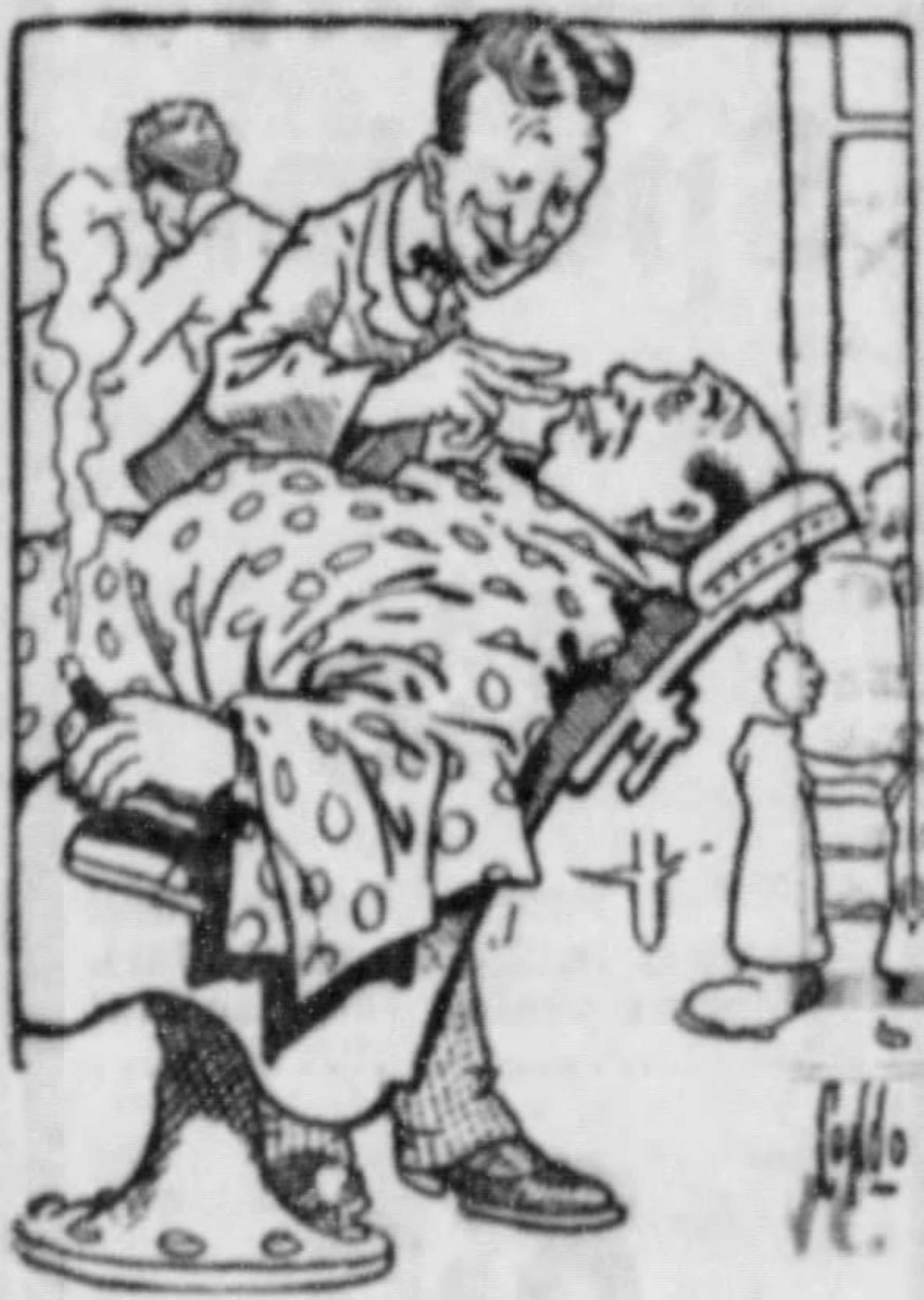
"Now, Willie, you tie Harry's shirt and we'll sit here and laugh at him when he chews the knots. Tie it just as tight as you can. My, but won't he be mad!"



"Gran'dad don't know I'm tyin' his shirt instead of Harry's."

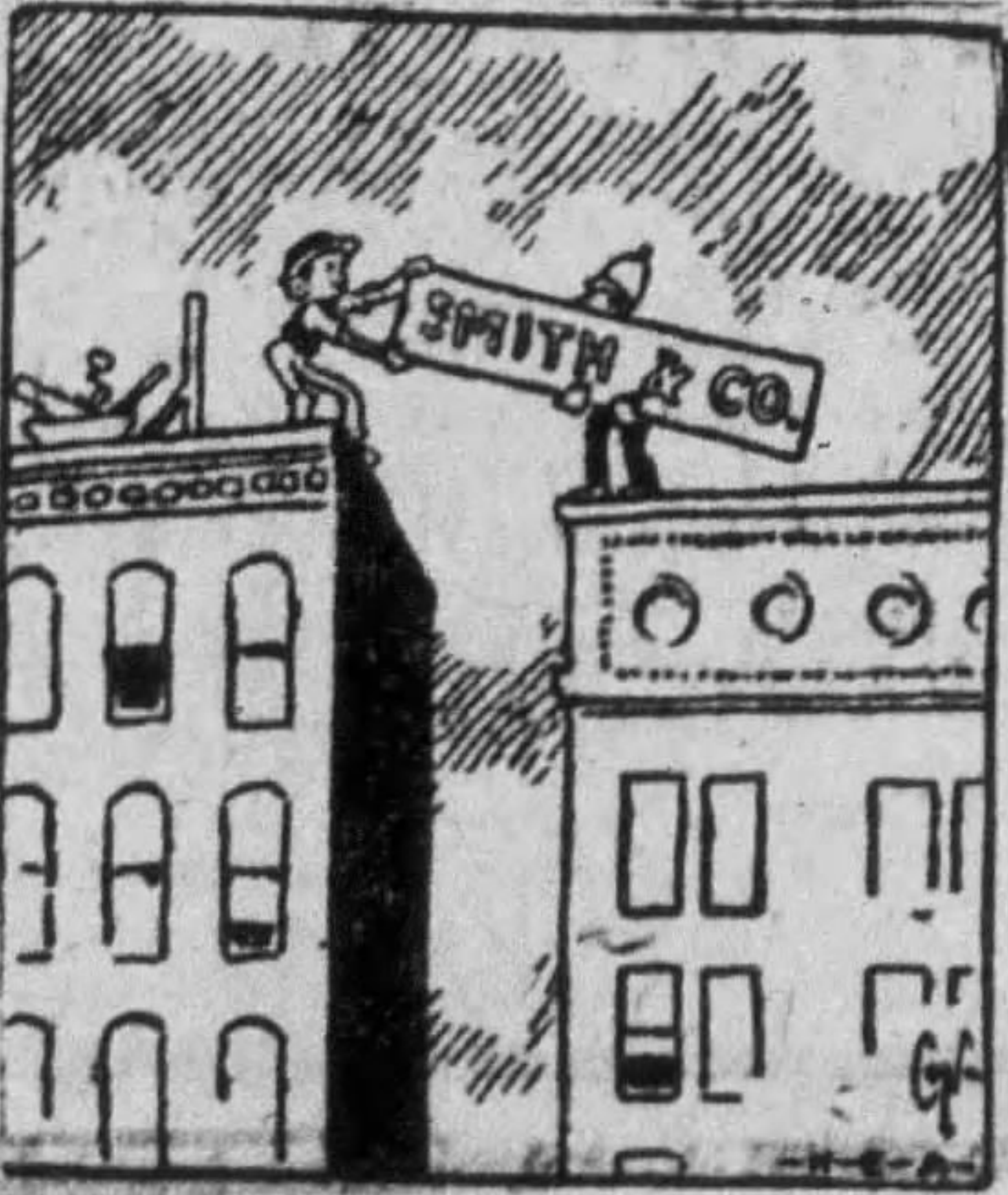


"You young rascal, wait till I catch you. I'll give you a whalin'."

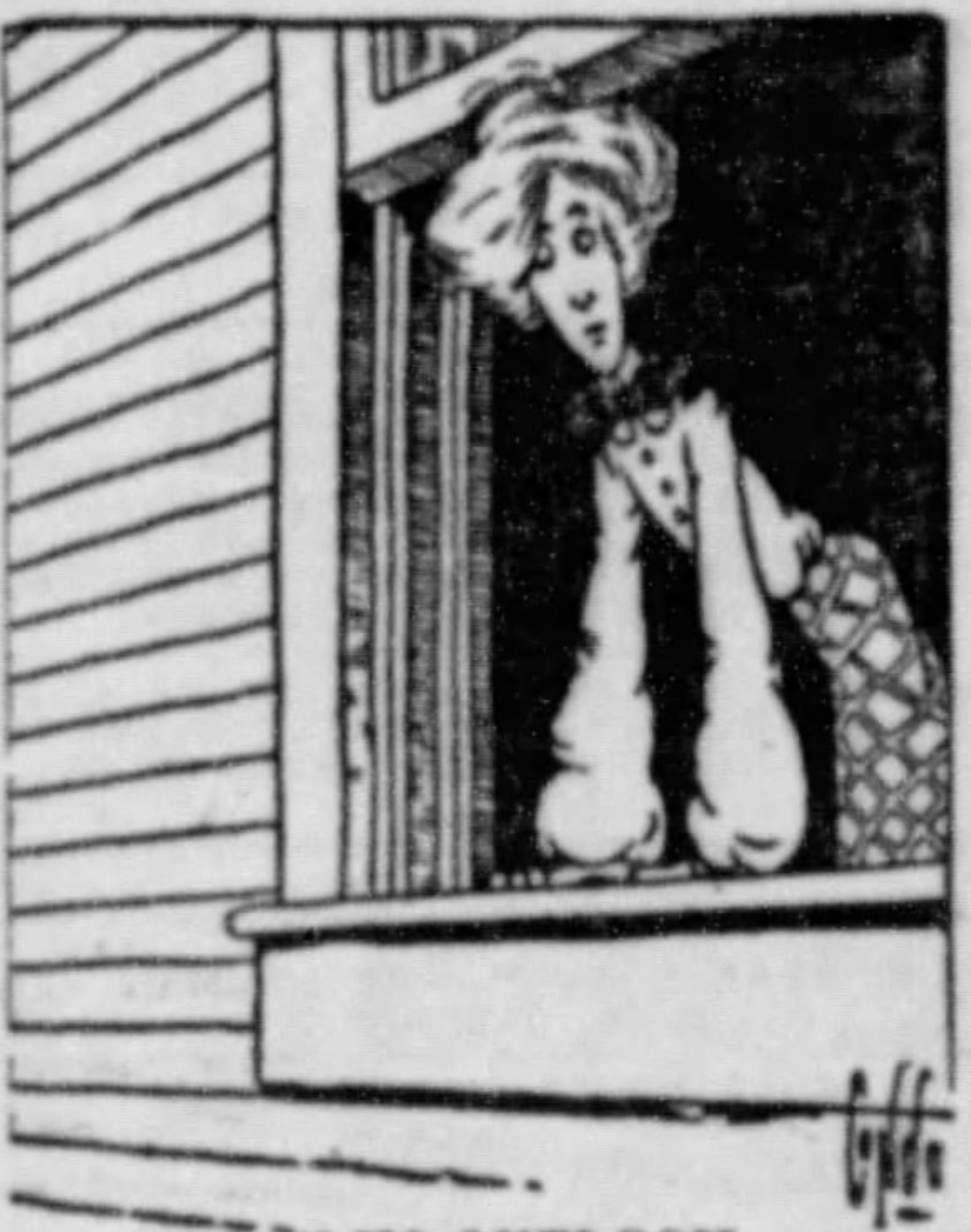


"What'll you have on the face, sir?"

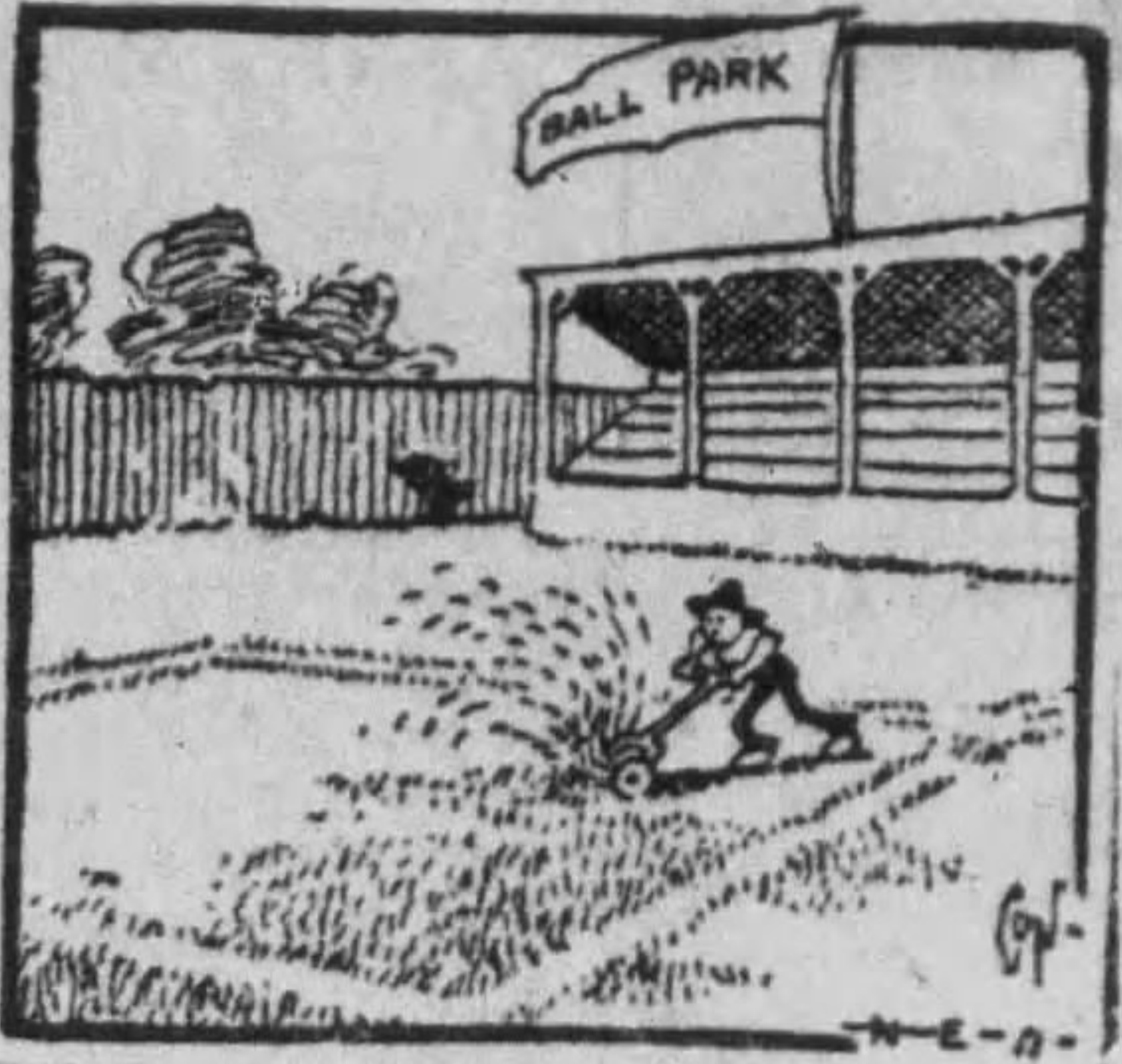
"You might put a little cocaine on it."


SMITH & CO.
G
-N-E-A-

Giving Him the High Sign.

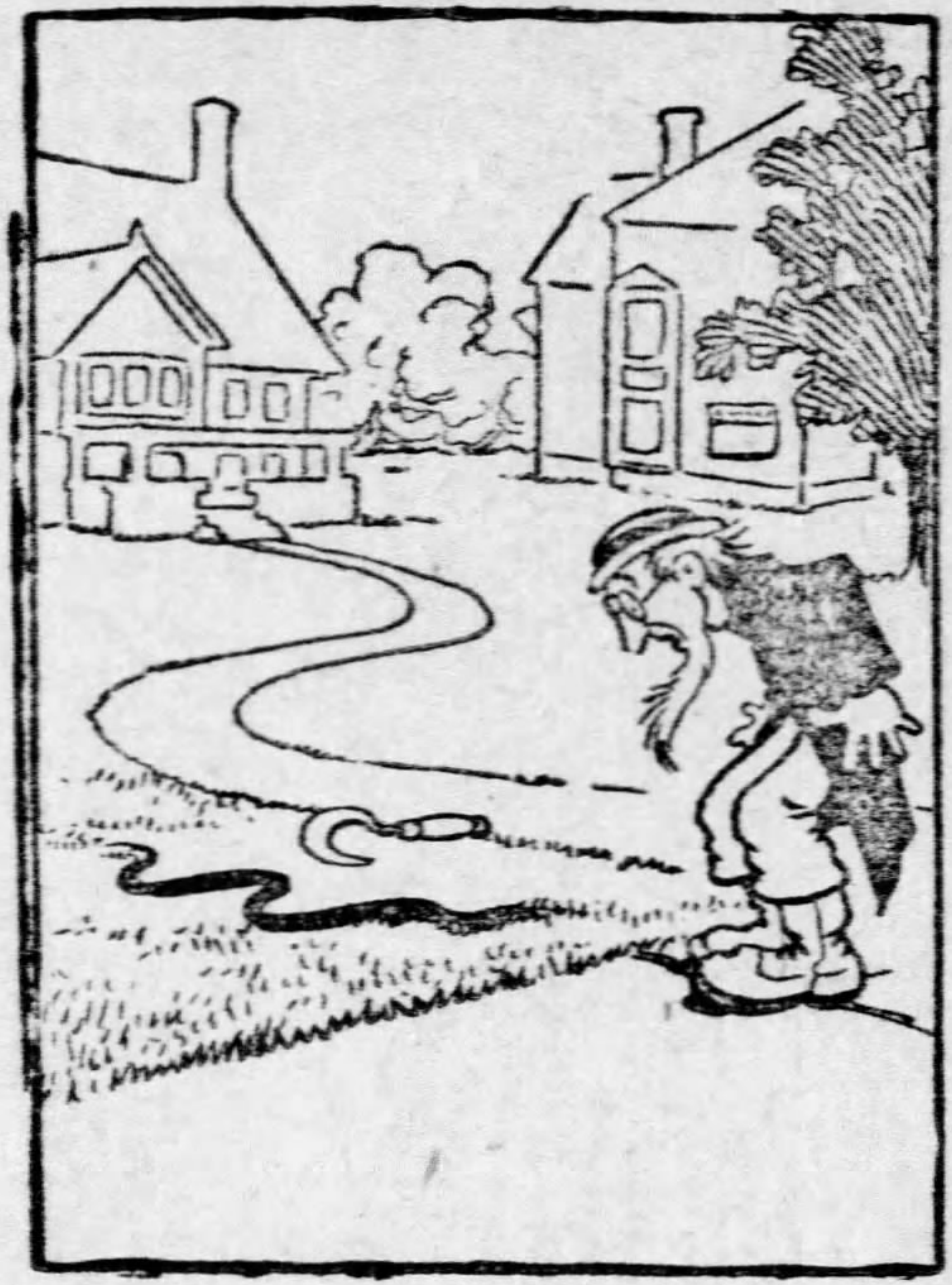


A SLIM OUTLOOK.

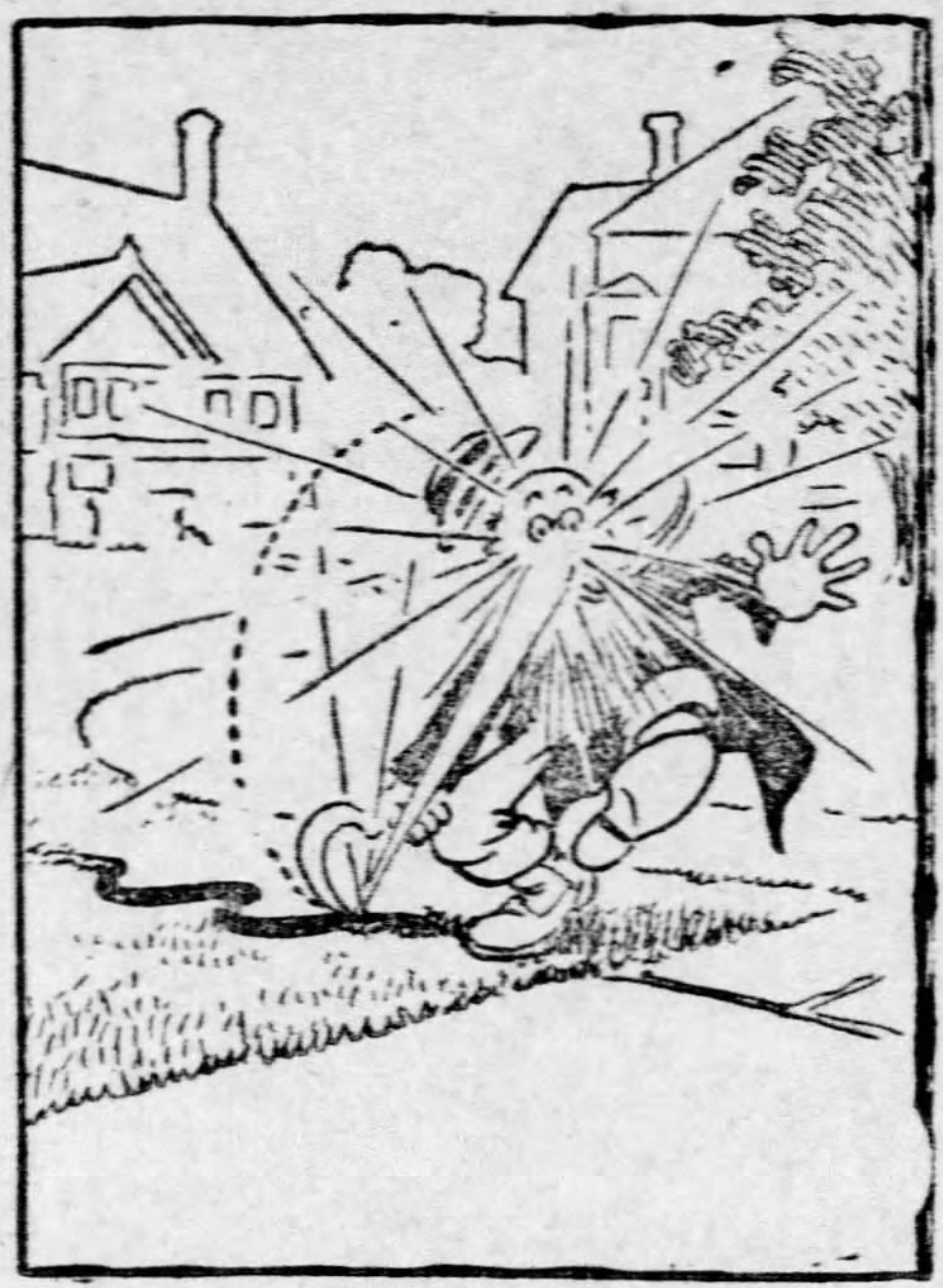

BALL PARK
N-E-A-

A Diamond Cutter.

# A WATER SNAKE, AT THAT

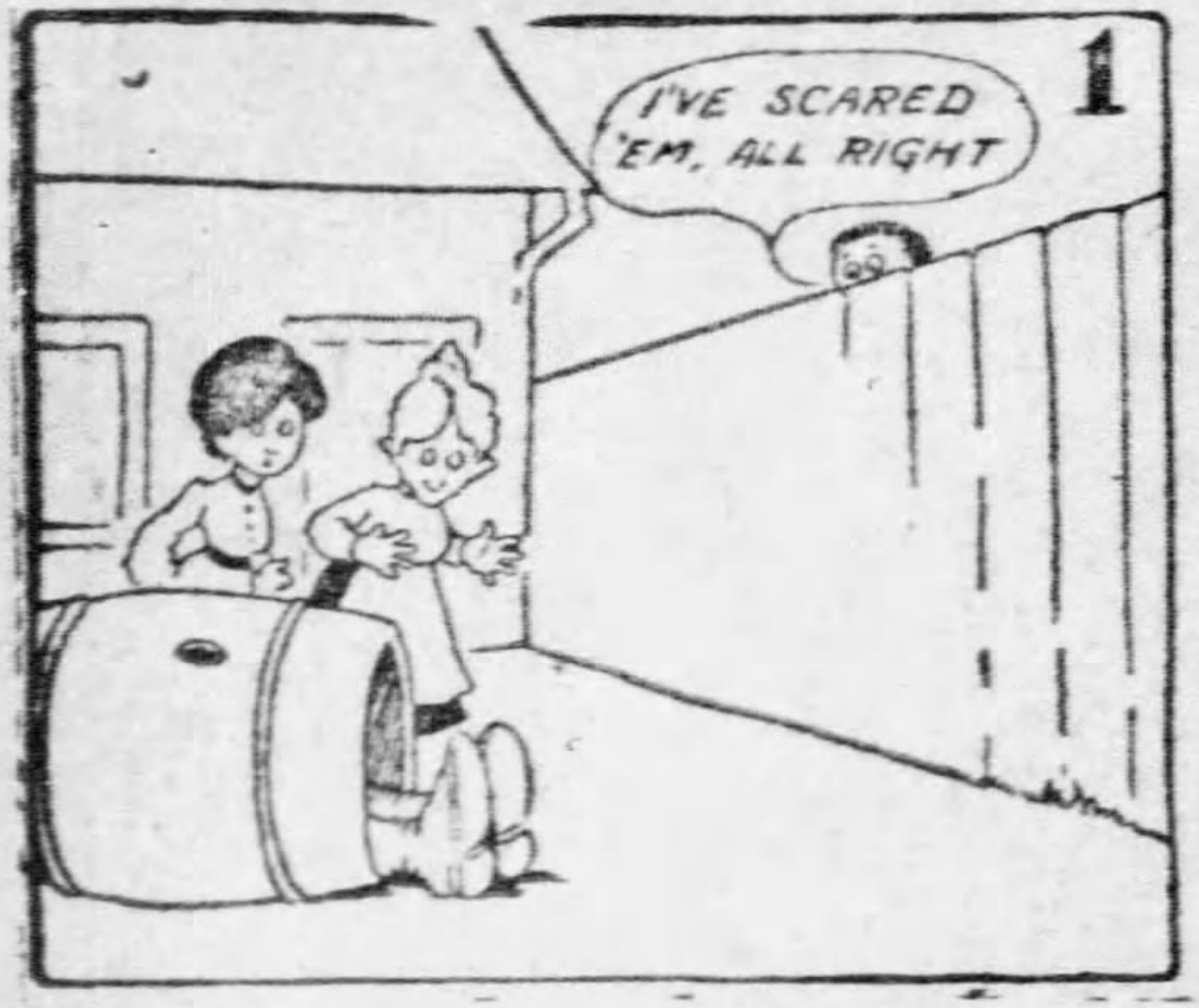


"Land sakes! Ef hyar ain't a snake right hyar in th' front yard! I'll settle its hash purty quick!"

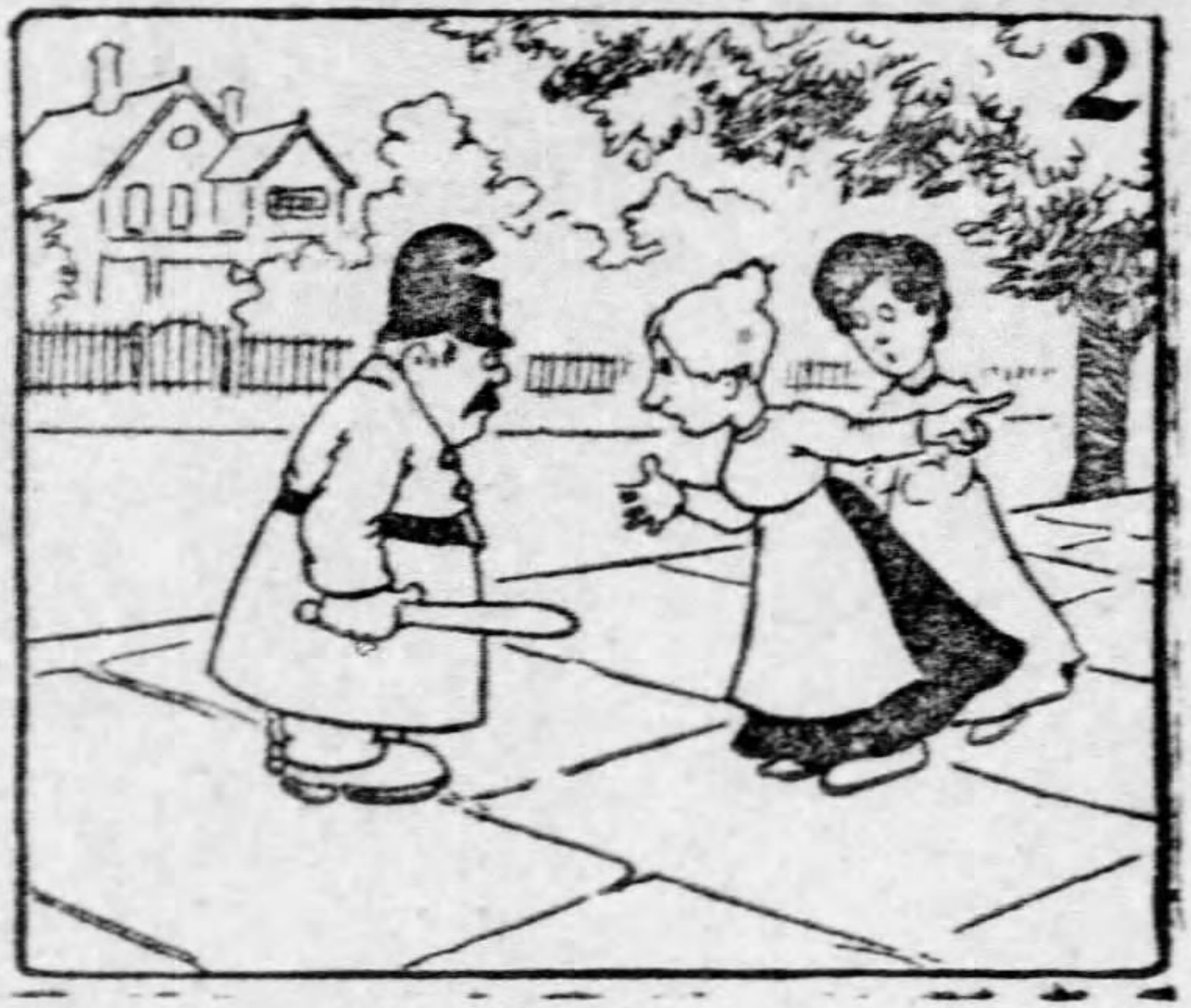


"Help! Help! Th' gosh dinged sarpint's a blowin' adder an' it's spit venom all over me!"

# BRAVE CHUMPEN TO THE RESCUE

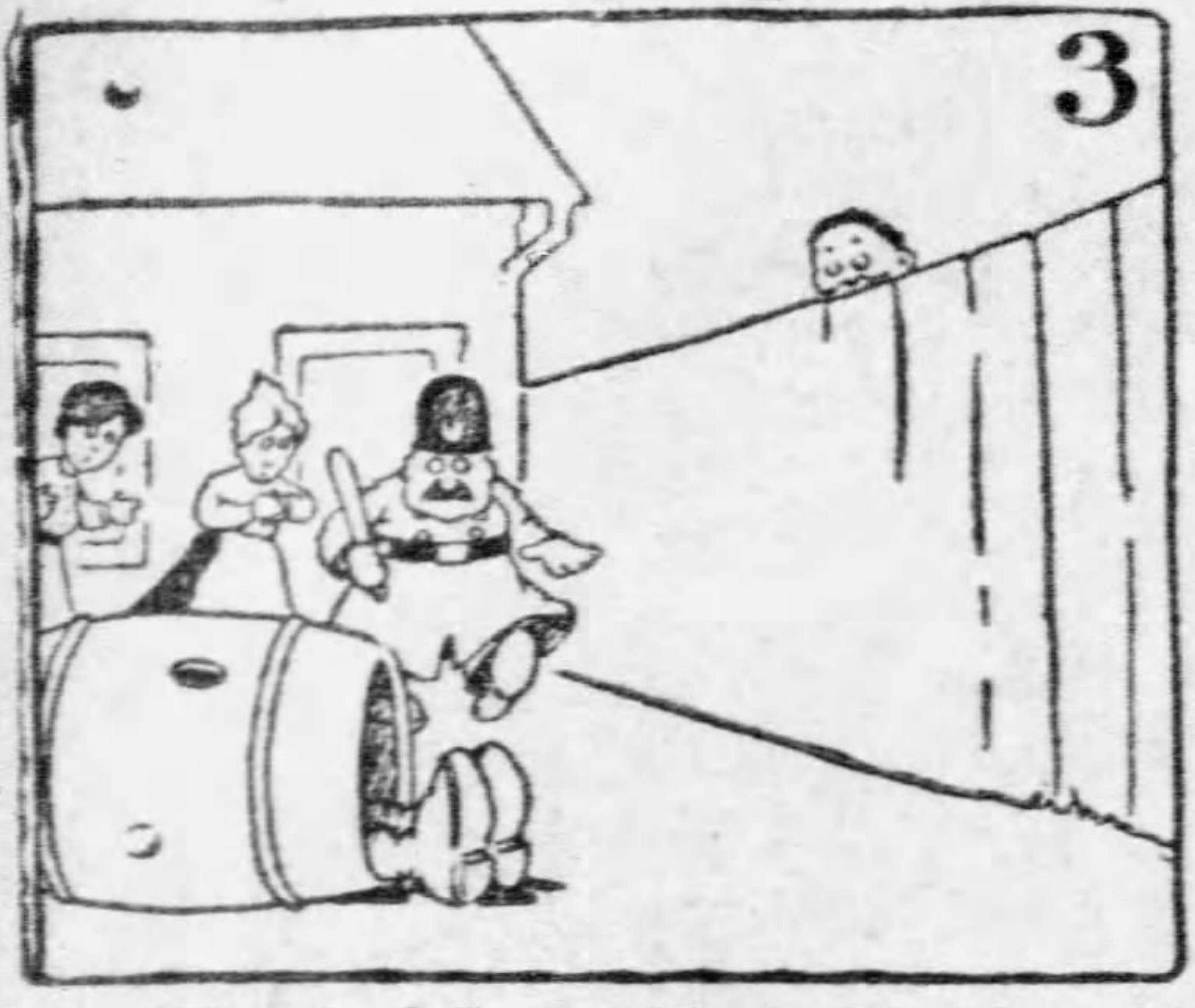

1
I'VE SCARED 'EM, ALL RIGHT

"Horrors!" cried Mrs. Smith. "A nasty tramp is sleeping in the barrel! We'll have to call a policeman to arrest him!"

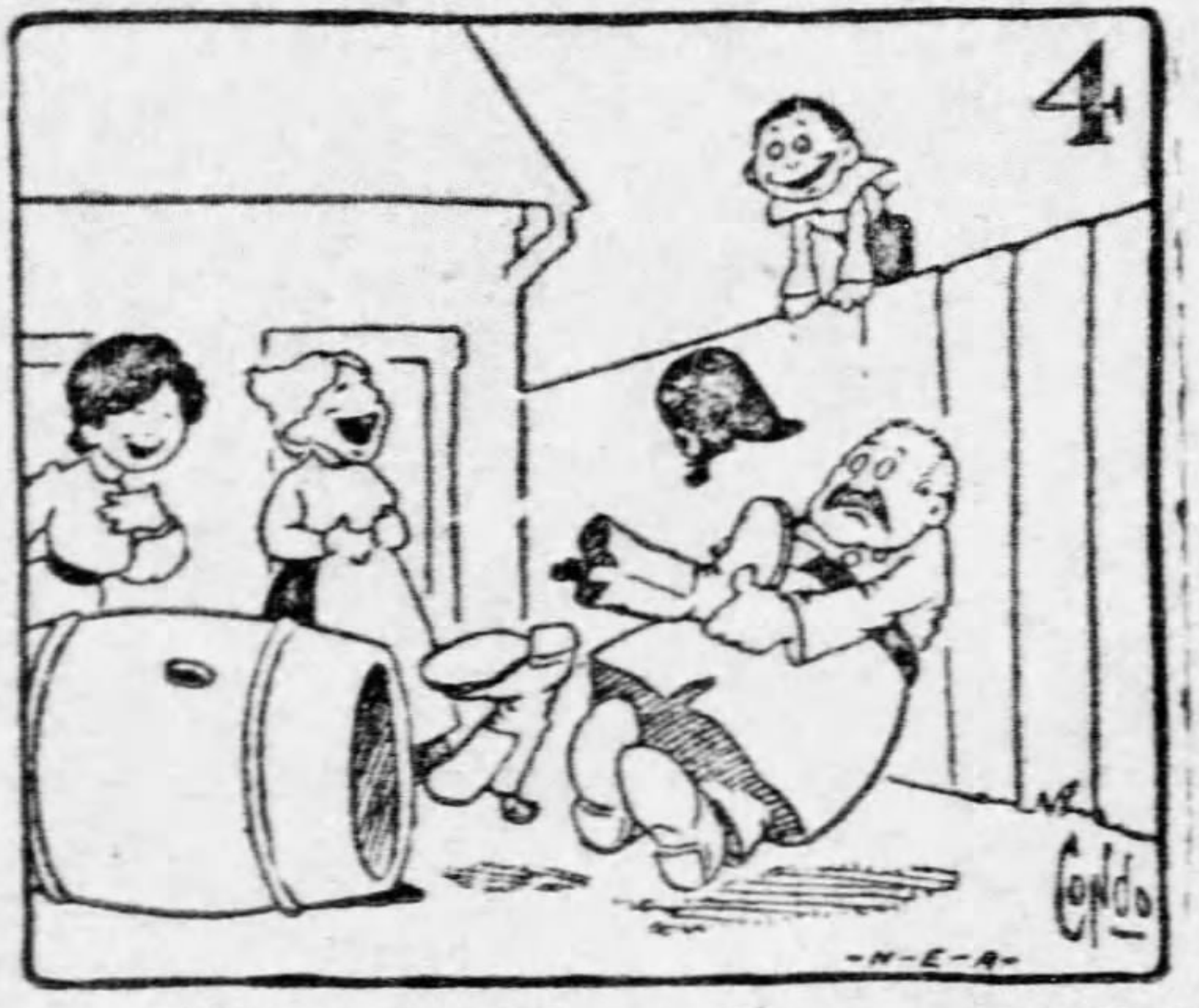


"Oh, Patrolman Chumpen, you'll help us, won't you? Please arrest a man for us."

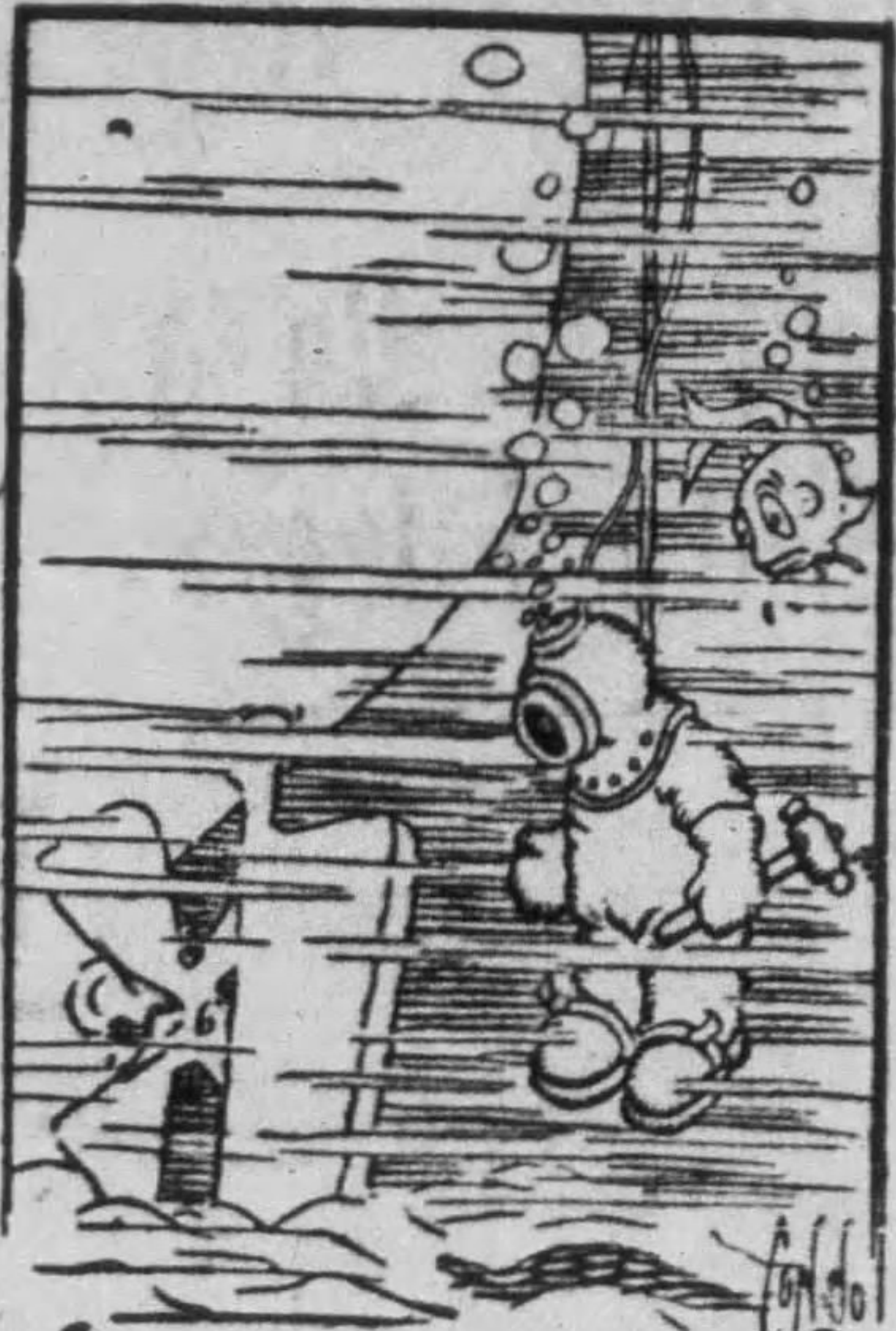
"Show me th' villain; I'll fix him."



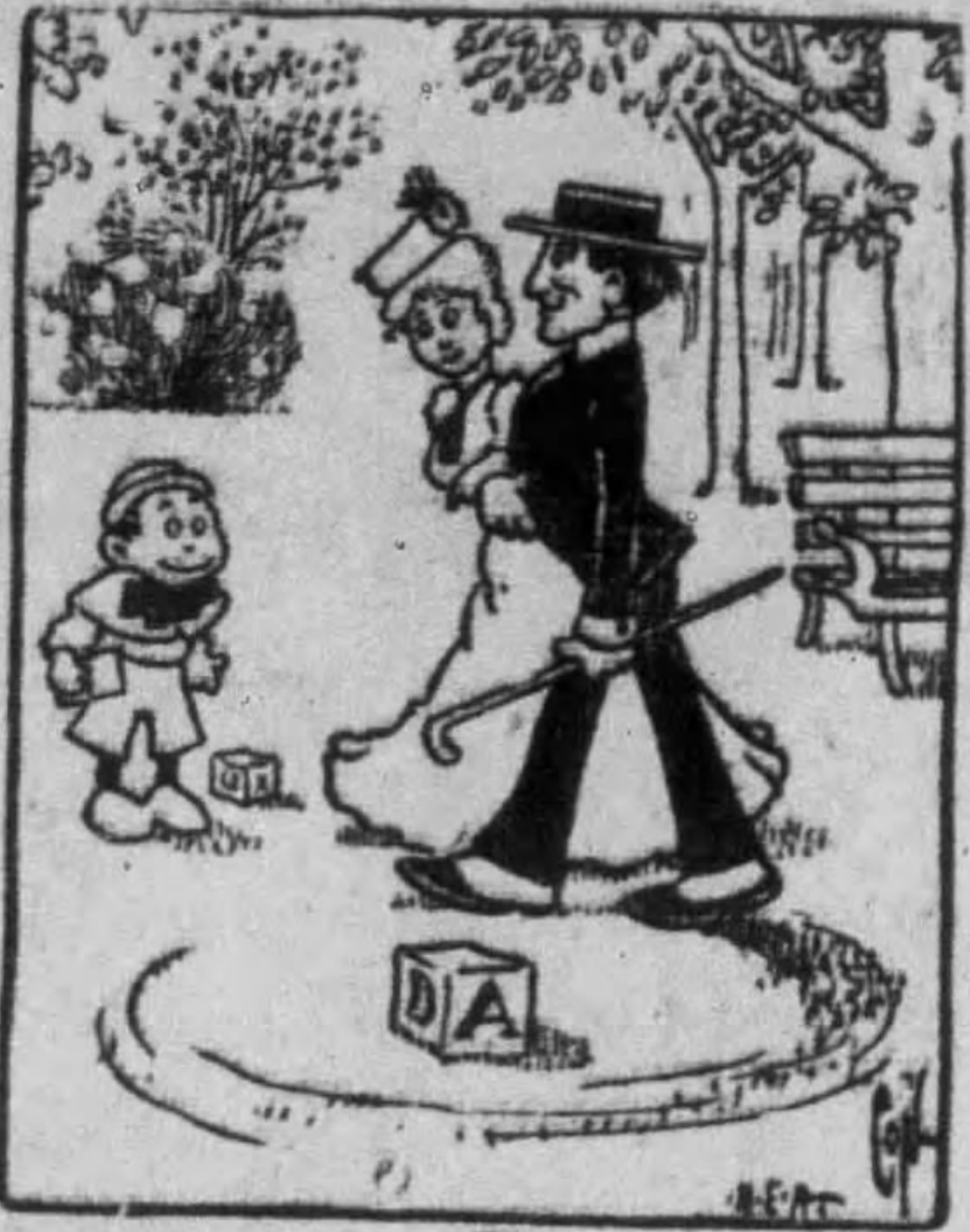
"Ha, ha! I see him! I'll have him in th' calaboose in less time than it takes to tell it! I'll show him he can't scare th' unprotected women and children of our fair city!"



When Patrolman Chumpen pulled a pair of empty boots out of the barrel the women couldn't help laughing—neither could Willie Jones, who had placed the boots there.



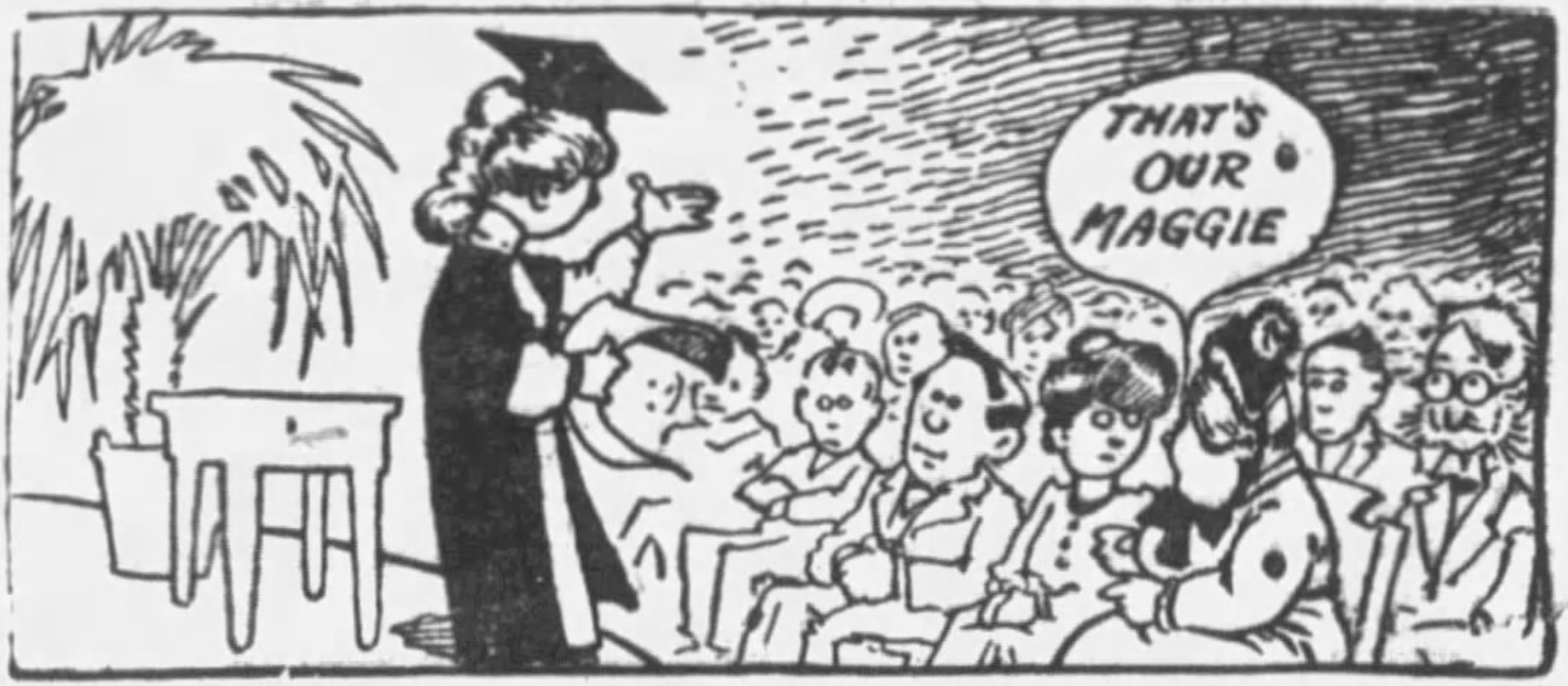
Getting to the Bottom of It.



Taking a Walk Around the Block.

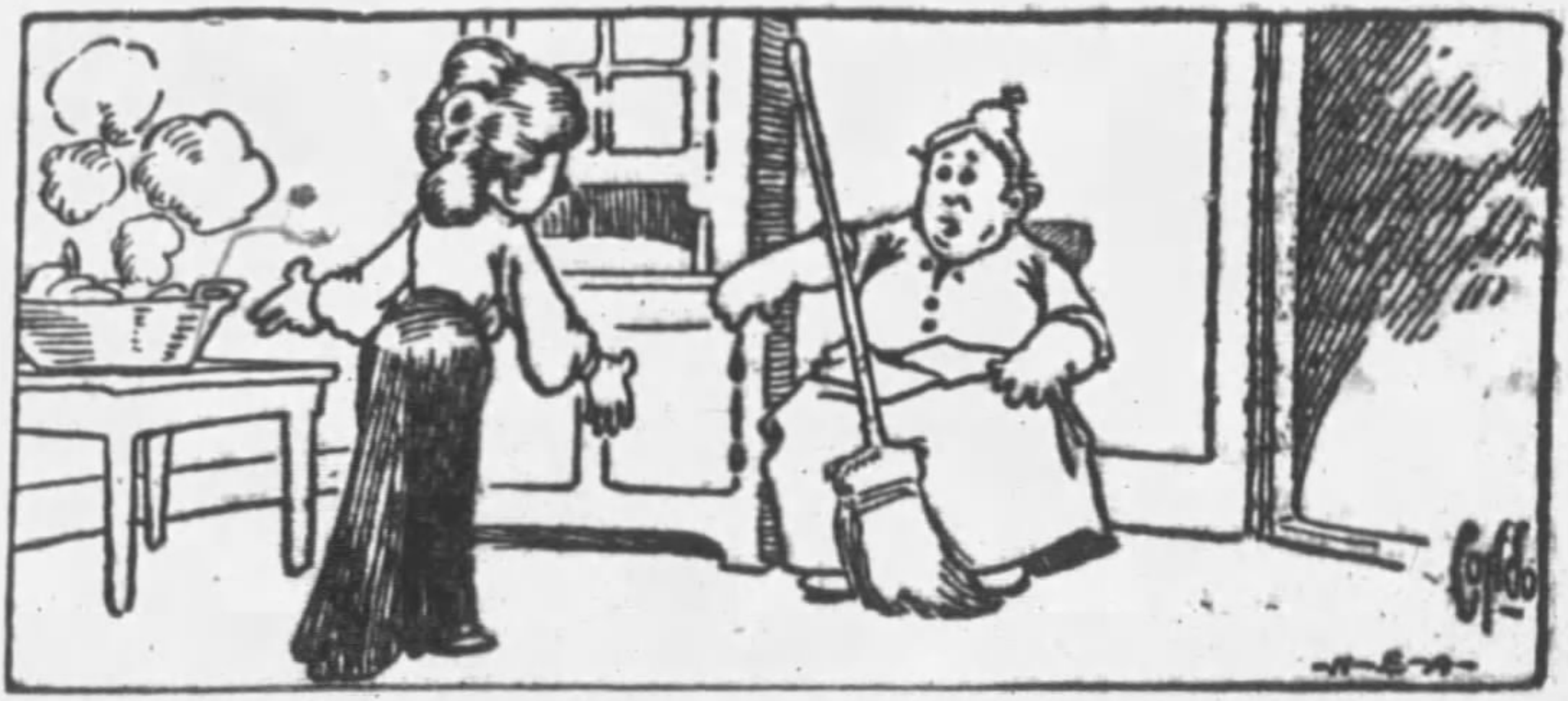
Why Don't Teddy Stop It?

# WHERE EDUCATION COMES HANDY.



At the commencement:

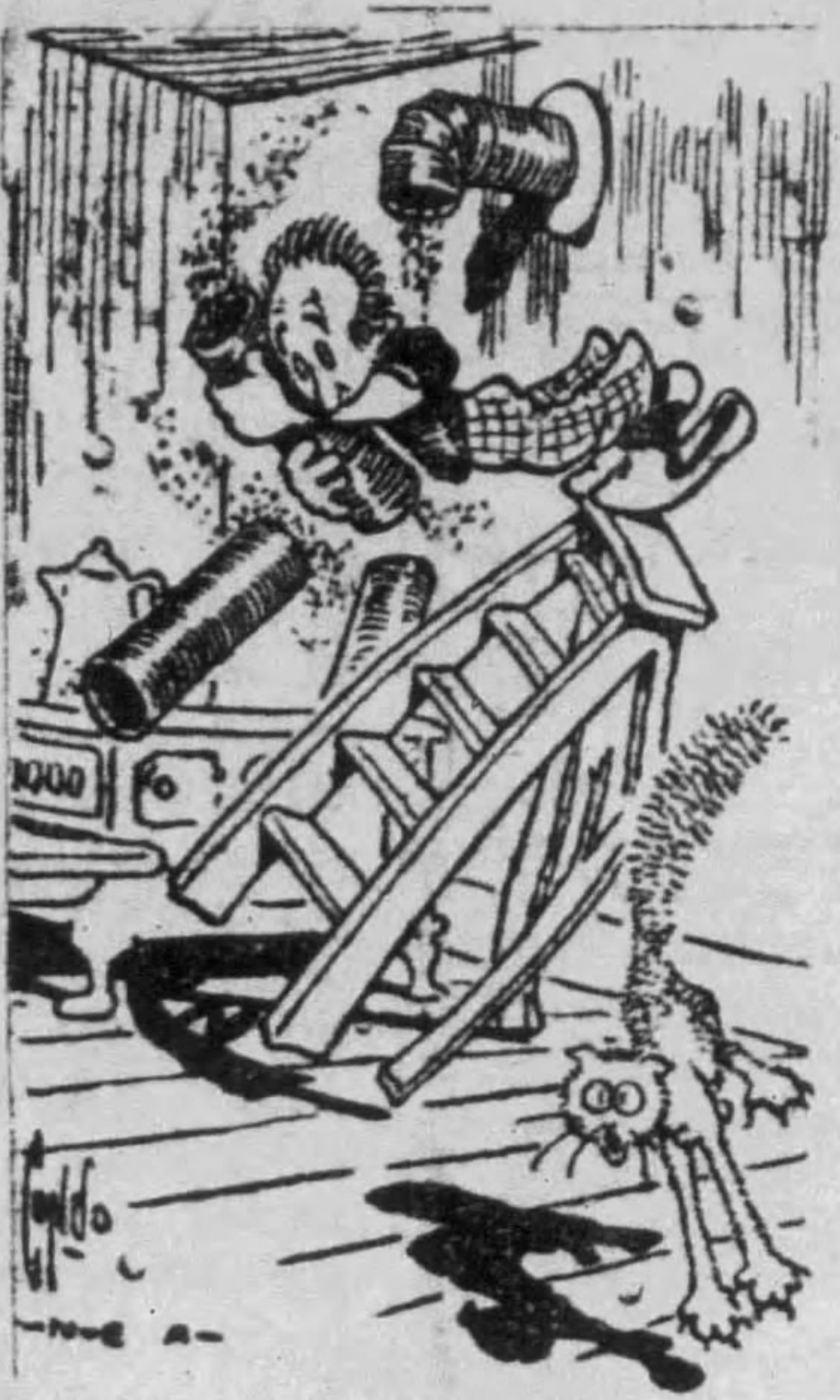
"Dear friends, sometimes unthinking persons say the study of the higher branches is but a waste of time. I can assure you that this is a fallacy and it cannot be too strongly assailed, for what we learn of such apparently prosaic things as geometry and trigonometry can be applied to the simplest problems in everyday life."



At home:

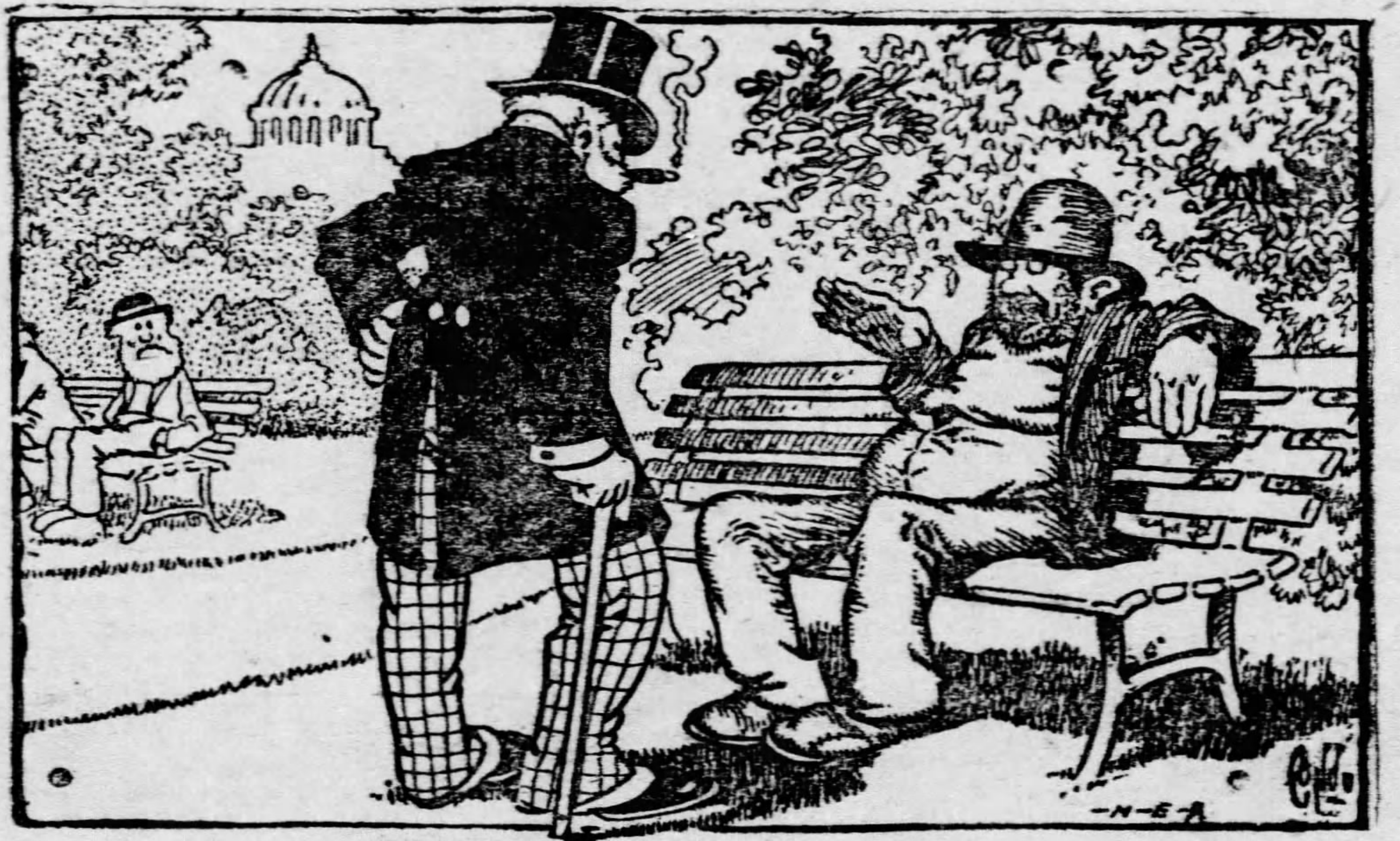
"Ma, I just can't wash those dishes."

"Yes, you can, Maggie. You try doing them by geometry."

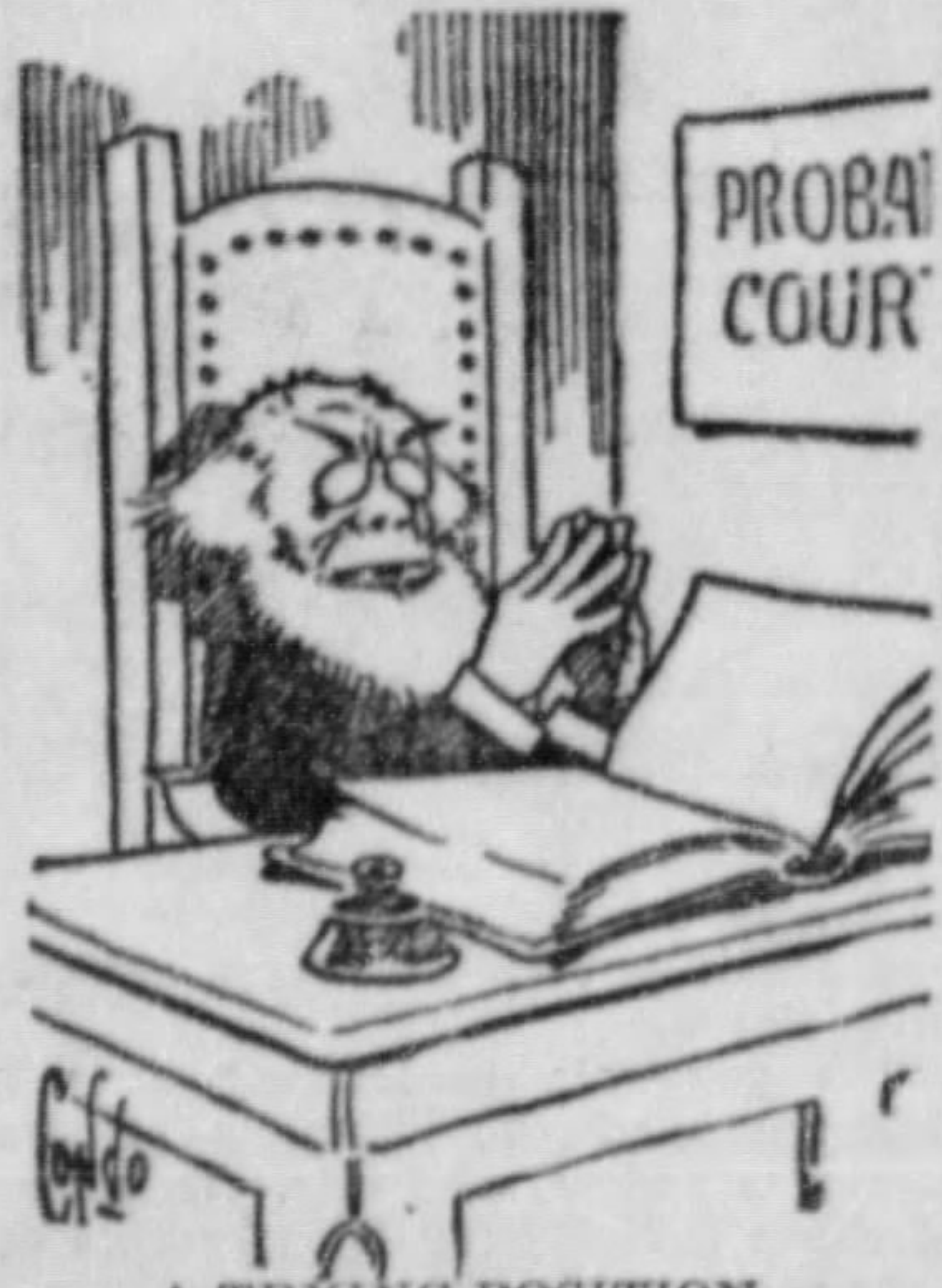


A Joint Affair.

# NOTHING ELSE FOR HIM

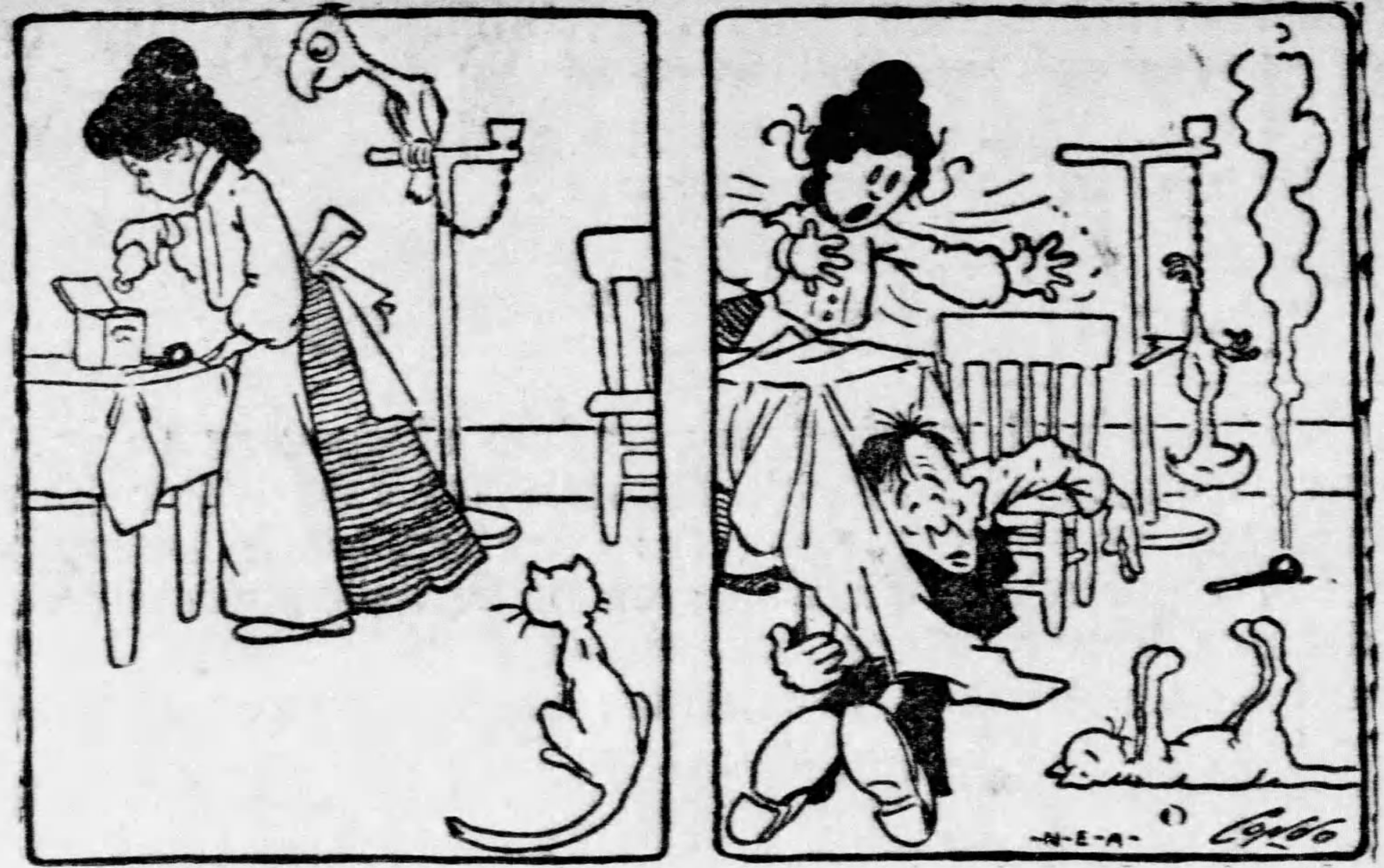


"My good man, do you want a job?"
"Gwan, boss, wotchye givin' me? De Equitable's found a president."



A TRYING POSITION.

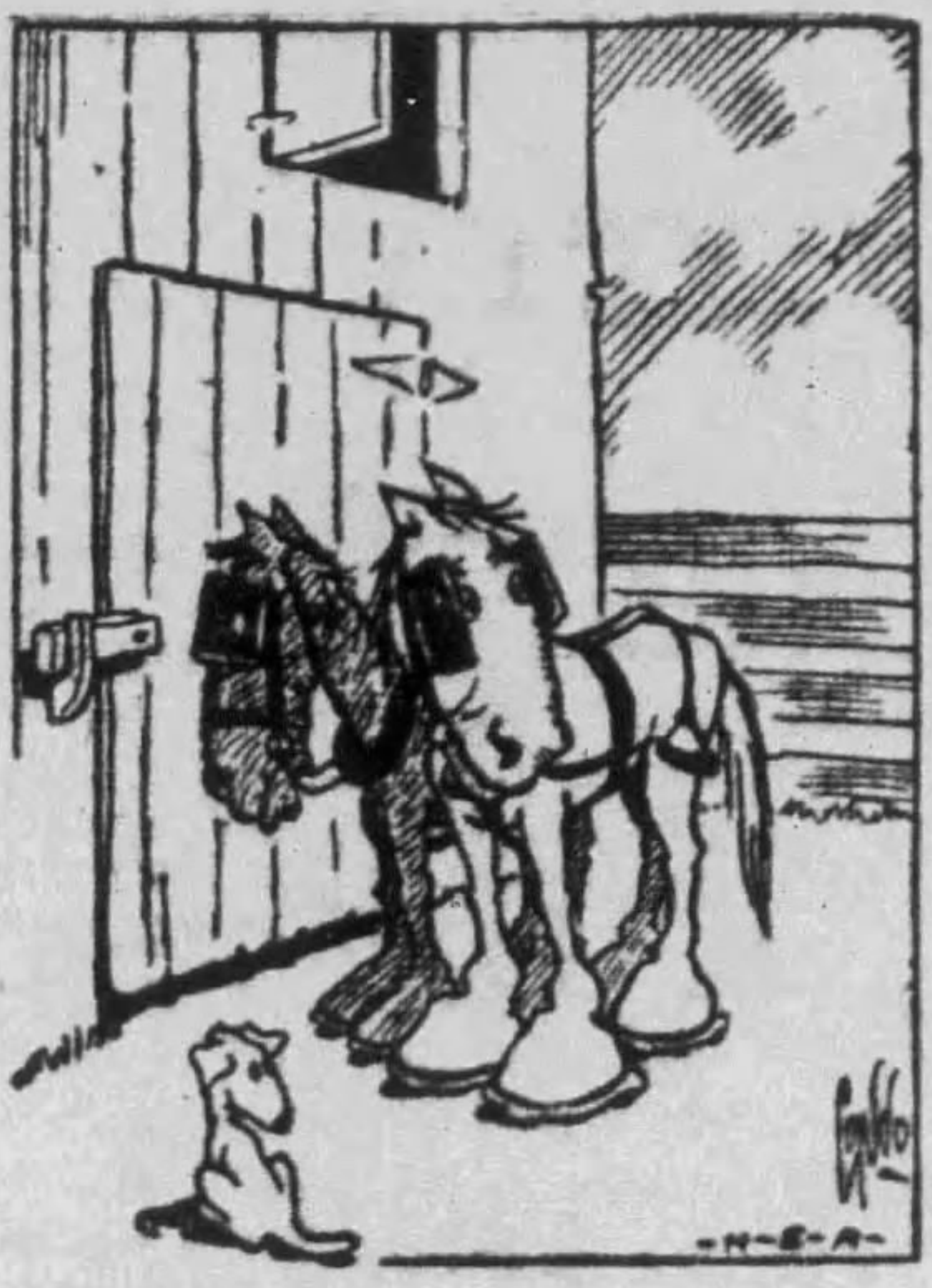
# SUCH A KIND WIFEY



"I've heard John say he likes tobacco that has a delicate aroma. I'll perfume this package.'

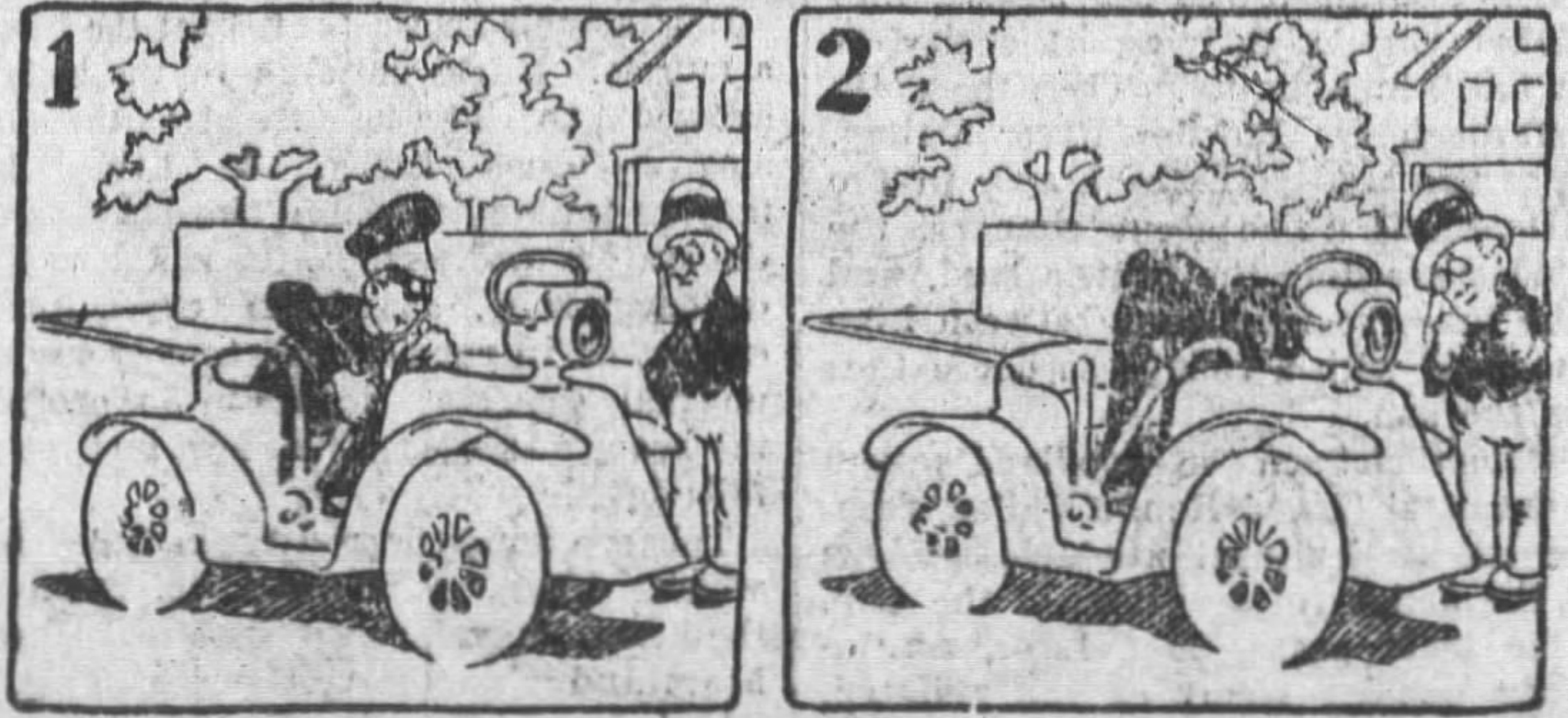
"Somebody's been trying to poison me! Send for a doctor—quick, before I choke!"

## Baseball Talk.



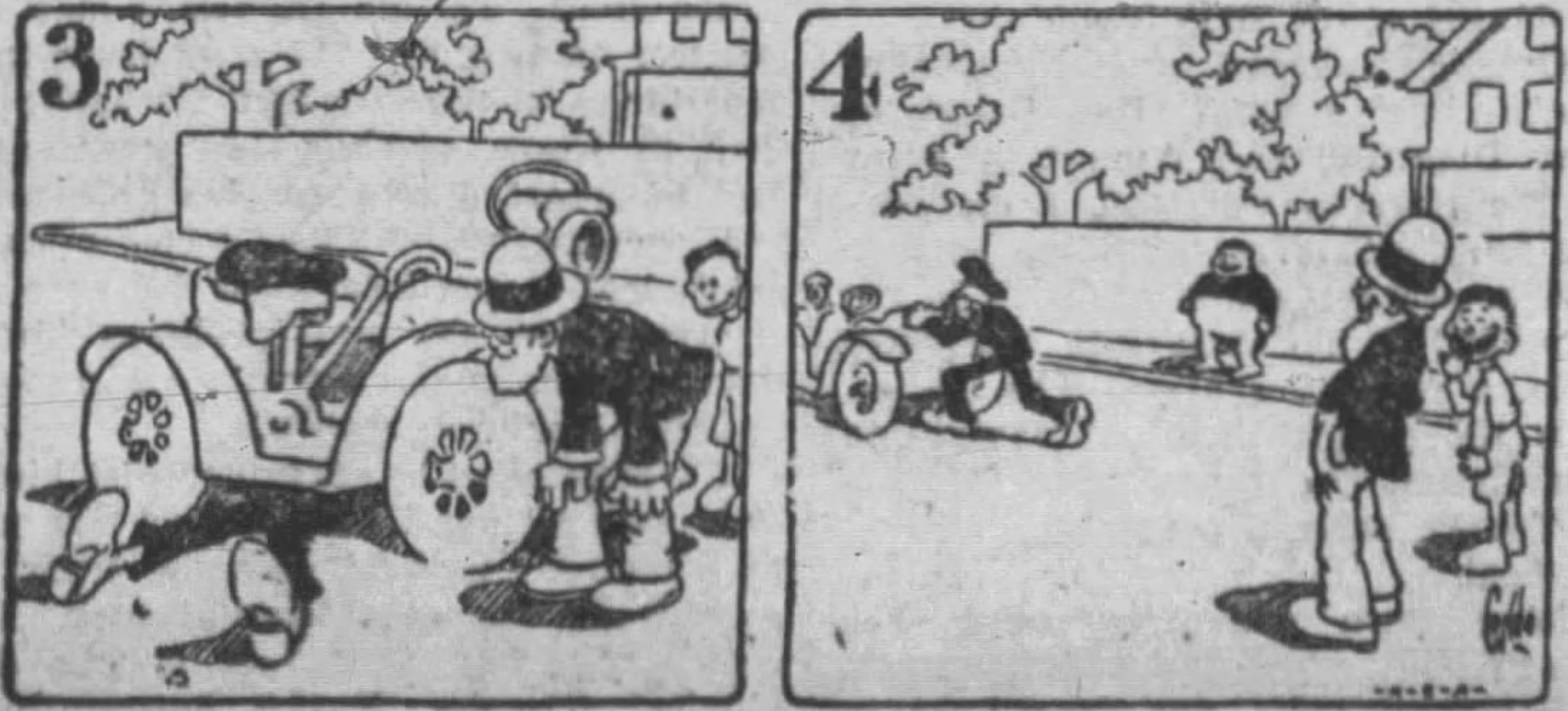
THE TEAM WAS SHUT OUT.

# SHOWING HIM HOW.



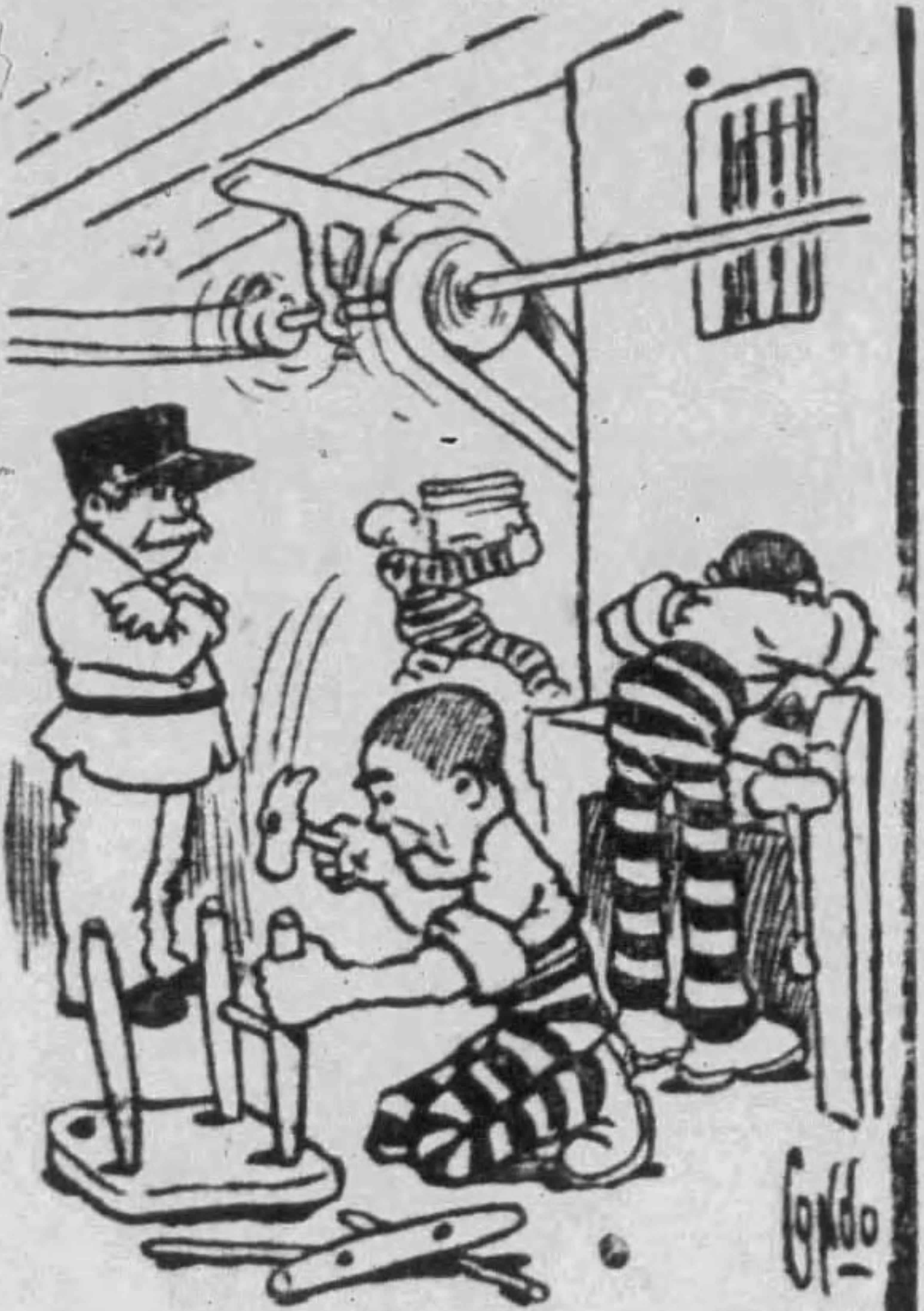
"First you push this lever—

"Then—



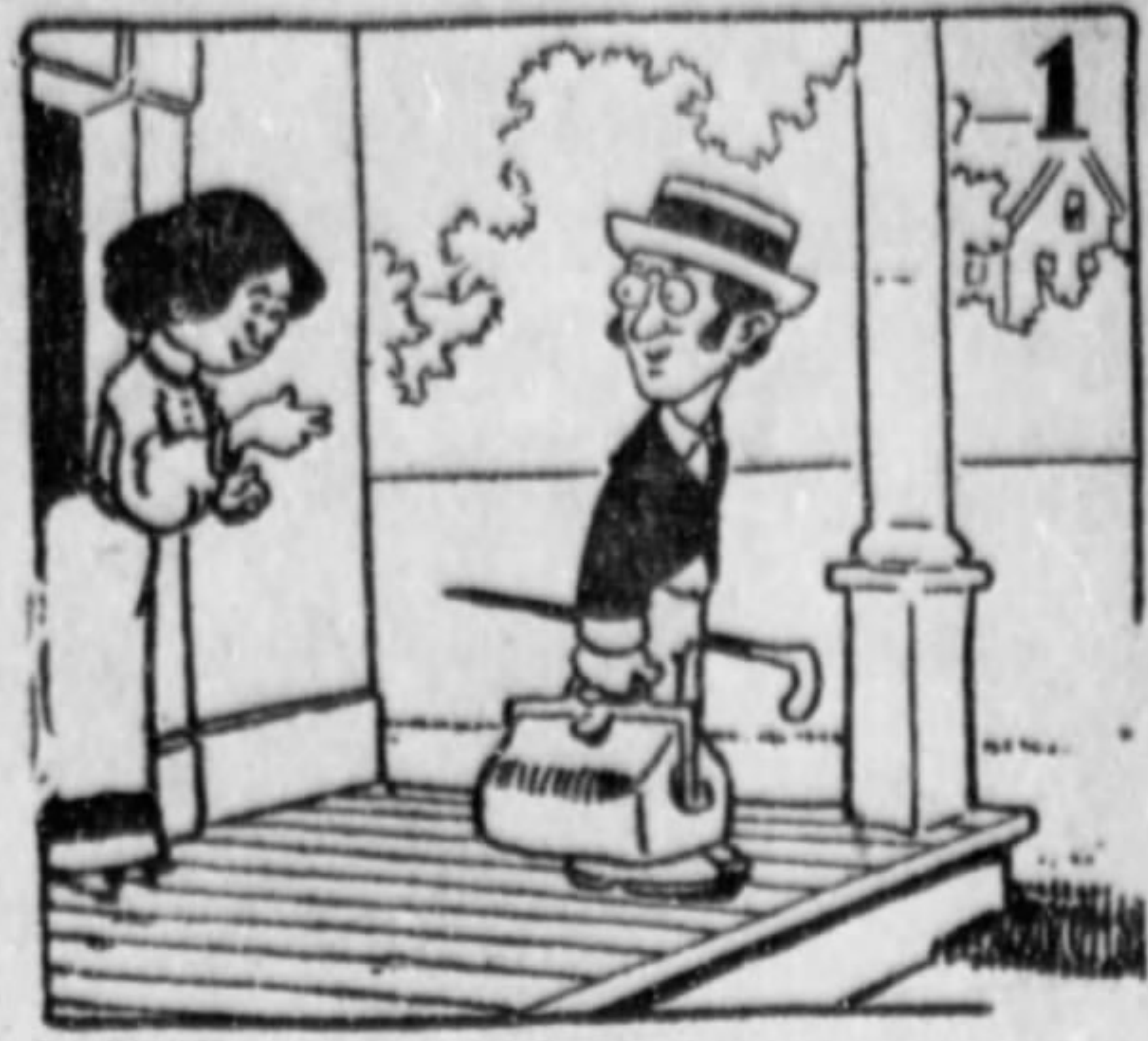
"You—

"Push again."

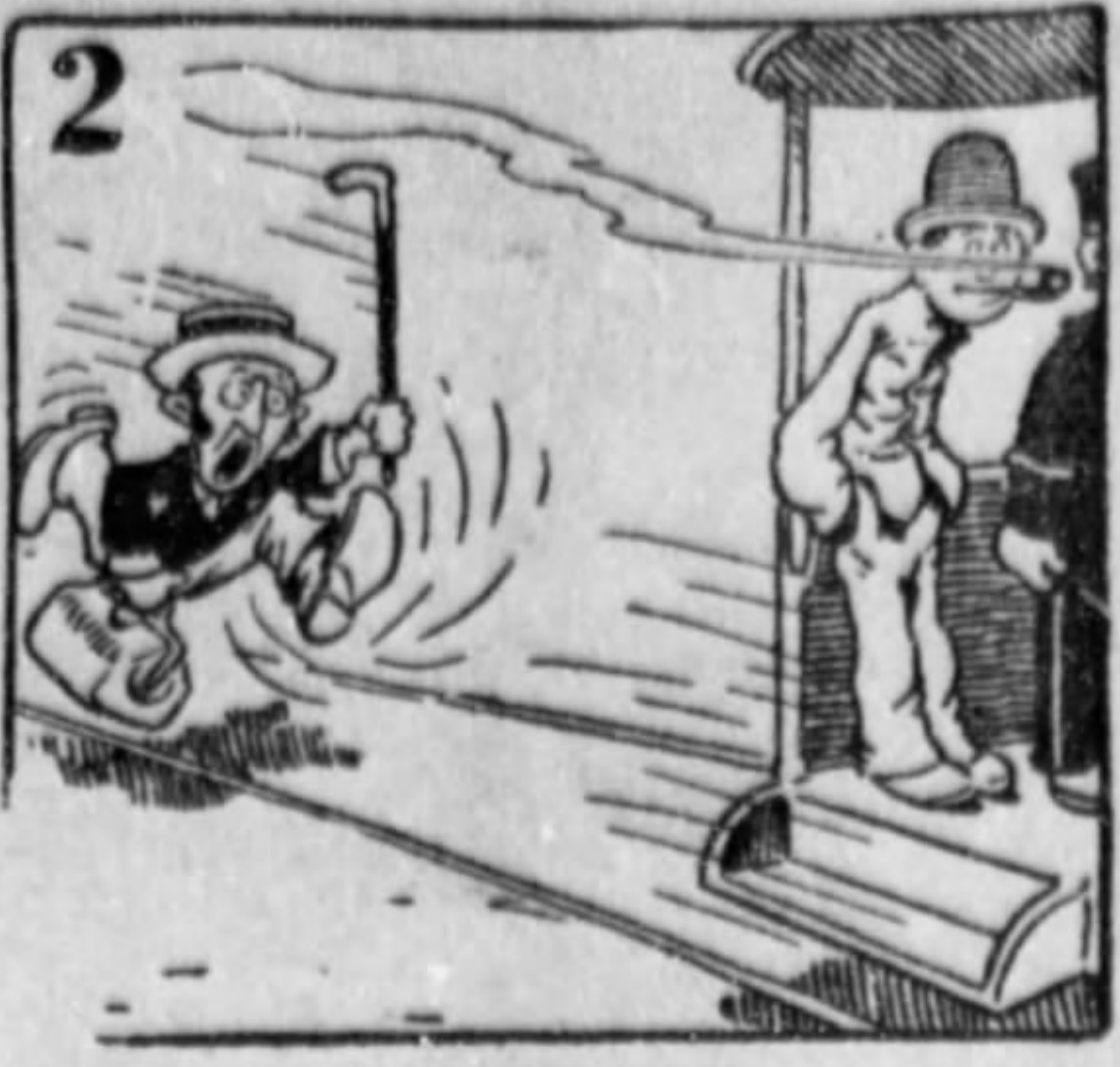


In for a Time.

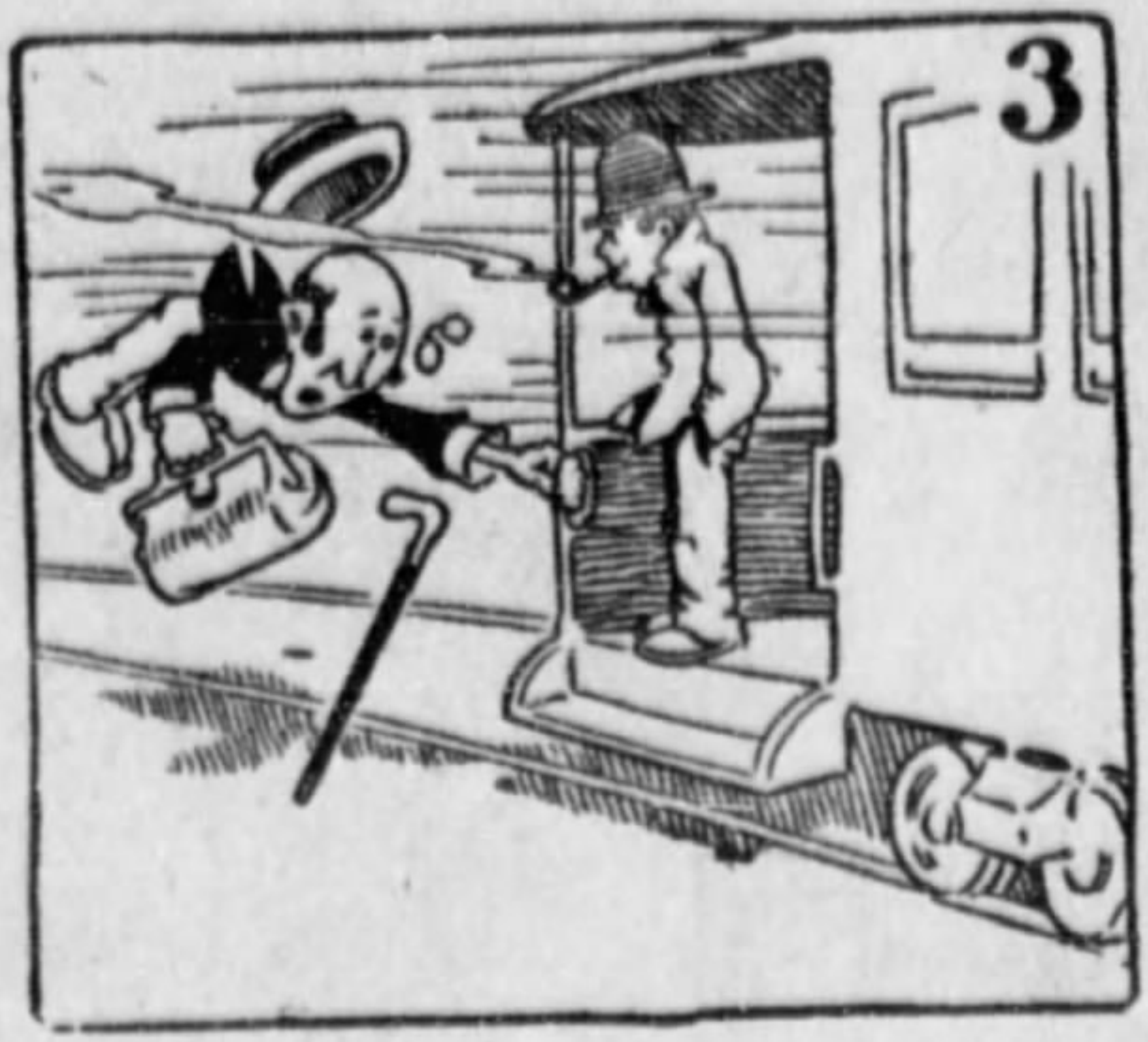
# IT HAPPENS SO OFTEN.



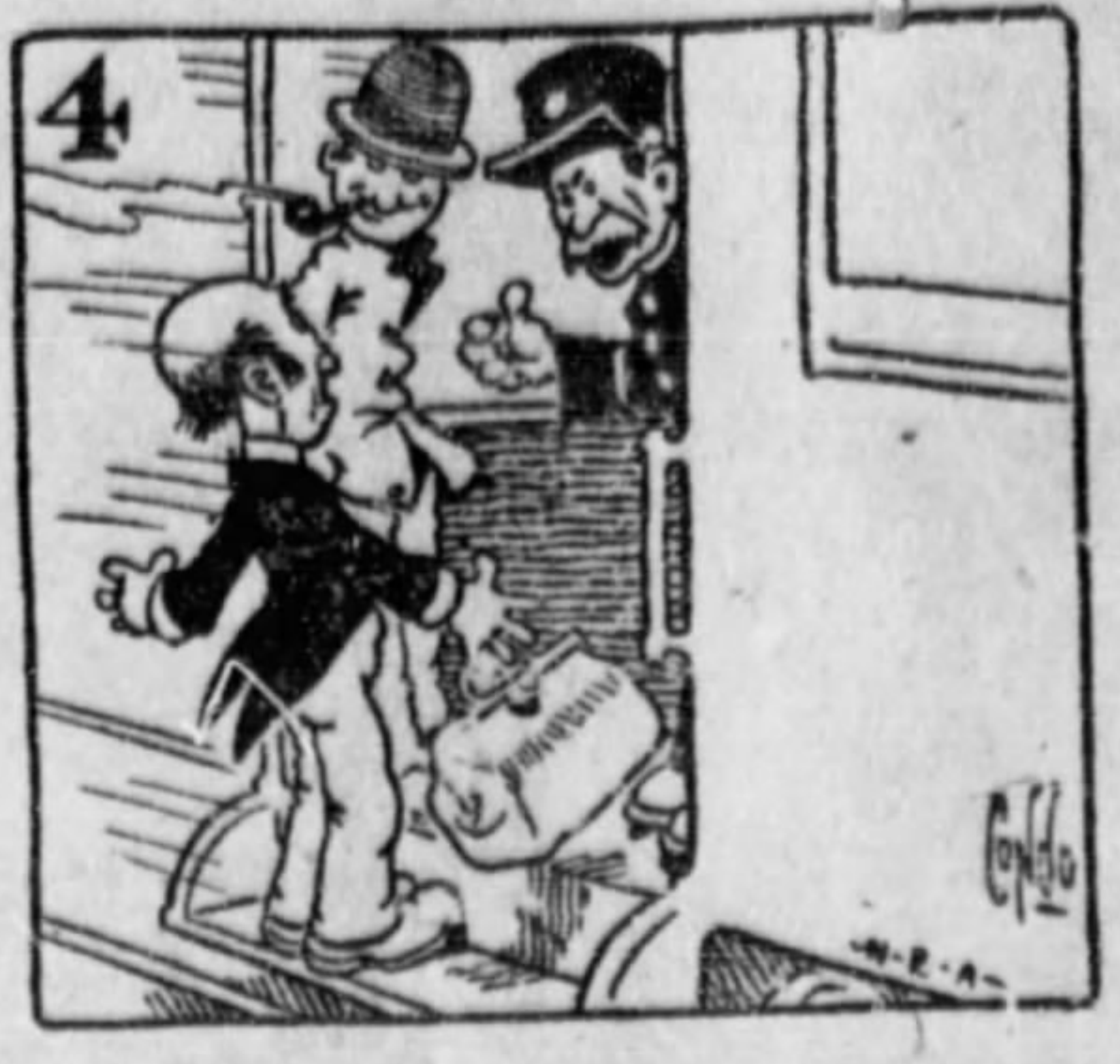
"You'll have plenty of time to catch the car," says your wife, as you start for the station.



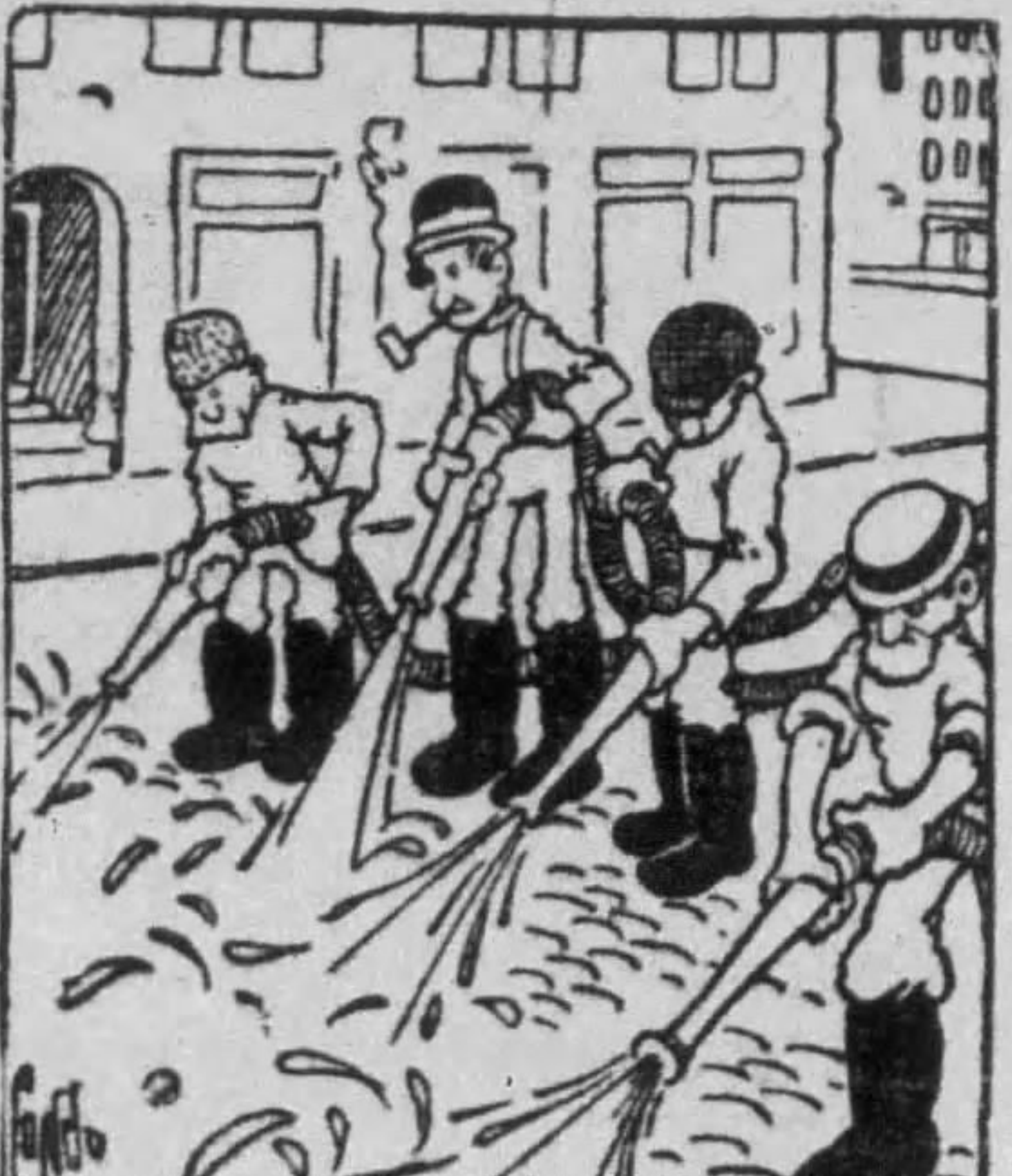
And then you have to Lou Dillon for a block because you didn't hurry.



It's a great struggle, but you make it, though you risk your life in doing so.



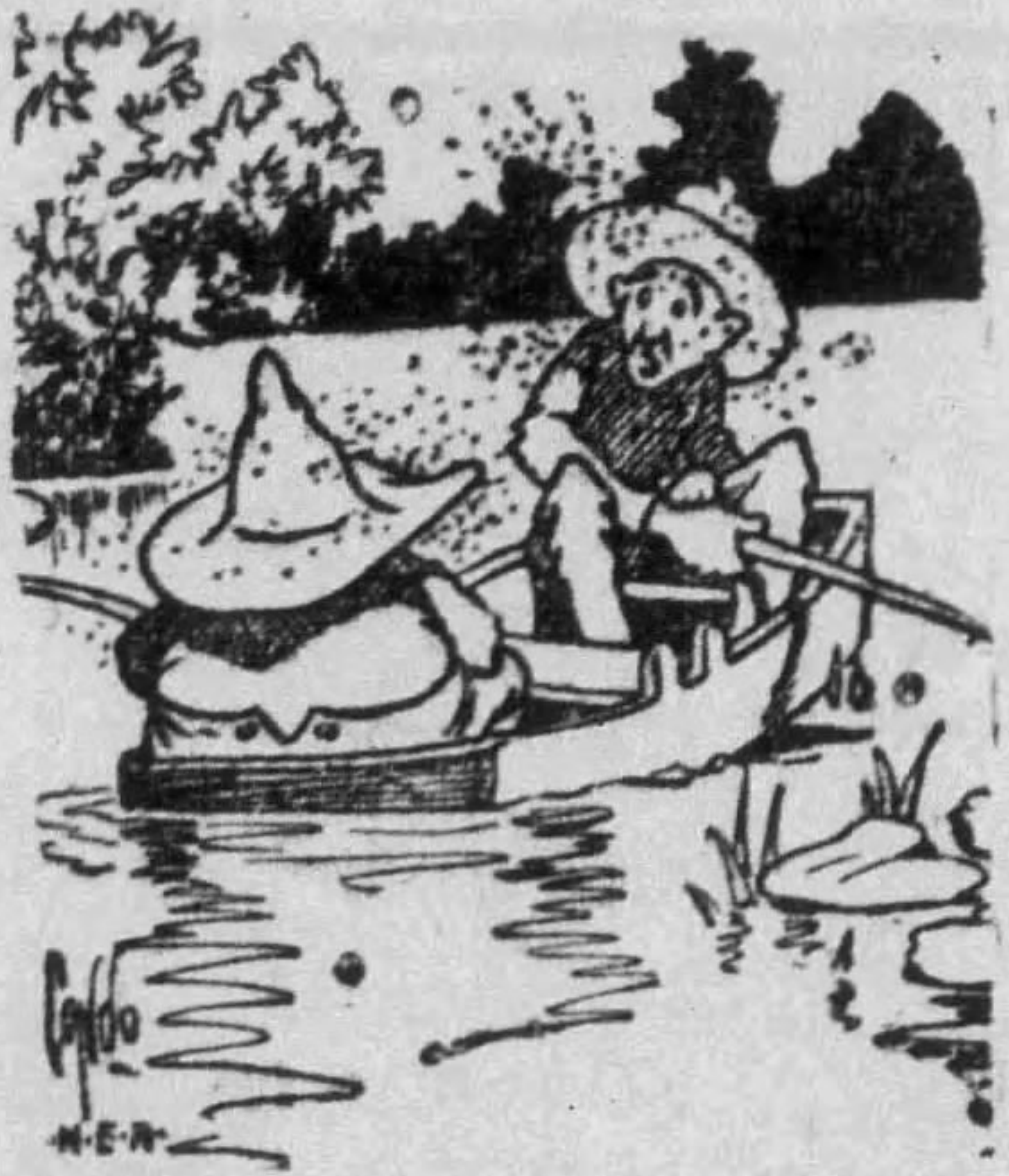
And the conductor tells you the car turns off at the barn instead of going to the station.



Four-Flushing.

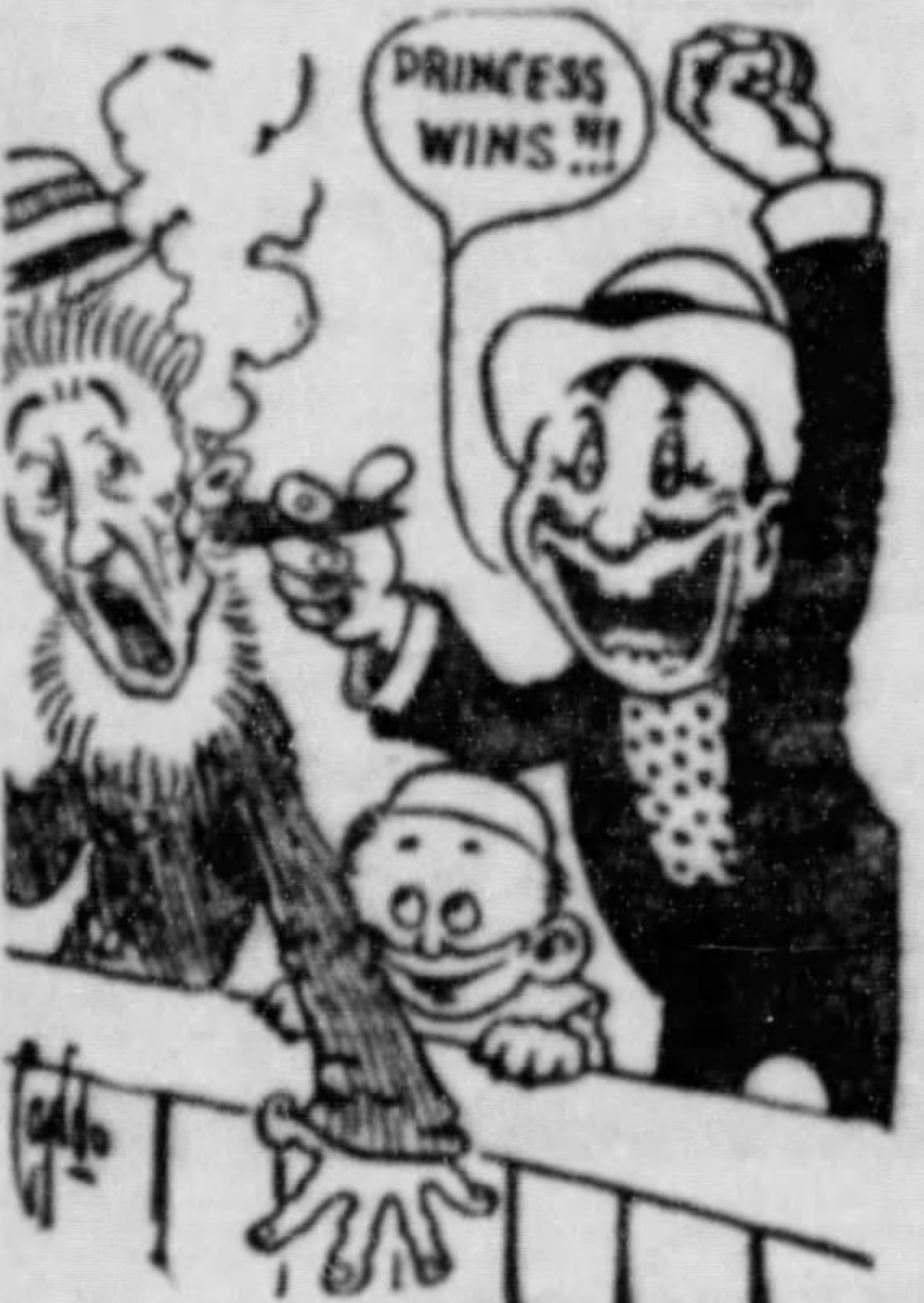
No Competition Now

## Good to 'Em.



"I wonder what's good for mosquito bites?"

"I've been, ever since I came here."


PRINCESS WINS!!!

A HOT TOUCH.

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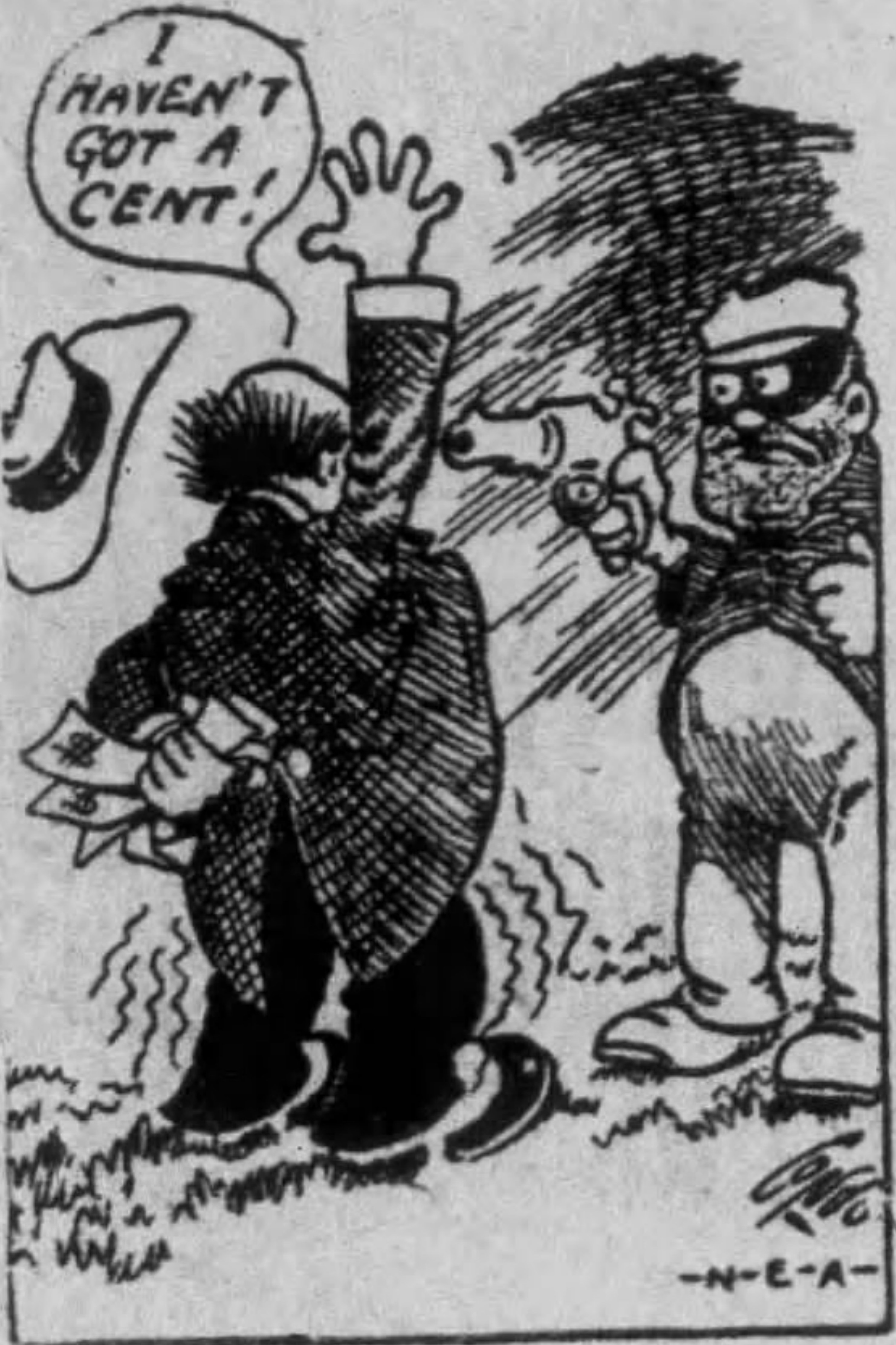
I HAVEN'T GOT A CENT!
-N-E-A-

Lying at the Point of Death.

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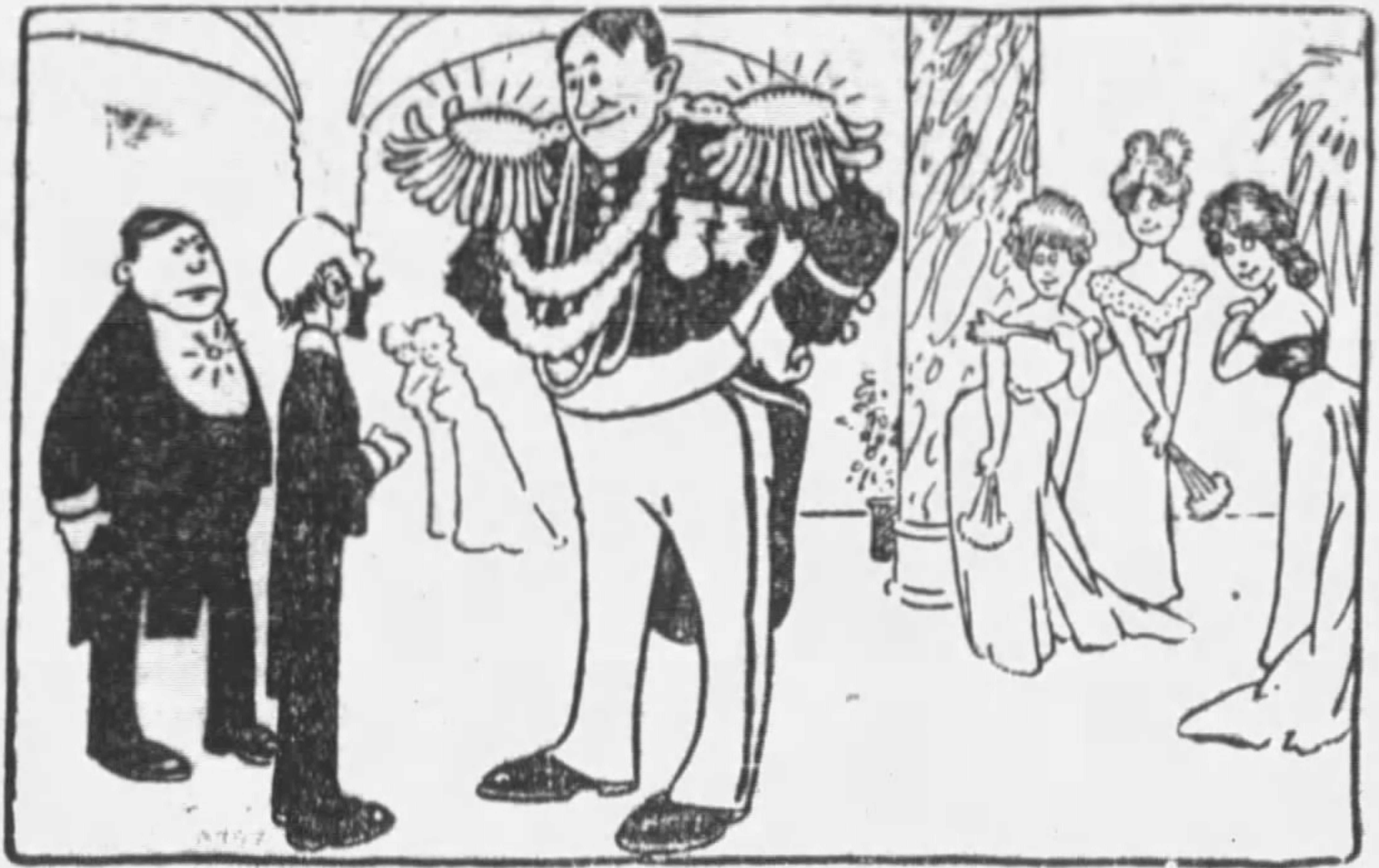
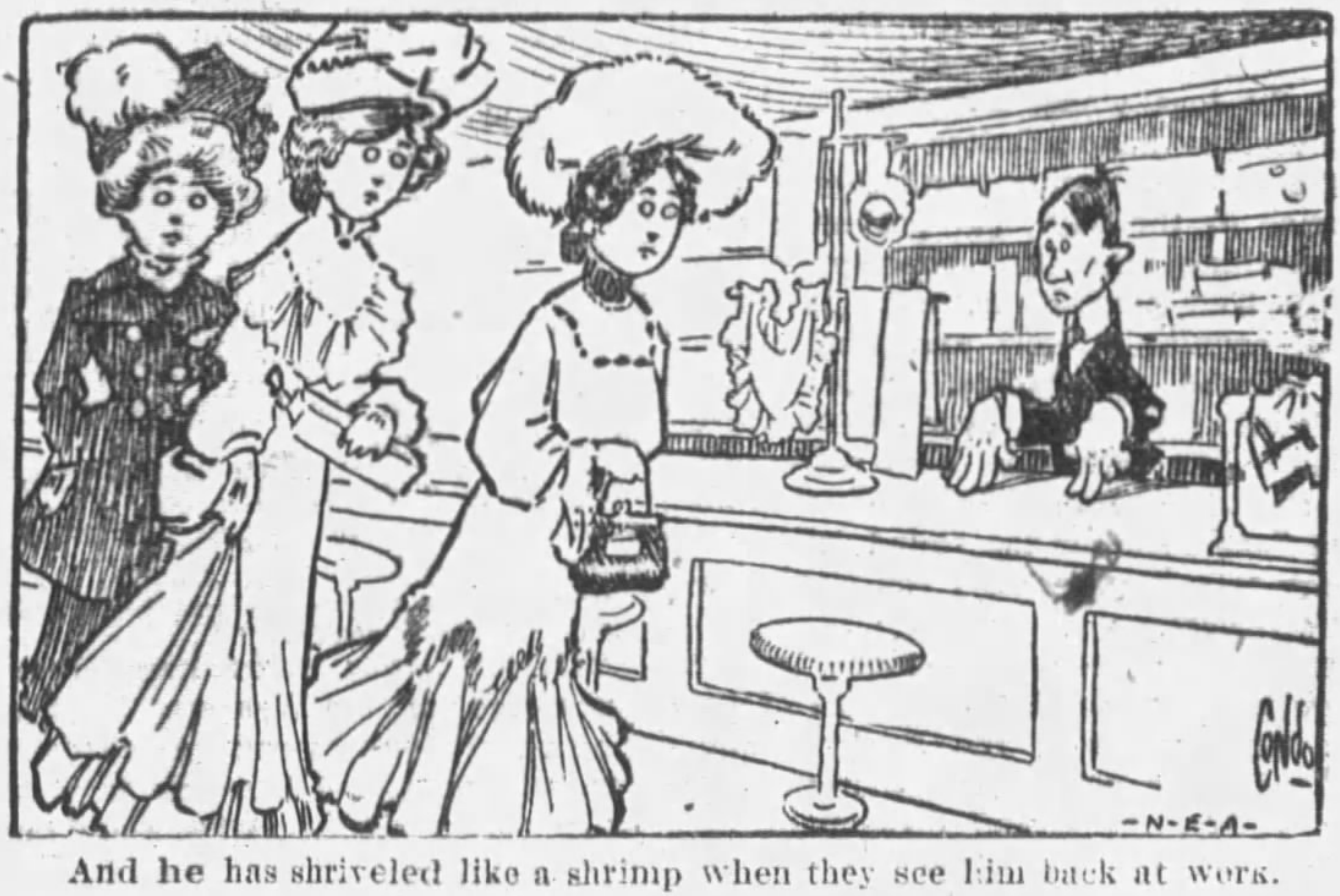
You Can't Lose Nick

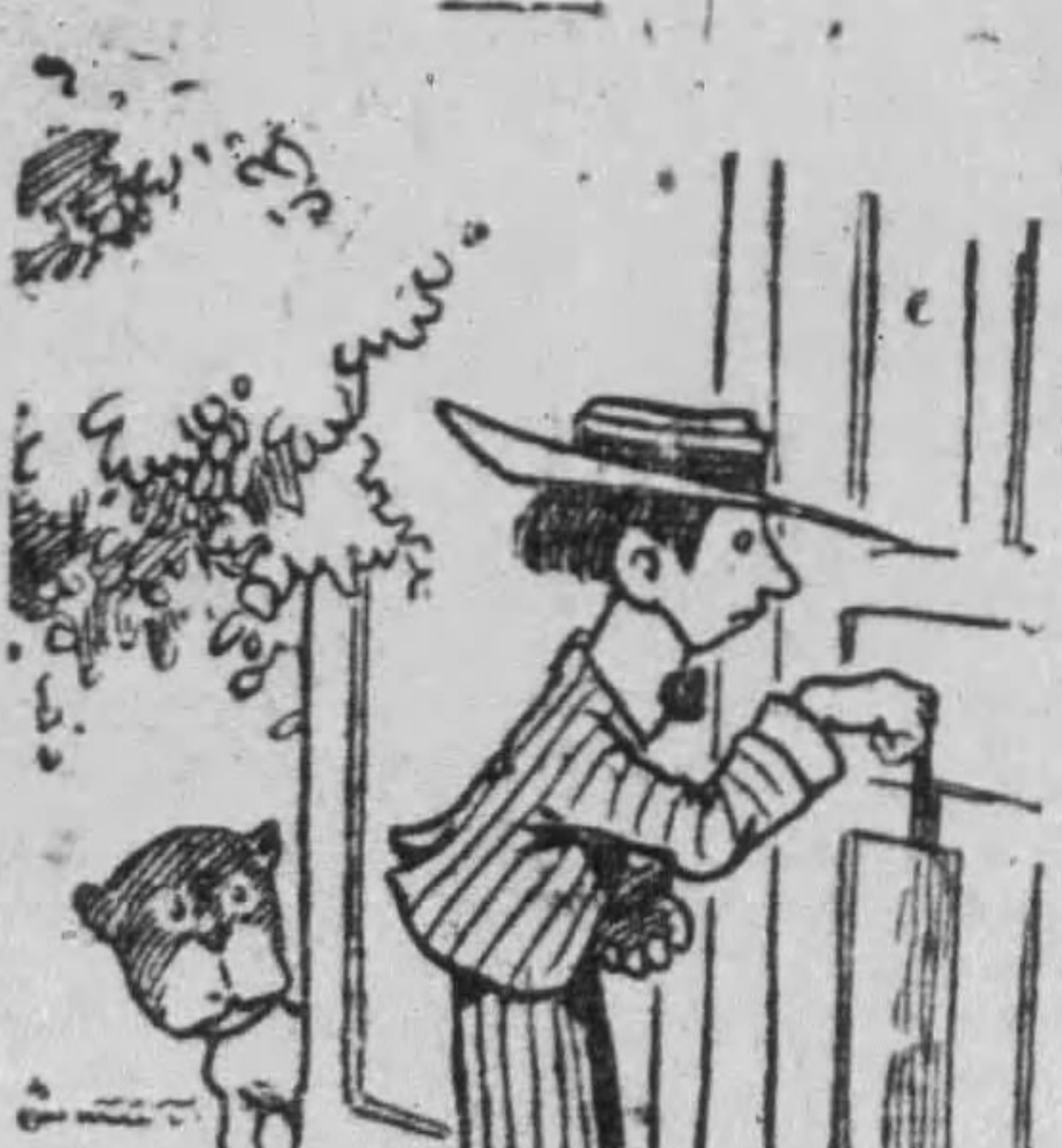
# ISN'T IT ALWAYS SO?



Corporal Freddie Feathers, of the Washington Fencibles, looms up like a giant (in the girls' eyes) at the military reception.

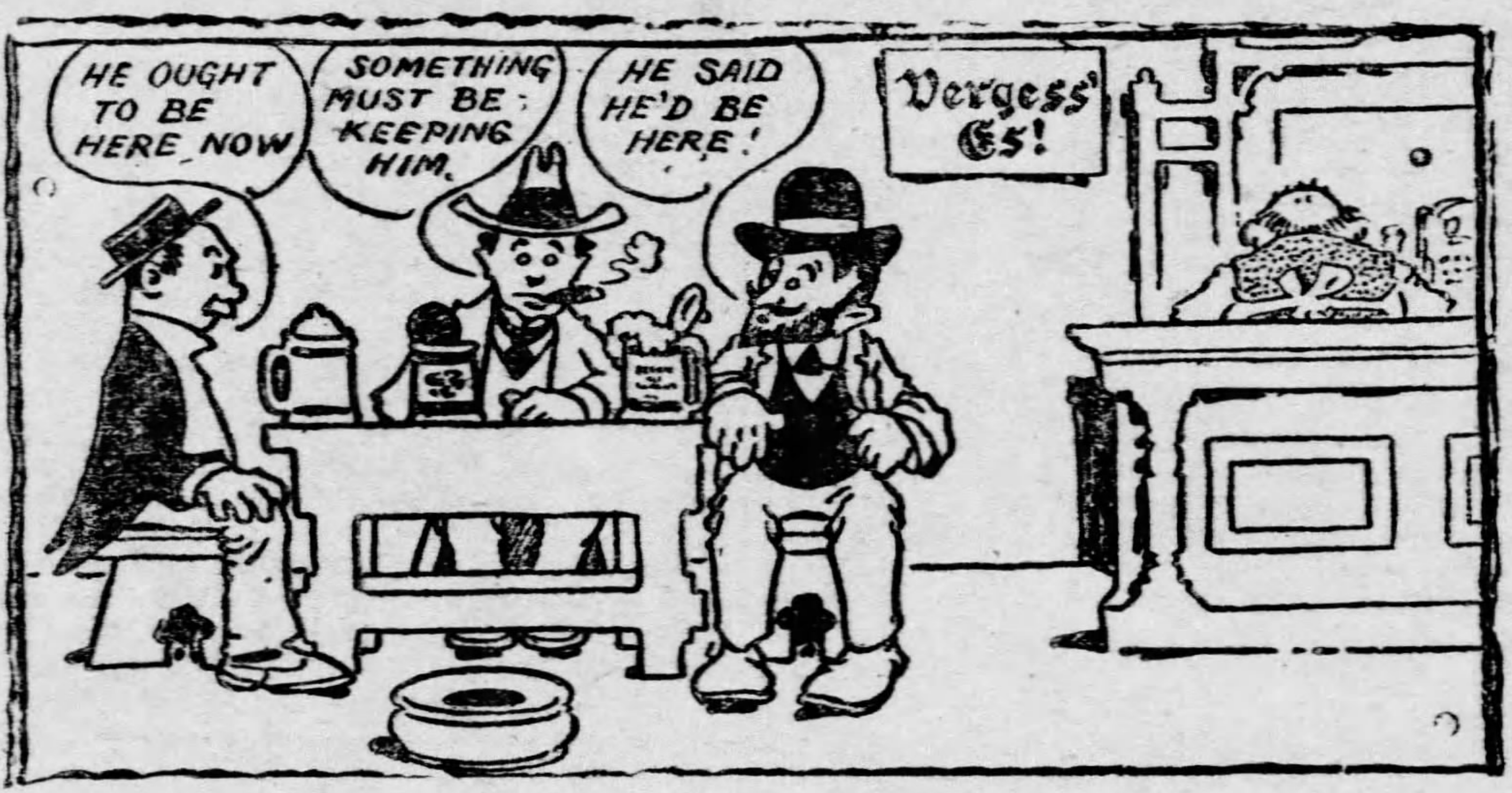


And he has shriveled like a shrimp when they see him back at work.

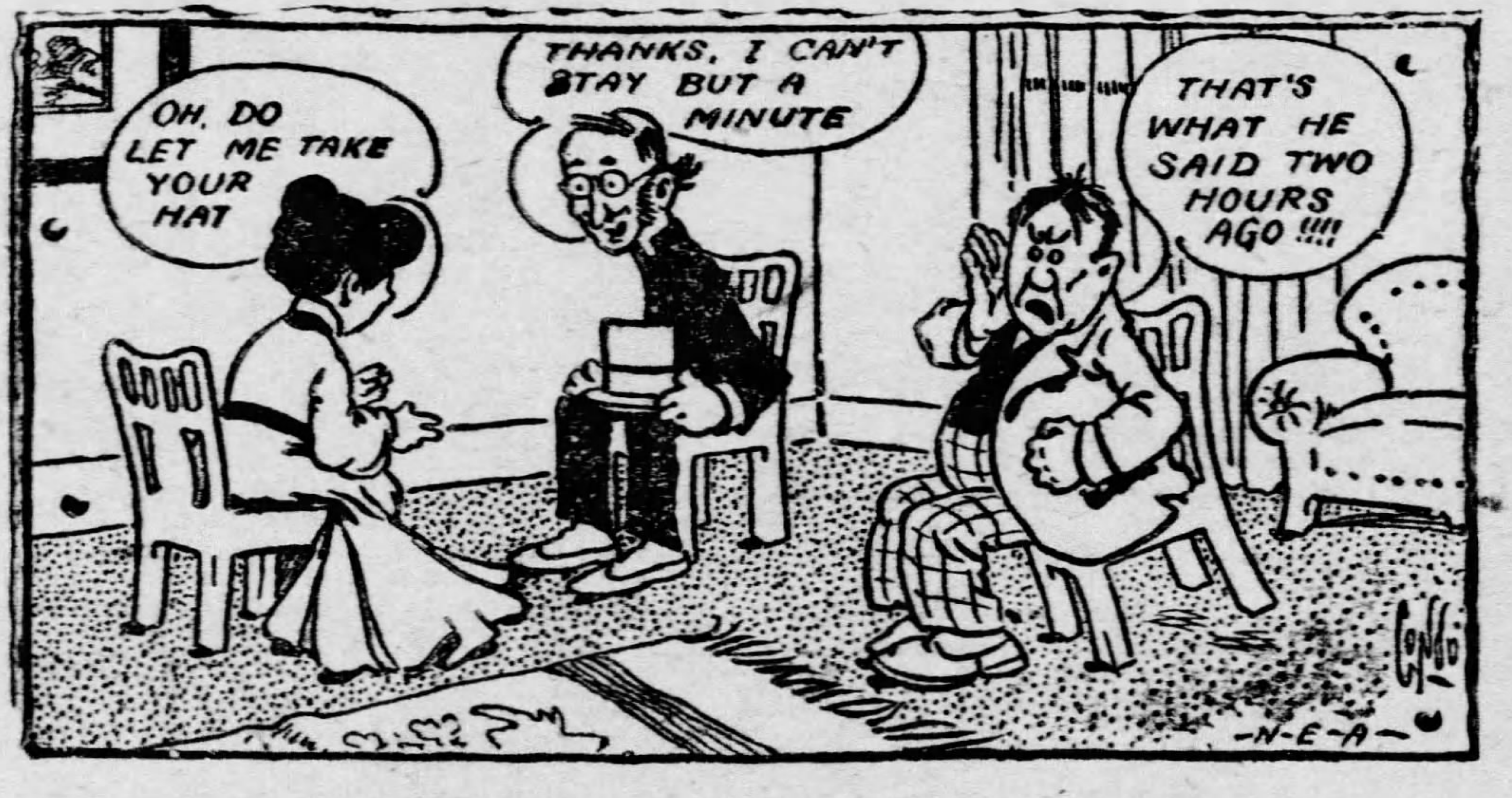


The Young Man Was a Knocker.

# YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

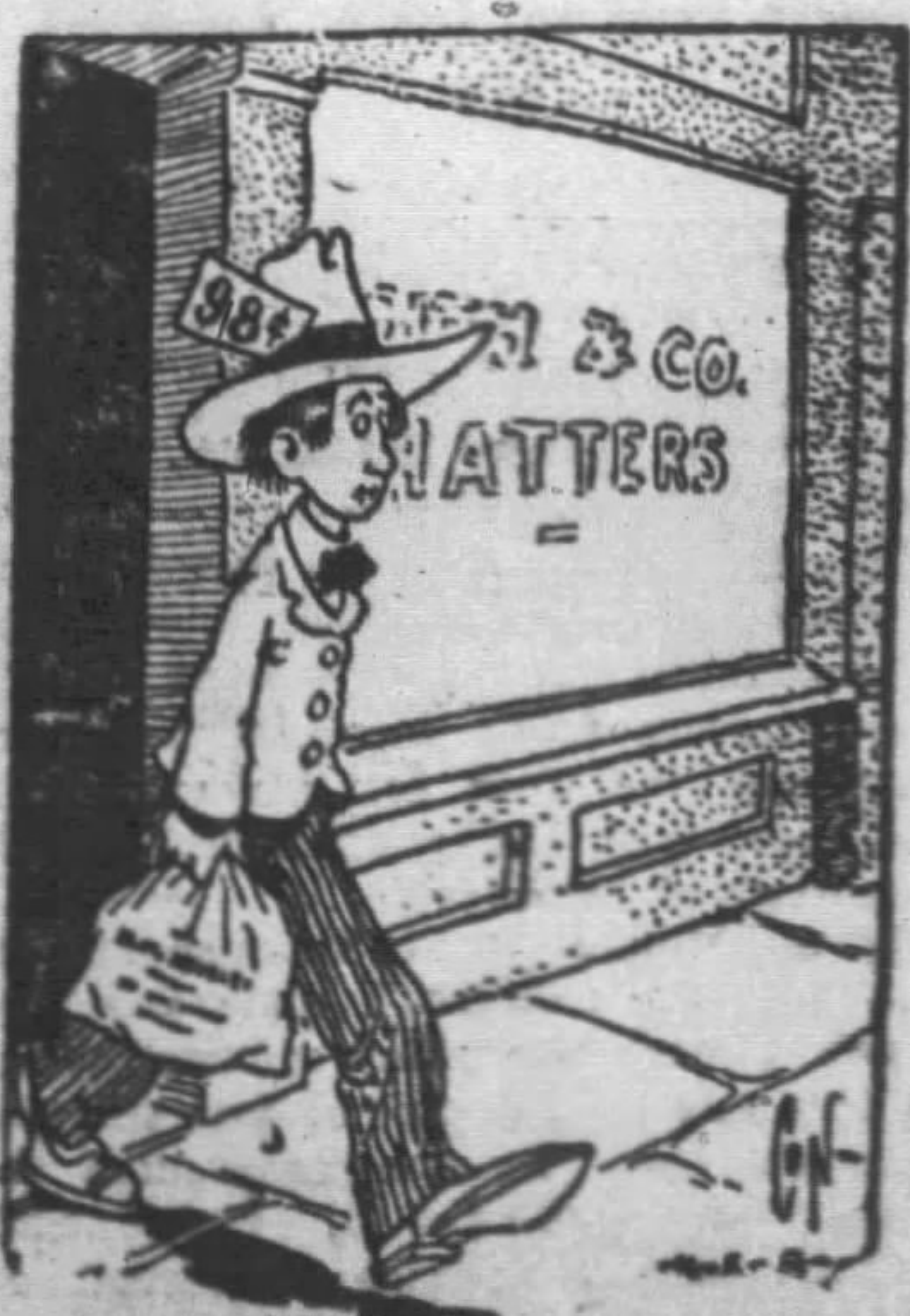

HE OUGHT TO BE HERE NOW
SOMETHING MUST BE KEEPING HIM.
HE SAID HE'D BE HERE!
Vergess' Es!

The gang's wondering what's happened to you—

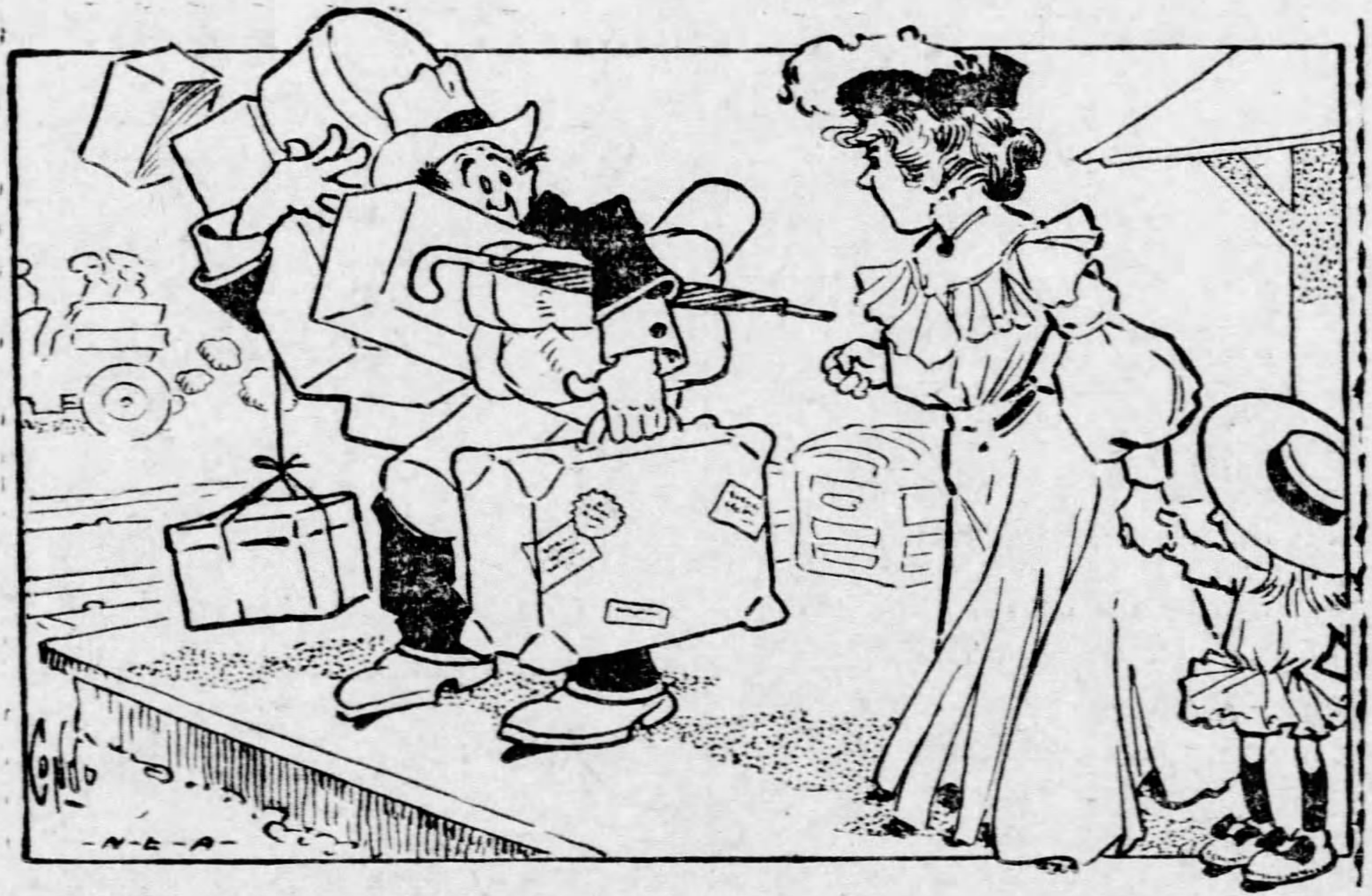

OH, DO LET ME TAKE YOUR HAT
THANKS, I CAN'T STAY BUT A MINUTE
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID TWO HOURS AGO !!!!
CONDO
-N-E-A-

And you're up against something like this.

# A PRICE WAS ON HIS HEAD.

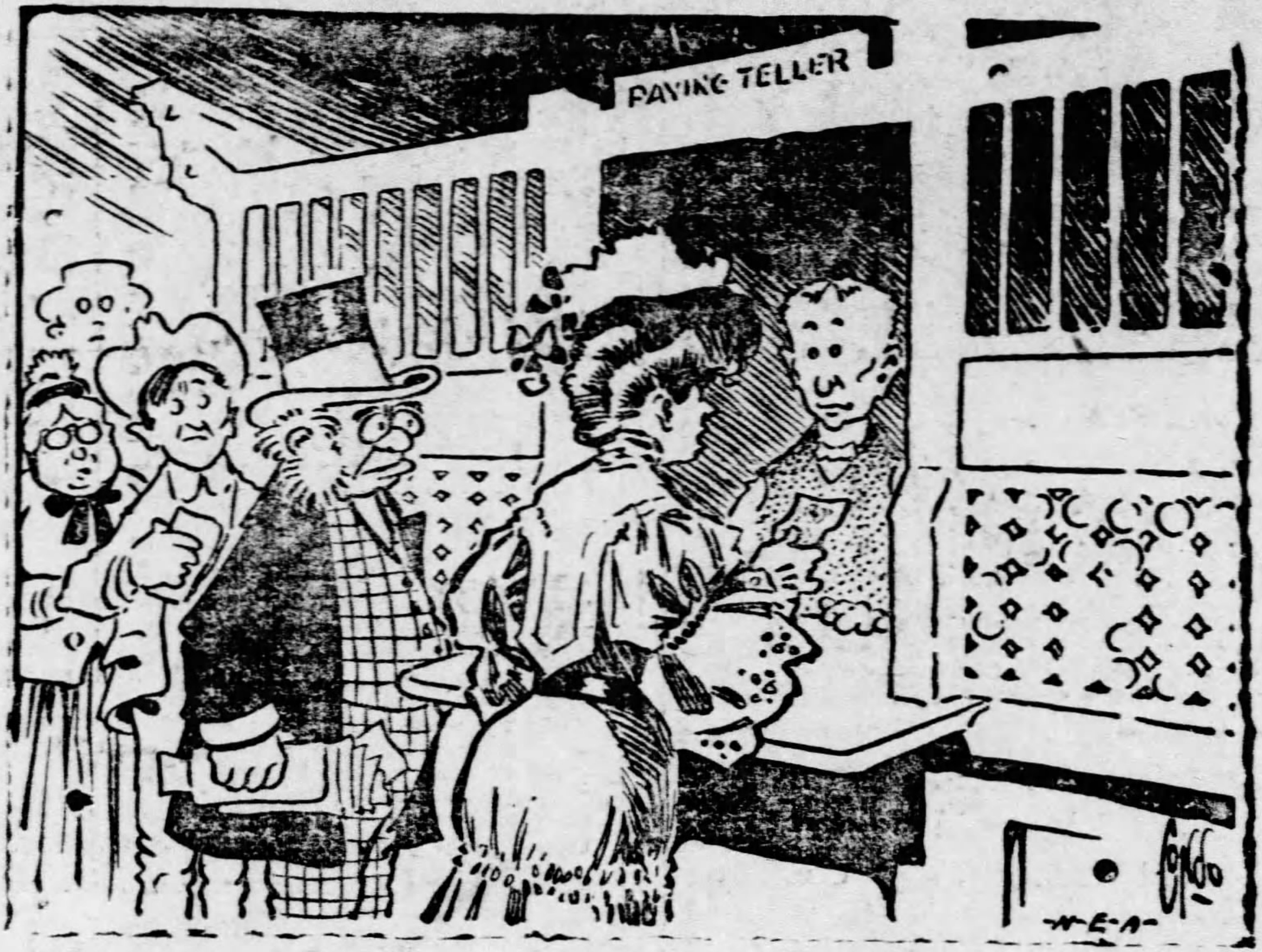

98¢
& CO.
HATTERS
CON

# ISN'T HE THE RUDE BRUTE?



"It's just like you, Henry Feathers, to throw the care of this child on me. If she's run over and killed you can just blame yourself."

# ISN'T IT A SHAME?

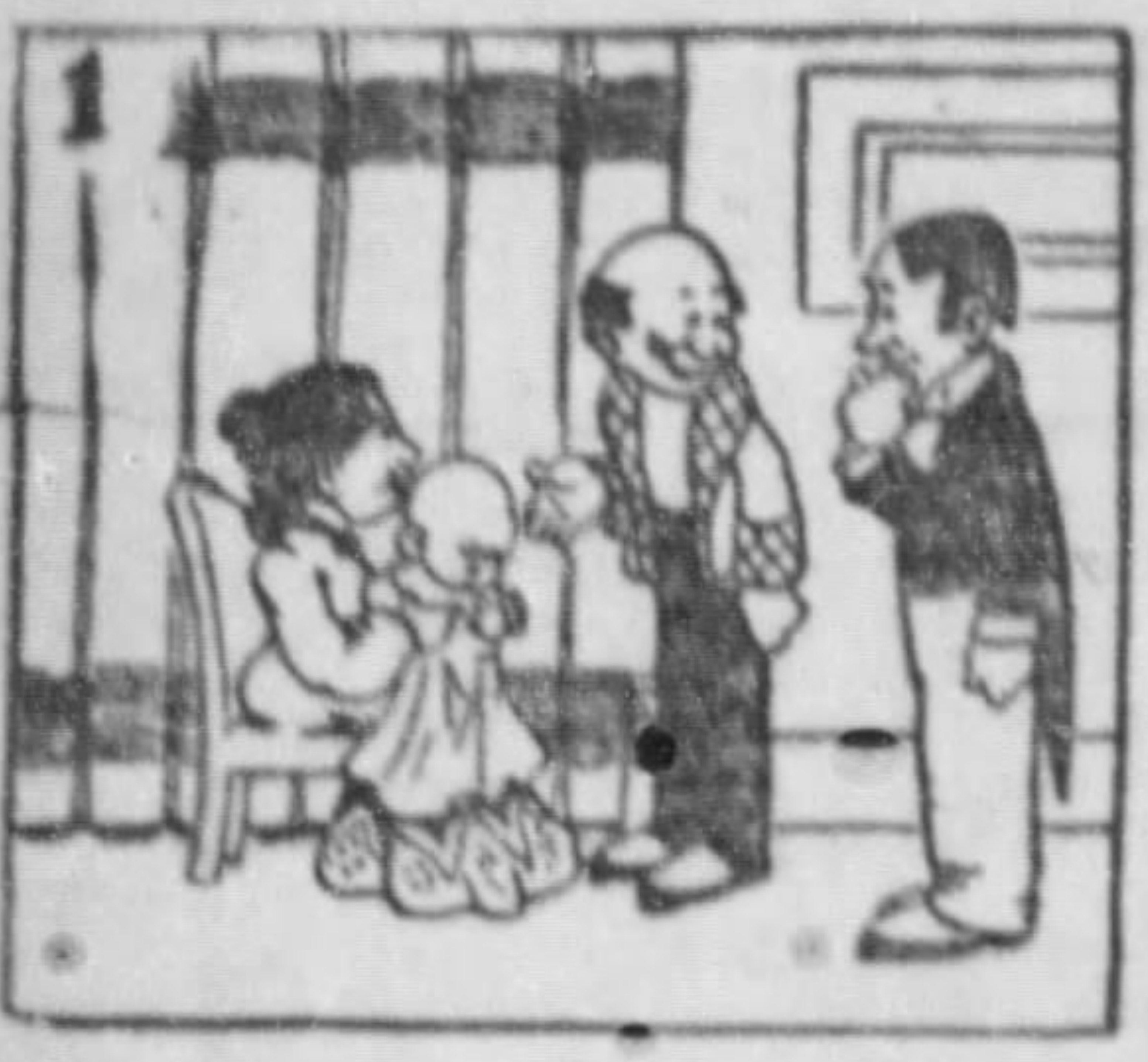


"I thought you told me when I deposited my money here that I could get it back whenever I wished it."

"That's what I said, madam. We'll give it back to you any time."

"Well, I just know I never gave this bill to you and I want my own."

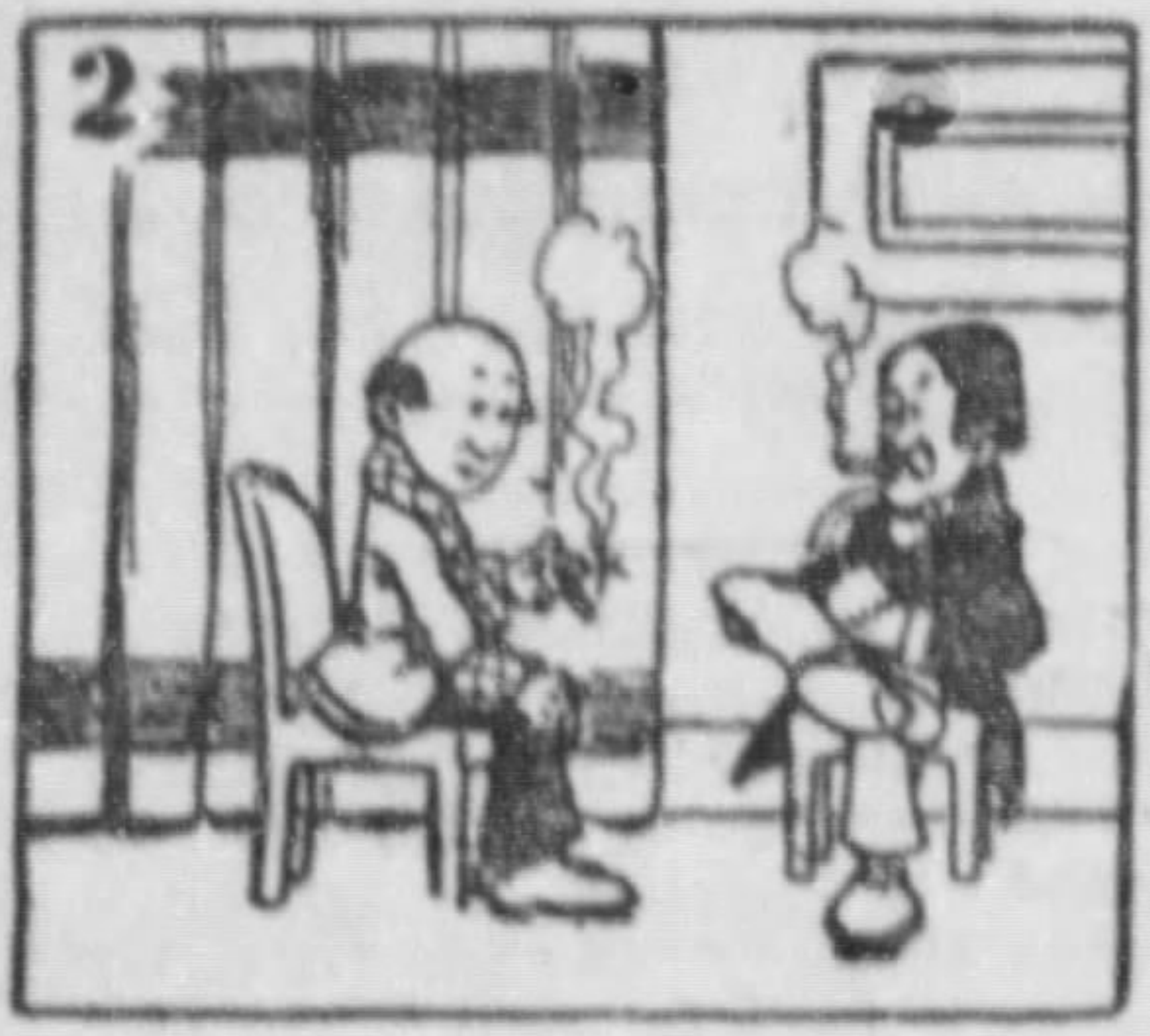
# IT ALWAYS TURNS OUT THIS WAY.



At 7 p. m.—

"By George, that is a fine baby, Smith. Such a good natured little fellow."

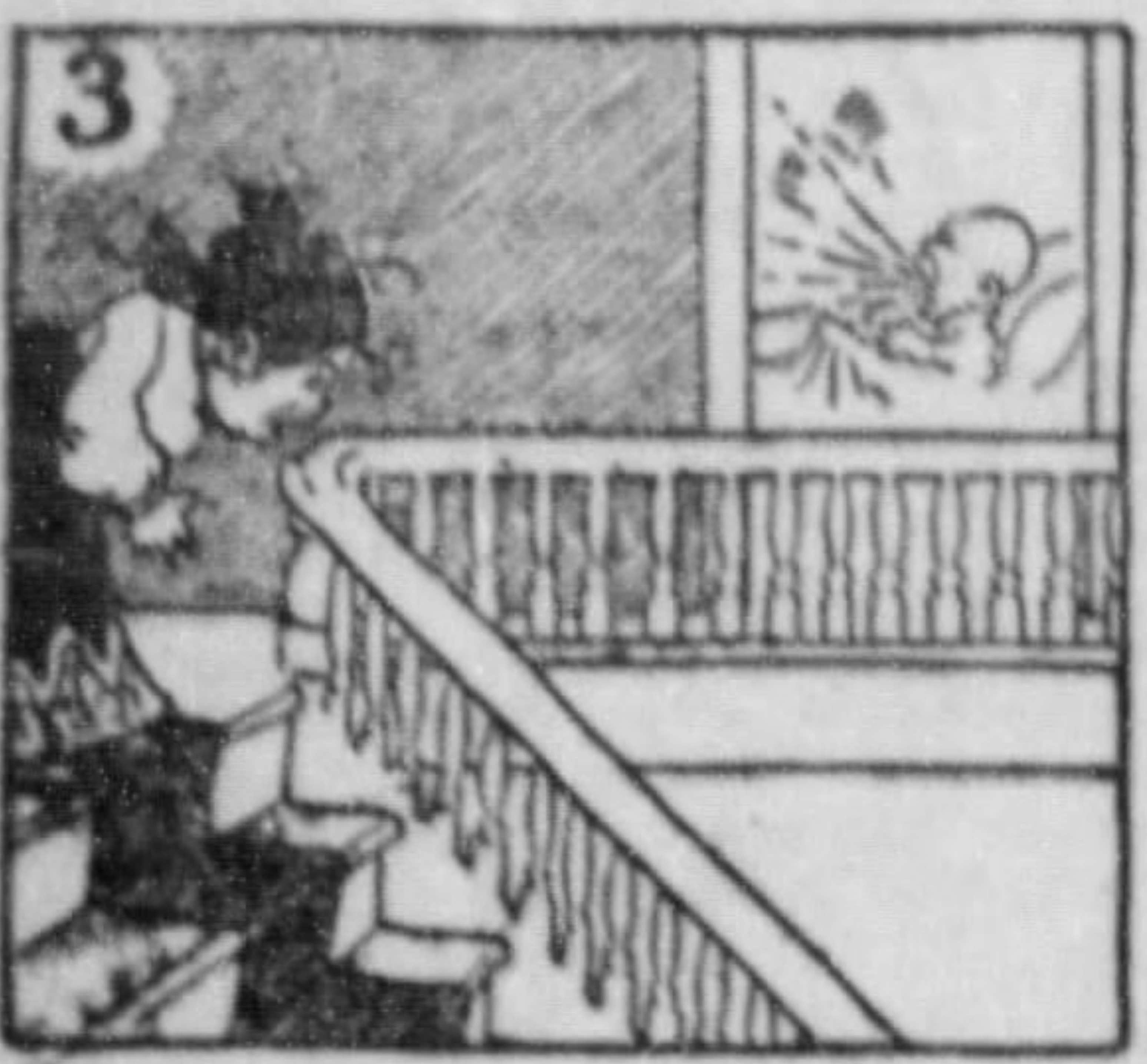
"Best natured baby I ever saw. My wife just drops him in the crib, turns out the light, and we don't hear a sound until 5 the next morning. We don't know what it is for him to cry after he goes to bed."



At 8 p. m.—

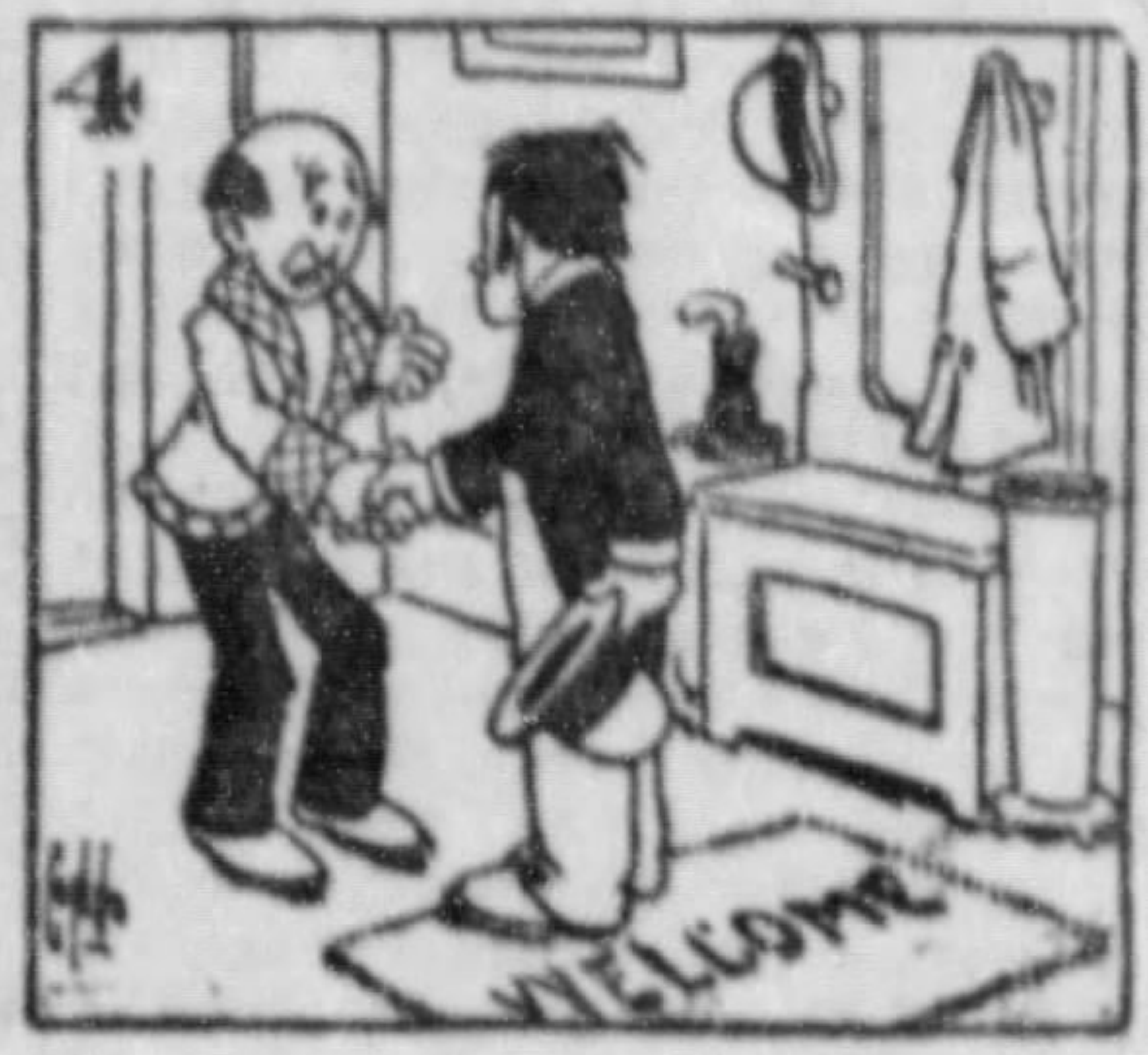
"That kid's lungs are in fine shape, Smith. I never heard such yelling from a baby."

"I don't know what's got into the child. I'm afraid he's sick, for he doesn't cry like that very often. In fact, I don't think he's cried like that at night in six months. Generally he drops off to sleep without a sound."



At 9 p. m.—

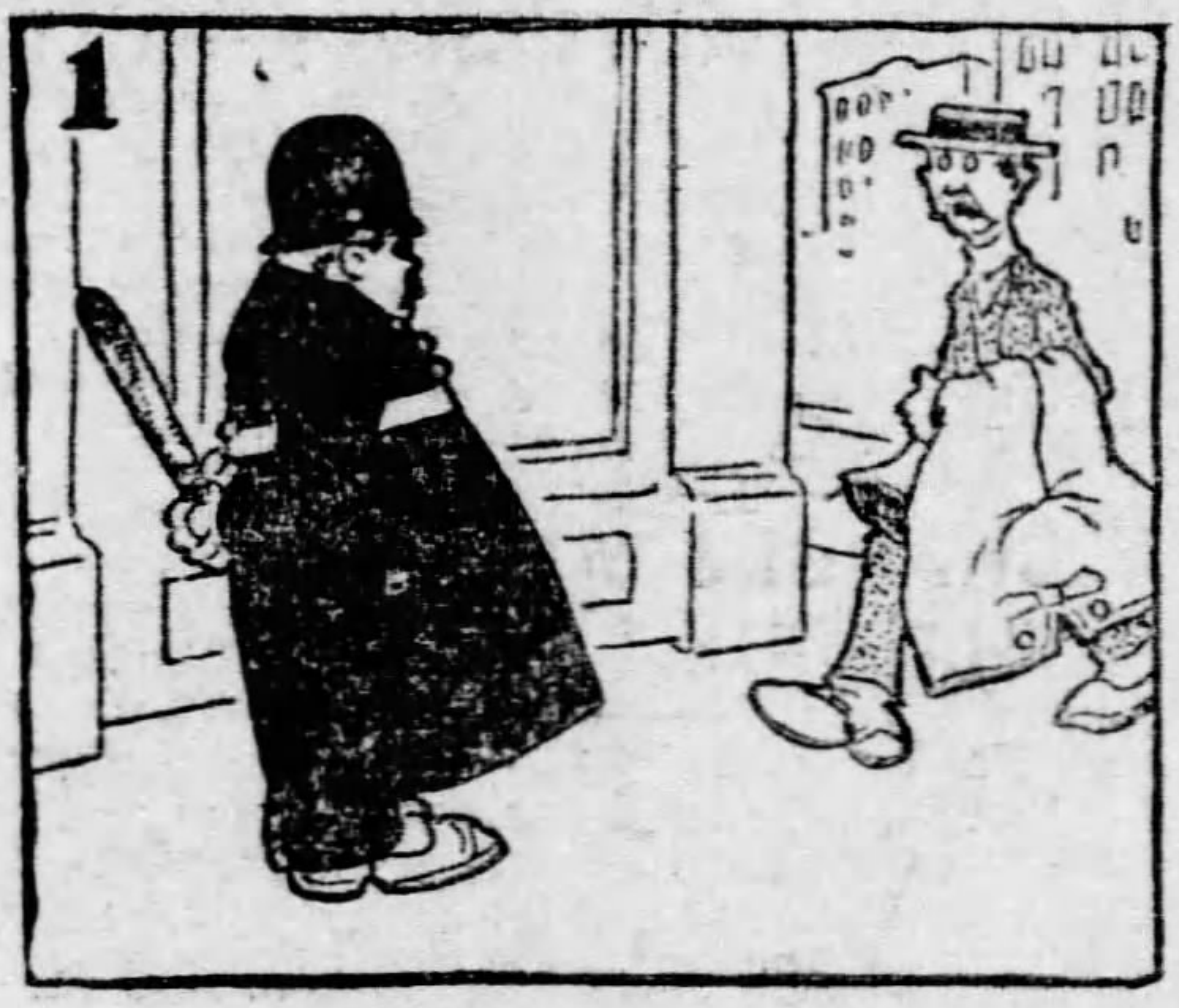
"John, I wish you'd come upstairs and help me. And bring up that long bottle on the left hand shelf in the pantry—the bottle with the white label. I'm sure the child has a pain or he wouldn't cry so hard."



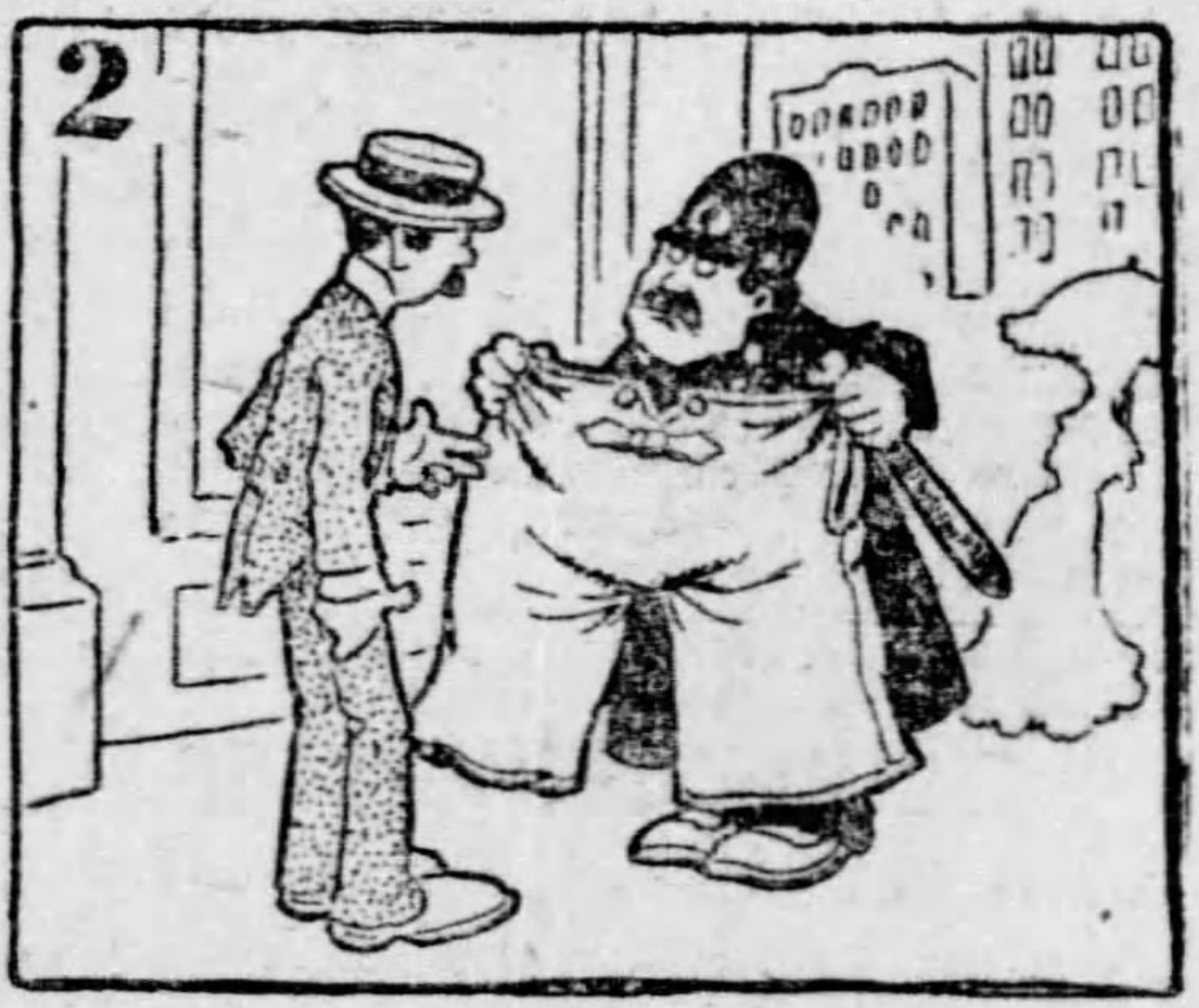
At 10 p. m.—

"I hope you'll excuse me for being gone so long, Jones, but there's something the matter with the boy. Do you really have to go? Well, come again, and we'll have a quiet smoke. I can promise you it'll never happen again."

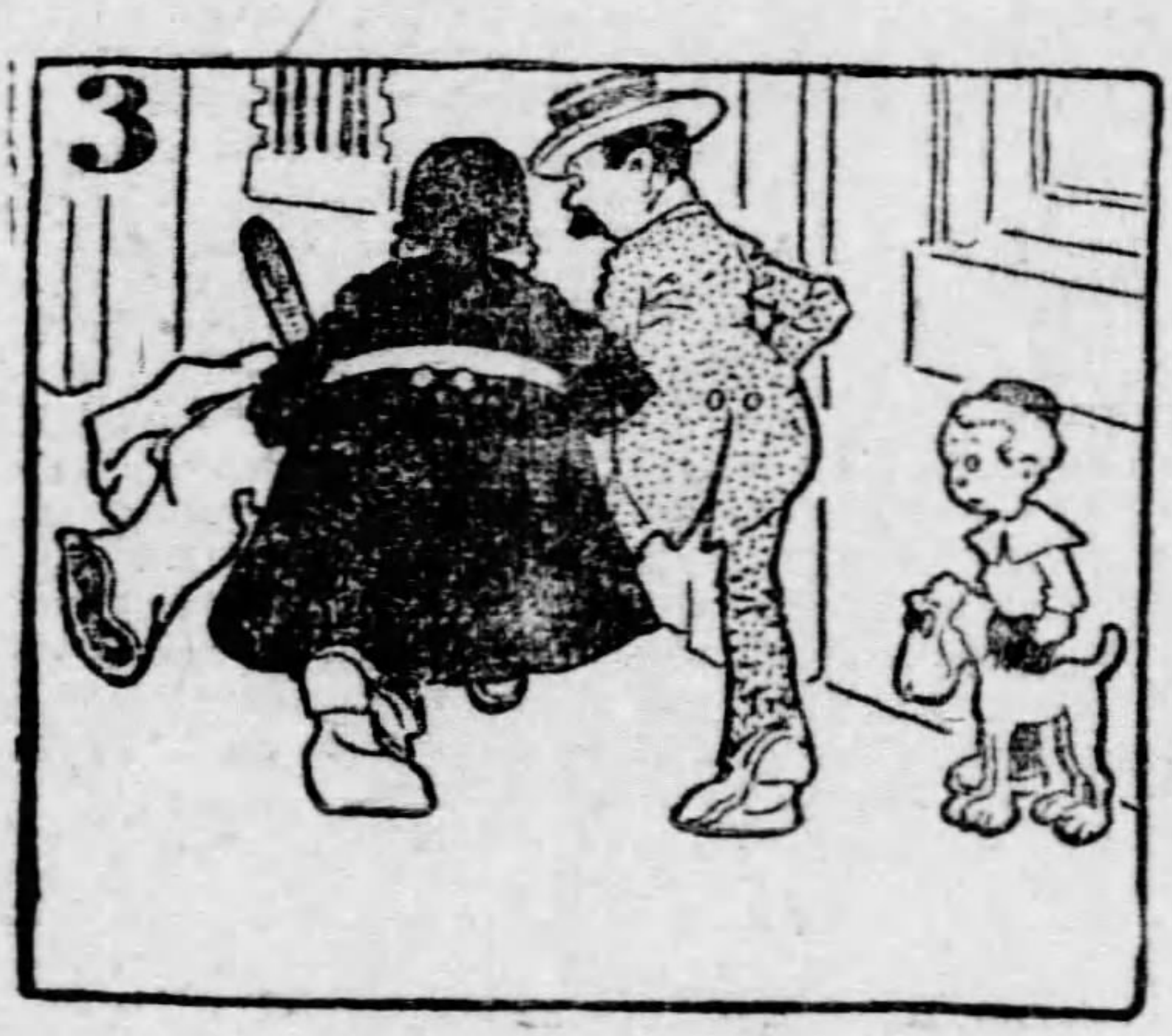
# SAME OLD CHUMPEN



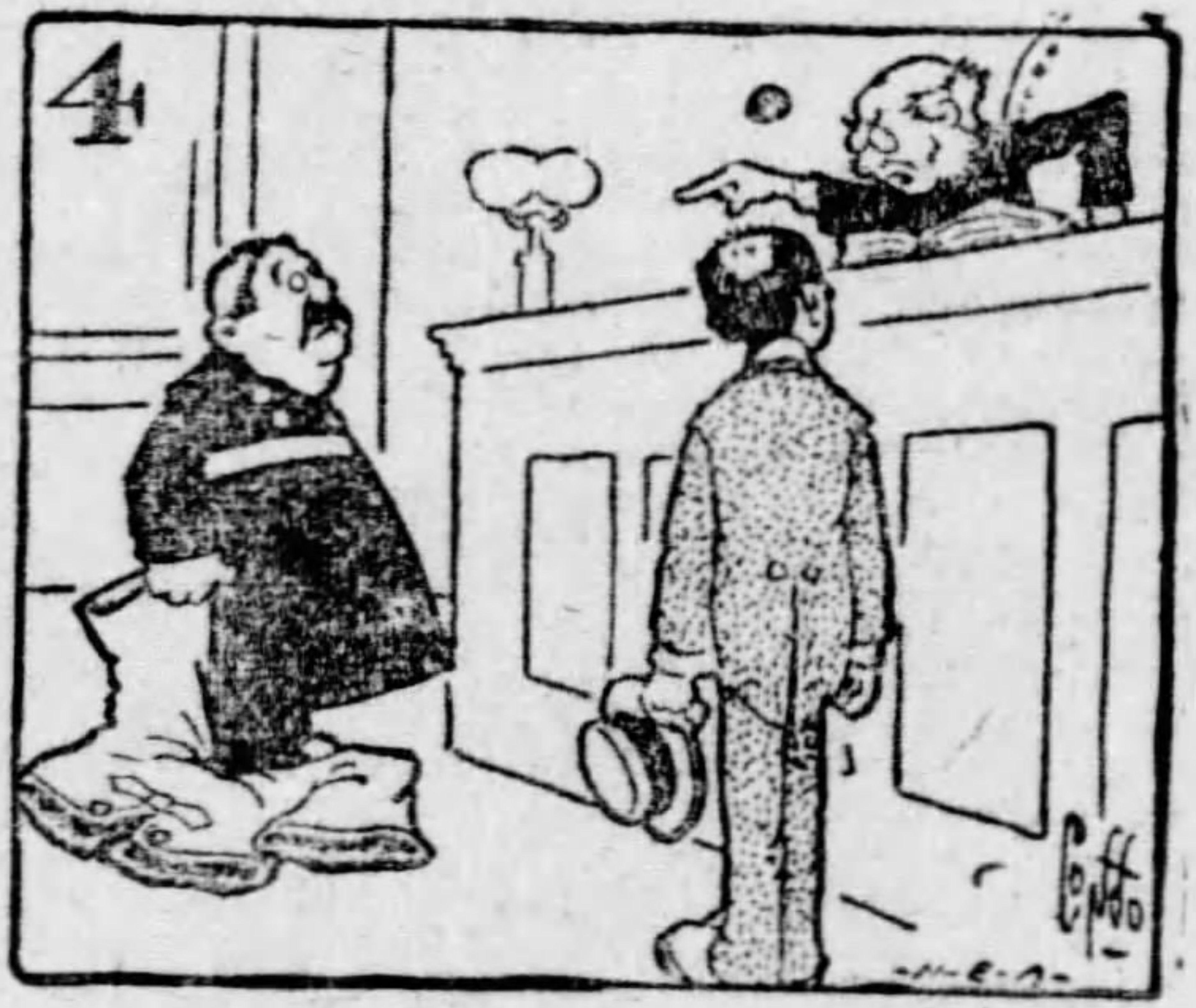
"Aha," said Patrolman Chumpen, "I think I see something doing."



"That's a likely story, ain't it? Pants like these belonging to you!"

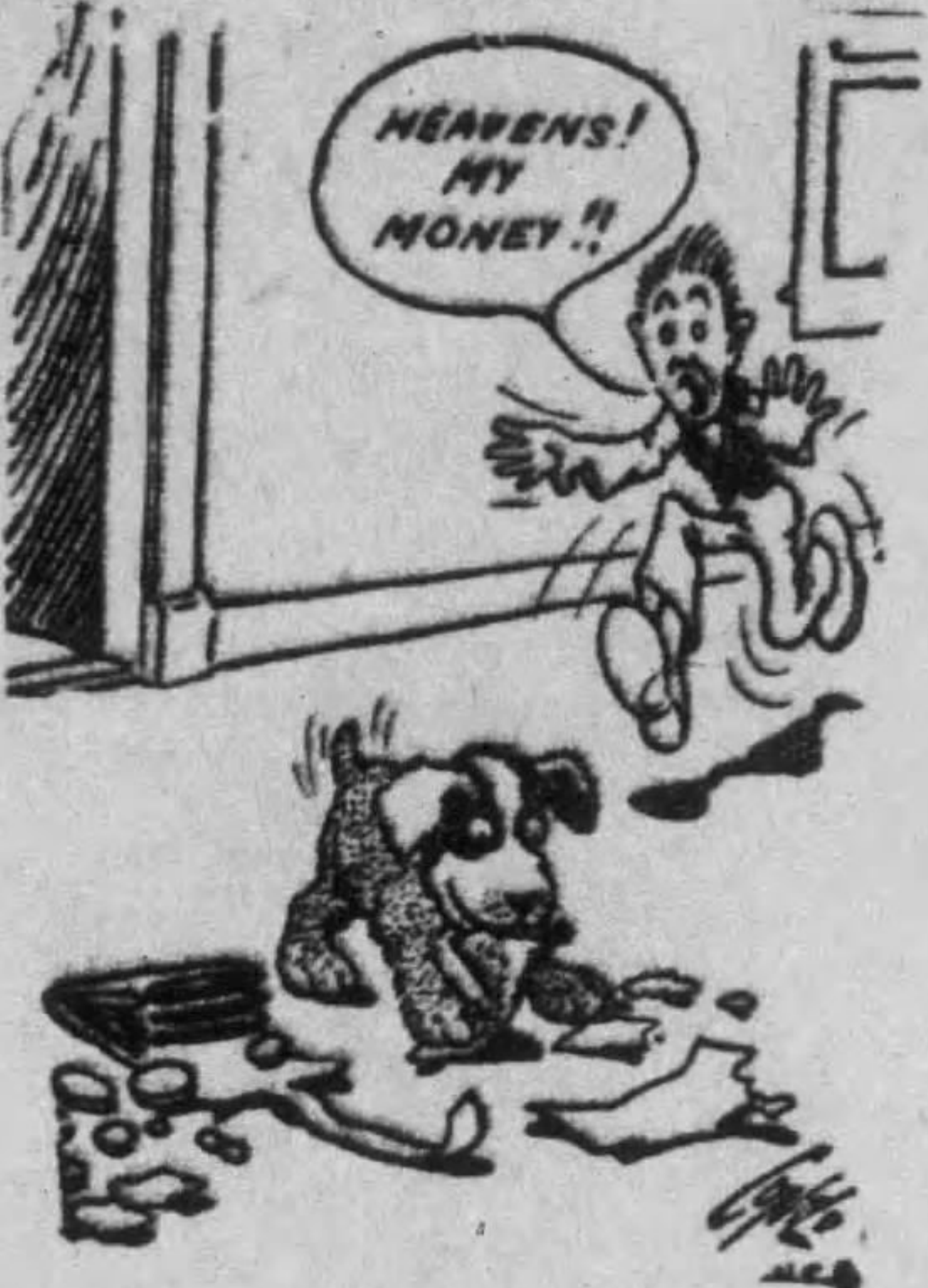


"You know very well you can't make me believe any such story as that. You never owned them pants an' you know I can't be fooled that way. I know where you stole 'em, all right enough. I've been layin' fer you fer two er three weeks. Th' judge'll settle your case."

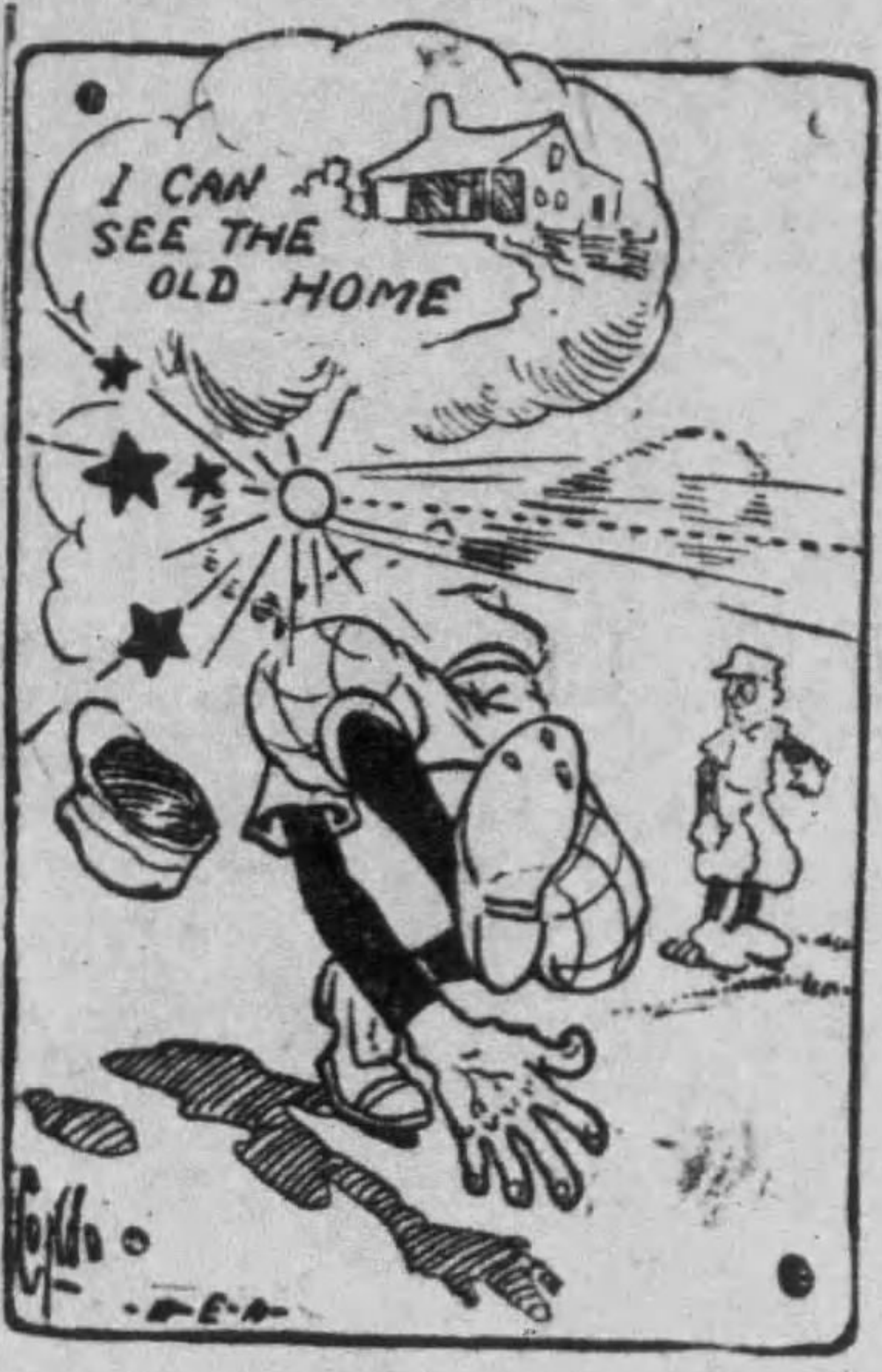


"Your honor," said the prisoner, "those were my pants. I used to wear them before I took anti-fat, and I was on my way to the tailor's to have them cut down."

"Discharged. Chumpen, I'm going to report you to the fool-killer."

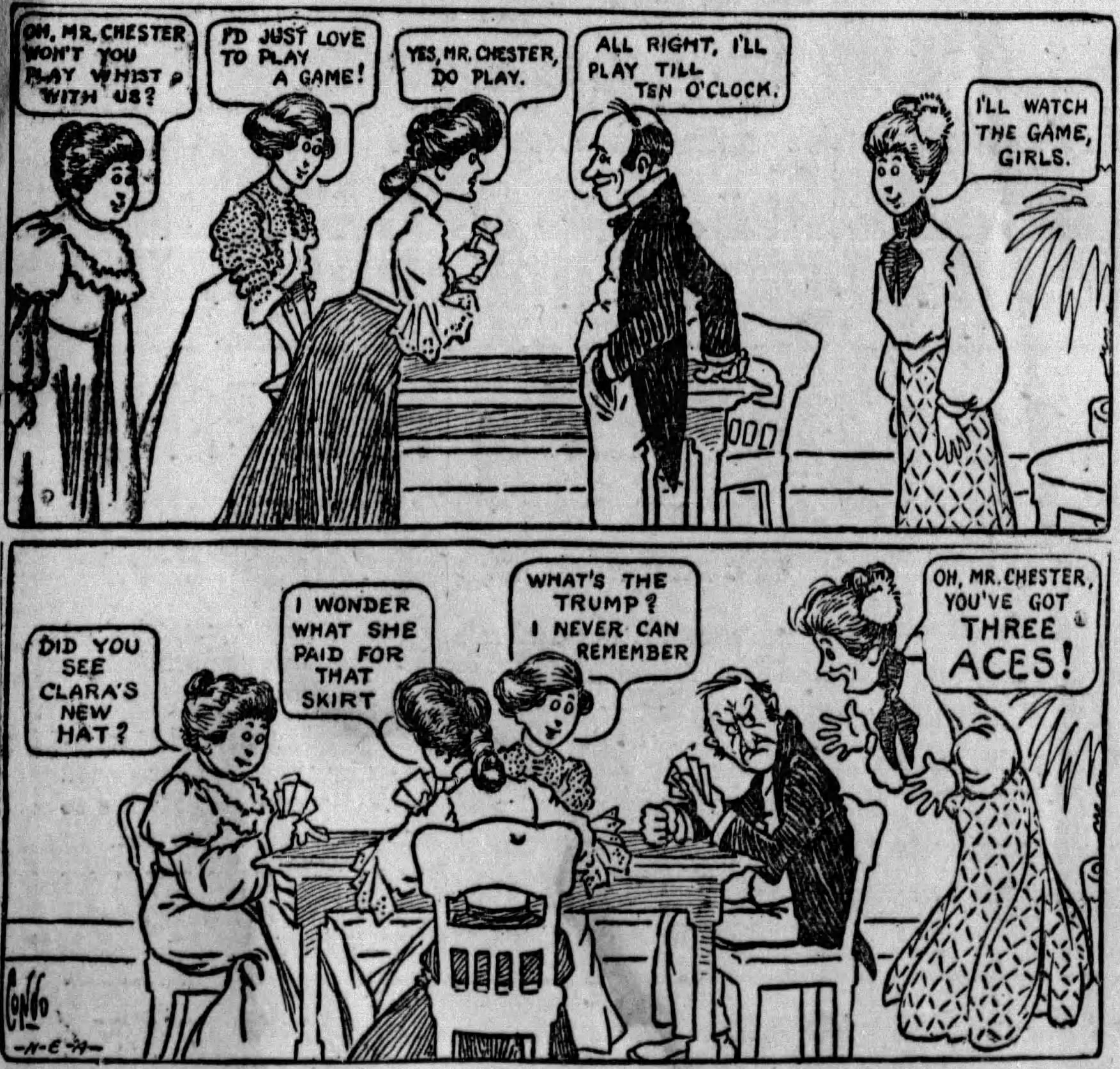

HEAVENS! MY MONEY!!

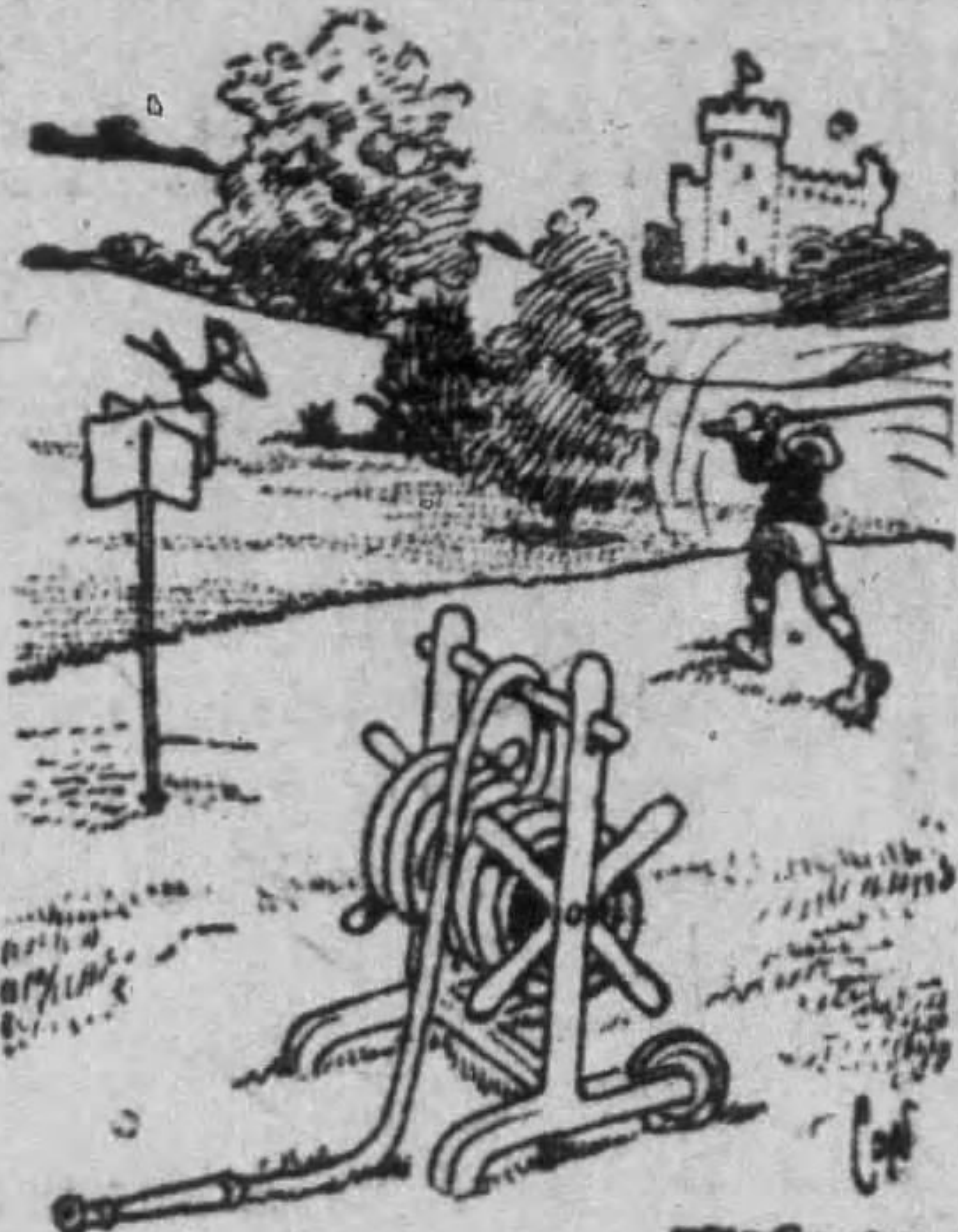
Biting the Dust.


I CAN SEE THE OLD HOME
NEA

He Was a Finished Ball Player.

# YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.


OH, MR. CHESTER WON'T YOU PLAY WHIST WITH US?
I'D JUST LOVE TO PLAY A GAME!
YES, MR. CHESTER, DO PLAY.
ALL RIGHT, I'LL PLAY TILL TEN O'CLOCK.
I'LL WATCH THE GAME, GIRLS.
DID YOU SEE CLARA'S NEW HAT?
I WONDER WHAT SHE PAID FOR THAT SKIRT
WHAT'S THE TRUMP? I NEVER CAN REMEMBER
OH, MR. CHESTER, YOU'VE GOT THREE ACES!
CONDO
-N-E-A-



A Scottish Reel.

“The Red Hornet.”

# Gossip of the Prize Ring

BY JAS. J. CORBETT.

Copyright, 1905, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, George Dixon, "Kid" Lavigne, Tommy Ryan and James J. Jeffries are probably the six greatest fighters of recent years.

Jeffries is in a class by himself. One often hears it said that Sullivan, in his day, was the better man, but, of course, no sane man thinks so.

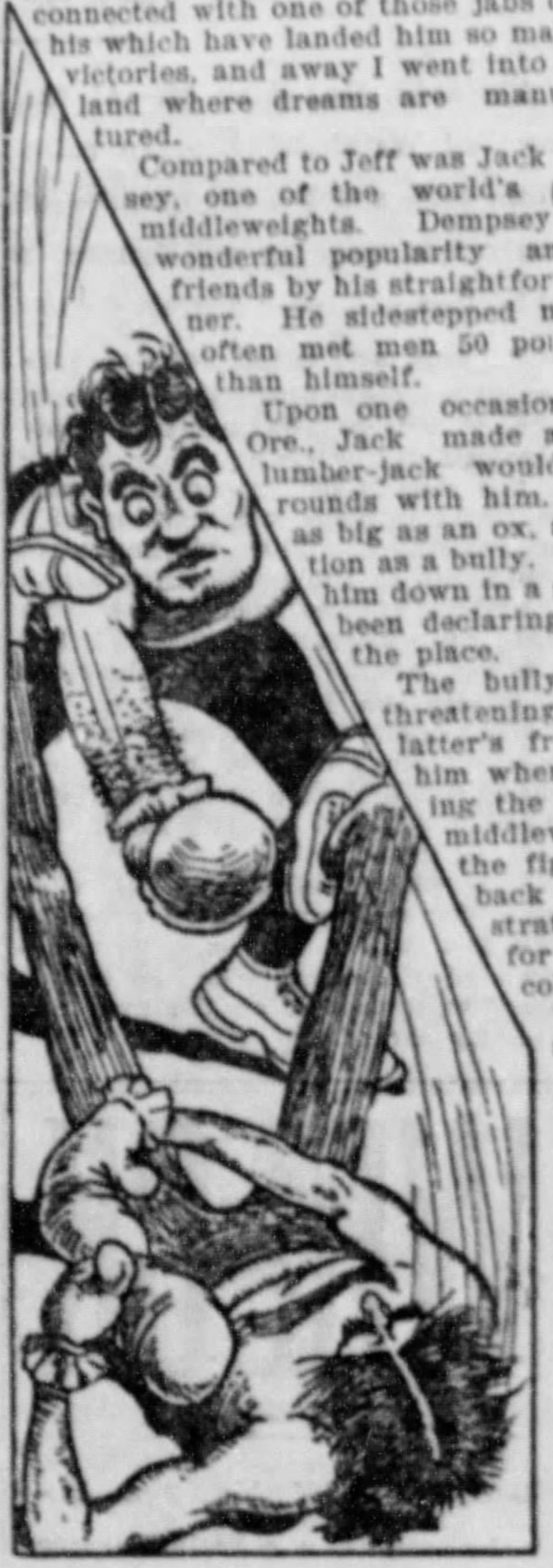
Before Jeff became accomplished in the fine parts of the art, Sullivan might have won in a finish affair. Jeffries hits harder now than Sullivan ever did, is cleverer, more rugged and 50 pounds heavier.

I believe the best fight I ever fought was my first against Jeffries, when I had everything my own way until the 23rd round. Then after Jeff had taken a severe beating, I connected with one of those jabs of his which have landed him so many victories, and away I went into the land where dreams are manufactured.

Compared to Jeff was Jack Dempsey, one of the world's greatest middleweights. Dempsey gained wonderful popularity and many friends by his straightforward manner. He sidestepped nothing and often met men 50 pounds heavier than himself.

Upon one occasion, in Portland, Ore., Jack made a wager that a lumber-jack wouldn't last three rounds with him. The fellow was as big as an ox, and with a reputation as a bully. Dempsey had called him down in a saloon, where he had been declaring he would clean out the place.

The bully bellowed for awhile, threatening to eat up Jack, and the latter's friends tried to dissuade him when he insisted upon thrashing the big fellow. But the great middleweight would not listen, and the fight, which took place in the back yard of the saloon, demonstrated that he knew his business, for he cut the bully into shreds and collected his bet.



"I CONNECTED."

After that Dempsey could have anything he wanted in Portland.

But his career was short-lived. Not long afterward he met Fitzsimmons and his Waterloo. The defeat broke the Nonpareil's heart. He could not stand reverses. As a fighter Dempsey will live long in ring history. As a loser he will probably never have an equal.

In the lightweight division, history abounds with bright lights, but none shine brighter than Jack McAuliffe and "Kid" Lavigne. The former combined almost ideal cleverness and hitting, and the latter, for his inches, had the hardest punch of any man I have ever known, while his gameness and endurance has never since been met with in the 133-pound class.

And the greatest of featherweights was George Dixon. McGovern beat him, but not when "Little Chocolate" was at his best. I believe I would place Dixon at the head of the world's colored fighters; certainly he was the greatest feather-weight.

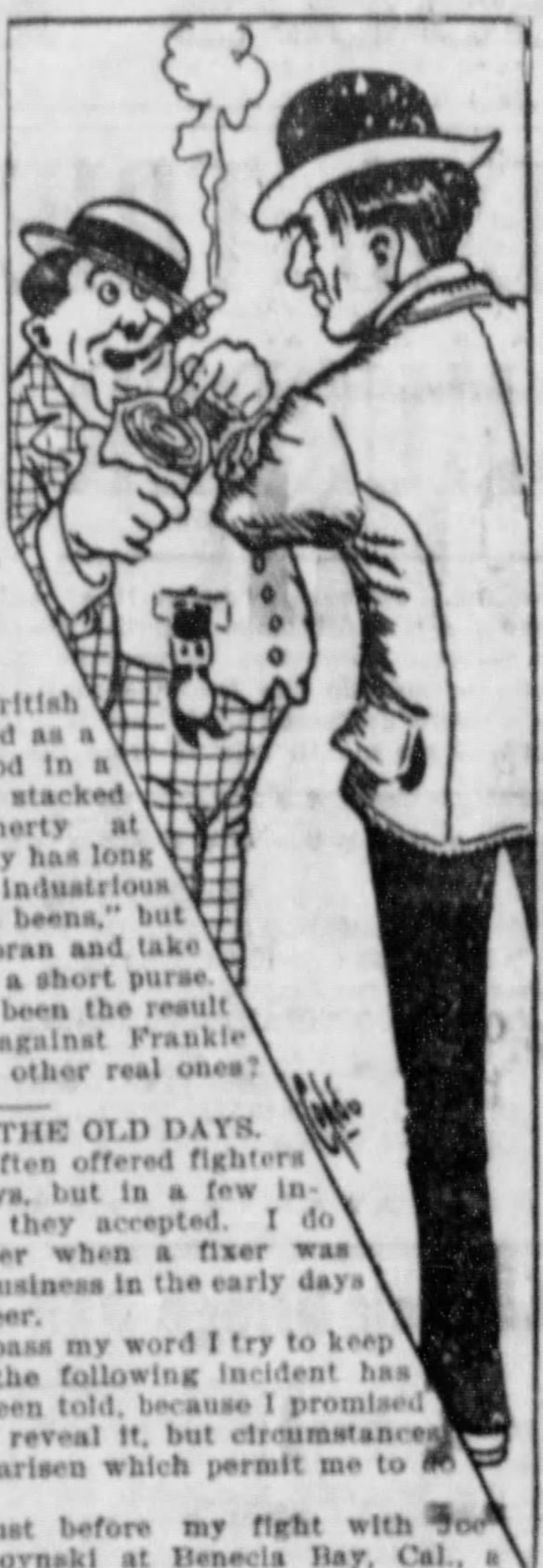
Last, but far from the least of this group of great fighters, is Tommy Ryan. He may have gone back now, but when one considers brains, fighting ability, hitting and everything else that enters into the game, Ryan is the peer of all the middleweights. It was he who taught Jeffries the crouch that made a fighting machine out of an ordinary fighter and placed him at the top of the heavy-weight brigade.

## A FLASH IN THE PAN.

Owen Moran is another British invader who came here touted as a world-beater. He made good in a couple of battles and then stacked up against Danny Dougherty at Philadelphia. Now, Danny has long since joined the band of industrious mortals known as "has beens," but he was able to best Moran and take away the long end of a short purse.

What would have been the result had Moran gone against Frankie Neil or one of the other real ones?

"SHOWED ME A ROLL."



## BRIBERY IN THE OLD DAYS.

Bribes were often offered fighters in the old days, but in a few instances were they accepted. I do not remember when a fixer was able to do business in the early days of my career.

Once I pass my word I try to keep it, and the following incident has never been told, because I promised not to reveal it, but circumstances have arisen which permit me to do so.

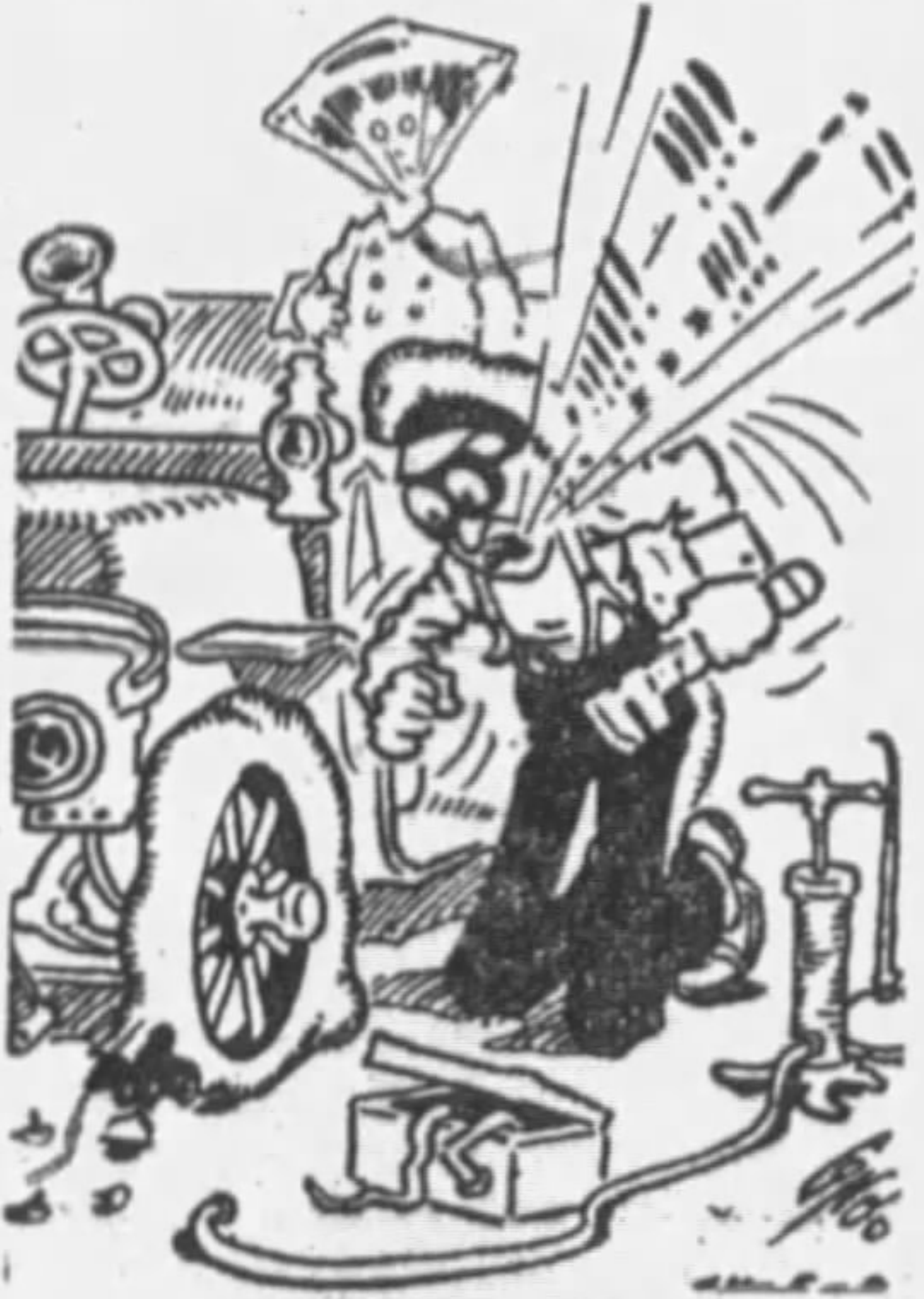
Just before my fight with Joe Choynski at Benecia Bay, Cal., a friend of mine came to me and said: "Jim, I want to speak to you alone for a few minutes."

I thought something serious had occurred, but was soon undeceived. The friend showed me a roll of gold certificates as big as my leg, and said:

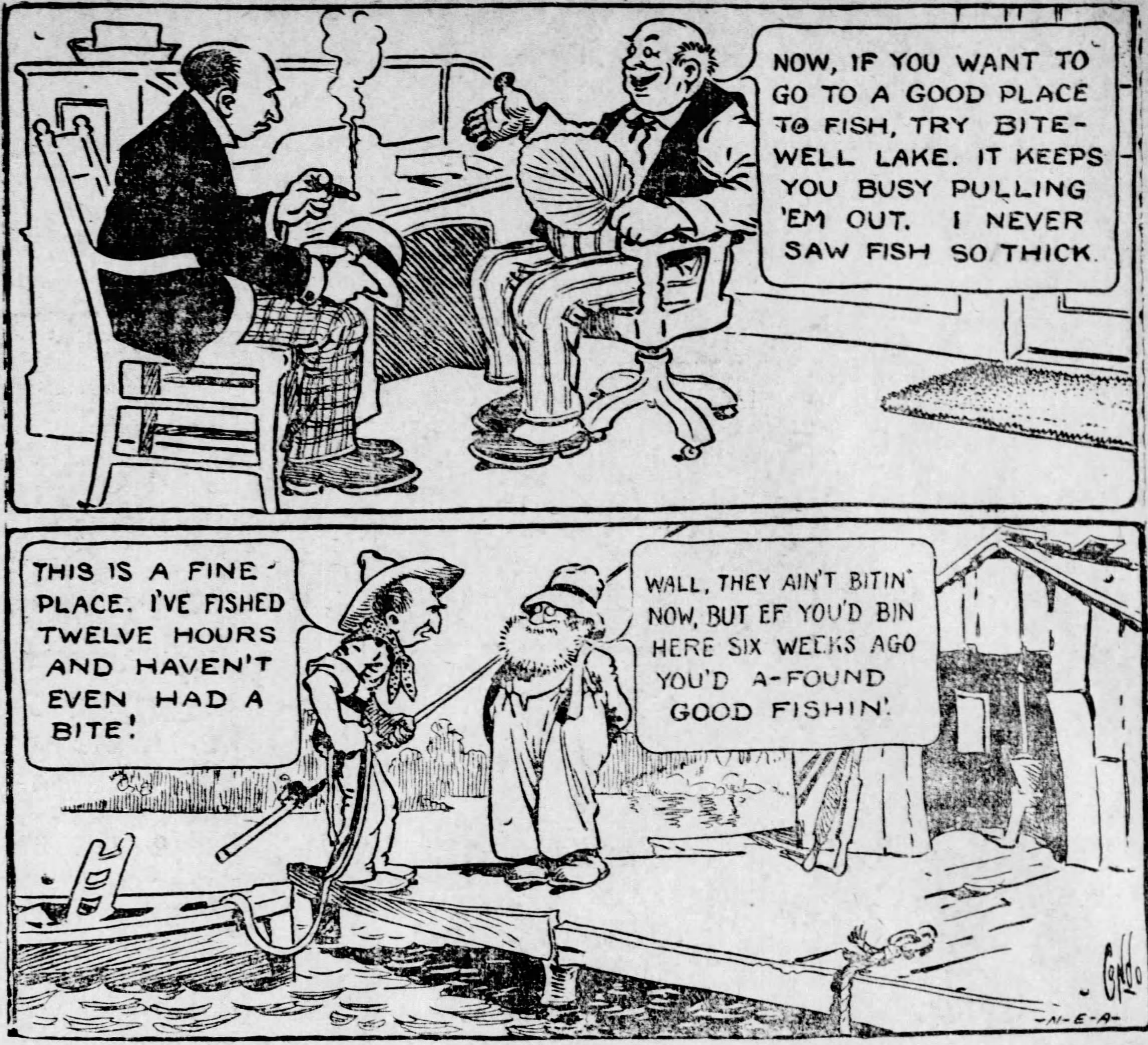
"There is a lot more here than you will get from the fight, and it is yours if you will lay down."

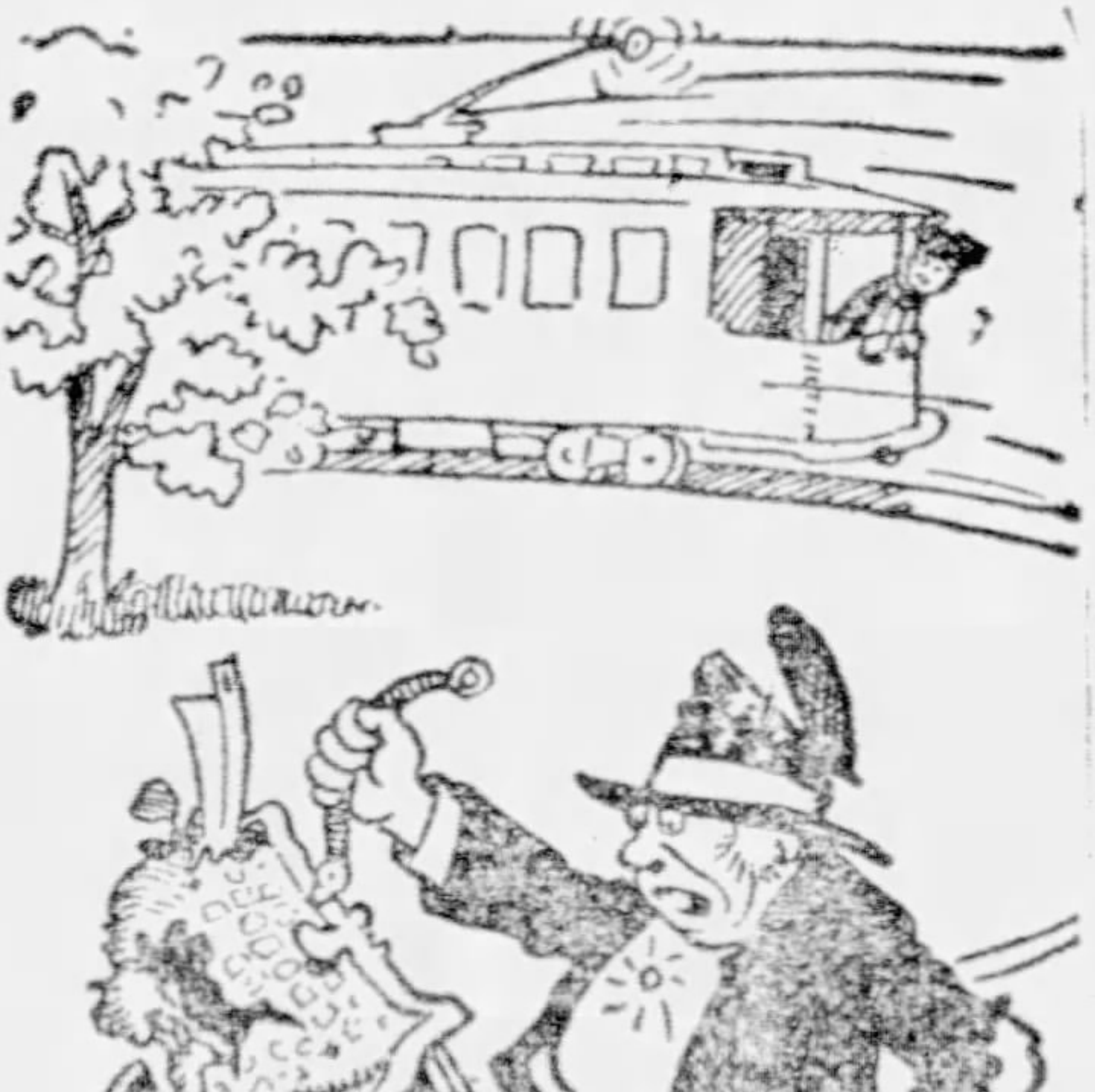
Of course I didn't consider the proposition. Had I done so I would have double-crossed my friends who were betting upon me and would have lost the chance to fight Sullivan for the championship. I never knew just how much there was in the bundle, but it was the largest sum ever offered a fighter to lay down.

# THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.



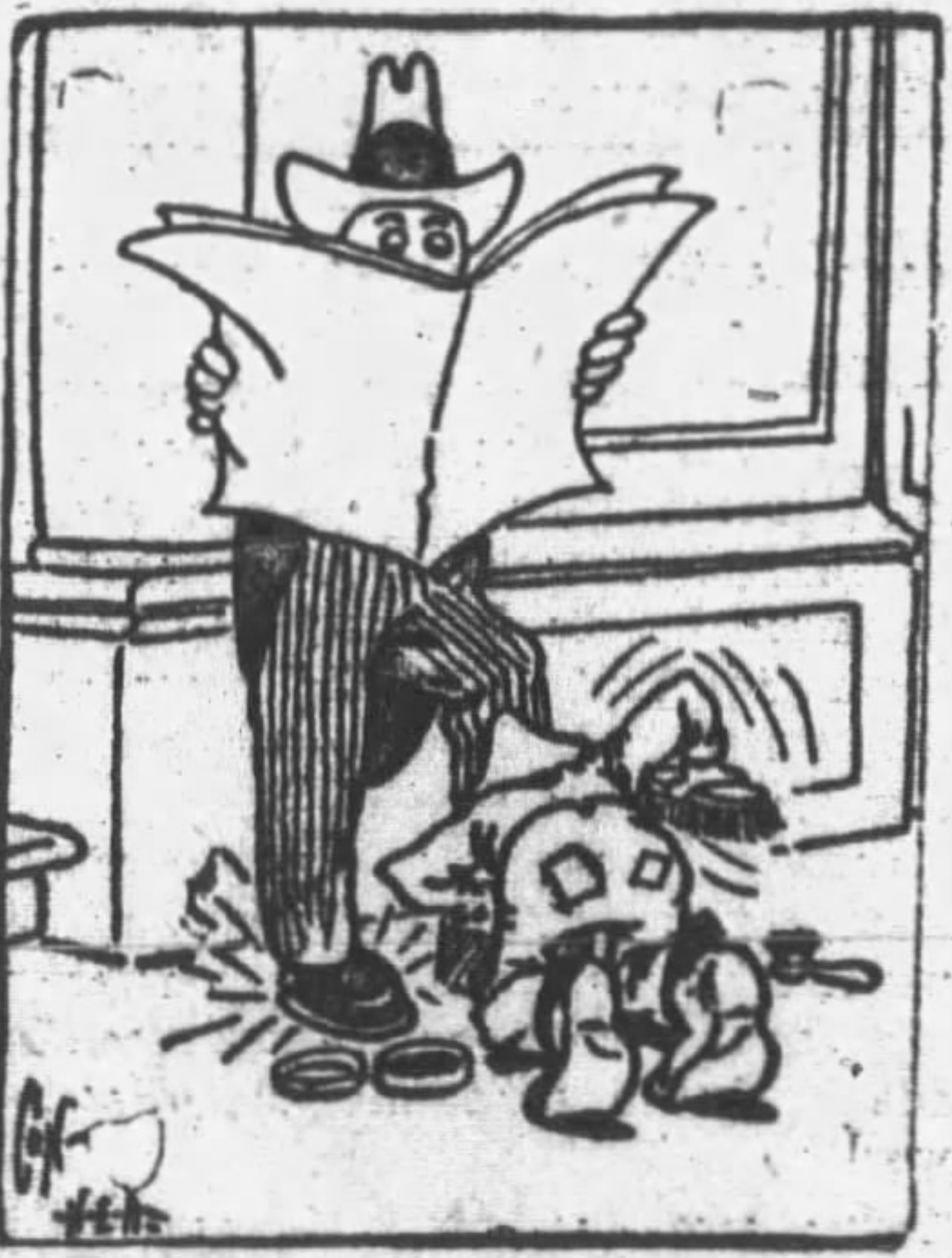
# FISHERMAN'S LUCK


NOW, IF YOU WANT TO GO TO A GOOD PLACE TO FISH, TRY BITE-WELL LAKE. IT KEEPS YOU BUSY PULLING 'EM OUT. I NEVER SAW FISH SO THICK.
THIS IS A FINE PLACE. I'VE FISHED TWELVE HOURS AND HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A BITE!
WALL, THEY AIN'T BITIN' NOW, BUT EF YOU'D BIN HERE SIX WEEKS AGO YOU'D A-FOUND GOOD FISHIN'.
Condo
-N-E-A-

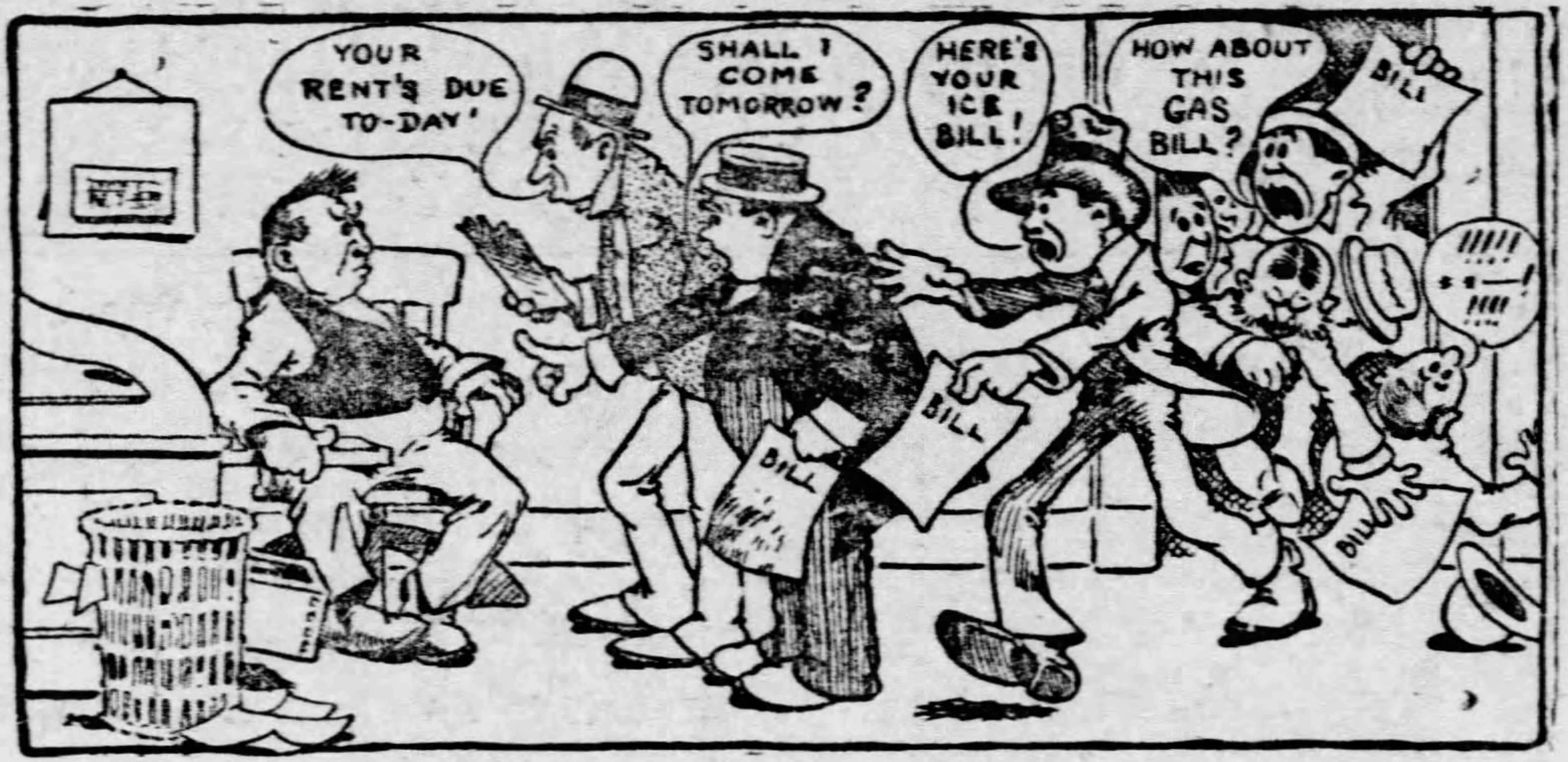


HE HAD GRIP IN ITS WORST FORM

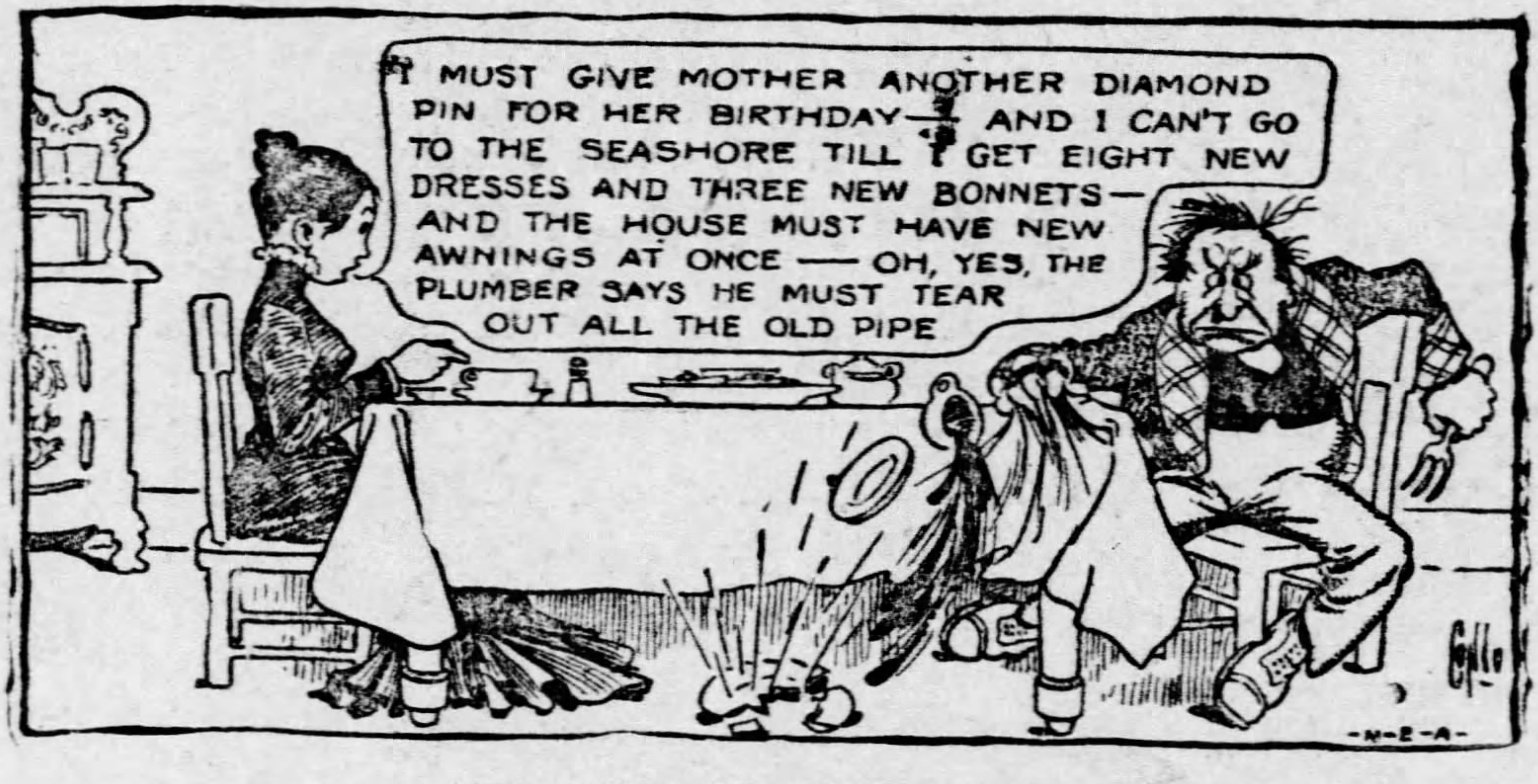
# THE SON WAS SHINING.



# THE WOES OF A MAN

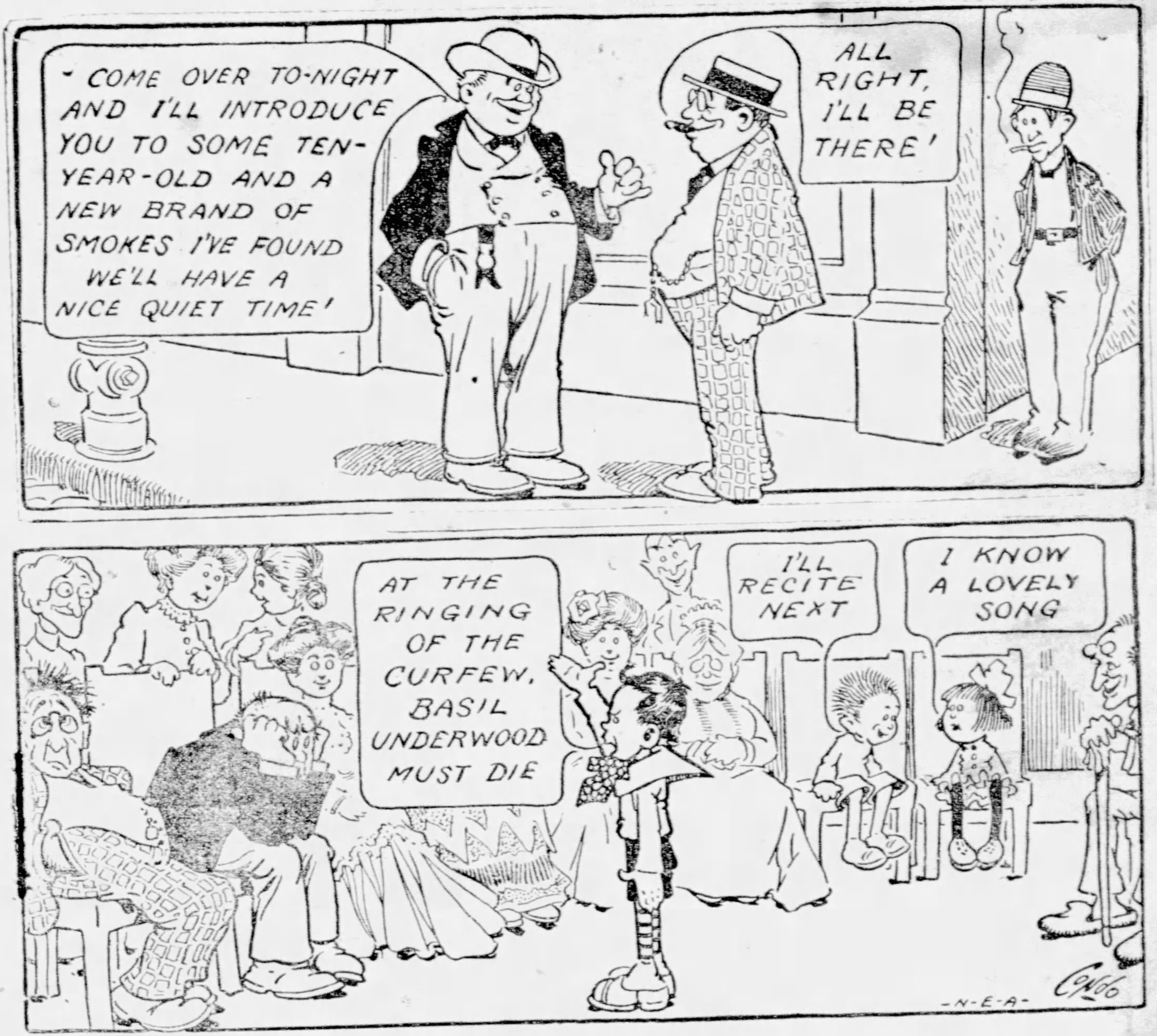

YOUR RENT'S DUE TO-DAY!
SHALL I COME TOMORROW?
HERE'S YOUR ICE BILL!
HOW ABOUT THIS GAS BILL?
BILL
BILL
BILL
BILL
BILL

YOU'RE UP AGAINST THIS ALL DAY.


I MUST GIVE MOTHER ANOTHER DIAMOND PIN FOR HER BIRTHDAY— AND I CAN'T GO TO THE SEASHORE TILL I GET EIGHT NEW DRESSES AND THREE NEW BONNETS— AND THE HOUSE MUST HAVE NEW AWNINGS AT ONCE — OH, YES, THE PLUMBER SAYS HE MUST TEAR OUT ALL THE OLD PIPE
-N-E-A-

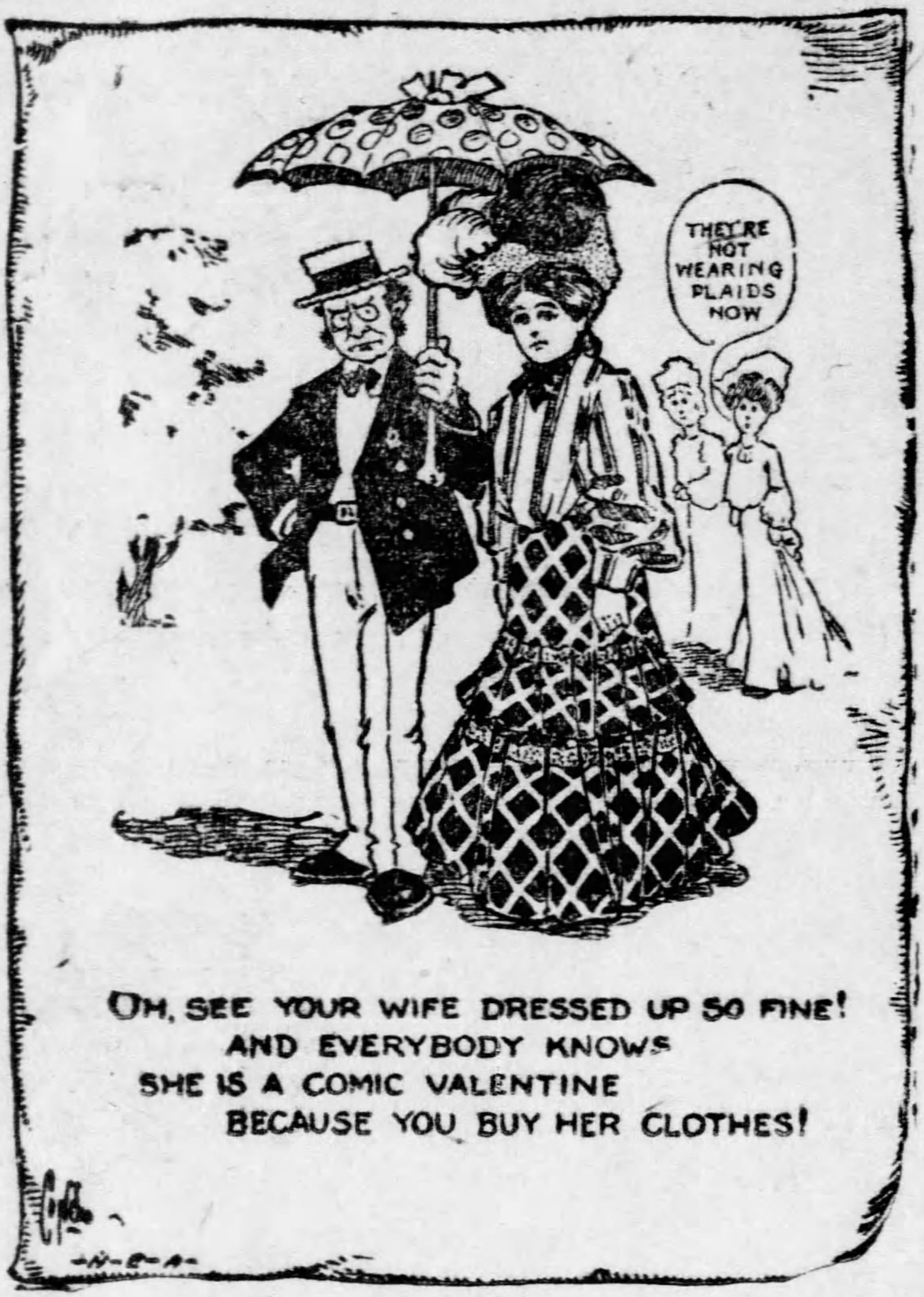
AND WIND UP THIS WAY.

# YOU KNOW HOW IT IS


- COME OVER TO-NIGHT AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME TEN-YEAR-OLD AND A NEW BRAND OF SMOKES I'VE FOUND WE'LL HAVE A NICE QUIET TIME'
ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE THERE'
AT THE RINGING OF THE CURFEW, BASIL UNDERWOOD MUST DIE
I'LL RECITE NEXT
I KNOW A LOVELY SONG
-N-E-A-
Condo

# HE BUYS HER CLOTHES

## And That is the Reason Why His Wife Always Looks Like a Frump and Is Ten Years Behind the Styles


THEY'RE NOT WEARING PLAIDS NOW
OH, SEE YOUR WIFE DRESSED UP SO FINE!
AND EVERYBODY KNOWS
SHE IS A COMIC VALENTINE
BECAUSE YOU BUY HER CLOTHES!
-N-E-A-

It is a question whether he is a little better or a little worse than the stingy man; but better or worse, he is bad enough—this man that buys his wife's clothes without consulting her.

There is, perhaps, one man in 10,000 who can buy wearing apparel for his wife and not make a spectacle of her.

Dress has as much harmony as has music. The woman who is dressed according to the average husband's taste is rag time.

There is a woman with a purple and red plaid skirt, a green and pink striped shirtwaist and a blue and white hat. Well, her husband bought those clothes.

There is another with a pretty white grenadine for every day. It looked so "sweet," so he bought it. Poor thing, she needed a plain brown or black street suit.

"I saw it in a window, dear. It was marked down from $2 to 50 cents a yard. It is about the prettiest piece of goods I ever saw, and it is excellent quality. The clerk said it would wear ten years."

And the wife, choking a sob, must look pleasant and hold up her lips to be kissed. And she knows that it will wear like iron. Hasn't she many times before now scrubbed her elbows up and down the door panels to wear out just such hideous stuff?

She can't dye things. His feelings will be hurt. She can't give them away. In the first place, she dare not; in the second place, she is ashamed to.

She can't lay a horrid dress pattern aside, for if she asks for money to buy a dress before this one is made up and worn out, he will ask, "What has become of the one I bought you?" And she dare not tell the truth, for he meant it for kindness.

It's like putting money into the fire to pay a dressmaker to make it up.

She pays twice what the dress is worth for trimming to tone it down and cover it up.

She finally gets the thing into shape at the cost of two gowns that would be of real service to her, puts it on and goes to the beach with her proud and generous husband, to be looked at and pointed at as a genuine tiger tamer.

And she can't say a word, when he whispers delightedly, "They're all admiring your new dress, dear. I knew it would make a hit!"

A hit! Ye gods!

Still she has to smile and wish inside that his mother had insisted upon his taking painting lessons from the time he was born until his wedding day.

And it will wear ten years!

She stays at home and spills things on it.

It cleans beautifully.

She goes out in the rain.

It is warranted not to spot.

She hangs it in the back yard after John goes down town.

It glares back at the sun defiantly. It won't fade.

There is no help for it, she must resign herself to fate and go looking like a comic valentine for the rest of the 10 years.

And sadder than all, she must always put it on with a pat of appreciation for his dear sake.

# JIM CORBETT GOT SHIVERS WHEN HE FACED FITZSIMMONS

By James J. Corbett.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

George Dixon and Champion Jeffries were the two coolest fighters that ever stepped into a ring.

The former would sit in his dressing room, read the papers and discuss fighters of promise before a battle.

I remember on one occasion the little negro asked for pen and ink. He quietly wrote a letter to a friend in the middle west. Not the least bit of nervousness was displayed, and the letter is today preserved by Dixon's friend as a souvenir of the great little man's nerve.

On another occasion Dixon sent for a bootblack to come and shine a pair of shoes, as he wanted them after the fight, to wear to a dinner to be given in his honor by some friends, if he won.

"CHANCE FOR MITCHELL AND SULLIVAN."

Jeffries' actions are somewhat different, but display even greater coolness than those of Dixon.

When a match is made, Jeff shows great interest and talks to his friends almost continually of the coming struggle. As the date of the battle approaches, Jeff grows indifferent. This is due chiefly to the fact that he realizes his condition is gradually nearing perfection, and that he will be capable of doing his best when he steps into the ring.

I remember before his fight with me at Coney Island, he would ask his friends repeatedly what they thought of his chances, and of course he always received a flattering answer, which, by the way, never carried any weight with the big fellow, even if the opinions were solicited.

The proposition Jeff has to face, never cuts any figure with him in training. He probably worked harder for the Munroe fight than he did for the Fitzsimmons battle, which gave him the title.

Before he shook hands with the miner he chewed gum in an unconcerned manner. One would have thought that he was going to give an exhibition with some friend.

Before his fight with Fitzsimmons, Jeff was joshing with some friends and was late getting into the ring. When he finally arrived, he wore a small cap and heavy sweater, and jumped into the ring with the agility of a cat.

Asked what he thought his chances were against Fitz, Jeff said: "I think I will win. If I don't, I won't make a holler."

Peter Jackson and myself were probably the most nervous of all the big fighters. Jackson, at least an hour before the fight, would begin drinking brandy in small bits.

At the bell Jackson would be keyed to a high pitch and his nervousness would be plain to every spectator for at least two rounds, when he would settle down and work like a whirlwind.

Before I won the title I never appeared on the stage. I was at home in the ring, as much so as at the dinner table. But when I made my first trip around the country as an actor, I lost a lot of coolness. The long strain I was under each day told on me. Consequently, when I met Fitzsimmons I was a different man than when I faced Sullivan; I was extremely nervous.

Bob Fitzsimmons, by the way, always let some one else do his worrying. His wife, he claims, used up enough nervous energy for both. He always held that many a good fighter dropped a battle because he did too much thinking.

Before his fight with Gus Ruhlin, at the Garden, in New York, Fitz went to sleep in his room in a nearby hotel. He had given his trainer instructions not to wake him until the last minute.

The noise and rattle of the cars bothered him and he sought a quieter place, and when the time for the battle came, Fitz was missing. His trainer sought him high and low but his whereabouts was not revealed.

The promoters were worrying their heads off and wondering whether they would have to return the money.

Fitz finally showed up, rubbing his eyes and wondering what all the trouble was about. His rest had done him a world of good, but his wife and promoters considerable harm. He never was in better condition for a fight.

One of the great troubles with young fighters now is that they enter the ring too young.

I mean that they tackle big game too soon after they have had success among the small fry.

Take Eddie Hanlon as an example. Had the 'Frisco boy gone slower, he would today be in the same position, if not higher, than Jimmy Britt. Eddie was anxious to reach the top, and outran himself before he landed.

Look at several others. Terry McGovern was champion at 20 and a back number at 22. "Young Corbett" won the title at 21, and should now be at his best. He has gone back so far that he will never recover the lost ground. Battling Nelson took a long time to rise, but overdid things at the top.

With heavyweights it generally takes longer to come, but the stay is usually of greater length. It now looks as if Jeff was going to break all records for championship reigning.

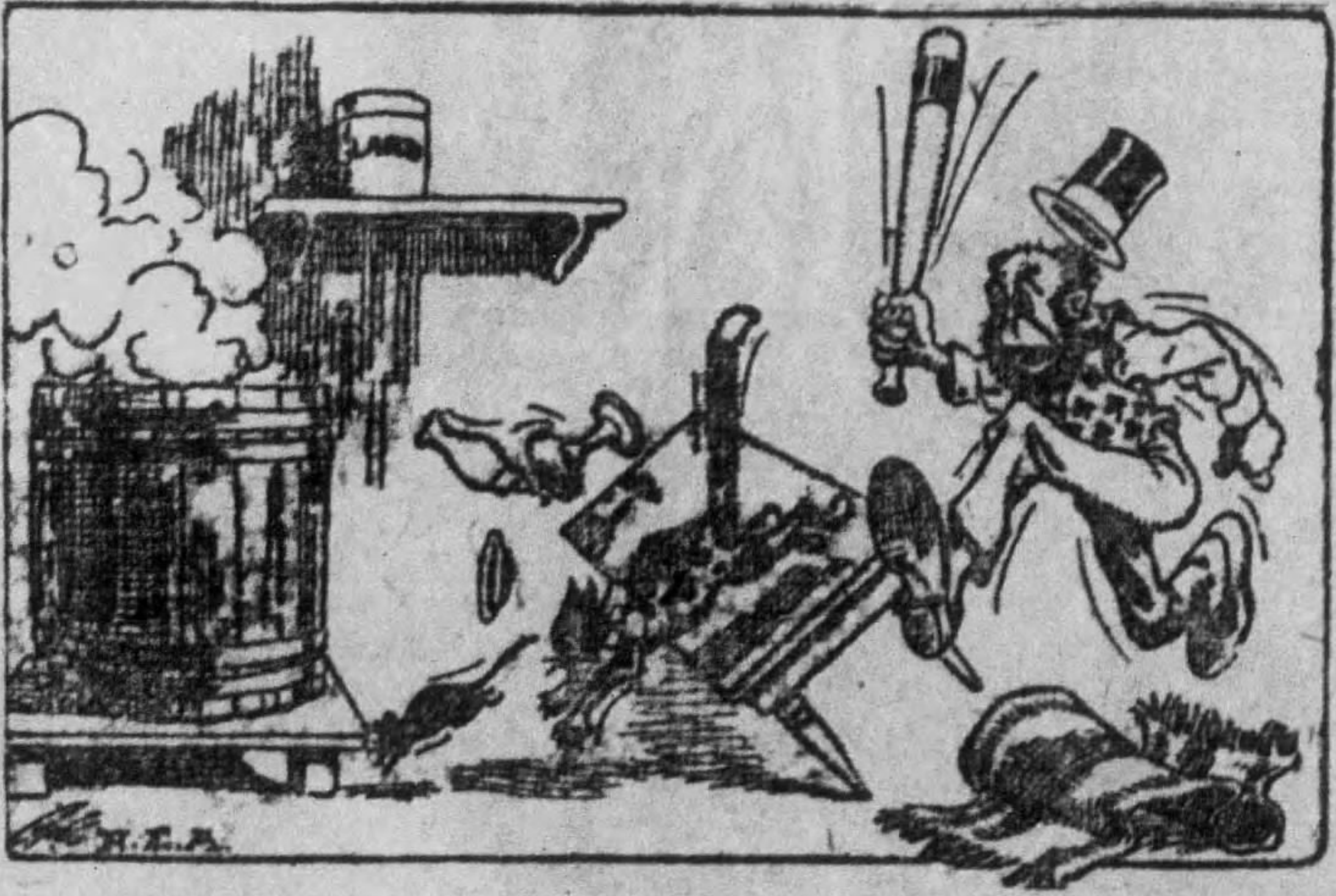
There is one place in the world where fighting is flourishing at the present time, and little is heard of the battles. In far off Alaska, the knight of the padded mitt is enjoying prosperity.

I received a letter from a friend the other day making me an offer to come to the region of ice and snow to meet a local man on Dominion day. I sent word to him that I was no longer in the ring, and informed him of two or three others who would fill the bill.

My friend informs me that he cleaned-up nearly $20,000 in the past three years at the fighting game. This would be a good place to pull off the Mitchell-Sullivan fight.

"I WAS EXTREMELY NERVOUS."

# "ROUGH HOUSE"—PUZZLE PICTURE

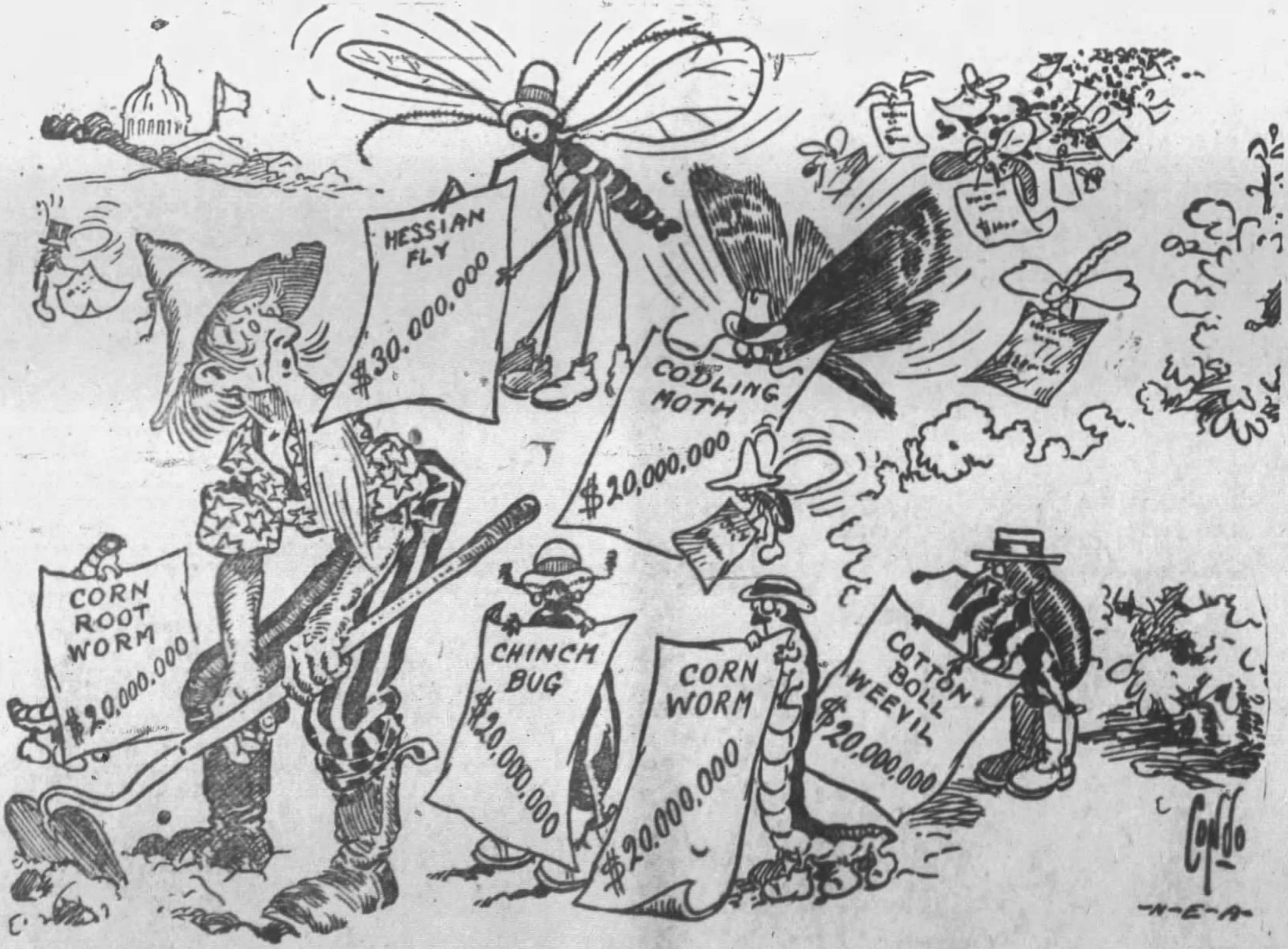


CUT THIS OUT—ANSWER NEXT WEEK.

Among the objects in this picture are eight which represent words of three letters each. Find one of these and by changing the first letter seven times you may find the others.

# INDEMNITY LEVIED ON UNCLE SAM.

### Insects Hold Him Up to the Tune of $700,000,000 Annually and He's Figurin' on Holding a Peace Conference—Startling Story of the Invasion of Mr. Hessian Fly and the Allied Armies of the Powers of Bugland.



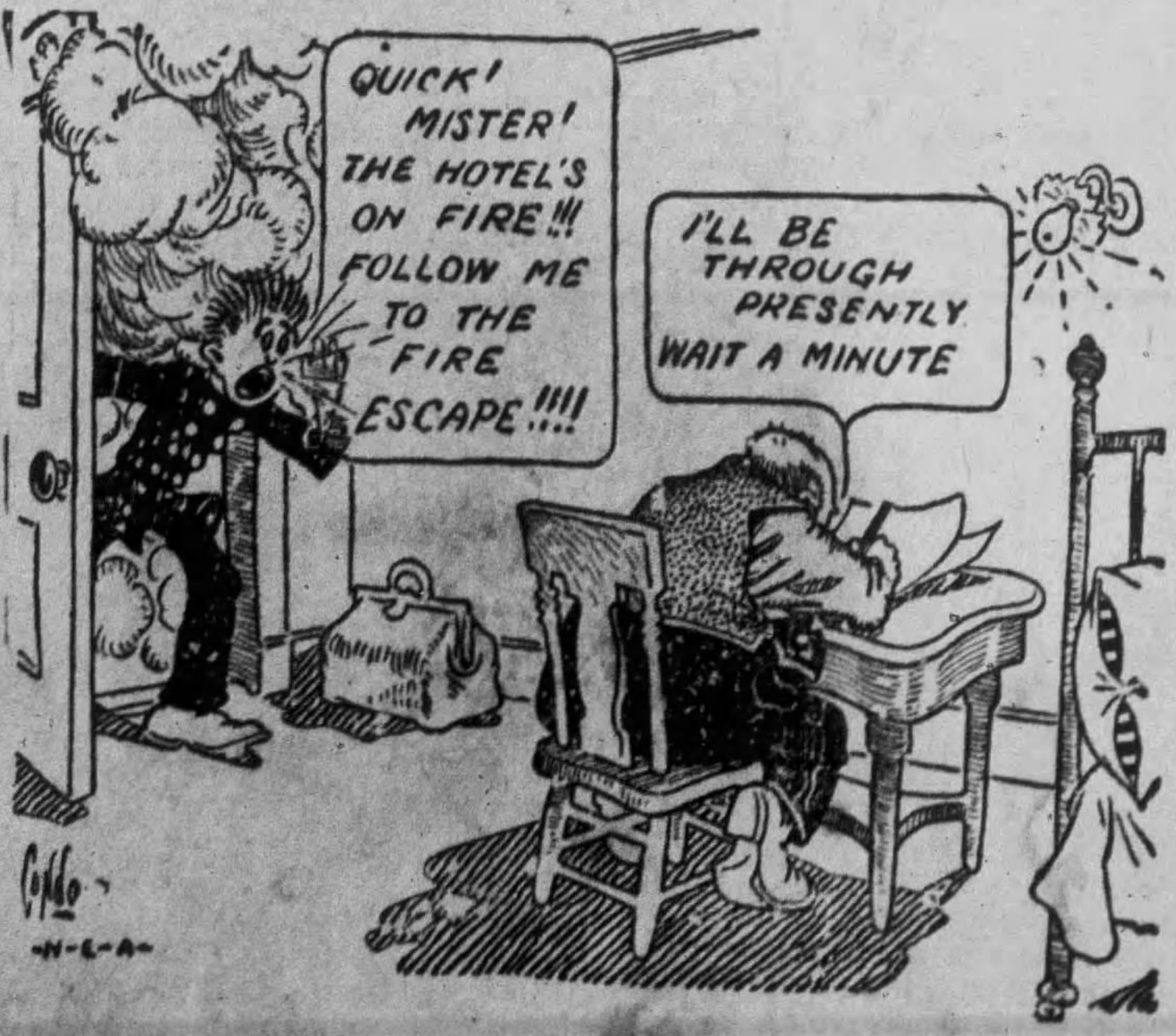
"Insects levy a yearly tax on American farm, orchard and forest products of $700,000,000," says C. L. Marlatt, United States entomologist, in a recent report. This does not include the cost of fighting these pests, which costs $100,000,000 more.

Every crop grown in the United States suffers from insects. The cereals are injured to the extent of $200,000,000; hay, $53,000,000; cotton, $60,000,000; truck crops, $53,000,000,000; fruits, $27,000,000,000; animal products, $175,000,000; forest trees and forest products, $100,000,000, and products in storage, $100,000,000.

The star performer of all the insect pests is the Hessian fly. In 1900 it injured the wheat crop at least $100,000,000 worth, and the loss any one year from it is rarely less than $20,000,000. Only a little behind the wheat fly are five $20,000,000 bugs. These are the corn root worm, corn boll worm, chinch bug, cotton boll worm and codling moth. Then follows a numerous array of third and fourth raters whose annual levies run from five to fifteen millions each, and hosts of little fellows who eat up and destroy annually two or three millions' worth of farm and forest products.

Besides these direct losses, insects cause cause other serious disturbances. A large shortage of any crop, such as is often caused by some insect, causes a greatly increased price for same to the consumer. It may cause commercial disturbance and thus affect large communities very seriously. Another disturbance chargeable to insects is the spreading of disease. Malaria and yellow fever are dependent solely on mosquitoes, typhoid fever is carried by house flies and Texas fever, which causes an annual loss of $100,000,000, is directly traceable to the cattle tick.

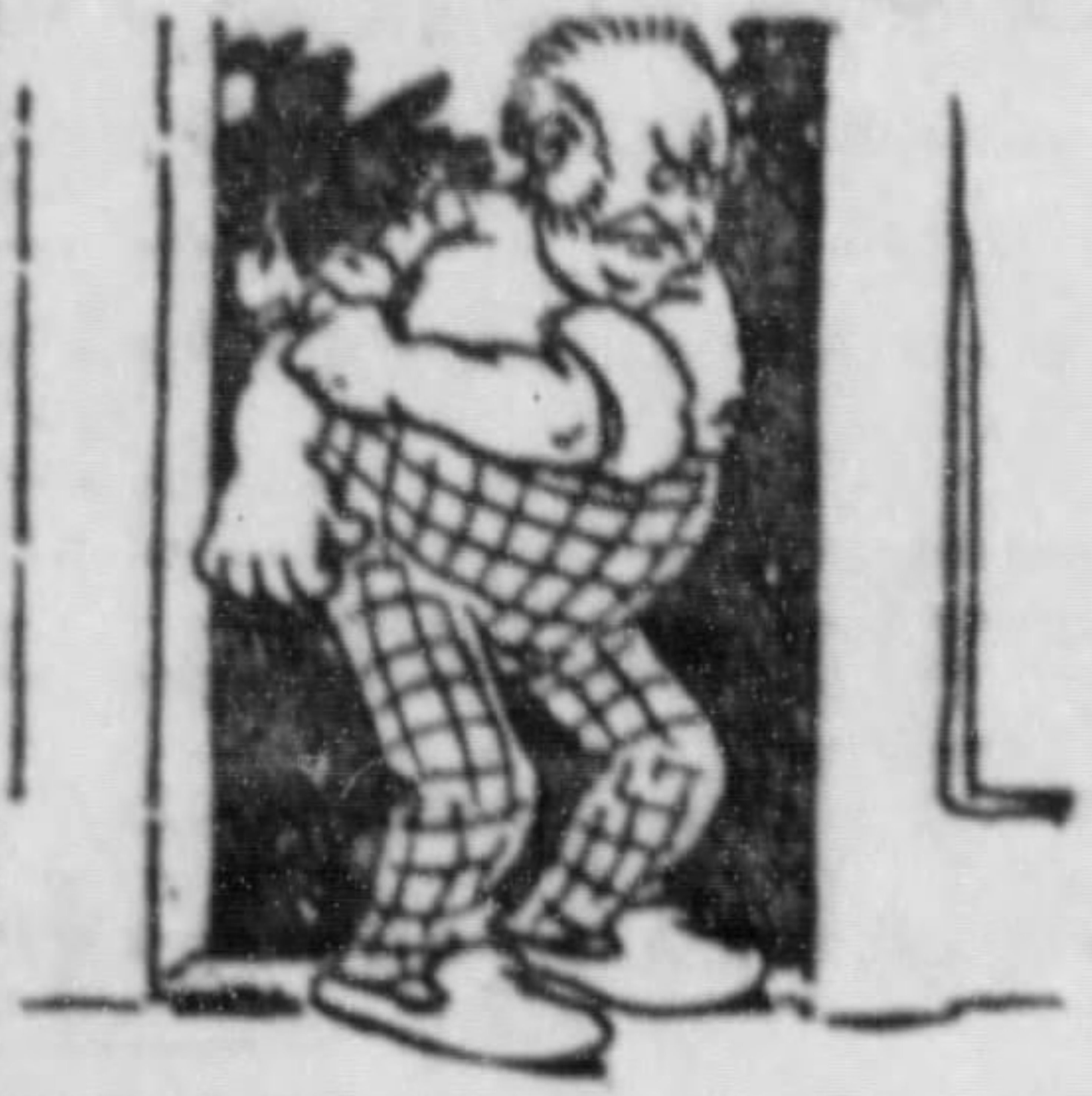
# THE "WAIT A MINUTE MAN"


QUICK! MISTER! THE HOTEL'S ON FIRE!!! FOLLOW ME TO THE FIRE ESCAPE!!!!
I'LL BE THROUGH PRESENTLY WAIT A MINUTE
CONDO
-N-E-A-

# THE COURTSHIP OF A SON OF SWAT

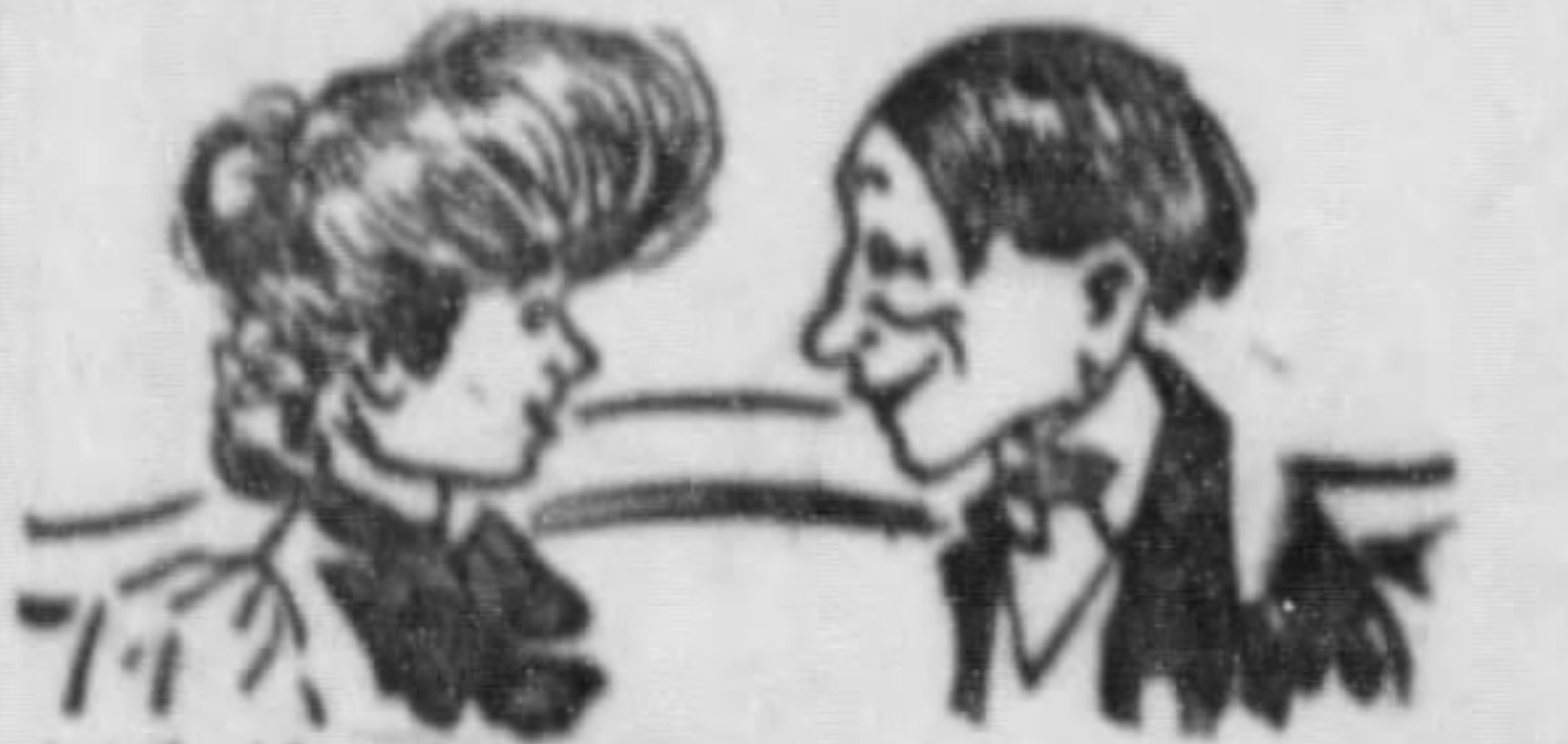
By Grantland Rice

They were seated in the parlor and the lights were burning dim;
He was a diamond hero—she a fan so fair and trim.
But he knew not as he "opened up the game" by murm'ring "Love,"



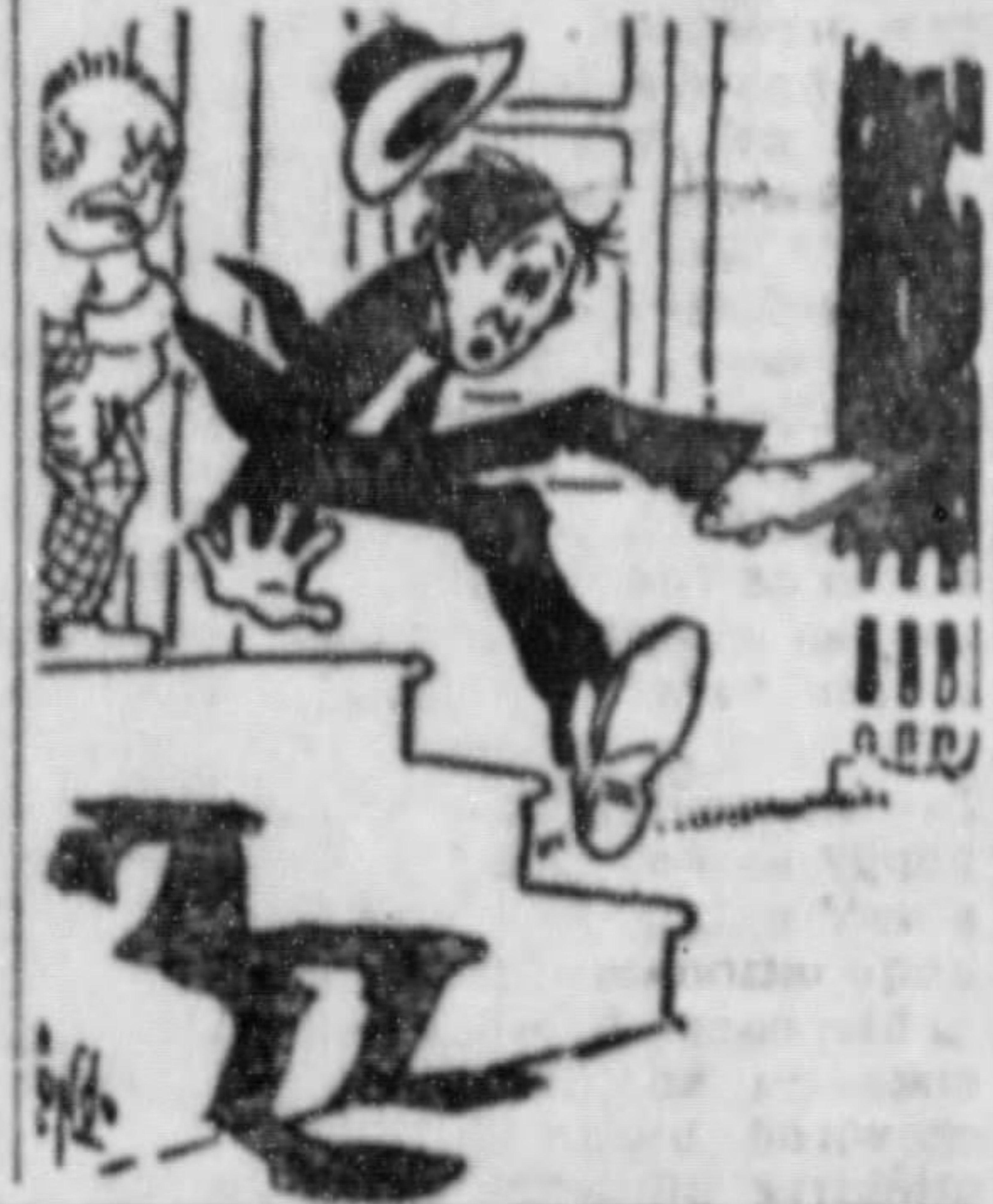
That father was the umpire, on the stairway, just above.

"I'd like to win this game," he said. "With me you've 'made a hit.'
'Your curves are good,' 'you have the speed' and you are 'looking fit.'

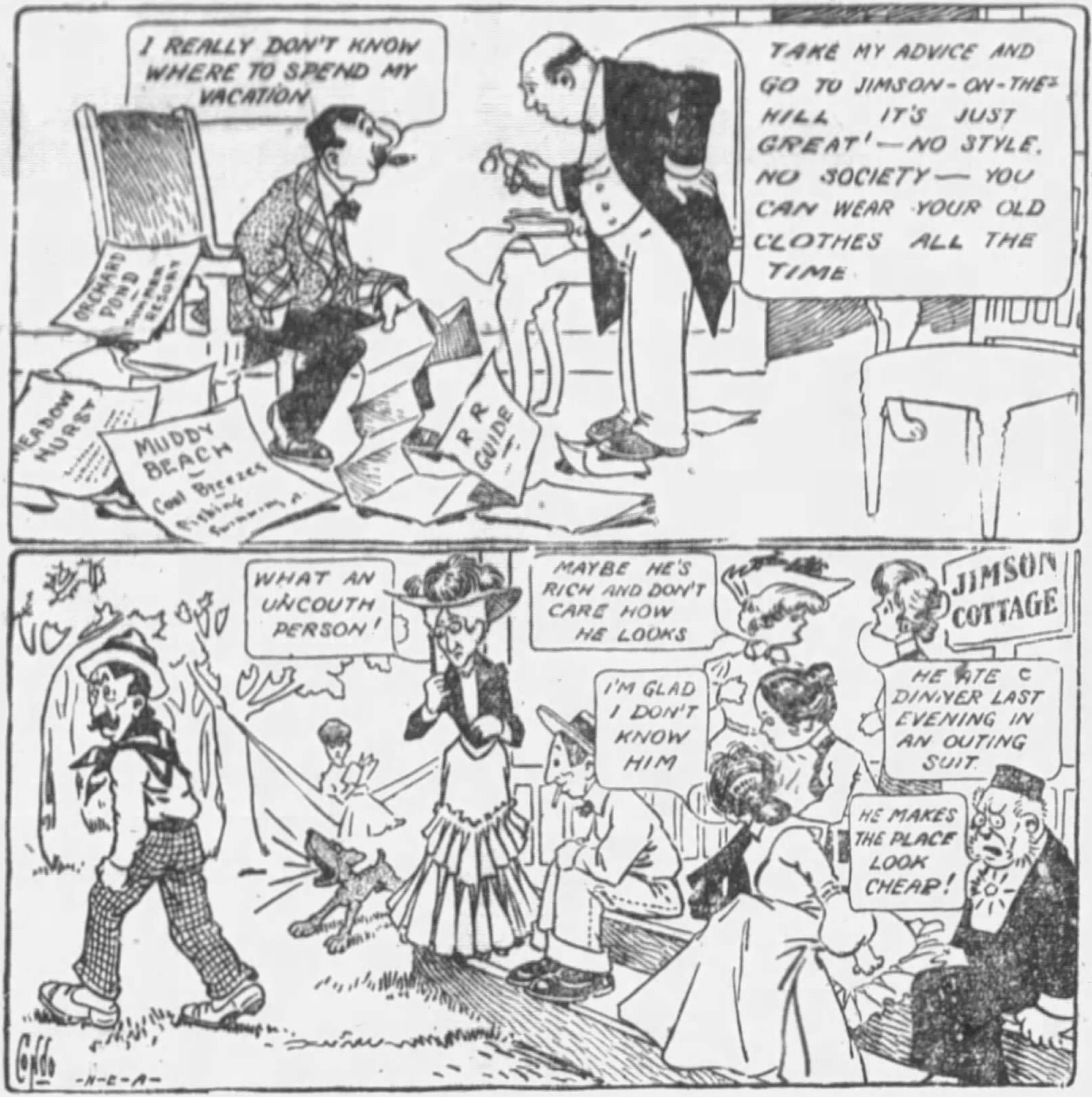


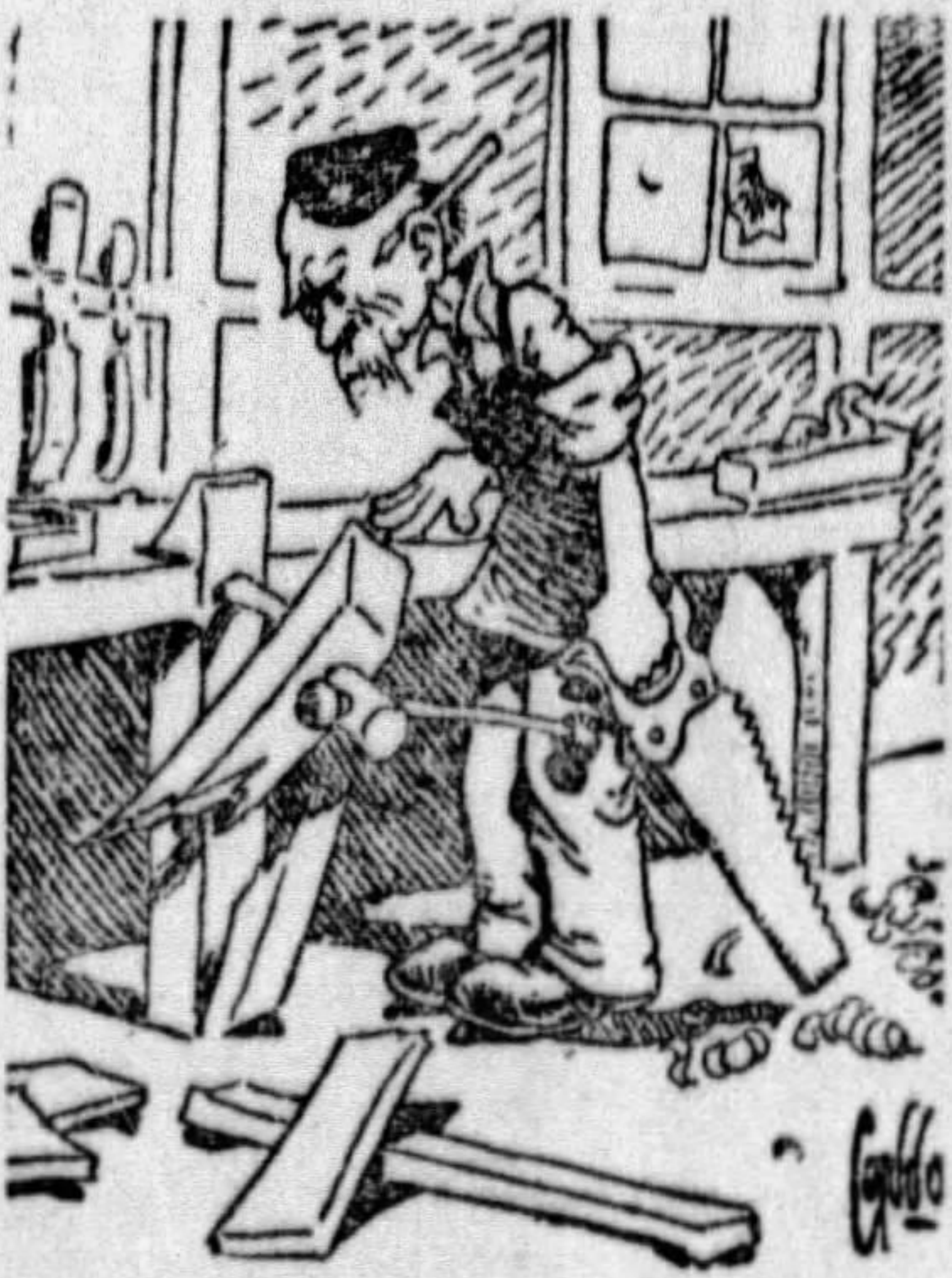
And if with you, my turtle dove, I make a hit likewise,
Won't you help me 'advance a bit' and make 'a sacrifice?'"
She answered: "How's your 'salary whip?' I hope it isn't lame;
If so, there's nothing left for me except 'postpone the game.'"
The umpire on the stairs above remarked: "It's time that I
Called this young man out, 'stealing home,' before 'the game's a tie.'"
"I want a 'free pass' to your heart," he kept on with a sigh,
And straightway "whipped one round her neck," the other was "waist high."
Just here the umpire butted in. She gasped, "Oh, father, please,
There's nothing wrong, for George is only showing me the 'squeeze.'"

"All right," the irate umpire said, "I'll just keep up the fun
By showing George another play that's called the 'hit and run.'"
He "swung hard" and George started home, then came another clout
The son of swat slid down the steps, the umpire said, "'You're out.'"



# YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.

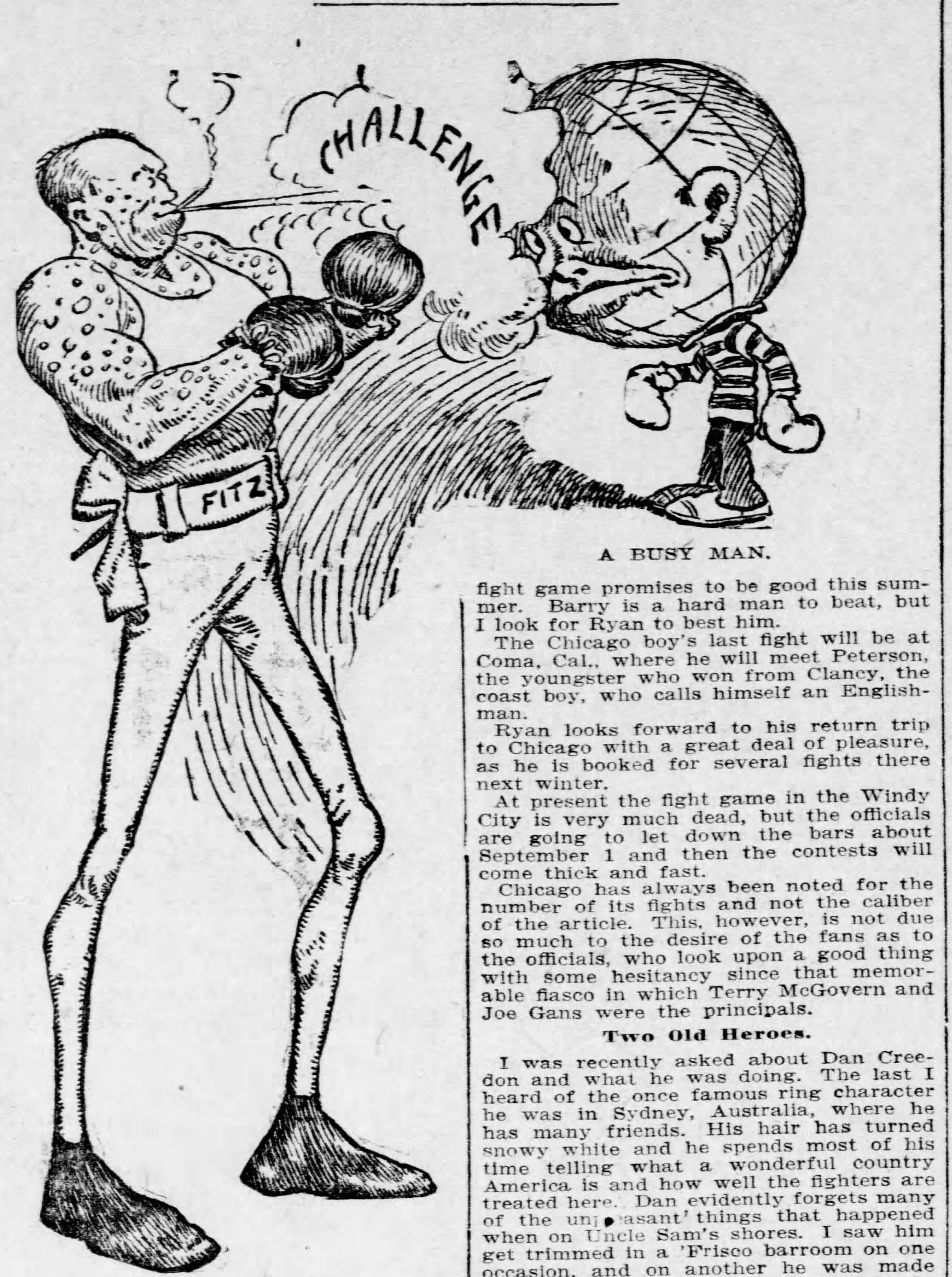

I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO SPEND MY VACATION
TAKE MY ADVICE AND GO TO JIMSON-ON-THE-HILL IT'S JUST GREAT!—NO STYLE, NO SOCIETY—YOU CAN WEAR YOUR OLD CLOTHES ALL THE TIME
ORCHARD POND
SUMMER RESORT
MEADOW HURST
MUDDY BEACH
Cool Breezes
Fishing
Swimming
R R GUIDE
WHAT AN UNCOUTH PERSON!
MAYBE HE'S RICH AND DON'T CARE HOW HE LOOKS
JIMSON COTTAGE
I'M GLAD I DON'T KNOW HIM
HE ATE DINNER LAST EVENING IN AN OUTING SUIT
HE MAKES THE PLACE LOOK CHEAP!
Condo
-N-E-A-



He Had One Bad Vice.

# ONLY TITLE FOR BEATEN FIGHTERS IS HAS-BEEN

## Jim Corbett Declares That No Championship Contest Is Possible Without Jim Jeffries in It as One of the Principals



A BUSY MAN.

### BY JAMES J. CORBETT.

(Copyright, 1905, by Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

I see that Bob Fitzsimmons has issued a challenge to fight the writer or any other man for the world's championship title.

I cannot see how anybody but Jeffries can take part in such a contest with Bob. Both he and I have been whipped fairly by Jeff, and unless he participates no title can change hands save the has-been championship, and, personally, I believe that Charlie Mitchell and Mr. Sullivan have the call on us for such a battle.

The papers have been full of talk about Jeff passing up the title. However he has no right to assume such a power, and until he is whipped he will remain king of the heavies.

If Jeff retires, then he takes with him the title, and if it were possible for Fitzsimmons and myself to meet and decide the matter, I feel that the public would look upon the whole thing in a way that would not be flattering to either of us.

Of all the men prominent in pugilistic circles when Jeff won the title, not one is left who would have a show with him. Therefore, the old championship is really dead.

Now to turn to the new men with whom the public has yet to become better acquainted, I am of the opinion that Hart, Root or some other comparatively young man, say Berger, the amateur, would suit the public better. Let these men get together and decide which is best of the lot and then let him try conclusions with Jeff.

Hart seems the logical proposition and I believe he is the most popular with the public, although the sporting authorities have not taken to him any too favorably. He is a young, aggressive fellow, and has more nerve than nine-tenths of the fighters of the past decade. Regardless of the great difference in weight and physical strength and the criticism of his fighting ability, I believe a clash between he and any of the other comers, followed by a fight with Jeff, would be a popular move.

### An Appreciation of Delaney.

In speaking of Jeffries' retirement the name of "Billy" Delaney, the greatest trainer ever associated with the ring, is recalled vividly. "Billy" has handled a lot of men in his 30 years of work. It was through his conscientious efforts that I was able to retain my physical conditiion under the intense strain while at the top of the ladder, and had I followed his advice I might be better off today.

When Delaney took hold of Jeff he said he would make him a world's champion before many moons had passed over the big boilermaker's head, and he carried out his plans.

When Jeff was training for his last battle with Fitz, reports came thick and fast from the big fellow's camp that no one could control him, and that Delaney was so discouraged that he was about ready to quit.

But that was not the case. Delaney had his plan of fitting Jeff for the Cornishman, and he had no trouble maintaining discipline.

Then, when the Munroe match was arranged, Jeff was about down and out physically as far as fight went. Delaney took hold of him and with that wonderful foresight he has always been noted for, soon had him coming fast. Then the accident befell Jeff which caused the postponement of the battle.

Jeff wanted to beat Munroe, and he told Delaney before the work of conditioning began that he was to be in better condition than ever before in his life. Delaney would not consider the wishes of the Munroe people when they asked that the battle be carried out as planned. Jeff wanted to go on, but "Billy" said "No," and that settled it.

The fight fans never knew the superb condition Jeff was in for the battle with the miner. He trained more conscientiously than for any of his previous battles. Never did a pugilist step into a ring more determined upon giving his opponent a worse beating.

The question of whipping Munroe never entered Jeff's mind. The only idea he entertained was, how he could give the miner the most disgraceful beating. He even went so far as to discuss with his seconds whether it wouldn't be a good idea to go to Munroe slowly in order to beat him down in a sickening manner.

When Jeff announced that he would quit, it was at Delaney's suggestion, and "Billy" followed suit. He packed up his training duds and hustled off to California. He is getting old and is anxious to quit the ring for the simple life.

In addition to handling Jeff and myself, Delaney's name is associated with such men as "Buffalo" Costello, Jack Brady, Mike Conley, Mike Cleary and Denver Ed Martin.

### Buddy Ryan Is Busy.

No fighter in the limelight today is leading a more strenuous life than "Buddy" Ryan, the Chicago lad. Ryan has mapped out a hard trip and is off to win new laurels in the far west. His first engagement was at Butte, on July 4, when he toed the mark with George Herbert in a 20-round battle.

Ryan is next booked to try conclusions with Dave Barry at Portland, where the fight game promises to be good this summer. Barry is a hard man to beat, but I look for Ryan to best him.

The Chicago boy's last fight will be at Coma, Cal., where he will meet Peterson, the youngster who won from Clancy, the coast boy, who calls himself an Englishman.

Ryan looks forward to his return trip to Chicago with a great deal of pleasure, as he is booked for several fights there next winter.

At present the fight game in the Windy City is very much dead, but the officials are going to let down the bars about September 1 and then the contests will come thick and fast.

Chicago has always been noted for the number of its fights and not the caliber of the article. This, however, is not due so much to the desire of the fans as to the officials, who look upon a good thing with some hesitancy since that memorable fiasco in which Terry McGovern and Joe Gans were the principals.

### Two Old Heroes.

I was recently asked about Dan Creedon and what he was doing. The last I heard of the once famous ring character he was in Sydney, Australia, where he has many friends. His hair has turned snowy white and he spends most of his time telling what a wonderful country America is and how well the fighters are treated here. Dan evidently forgets many of the unpleasant things that happened when on Uncle Sam's shores. I saw him get trimmed in a 'Frisco barroom on one occasion, and on another he was made the laughing stock of a party of backwoodsmen, who took advantage of his intoxicated condition.

ANXIOUS TO LIVE THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The name of Creedon calls to mind another almost immortal ring name—Jimmy Barron. Jim, at the present time, is a breeder of the finest kennel of bulldogs in Australia. He has promised to send me one, which I will place in my kennel and probably show on the bench.

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### Bellevernon Won Opener.

The opening game of the Monongahela Valley League was played at Charleroi, between the Bellevernon and Charleroi. It was a pitchers' battle. The features of the game were the fielding of Pegg for Charleroi and the hitting of Haywood for Bellevernon. Score:

| Bellev'n. | R | H | P | A | E | Charleroi. | R | H | P | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hayw'd 3. | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | Pegg m.... | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Under'd 1. | 0 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 | Urben s... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Jenkins l.. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Orr c...... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Hump'rs 2. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | Lytle 1.... | 0 | 0 | 14 | 0 | 0 |
| Hump'rs p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | Miller l.... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Fechter s. | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 | Methers 2.. | 0 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 0 |
| Winfield c. | 0 | 0 | 9 | 2 | 1 | Cratty 3... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 |
| Allen m.. | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Bultz r.... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wilkin'n r. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Herrod p... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 1 |
| Carson m.. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Totals .. | 3 | 5 | 27 | 10 | 2 | Totals ... | 1 | 4 | 27 | 18 | 2 |

Bellevernon ..........1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—3
Charleroi ............0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1

Two-base hits—Miller. Three-base hits—Wilkinson, Mathers, Pegg. Home runs—None. Sacrifice hits—Urben, Underwood and Cratty. Stolen bases—Feichter, Jenkins, Mathers. Double plays—None. Hit by pitcher—Fechter. Base on balls—None. Struck out—By W. Humphries, 8; by Herro, 0. Wild pitch—None. Time of game—1:34. Umpire—Ed Drum. Attendance—800.

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### Squeeze Play Failed to Work.

Beaver Falls, Pa., July 8.The Athletics won from the Steel Car Forge team of Ellwood City in the tenth inning today, with one man down. The squeeze play was tried in the ninth with three on bases, but it failed to work. Washington plays here Thursday. Score:

| Athletics. | R | H | P | A | E | Ellwood. | R | H | P | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Oxley 1.... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | Bokam'r s. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| M'Anlis 3. | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 | Lewis 1.... | 0 | 0 | 14 | 0 | 0 |
| Porter s... | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | Turner l.. | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Eakin m.. | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Robbins m. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Weagly 1. | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 | 1 | M'Murdo r. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Harvey 2. | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Sward'n 3. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Shaner r.. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Gillespie 2. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Garvey c. | 0 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 | Floring p. | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Hag'mn p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | Twigg c... | 1 | 2 | 9 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals .. | 2 | 8 | 31 | 10 | 3 | Totals .. | 1 | 4 | 32 | 9 | 2 |

Athletics ........ 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—2
Ellwood City .... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1

Two-base hits—Floring, Porter. Sacrifice hits—Weagley, Turner. Stolen bases—McAnlis 2, Harvey 2, Eakin, Oxley, Bookamer 2, Turner. Struck out—By Haggerman 7, by Floring 5. Double play—Lewis and Twigg. Umpire—Kazer.

---

### Wilkinsburg Wins Again.

Wilkinsburg Athletics added another to their line of victories by defeating the Pittsburg A. A. by a score of 12 to 5. Score:

| Wilkins | R | H | P | A | E | P. A. A. | R | H | P | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wright 2. | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | Shankey 3. | 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Bien 3.... | 0 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | Hastings 2. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Dipple 1... | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Smith c... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Bean r.... | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Gold s.... | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Bunker m. | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Wier l..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Flager s.. | 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | Marsula p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Oxnard 1.. | 1 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 1 | Jenkins m. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Moore c... | 1 | 2 | 7 | 1 | 0 | Nieman r.. | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Orton p... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | Shields 1... | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals . | 12 | 14 | 27 | 15 | 4 | Totals ... | 5 | 7 | 27 | 7 | 3 |

Wilkinsburg ........3 1 2 0 0 2 1 3 x—12
Pittsburg ...........0 0 1 2 1 0 0 1 0— 5

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### Jones Invincible.

Franklin, Pa., July 8.—Jones was invincible and Franklin won with ease. The features of the game were the batting of Cole and Brown. Score:

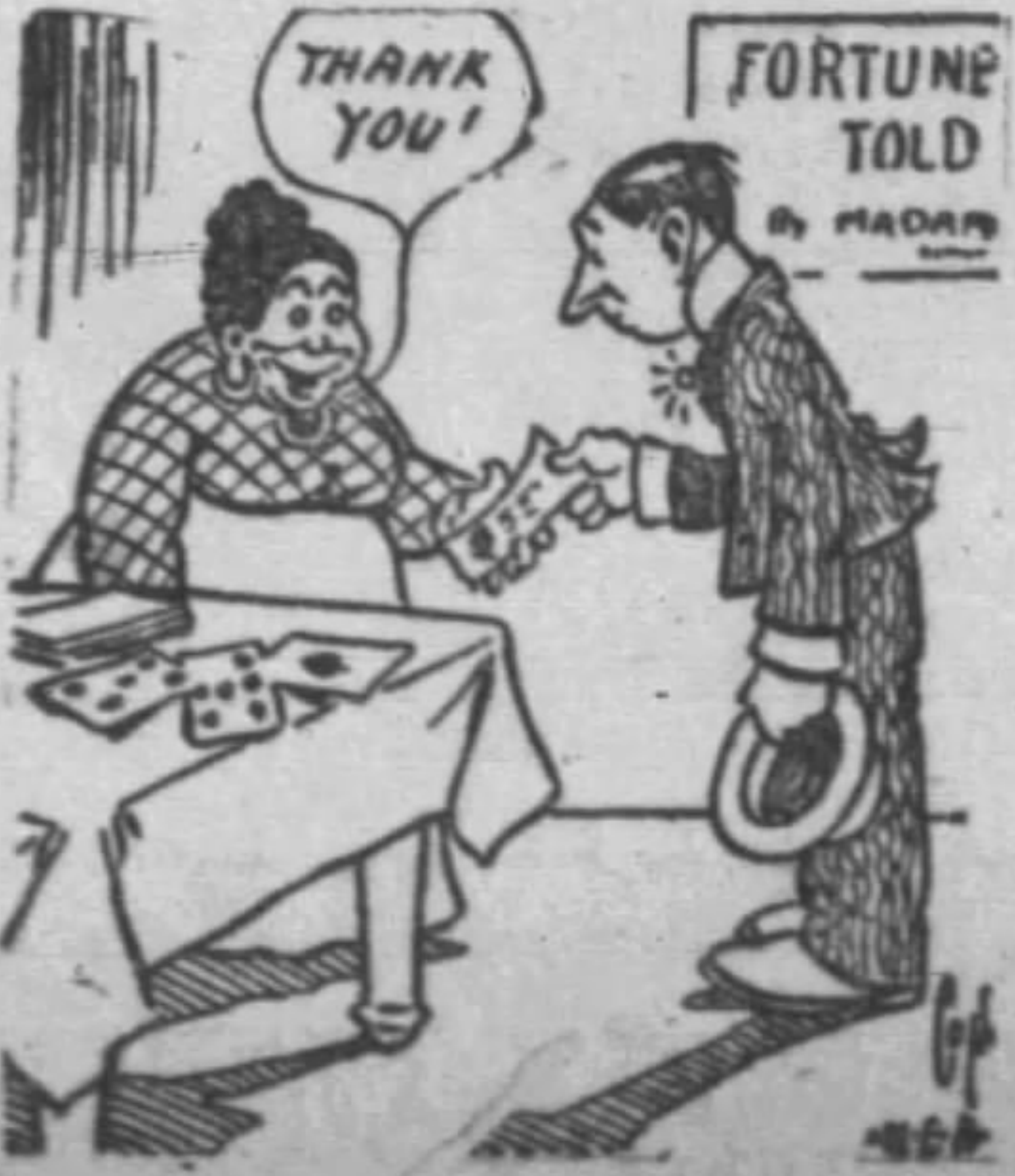
Erie ..................1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Franklin ............0 1 0 0 0 0 3 2 x—6

---

### Oil City Made Good Finish.

At Titusville—
Titusville ... ... 1 0 2 0 0 0 1 3 *—7
Oil City National... 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 3—5

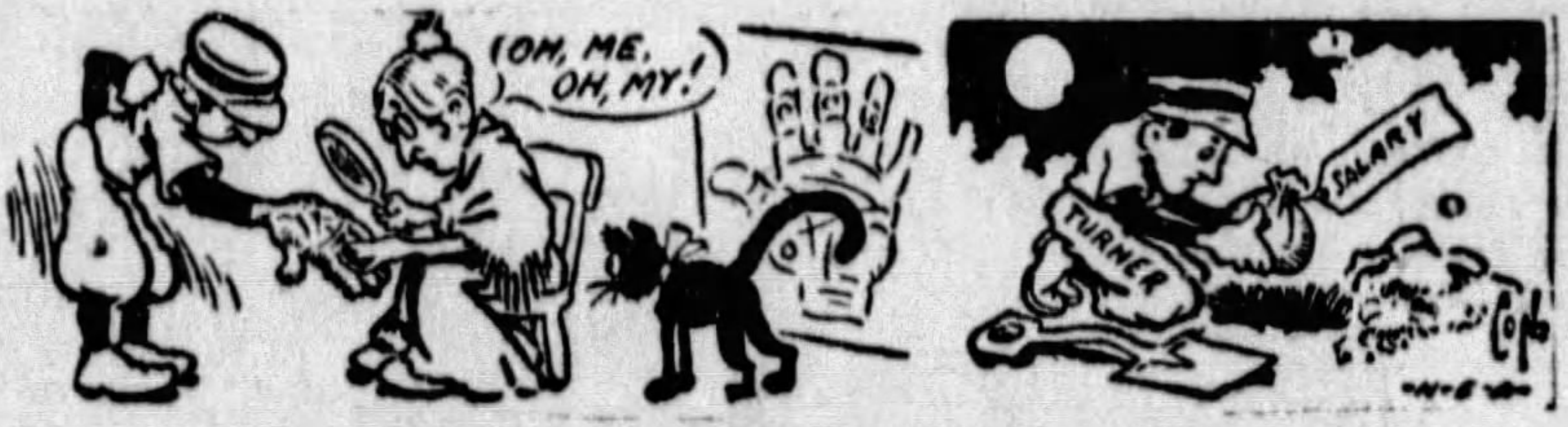
# THE HAPPY MEDIUM.


THANK YOU!
FORTUNE TOLD By MADAM
Cop

# Warner's Hands

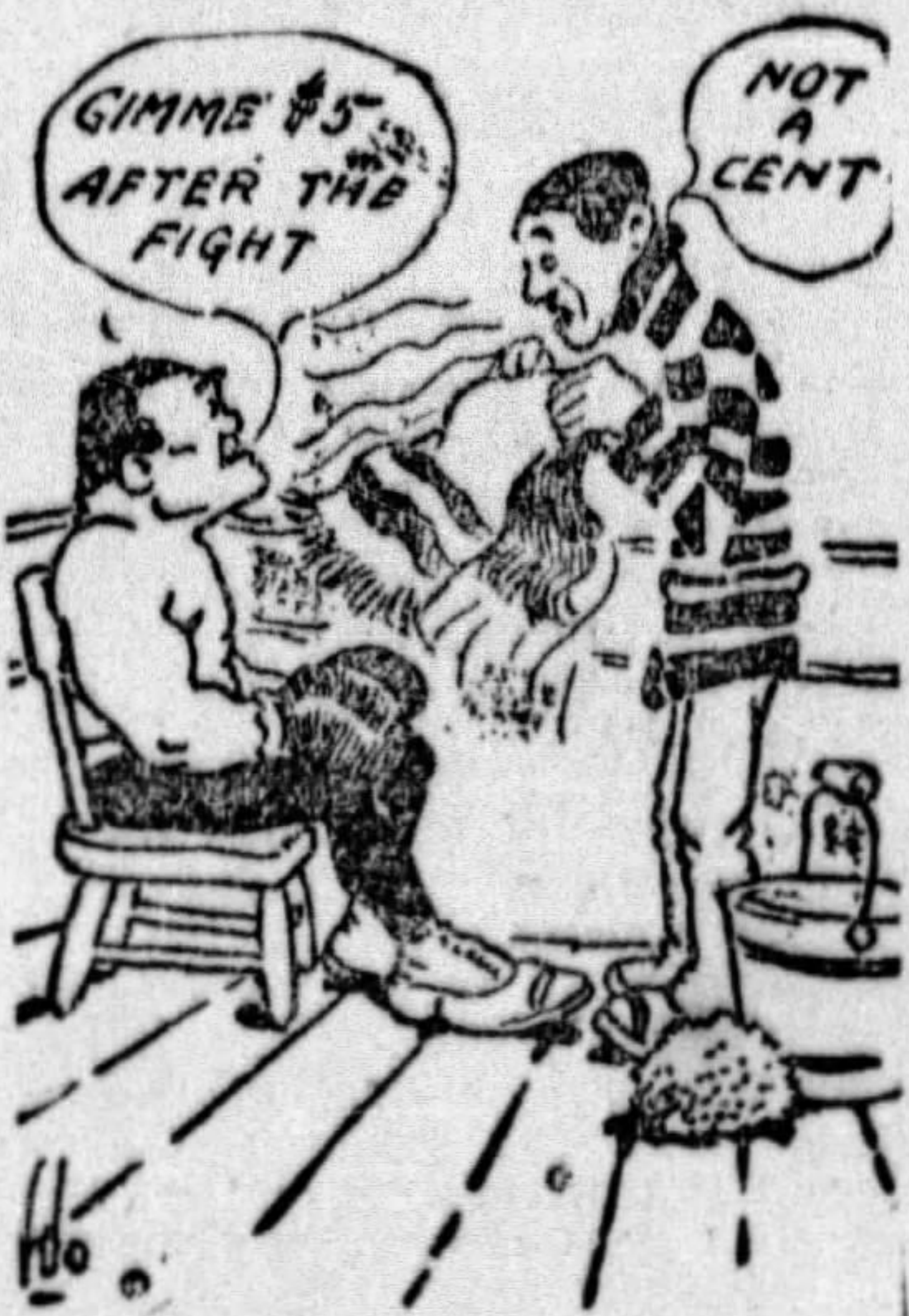
### WERE VIEWED BY THE FORTUNE TELLER AND

# Balked Palmist



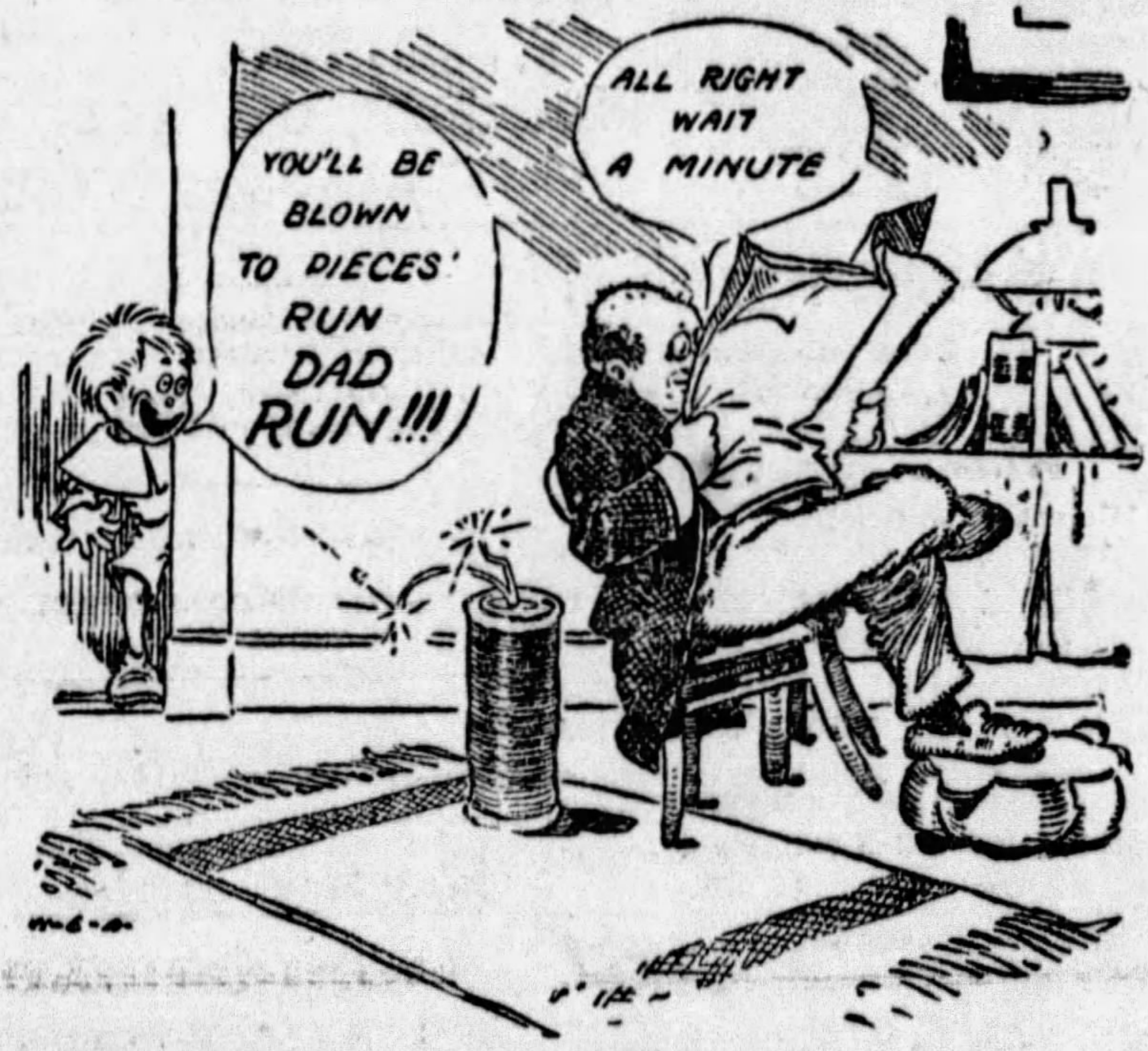
Catcher Jack Warner, of the St. Louis Nationals, believes more or less in fortune telling and often consults the seers. One day last fall, while with the Giants on the road, Jack read the advertisement of a palmist who promised to tell all sorts of things, past, present and future, for the insignificant sum of eight bits. By doubling the sum one could learn twice as much, so Jack took a fall out of old lady Fortune and called at the house where black cats, cobwebs, etc., played stellar roles.

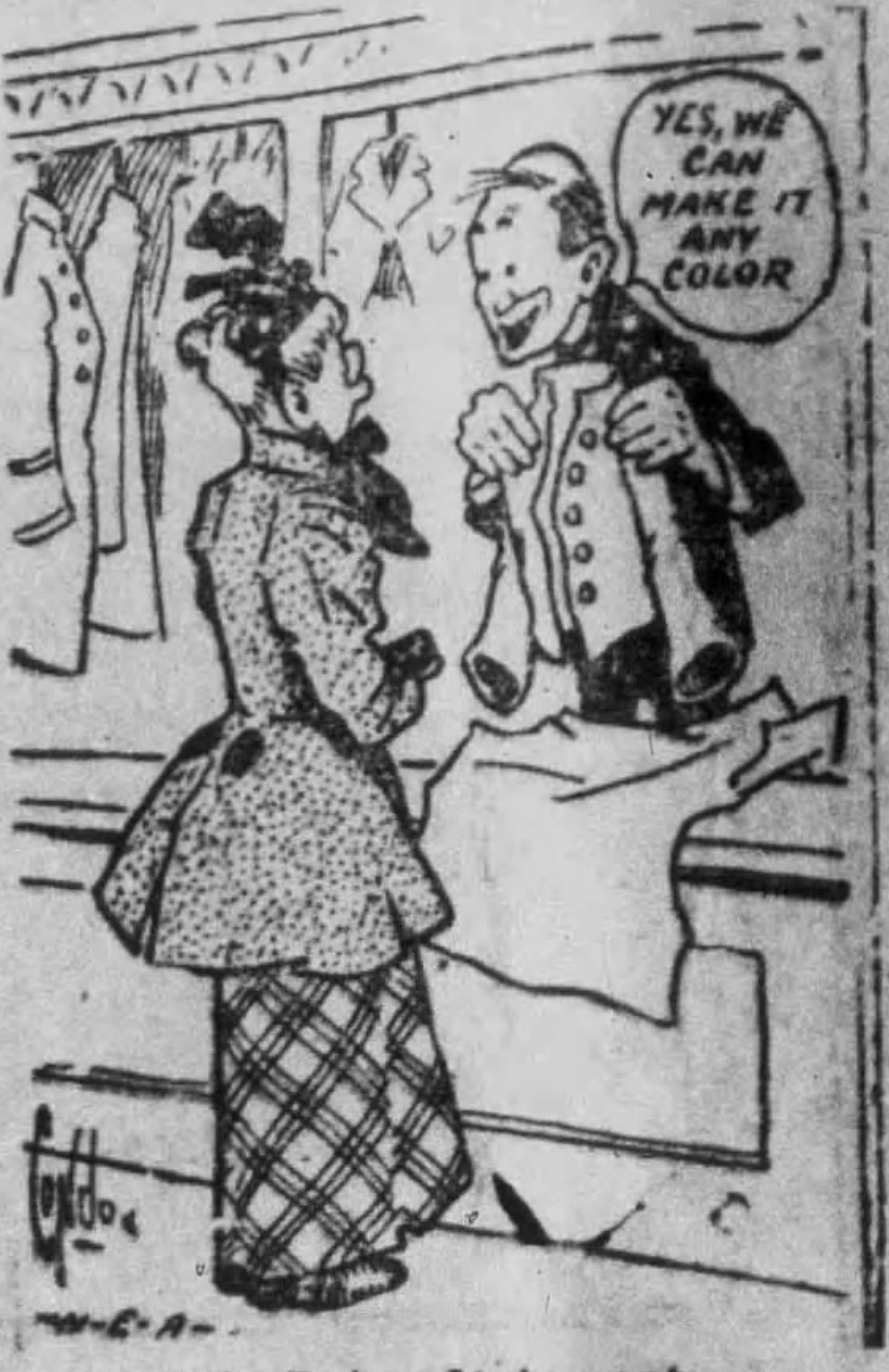
Now Jack's years back of the willow, stopping the benders of the human catapults, have left their imprint upon his palms, and when the seeress gazed over his weather-beaten, ball-marred hand she suggested that the best thing she could do would be to take a war map of the Japanese-Russian engagements and apply them to the case. Her private opinion, she said, was that there would be cyclones and violent disturbances throughout the universe.


GIMME $5— AFTER THE FIGHT
NOT A CENT
-N-E-A-

He Was a Close Second.

# THE "WAIT A MINUTE" MAN

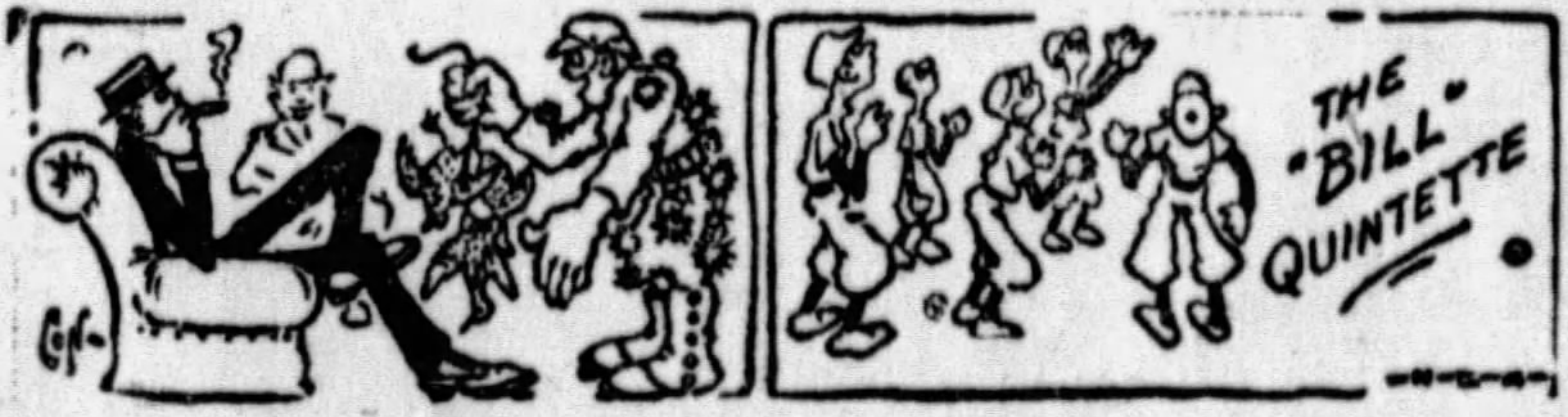

YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES! RUN DAD RUN!!!
ALL RIGHT WAIT A MINUTE
11-6-10


YES, WE CAN MAKE IT ANY COLOR

His Dying Statement.

# Many Bills With Larry's Bluebirds......

### How "Bill" Armour Prevented Disaster Among Five of Cleveland's "Bills."



During the spring practice of the Cleveland team in 1904, at San Antonio, all the players were in uniform one sunny morning, when Joss knocked a high infield fly.

"Bill! Bill!" shouted Capt. Lajoie.

And then something happened. "Bill" Bradley, "Bill" Lush, "Bill" Bernhard, "Bill" Schwartz and "Bill" O'Hara started for the landing place, heads up, eyes on the ball. The result might have been disastrous had not "Bill" Armour, then manager, kept his wits intact and stopped four of the "Bills" by ordering "Bill" Bradley to take the ball.

---

Some day, when "Rube" Waddell loses his speed (of head), some wise old owl may get something on him, but Connie Mack would pay well for the receipt if it could be delivered before the eccentric larboard pill propeller loses his effectiveness.

The stories told of George Edward have been numerous, but here's one from Elmer Bates that looks 18-karat fine:

"When the Athletics wer in training camp a year or so ago, 'Rube' disappeared early one morning and did not come back until dusk. Connie Mack was worried, and began to show it plainly, when his fears were calmed by the appearance of the hatchet-faced pitcher.

"Waddell was right there with an explanation that was a dream. He carried a shotgun and game bag as he entered the hotel, and went straight to his room. Soon he re-entered the lobby and strode up to Mack, a happy smile spread all over his face, and holding out three fat quail.

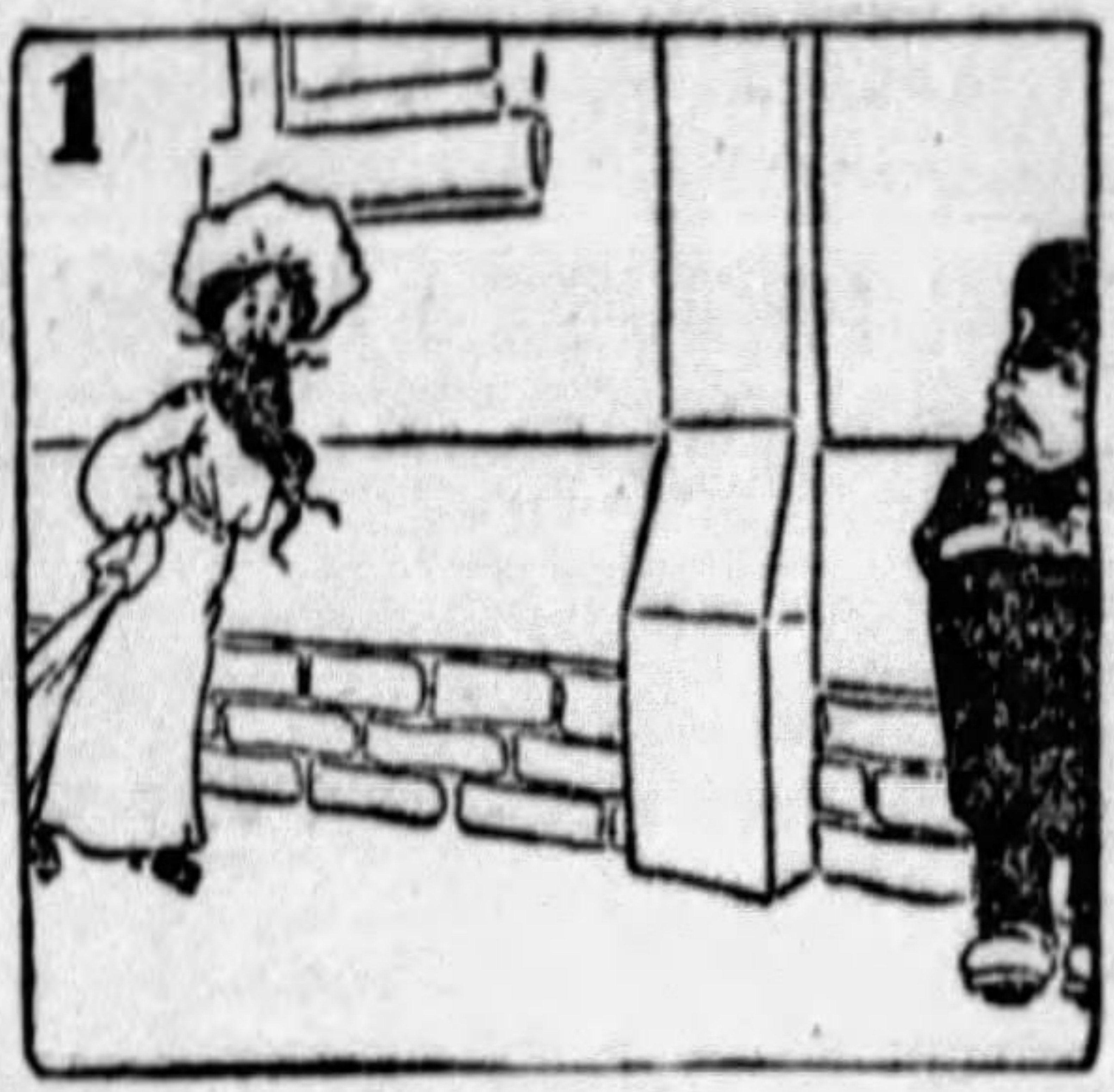
"'Here, Connie, old boy,' he said cheerfily, 'these are for you. Just look at me, covered with mud and burrs. Had an awful time getting the birds; tramped twenty miles for half a dozen. I was thinking of you all the time. In fact, old man, that's why I went after 'em. I knew you liked quail. You haven't been looking very well lately, and they'll do you good.'

"Connie looked at the big fellow a minute. He knew the 'Rube' was laying it on, to escape a calling down for skipping the day's practice, but what could he say under the circumstances? He started to reply, but Waddell cut him off.

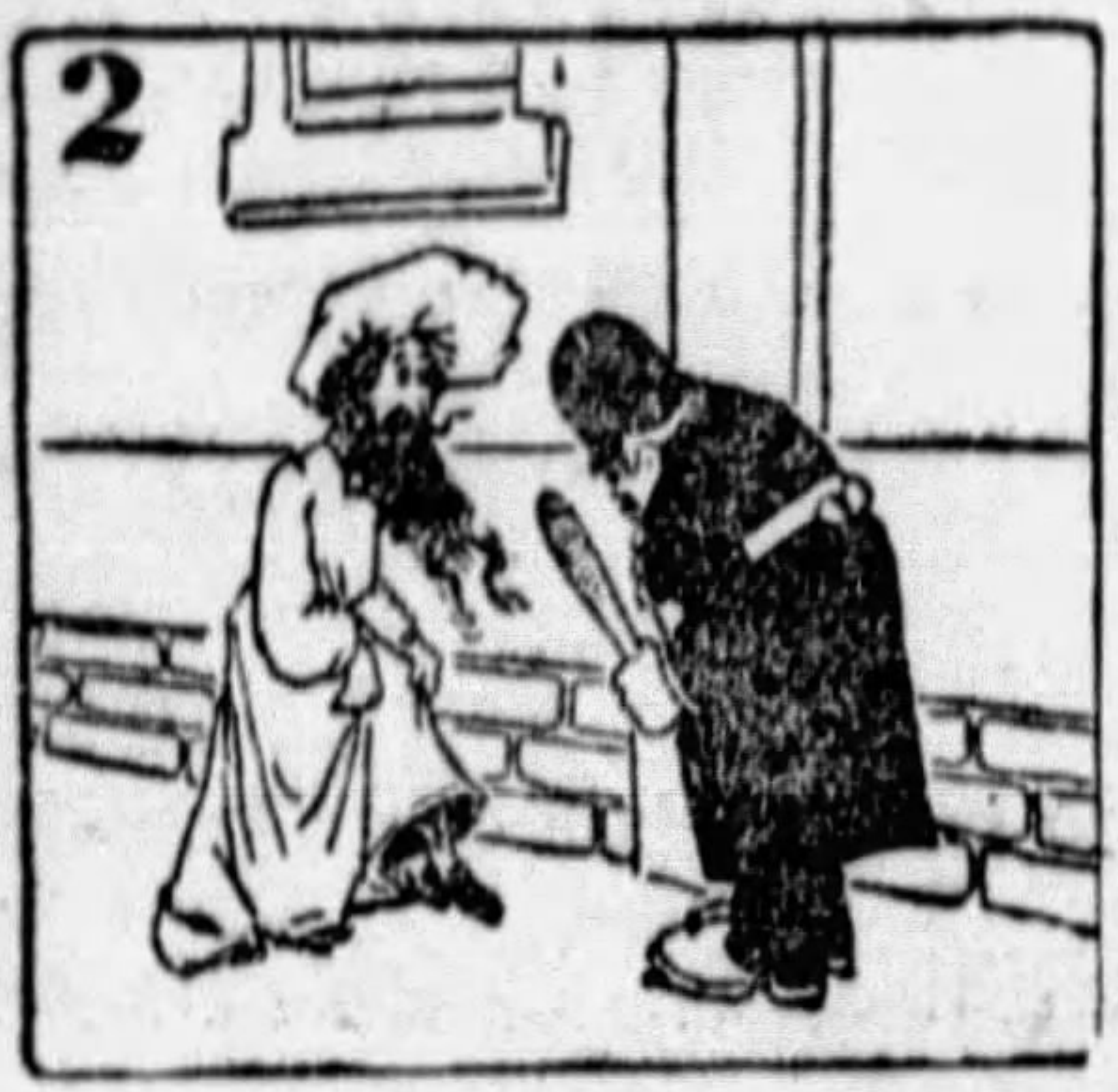
"'Oh, that's all right, Connie; don't mention it. I'd do it again for you any time.'

"And Mack was only able to bow his thanks and conceal a smile behind his hand."

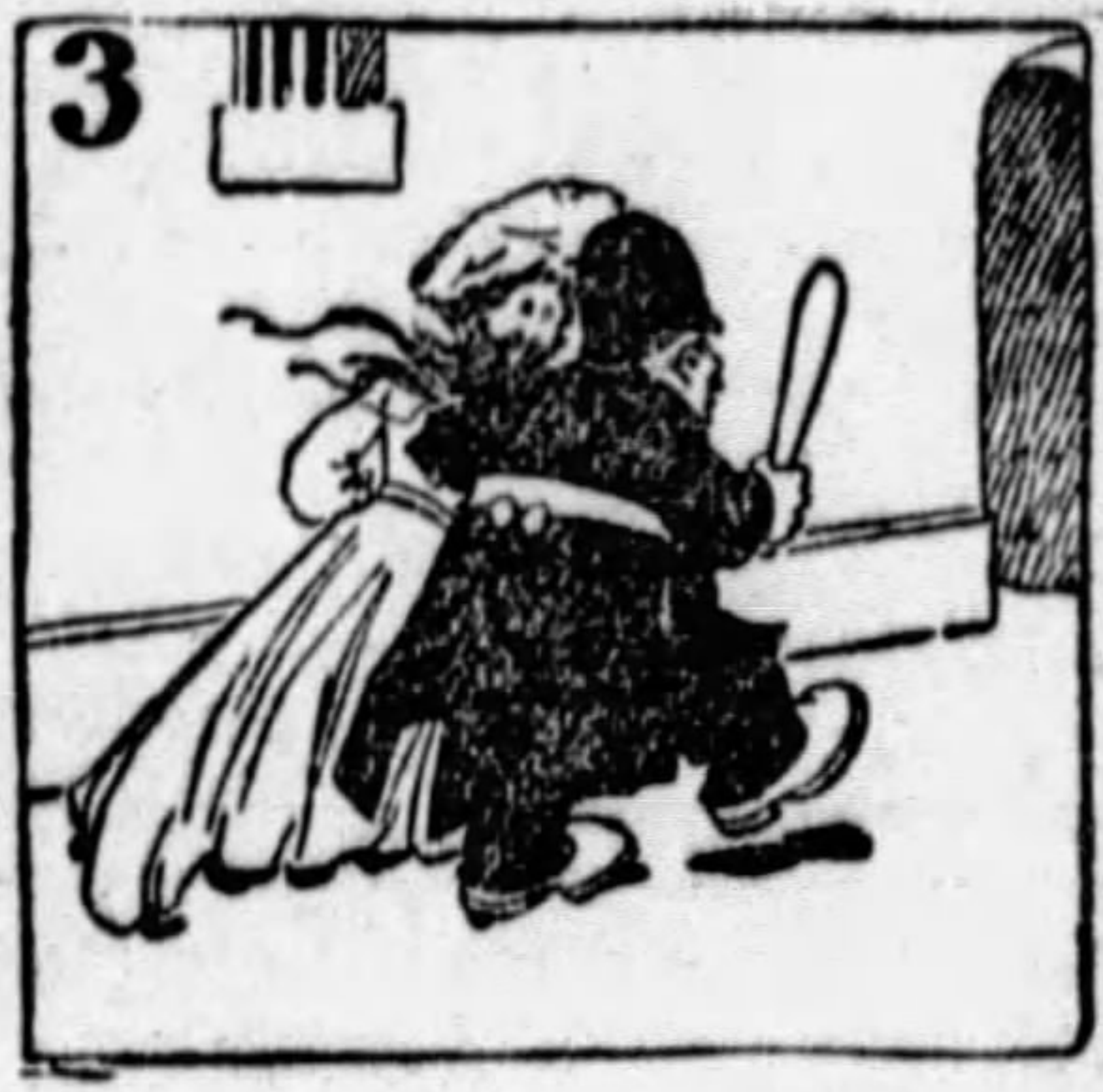
# NO CHANGE IN CHUMPEN



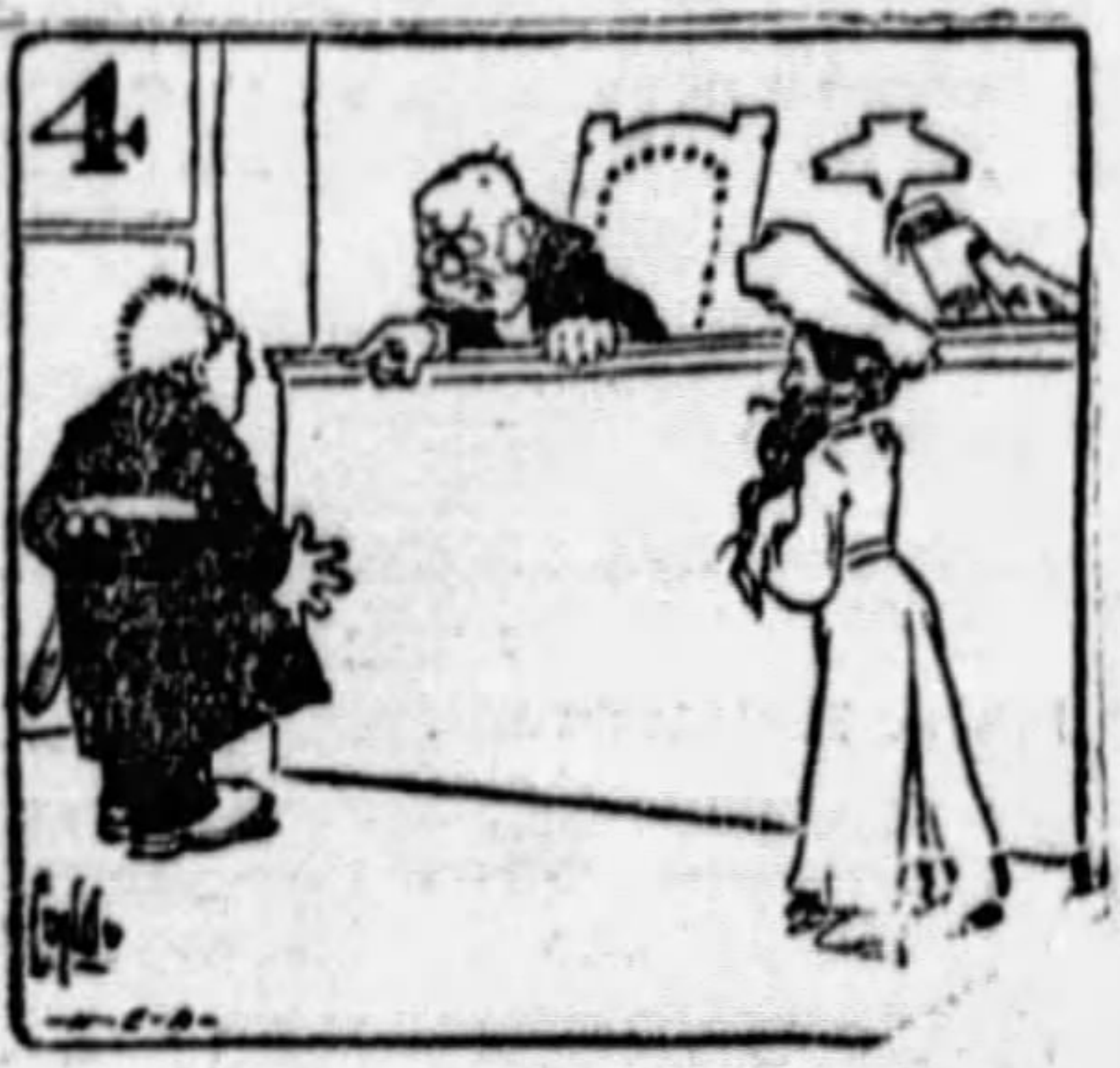
"Well, what do you think uv that fellow's nerve, masqueradin' around in women's clothes? I'll put him where the iron bars'll stop 'im."



"Mr. Policeman, I'm a lady, indeed I am. Look at my foot. Did you ever see a man with a foot like this? My foot proves it. I'm a——"

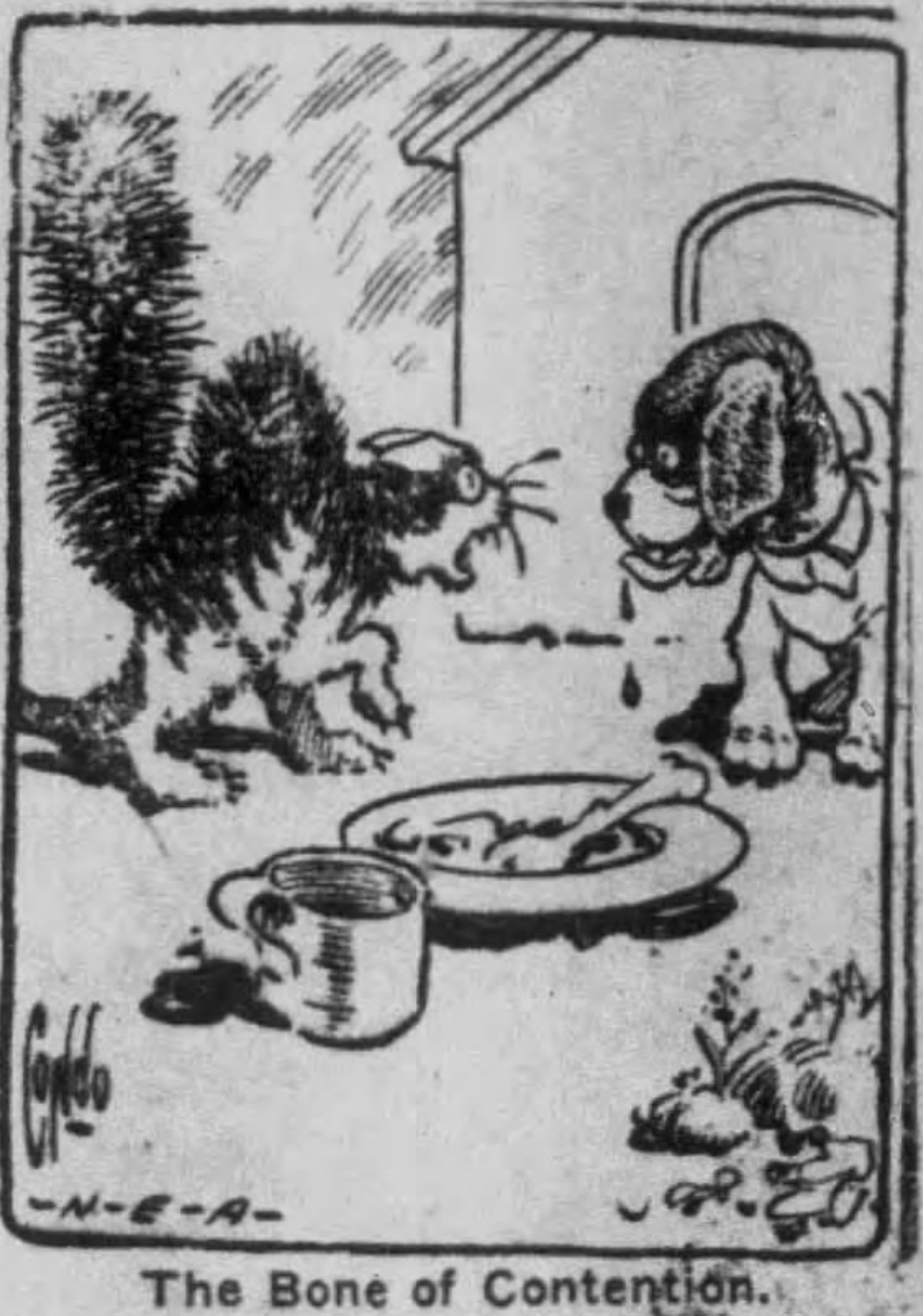


"Mebby you can fool the judge, old man, but you can't fool me. You're a dangerous man to be allowed at large. Mebby you're a lunatic. Anyway, you'll get about $100 an' costs an' six months."

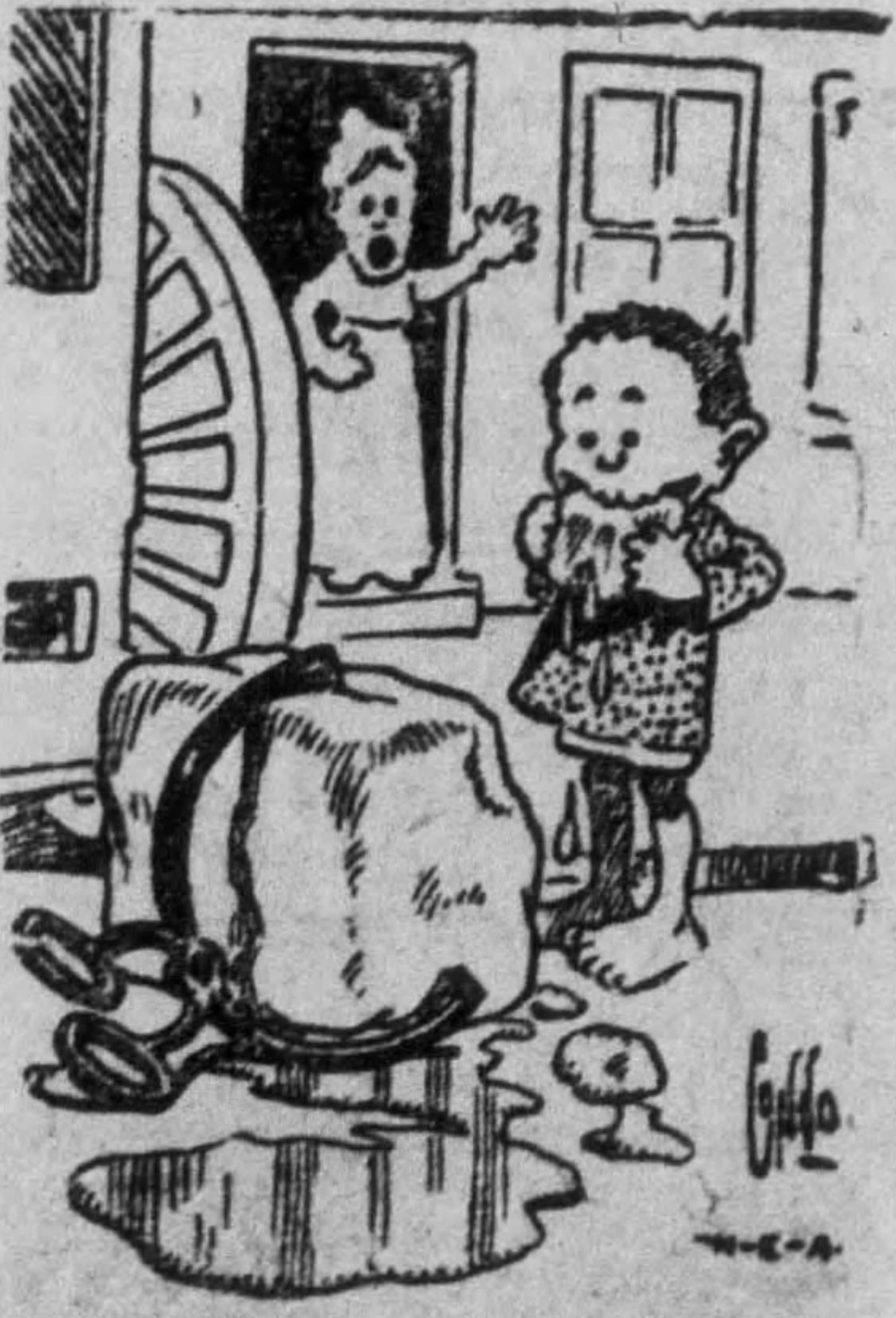


"Judge, I'm the bearded lady with Tingaling's circus. I tried to tell him, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"Chumpen, you haven't got brains enough to run an elevator!"

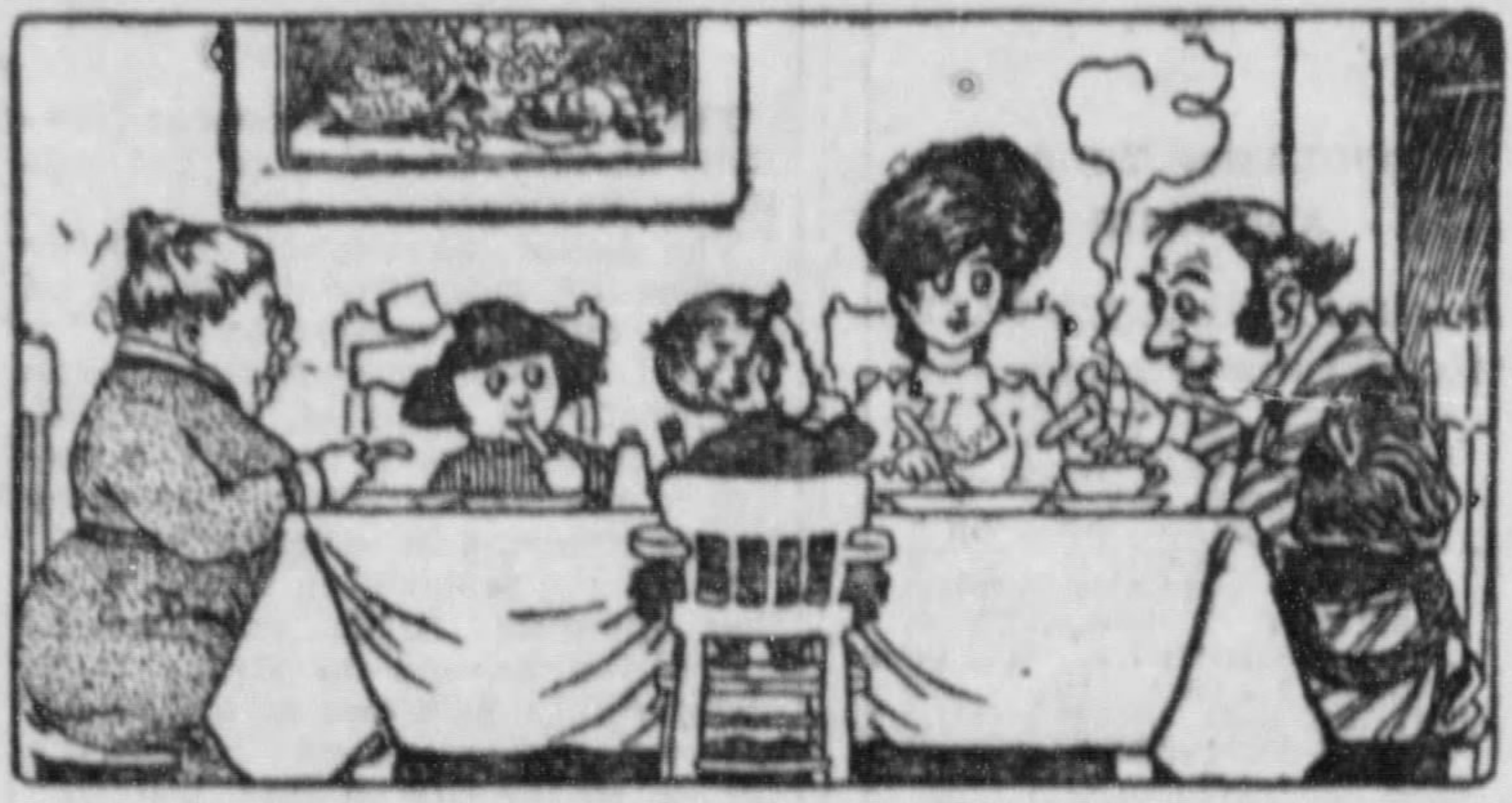


The Bone of Contention.



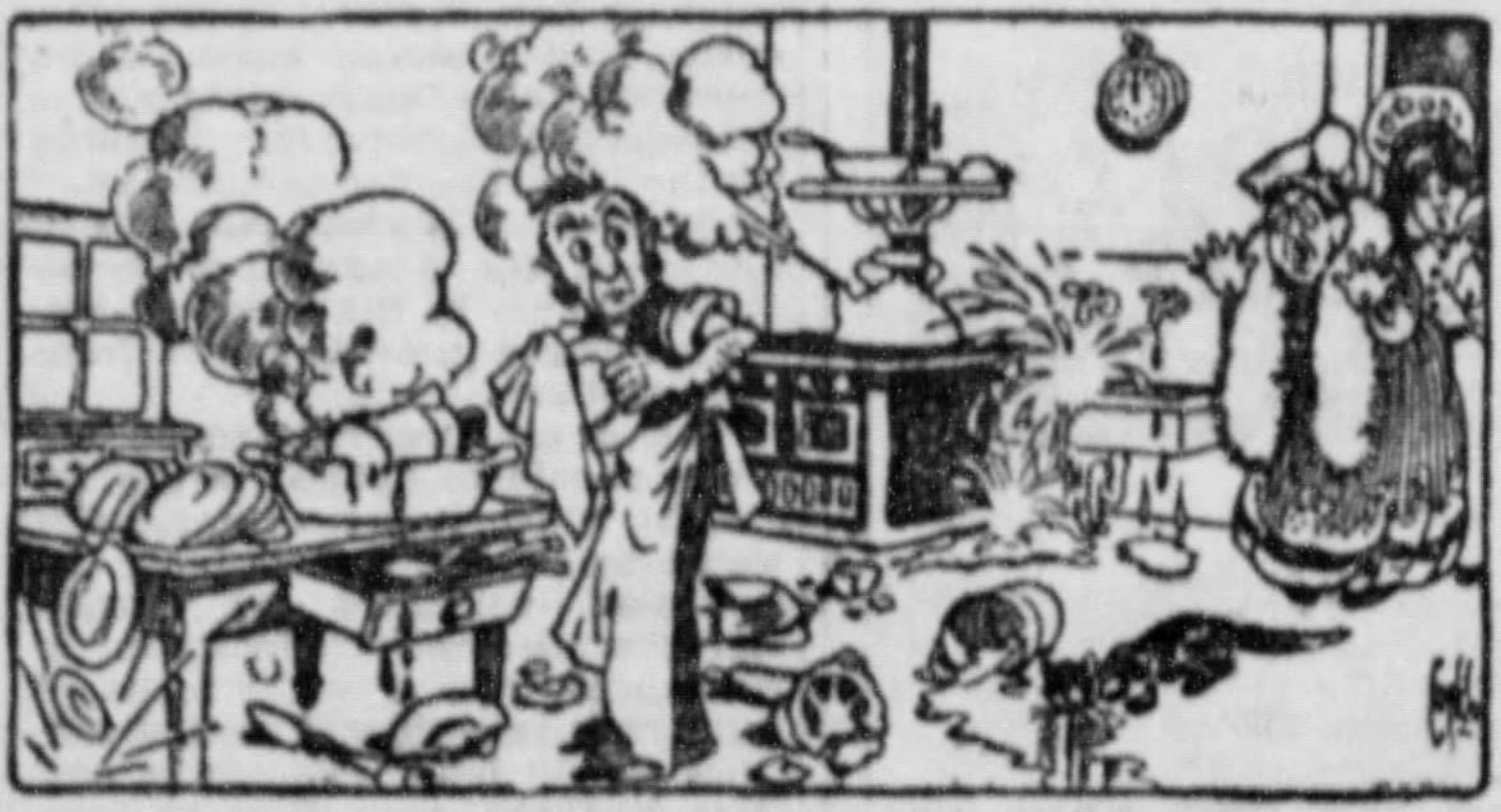
The Heir Was Biting Cold.

# IT'S SO EASY, TOO.



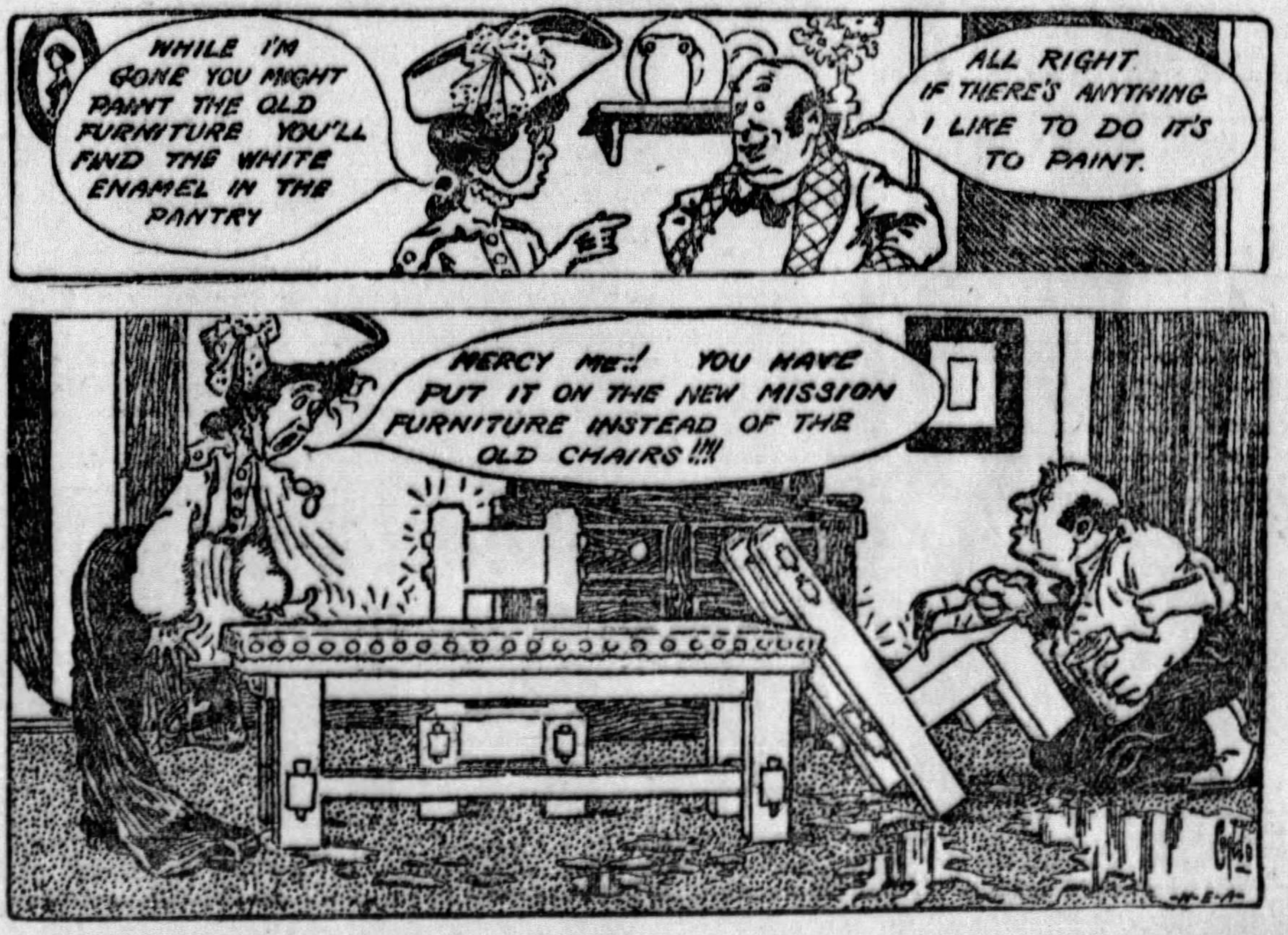
"Hereafter, sir, I hope you'll attend to your own business and not find fault with the maid, then I'll find it possible to keep her more than a week. If Maggie hadn't quit we could have gone to the opera tonight. But no, I've got to stay home and wash dishes."

"Tut, tut, mother, that's not much of a job. You and Nellie run off to the opera and enjoy yourselves. I'll put the childden to bed and clean up things in the kitchen. It won't take more than half an hour or so. I'll show you what an easy thing it is to do the work around here. You women always make a mountain out of the housework molehill."

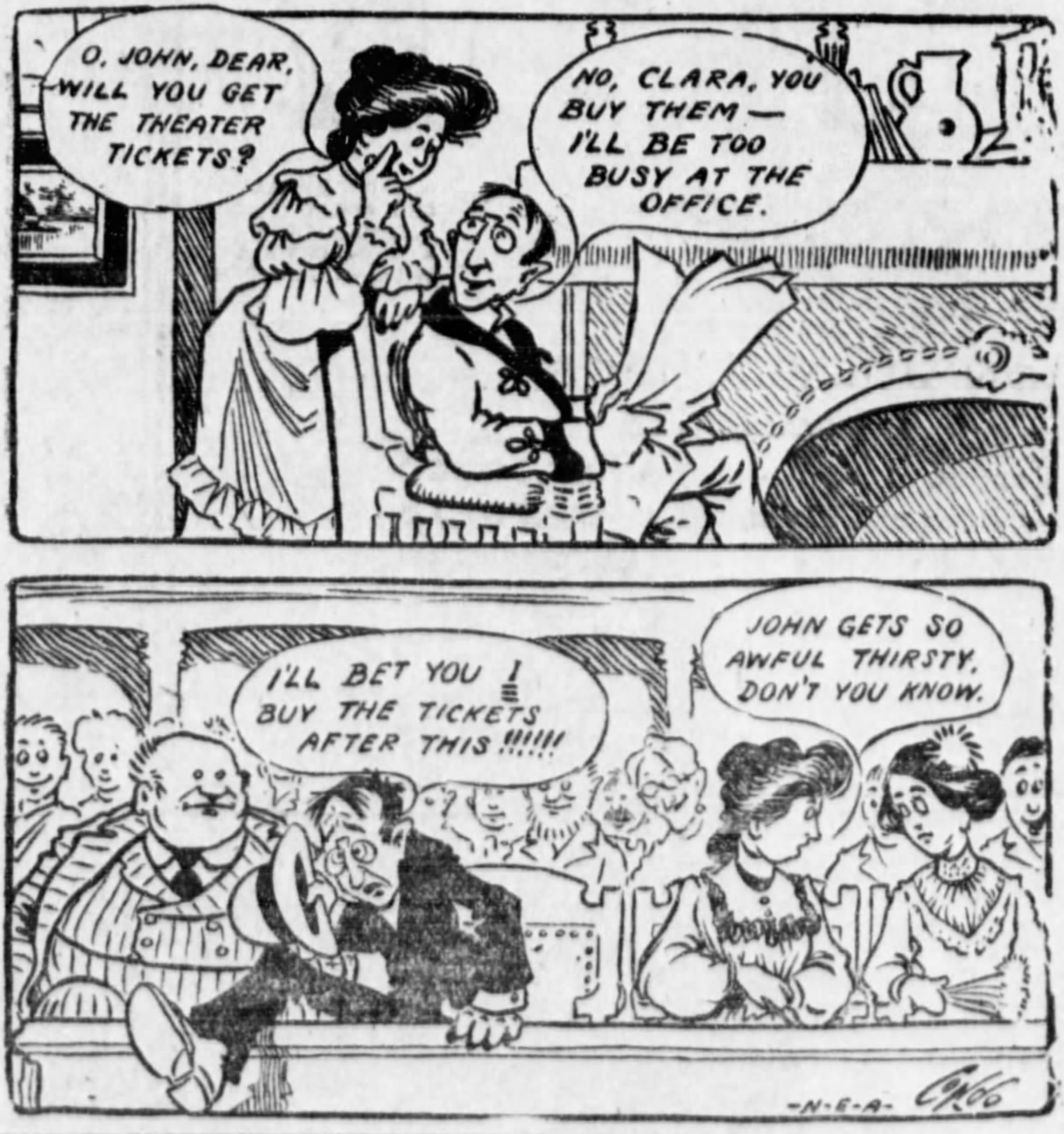


Scene when mother and Nellie returned home at midnight.

# MR. HANDY-MAN-AROUND-THE-HOUSE


WHILE I'M GONE YOU MIGHT PAINT THE OLD FURNITURE YOU'LL FIND THE WHITE ENAMEL IN THE PANTRY
ALL RIGHT IF THERE'S ANYTHING I LIKE TO DO IT'S TO PAINT.
MERCY ME:! YOU HAVE PUT IT ON THE NEW MISSION FURNITURE INSTEAD OF THE OLD CHAIRS!!!!
-N-E-A-

# NEVER GET TOO BUSY


O, JOHN, DEAR, WILL YOU GET THE THEATER TICKETS?
NO, CLARA, YOU BUY THEM— I'LL BE TOO BUSY AT THE OFFICE.
I'LL BET YOU I BUY THE TICKETS AFTER THIS!!!!!!
JOHN GETS SO AWFUL THIRSTY, DON'T YOU KNOW.
-N-E-A-
Condo

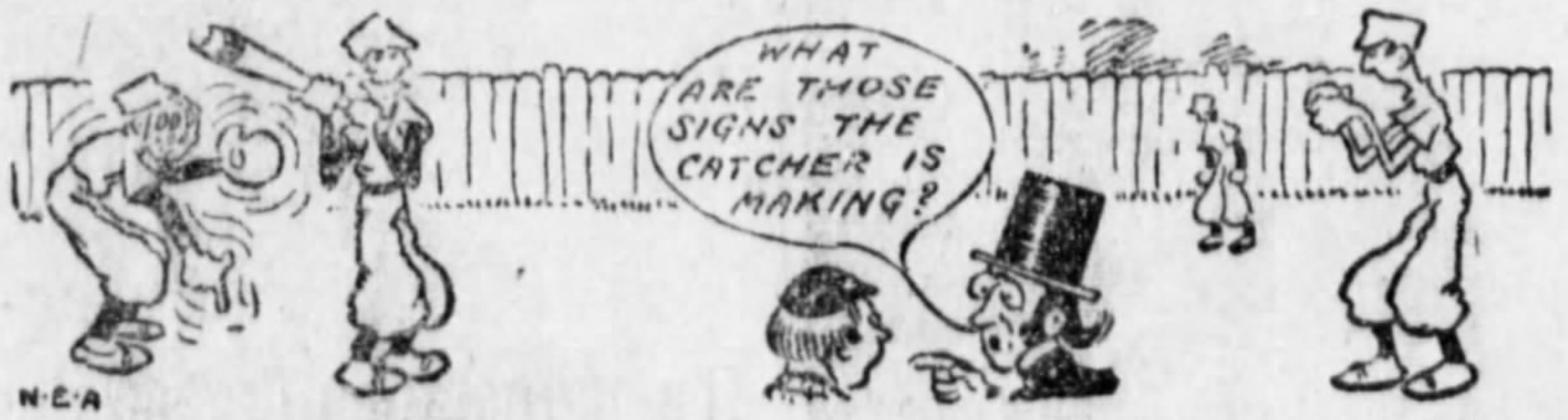
# OLD PAT TEBEAU WAS THE ORIGINAL CANDY KID

## ONE OF THE NUMEROUS INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER ON THE DIAMOND—WHEN BOB WICKER DID SOME "CONNIVING."

"Of all the men who ever played ball, Pat Tebeau got off more real good things on the field than any one else," said Jim McAleer, recently. "One day in Baltimore I was on second when Pat bunted to first base. Jack Doyle ran in close to the line and picked up the ball. I was off the base, and saw Doyle was going to make a play for me at third, so I hesitated and started back. Doyle made several motions to throw, but Pat just walked down the base line, stepped around Doyle, and we were both safe.,

and after the groans subsided, Pat

"It was a ridiculous looking play, turned to the stands and yelled: "Is there a doctor in the crowd?' Doyle wanted to bite his leg off for that bit of sarcasm.


N-E-A
WHAT ARE THOSE SIGNS THE CATCHER IS MAKING?

When Bob Wicker was a young fellow, he pitched on a southern college team, and a preacher uncle called to see him perform one afternoon.

"What are those preliminary signs the catcher is making?" the domine asked the classmate, to whom Wicker had intrusted him.

"They are to let Bob know the style of ball to throw," answered the escort.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that my nephew and that man are conniving to deceive the batter?"

"You might put it that way, I suppose."

"And this is a Christian college," sighed Rev. Mr. Wicker.

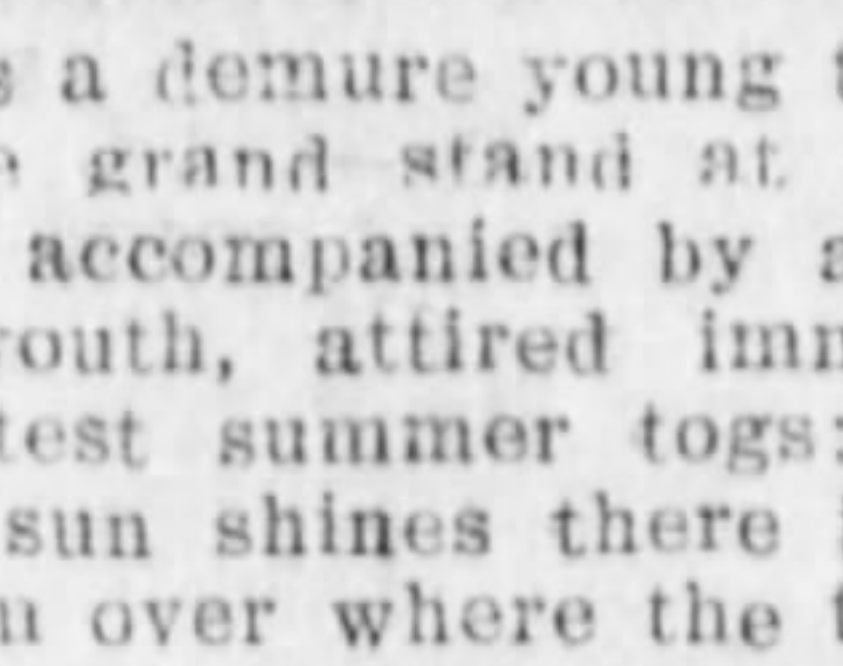
"Once when leaving town for a rest I didn't want to be followed by reports from umpires of action against players who fractured the rules," says Harry Pulliam, "so I empowered John Heydler, my secretary, to suspend players, who according to the umpire's report, merited such action.

"One day later I heard from the acting president. He 'had' suspended Jake Weimer, of the Chicago team, and mentioned the date upon which the suspension expired. Comparison with a calendar showed that Weimer had been handed nine days.

"Believing the operator had erred, I wired Heydler, who replied with an original explanation. As Weimer is a pitcher and would not be called upon to perform for several days, Heydler had doped the matter so as to deprive him of his next pitching day.

"As nine-day suspensions were not then in vogue, I corrected the suspension by cutting off six days. Suddenly it occurred to me why Heyler was so severe. He was once a national league umpire, and of course had no particular love for a ball player who overrides authority."

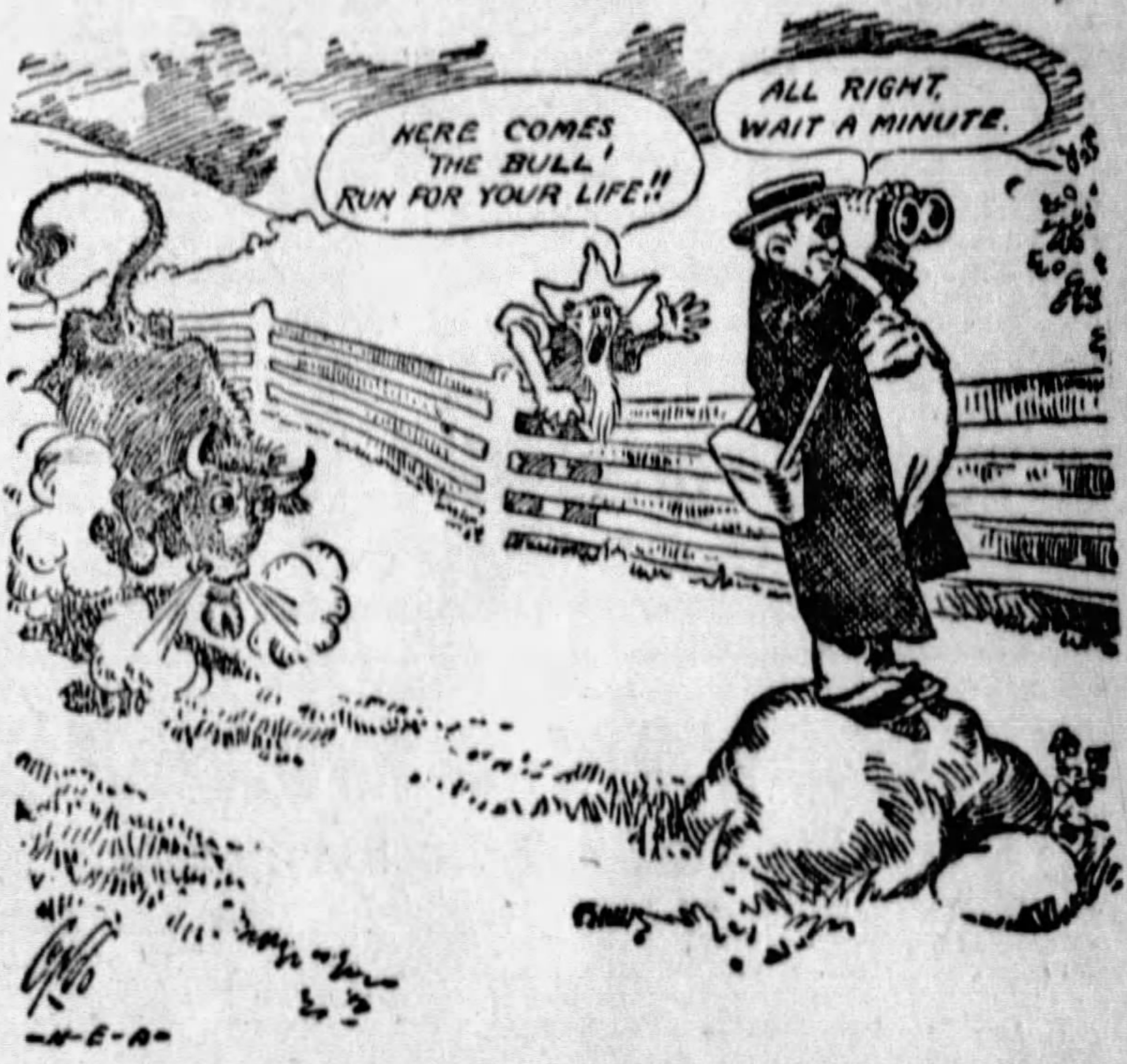
She was a demure young thing, and sat in the grand stand at the Polo grounds, accompanied by a shallow-chested youth, attired immaculately in the latest summer togs: "Every time the sun shines there is the oddest gleam over where the third baseman stands. I wonder what it is. It looks like a flash from a small looking-glass," she said to her companion.



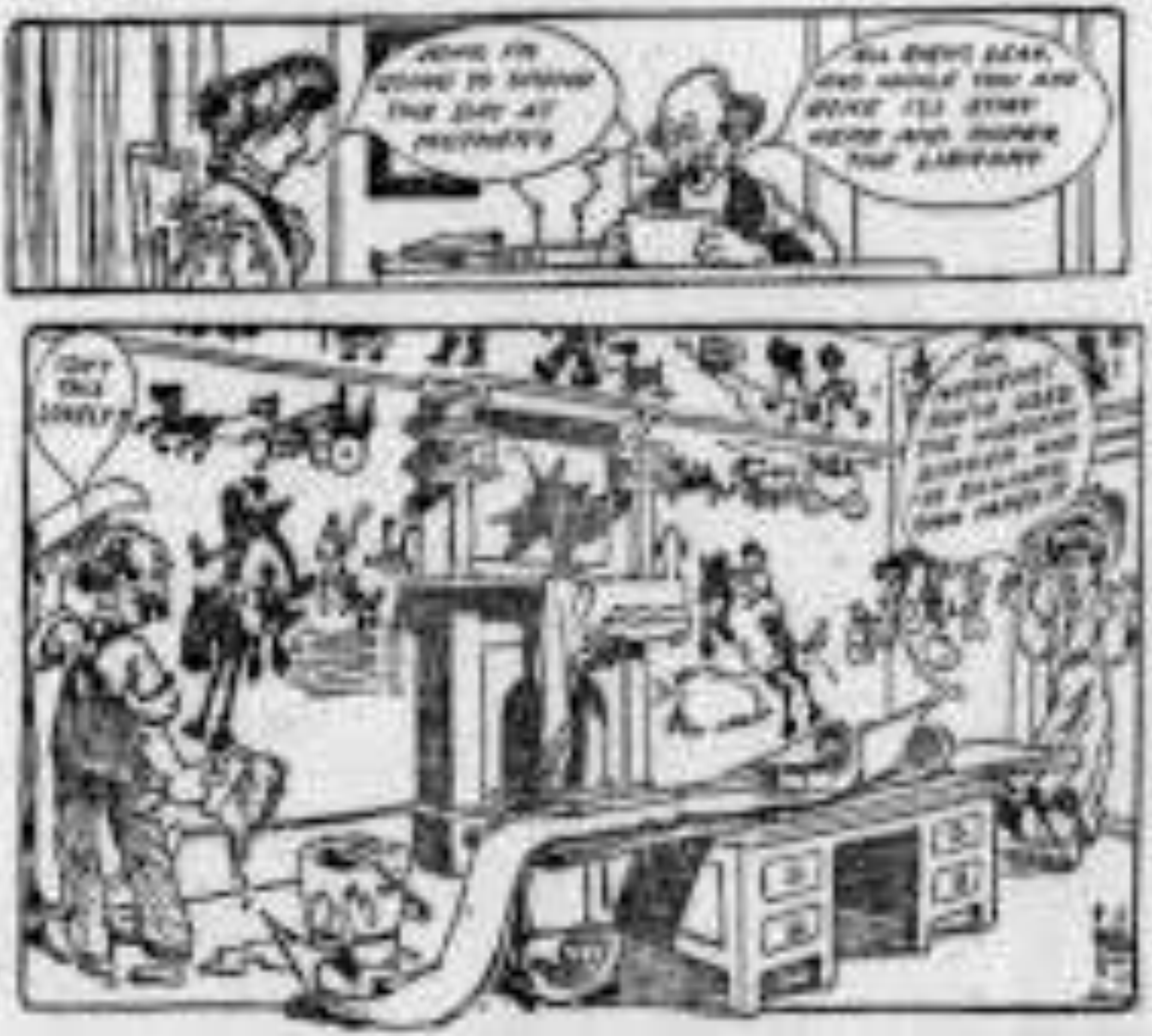
"That is no looking glass," he replied. "That is Jack Dunn's teeth. They're the gleamiest things you ever saw, and when the sun strikes them the flash is almost blinding."

"Isn't he a dear," said the demure one, with a far-away look. "I wonder if he's married," and then she wondered why her escort looked as if he'd like to chew a piece out of the railing.

# THE "WAIT A MINUTE" MAN

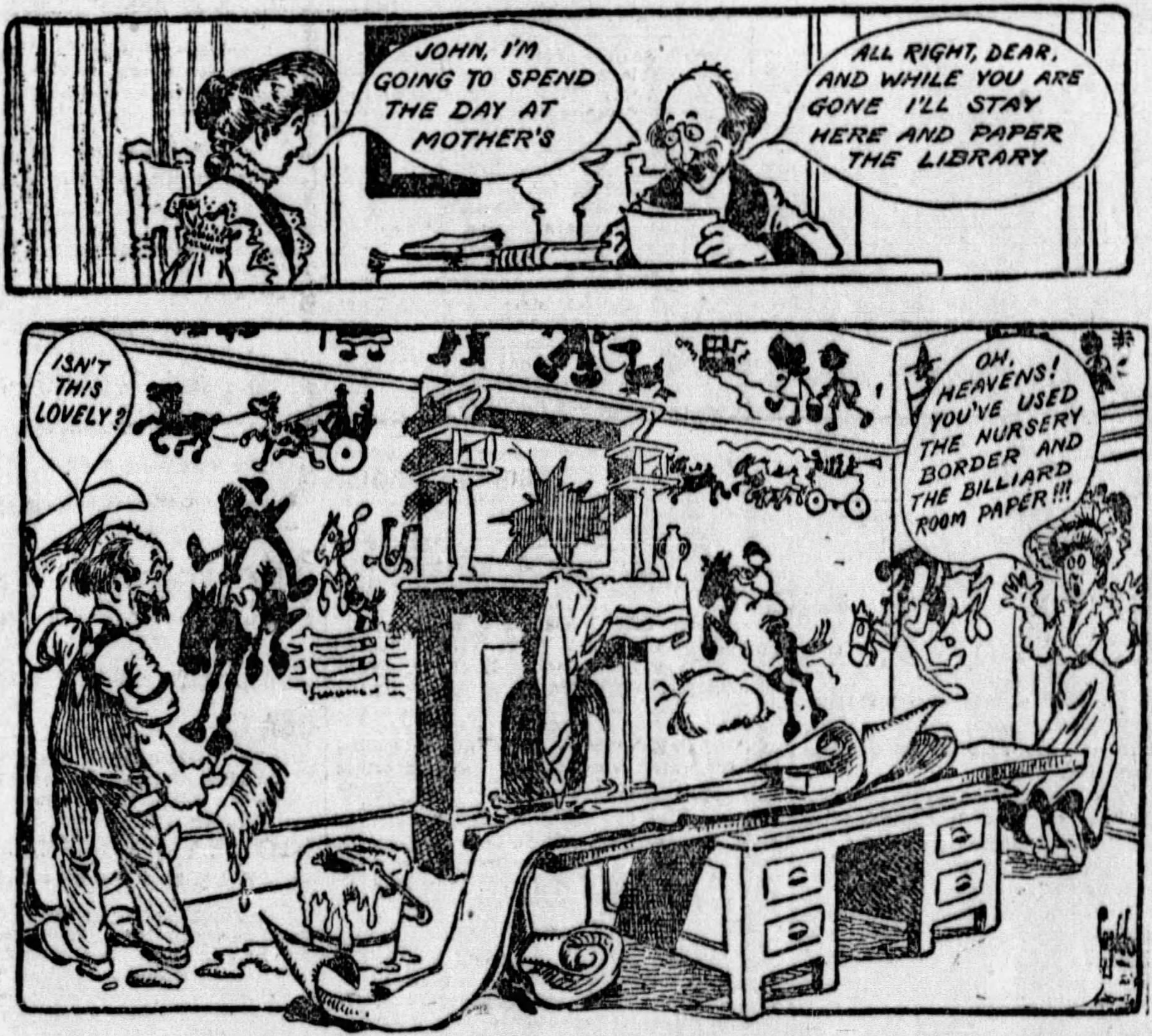

HERE COMES 'THE BULL' RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!
ALL RIGHT, WAIT A MINUTE.
-N-E-A-

# THE HANDY-MAN-AROUND-THE-HOUSE

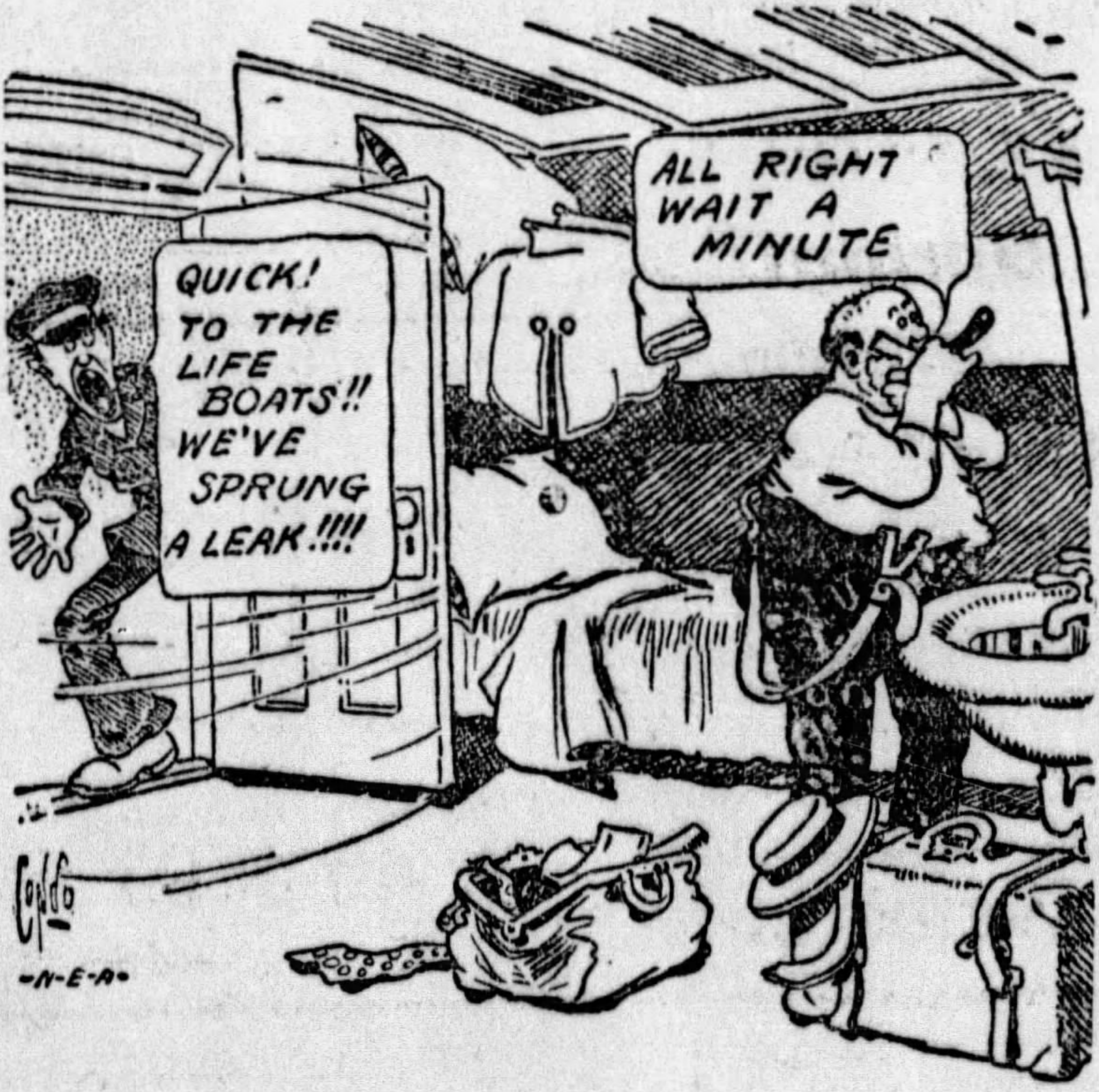


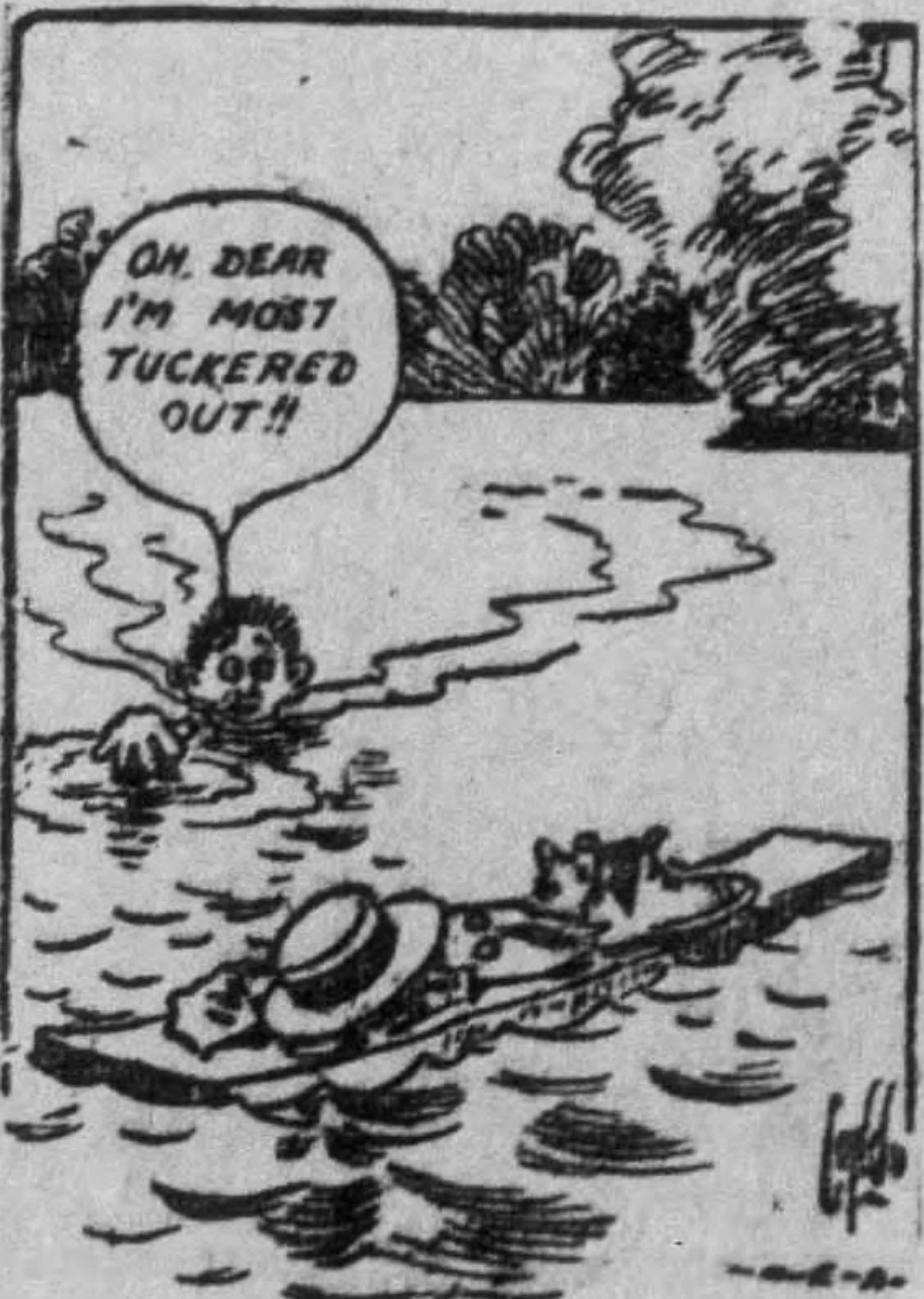
JOHN, I'M GOING TO SPEND THE DAY AT MOTHER'S
ALL RIGHT DEAR, AND WHILE YOU ARE AWAY I'LL STAY HOME AND PAPER THE LIBRARY

# THE HANDY-MAN-AROUND-THE-HOUSE


JOHN, I'M GOING TO SPEND THE DAY AT MOTHER'S
ALL RIGHT, DEAR, AND WHILE YOU ARE GONE I'LL STAY HERE AND PAPER THE LIBRARY
ISN'T THIS LOVELY?
OH, HEAVENS! YOU'VE USED THE NURSERY BORDER AND THE BILLIARD ROOM PAPER!!!

# THE WAIT A MINUTE MAN

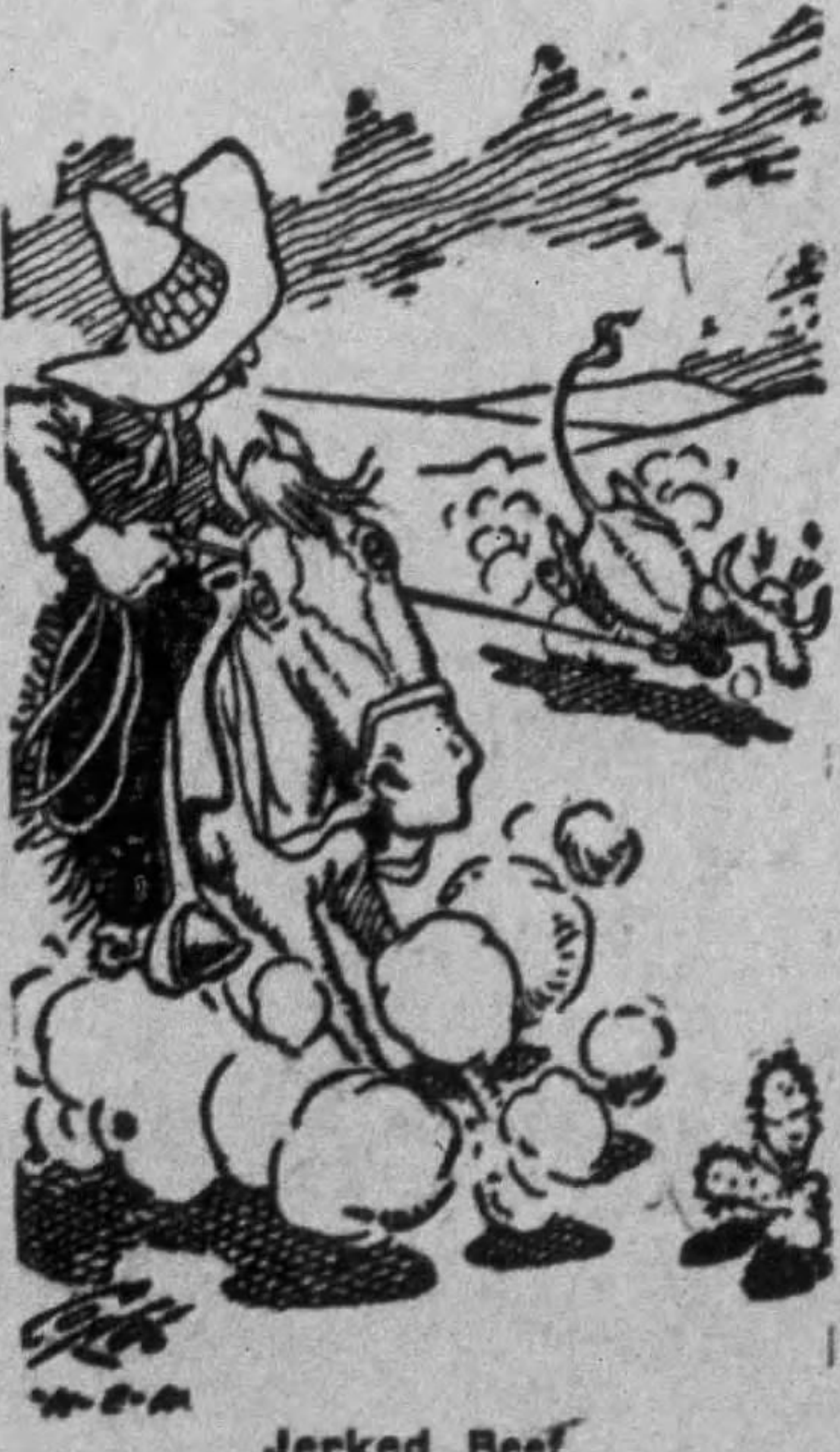

QUICK! TO THE LIFE BOATS!! WE'VE SPRUNG A LEAK!!!!
ALL RIGHT WAIT A MINUTE
Condo
-N-E-A-


OH, DEAR I'M MOST TUCKERED OUT!!

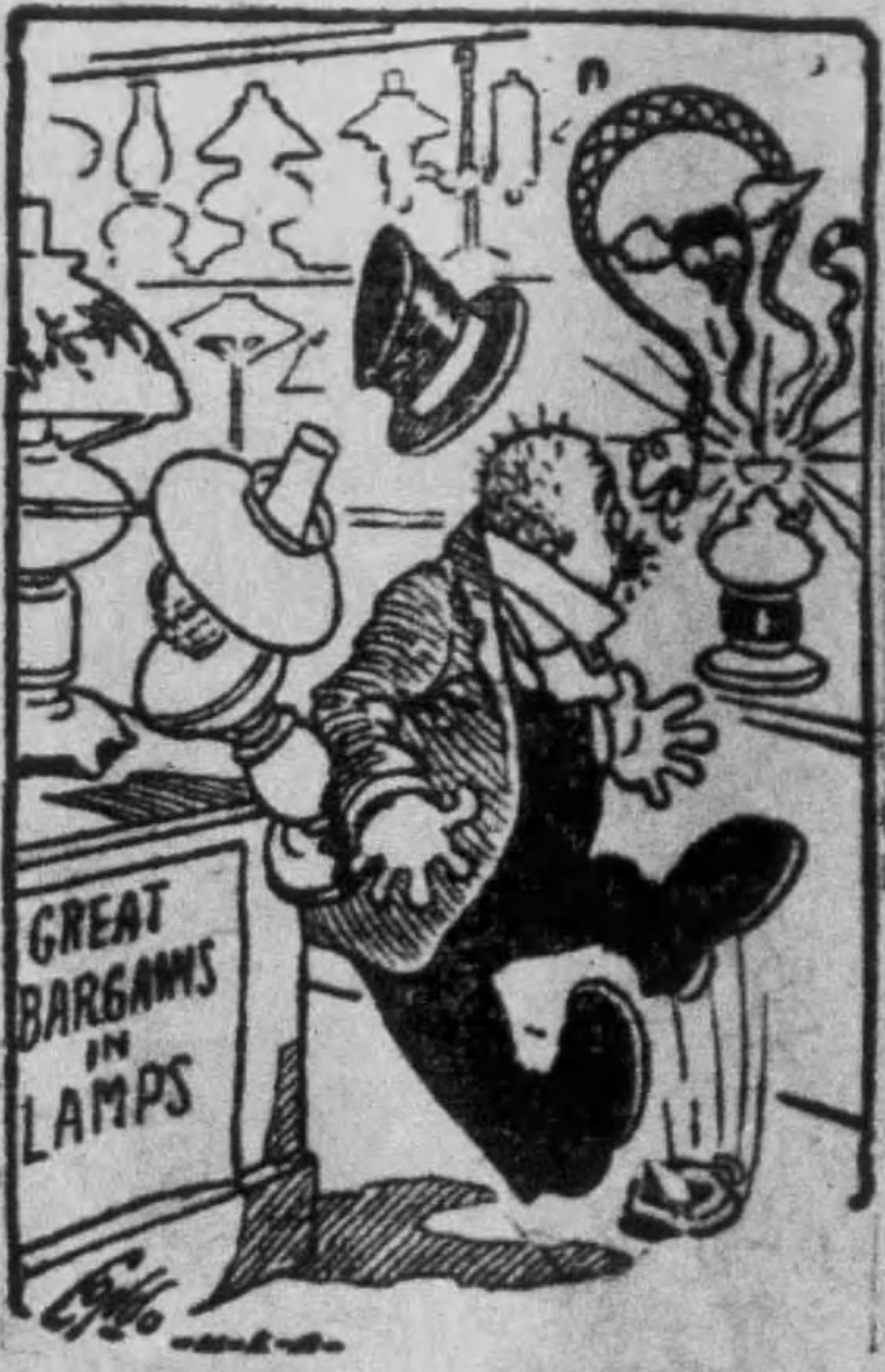
Yorking for His Board and Clothes.

# ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

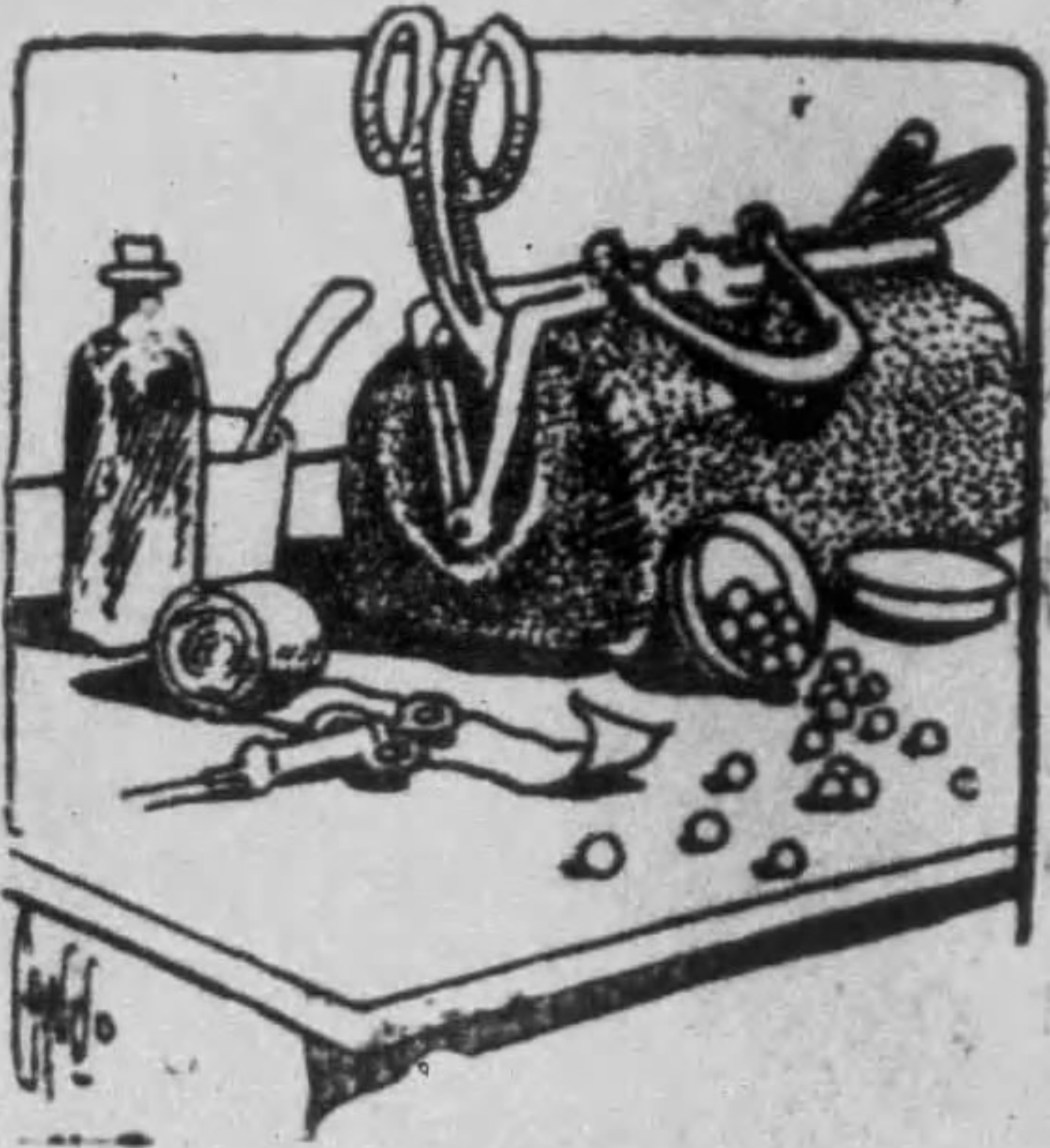
Vat, cat, rat, bat, hat, fat, mat, Pat.



Jerked Beef.


GREAT BARGAINS IN LAMPS

Seeing Things in a New Light.



Medical Properties.

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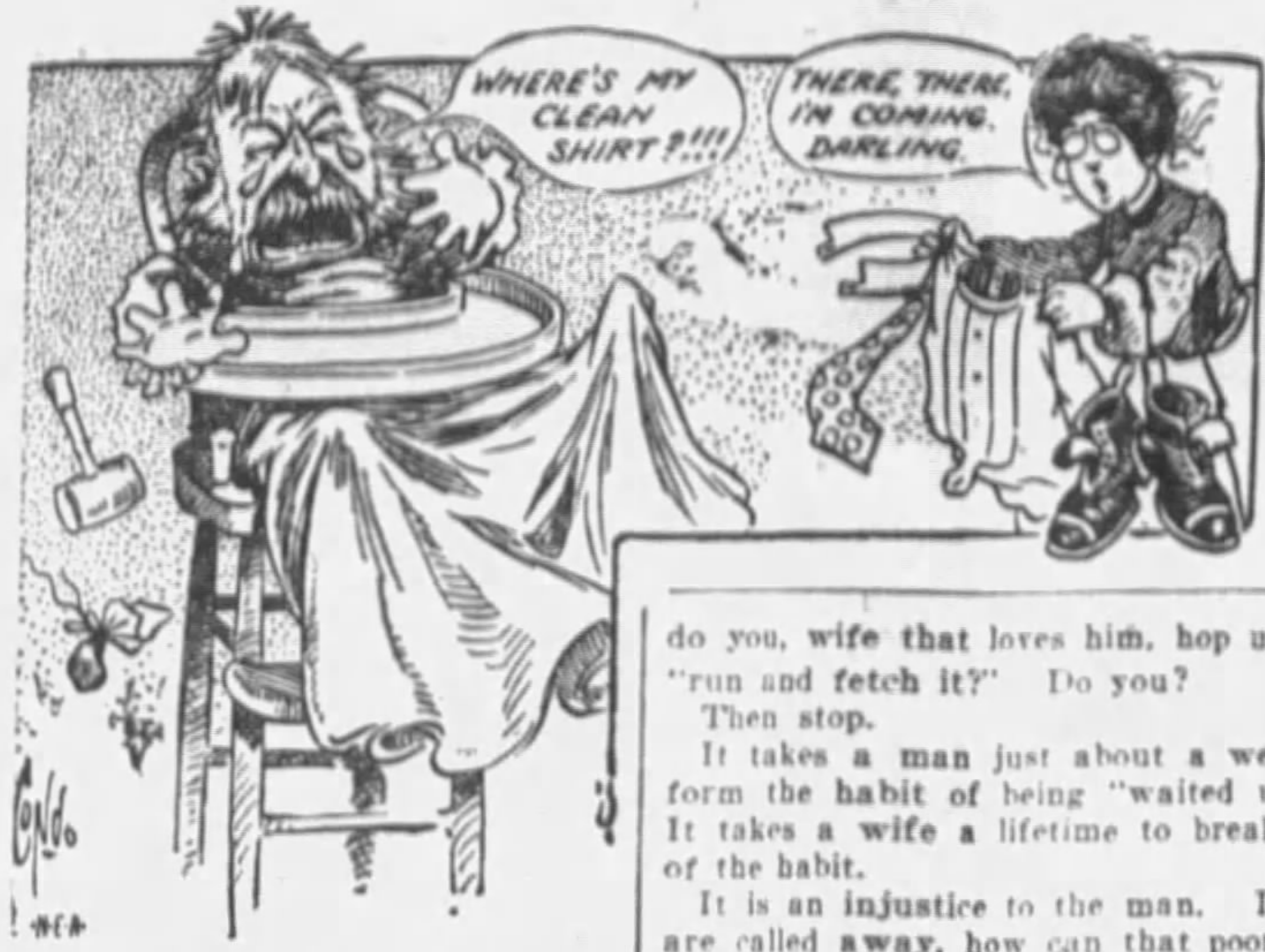
## A Rhyme

# HUBBY---A HELPLESS BABY.


WHERE'S MY CLEAN SHIRT?!!!
THERE, THERE, I'M COMING, DARLING.
CONDO
NEA

A helpless baby!

That is what a wife who loves her husband usually succeeds in making of him—a great big, overgrown, brawling baby.

While she doesn't actually trot him on her knee she trots her knees after him from the moment he enters the house until the moment he leaves.

She trots his collar out for him.

All bosh. If she keeps it where it belongs and teaches him where it is kept, she is doing him a greater kindness than by searching for it and laying it in his hands.

Then, too, she delights in laying out his clean shirt.

Bosh—again. He did those things for himself before he was married.

It is as easy to hang up a towel after using it as it is to throw it over the foot of the bed or across a chairback. Yet loving wives fondly believe that it is their duty to chase after that towel and hang it up.

They fold up newspapers for men who are perfectly able to fold their own.

Do you set away your husband's boots and shoes?

Do you fold up his ties and lay them neatly in his bureau drawer?

Do you trot, trot, trot after him?

If he expresses a desire for anything, do you, wife that loves him, hop up and "run and fetch it?" Do you?

Then stop.

It takes a man just about a week to form the habit of being "waited upon." It takes a wife a lifetime to break him of the habit.

It is an injustice to the man. If you are called away, how can that poor husband find his clothes? How could he keep the top of the dresser straight and tidy without you there to fold things up and lay them away? How could he, after three days alone, find his way among the old newspapers and boots and shoes that would litter the floor?

The woman that bobs about here and there and chases forever after her husband and her husband's belongings is making a helpless baby of him.

Of course she thinks he is the finest, most promising baby she has ever seen. But to others he is a little overgrown for long dresses. His feet are too big and his arms are too long.

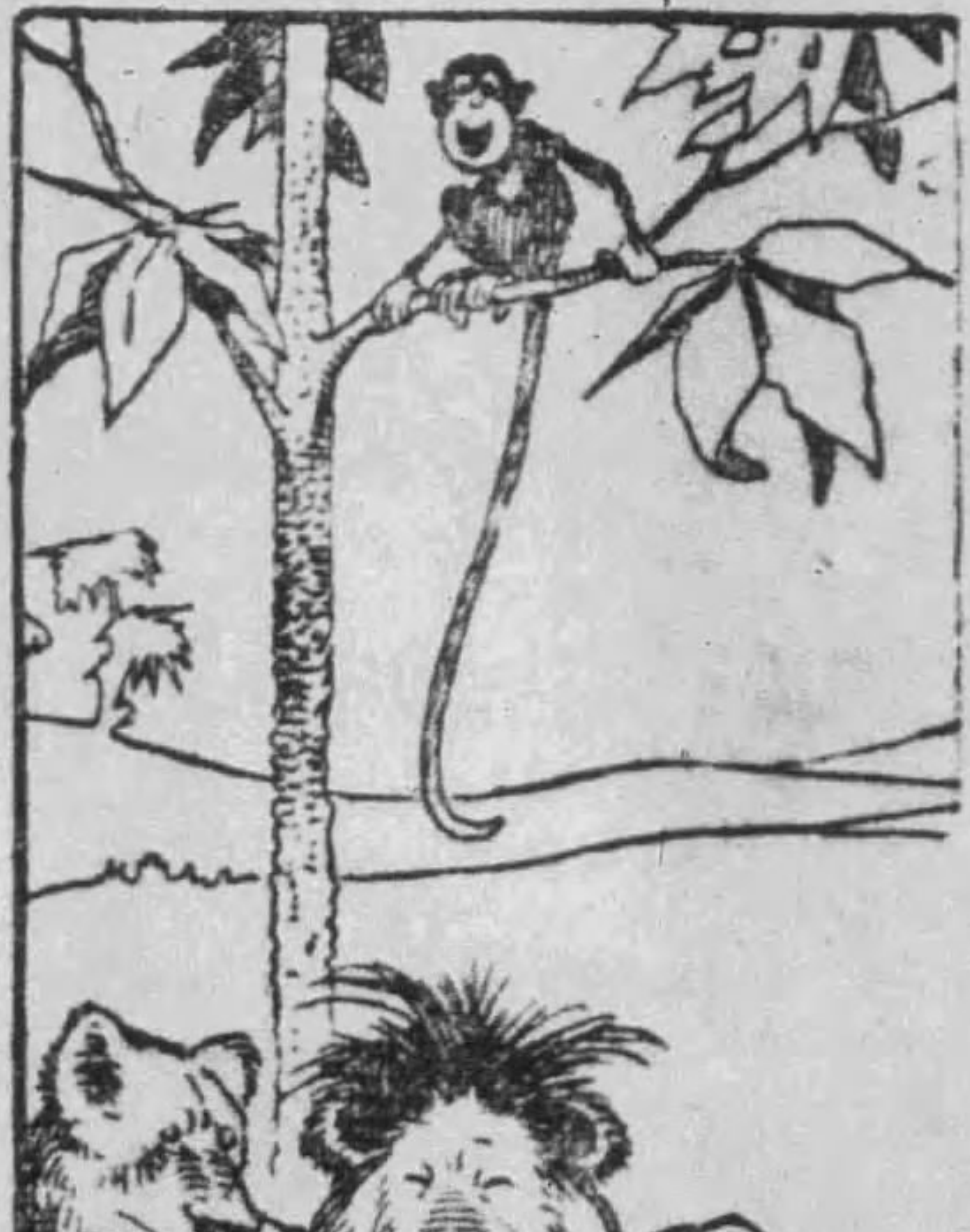
If he could see himself as others see him he wouldn't thank even the most devoted of wives for making a helpless idiot of him.

It is every man's blessed birthright to grow up. Oh, devoted, loving wife, don't wrap him up in baby clothes. Don't steal his birthright. Let him be a man—a whole, full-grown, independent man. Give him credit for knowing his own clean shirt from a mouth organ.

If you don't let him take care of these things for himself, it is only a question of time before he will set up a holler the moment you are out of sight.

Don't tie your husband to a rattle and a sugar tit.

# Humor in Animal Land.

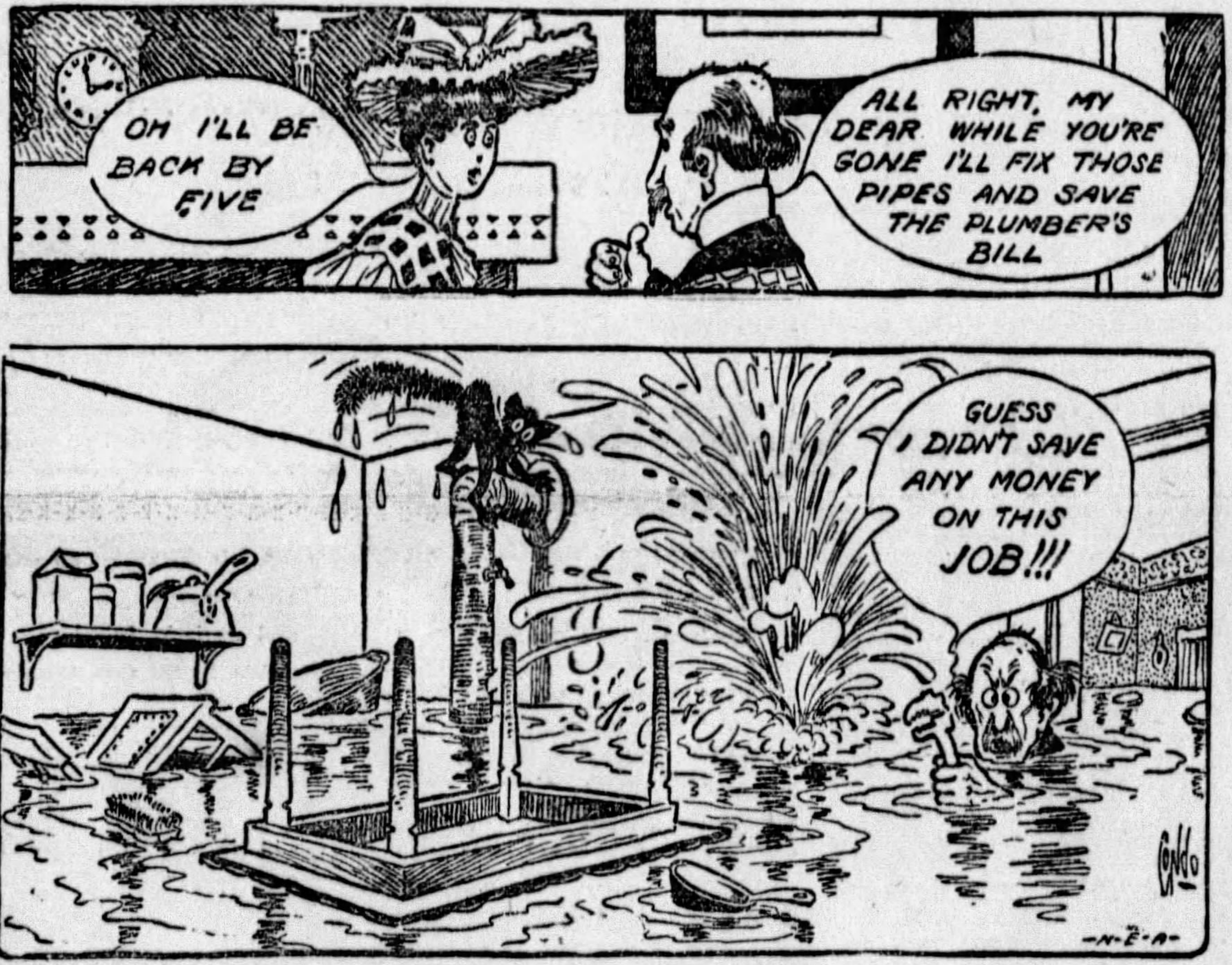


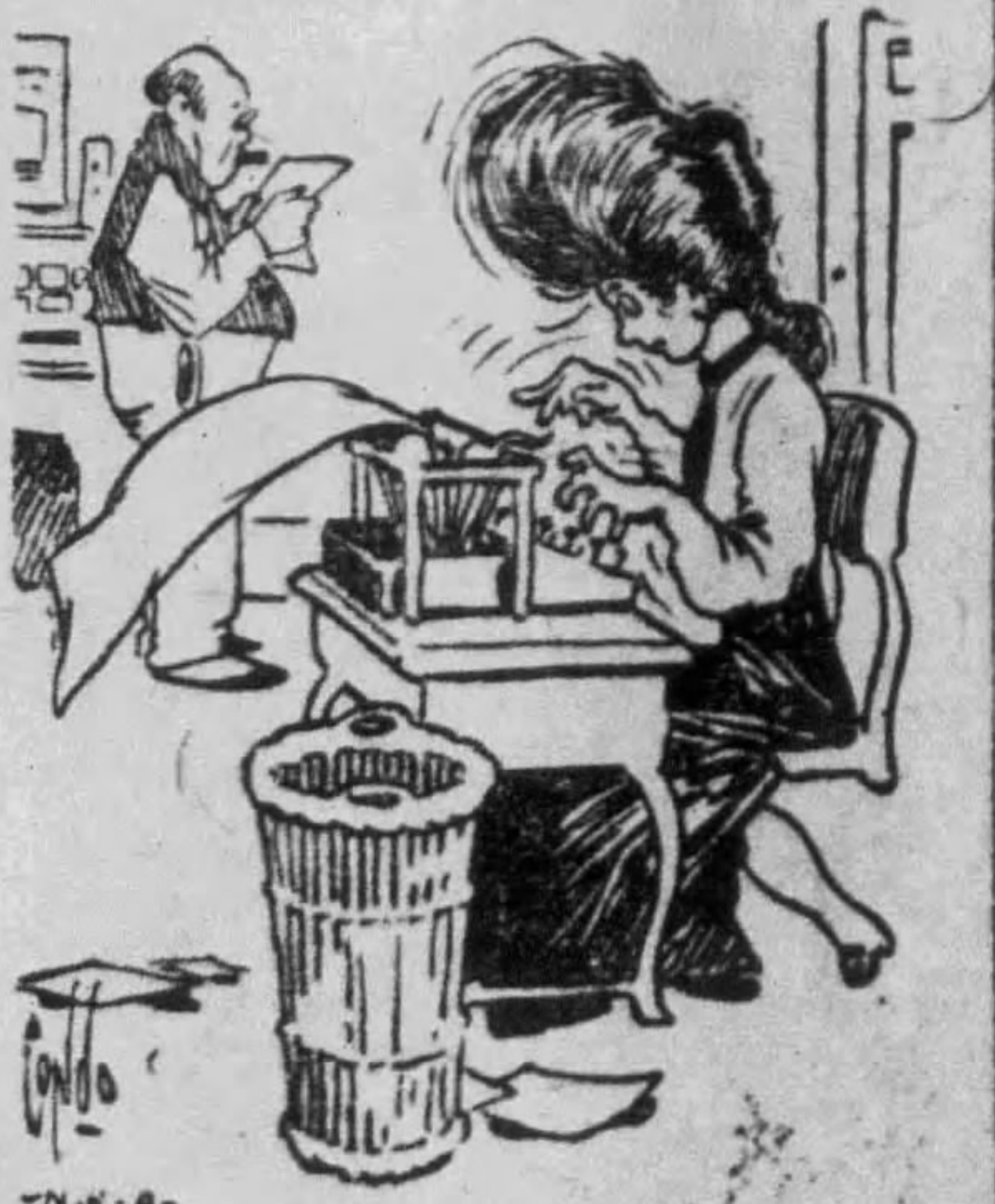
"You seem to be drowsy. Up late last night?"

"No, went to bed early. But that monk's long, dreary tail would make anybody drowsy.

# MR. HANDY MAN AROUND THE HOUSE

I.

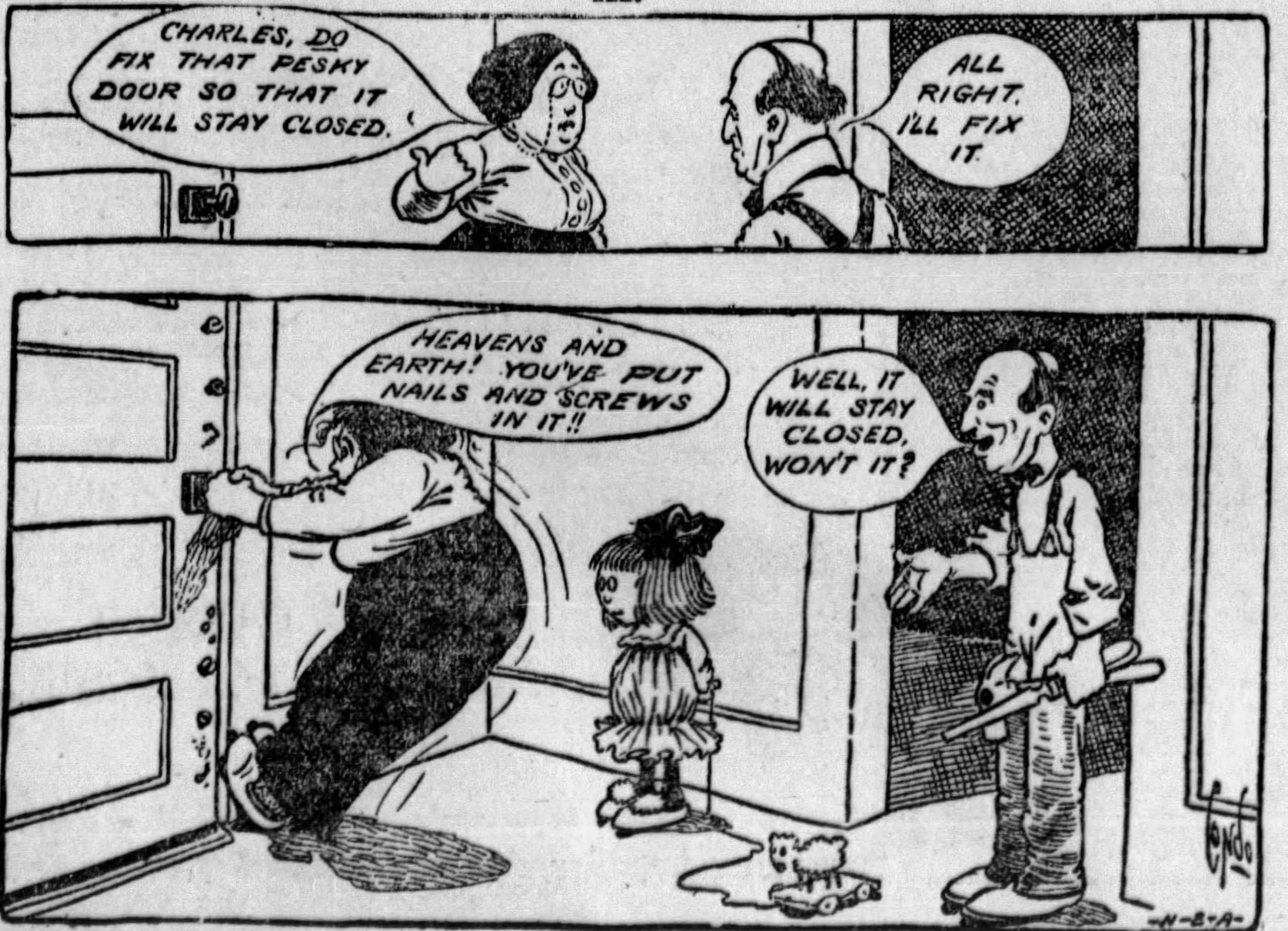

OH I'LL BE BACK BY FIVE
ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR WHILE YOU'RE GONE I'LL FIX THOSE PIPES AND SAVE THE PLUMBER'S BILL
GUESS I DIDN'T SAVE ANY MONEY ON THIS JOB!!!
CONDO
-N-E-A-

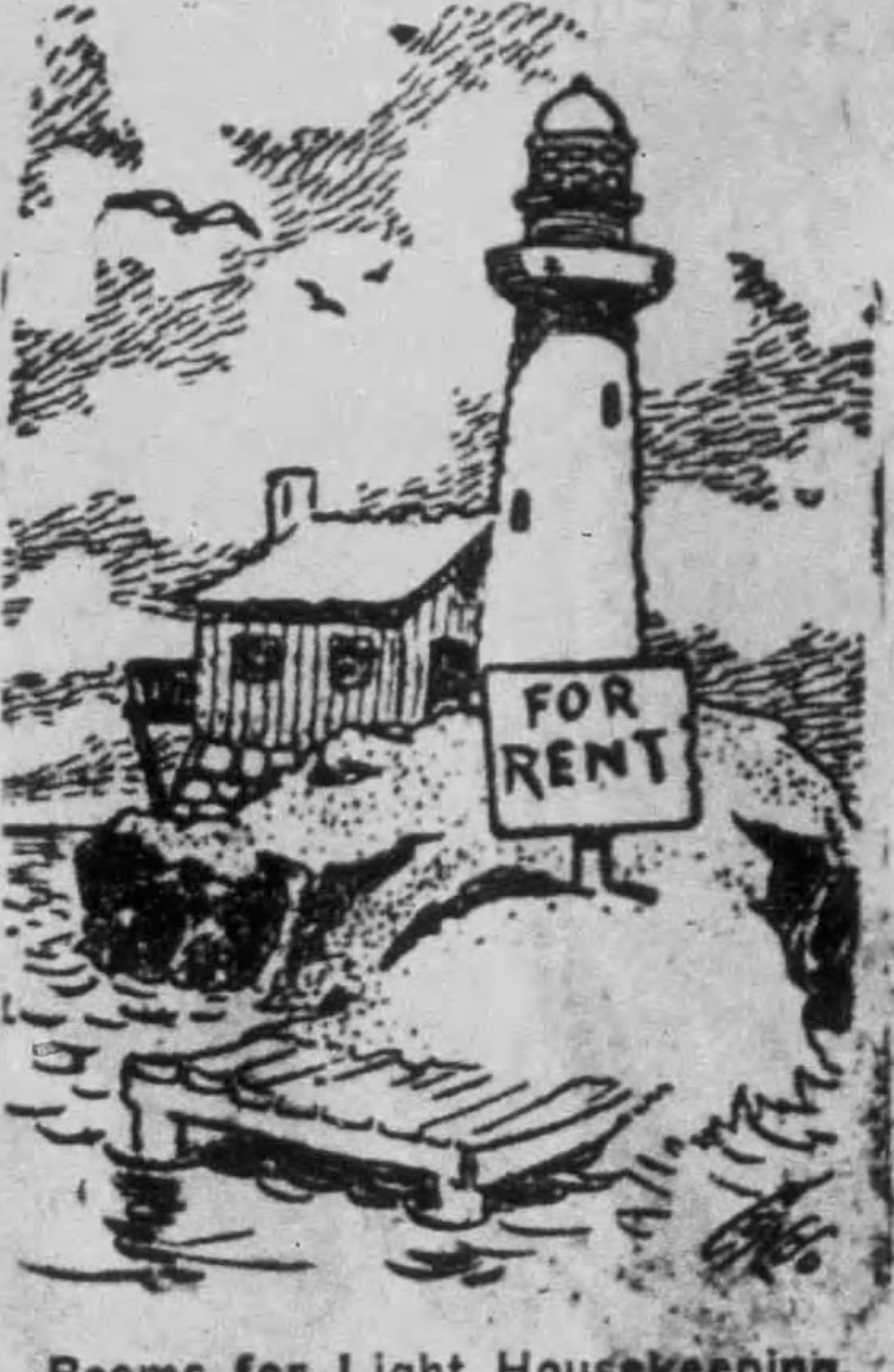


-N-E-A-

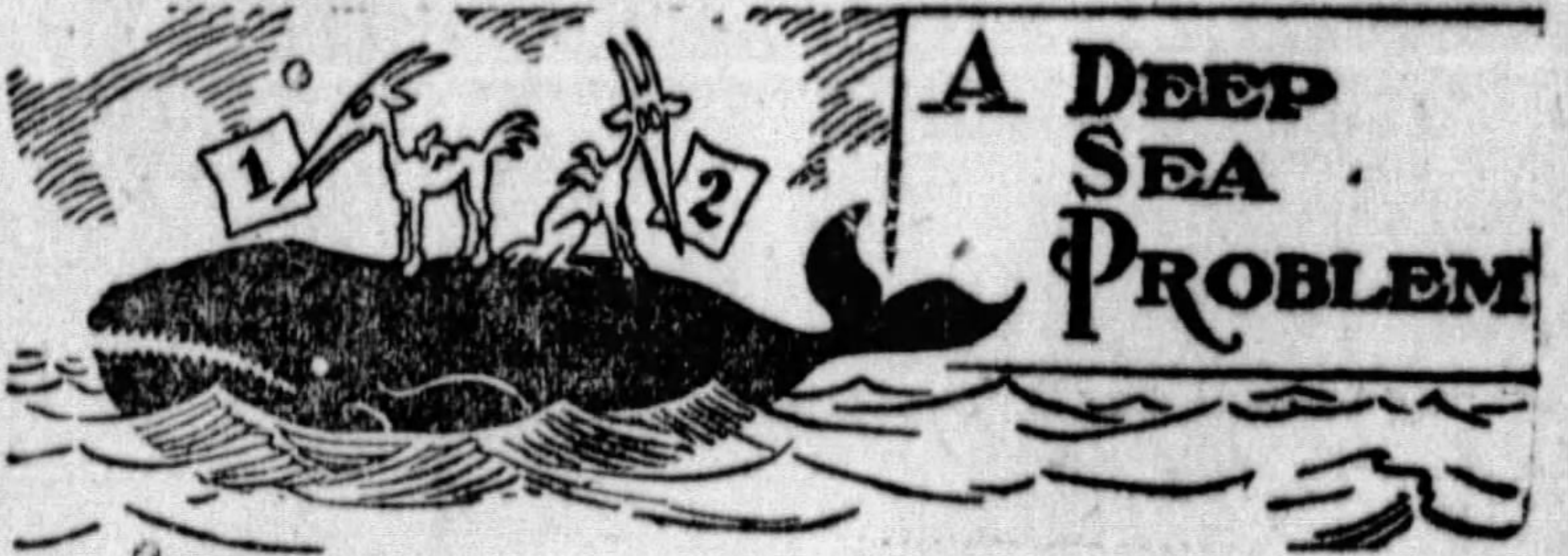
She Was a Great Woman for Righting Things.

III.


CHARLES, DO FIX THAT PESKY DOOR SO THAT IT WILL STAY CLOSED.
ALL RIGHT. I'LL FIX IT.
HEAVENS AND EARTH! YOU'VE PUT NAILS AND SCREWS IN IT!!
WELL, IT WILL STAY CLOSED, WON'T IT?
Condo
-N-B-A-



Rooms for Light Housekeeping.



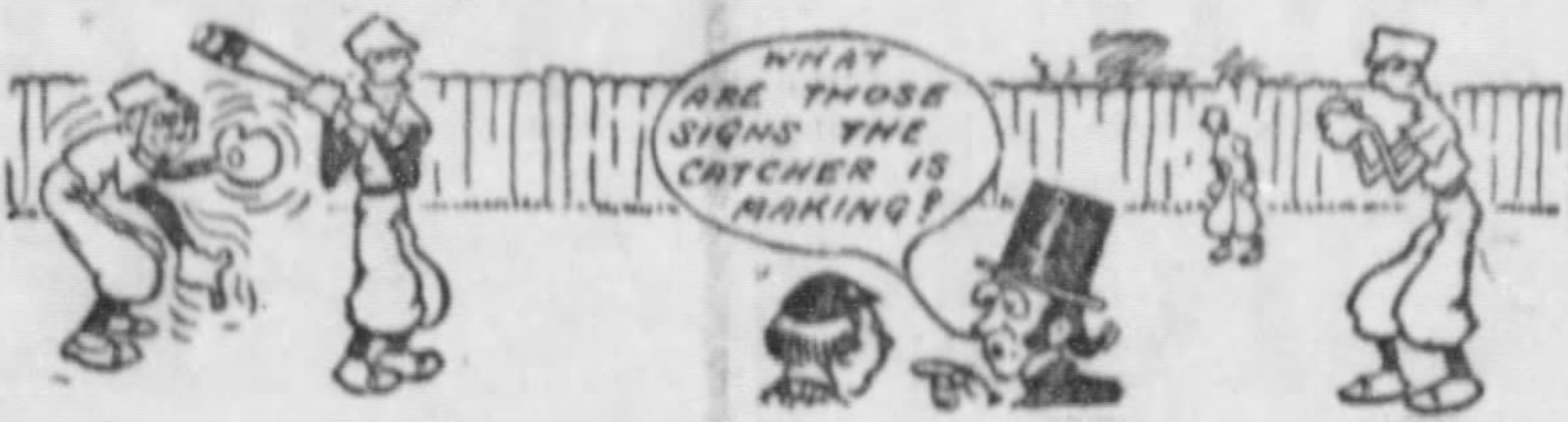
# A DEEP SEA PROBLEM

"How many Gazooks are on the Whale?"
McGinty asked the Jay;
"They're number'd (1) an' number'd (2)—
"How many would you say?"

"Oh, I see two," replied the Jay,
"How many do you see?"
"Why, one is (1) and one is (2),"
McGinty said. "That's three."

"If one be (1), and two be (2),
Then you must sure agree,
"That (2) being two, and (1) being one,
That (2) and (1) are three."

"I don't agree," replied the Jay—
So say thus, he swam away.



WHAT ARE THOSE SIGNS THE CATCHER IS MAKING?

When Park Wilson was a young fellow back East, he pitched on a school team, and a preacher uncle of his called to see him perform one afternoon.

"What are those preliminary signs the catcher is making?" the preacher asked the classmate to whom Wilson had entrusted him.

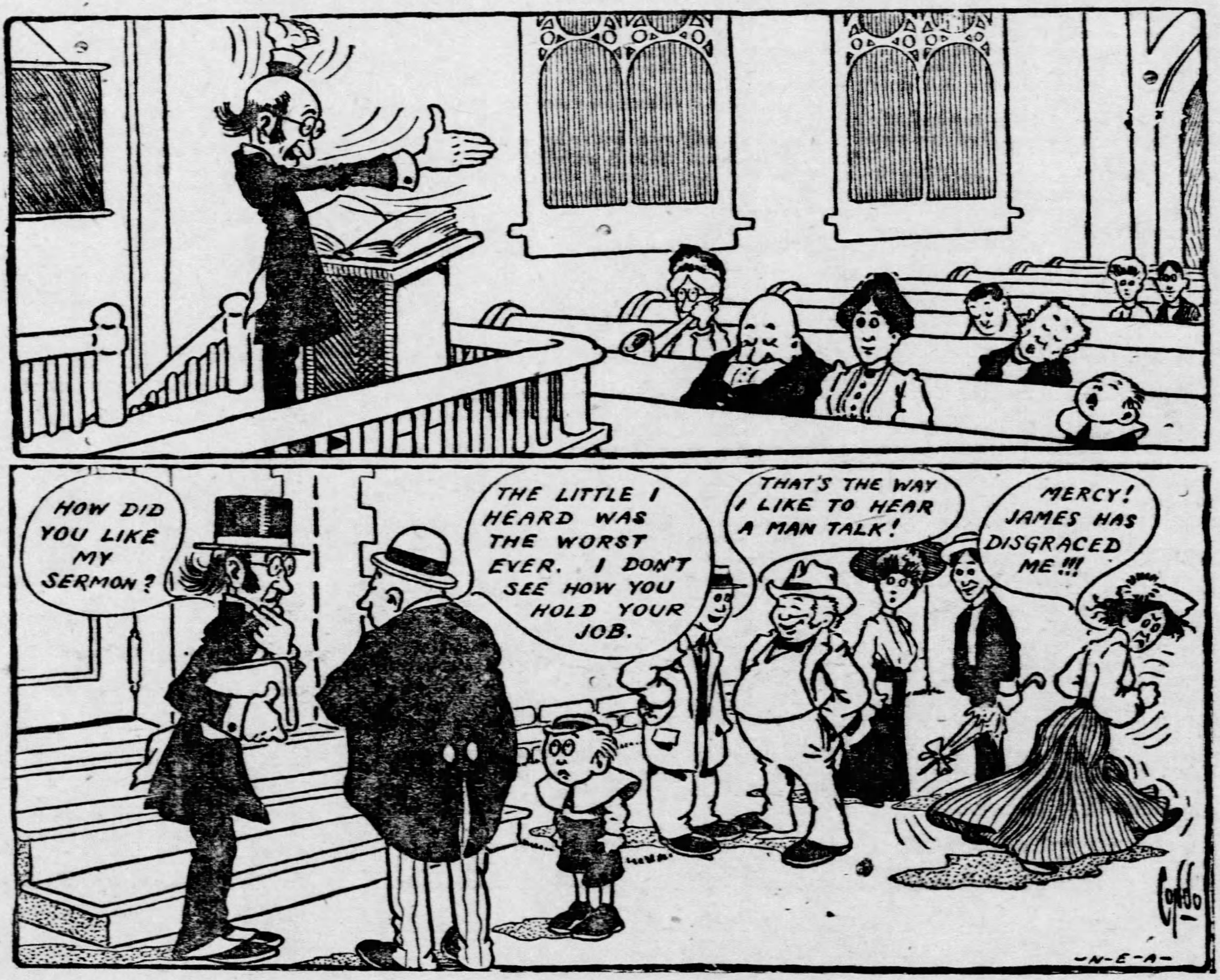
"They are to let Parke know the style of ball to throw," answered Wilson's friend.

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that my nephew and that man are conniving to deceive the batter?"

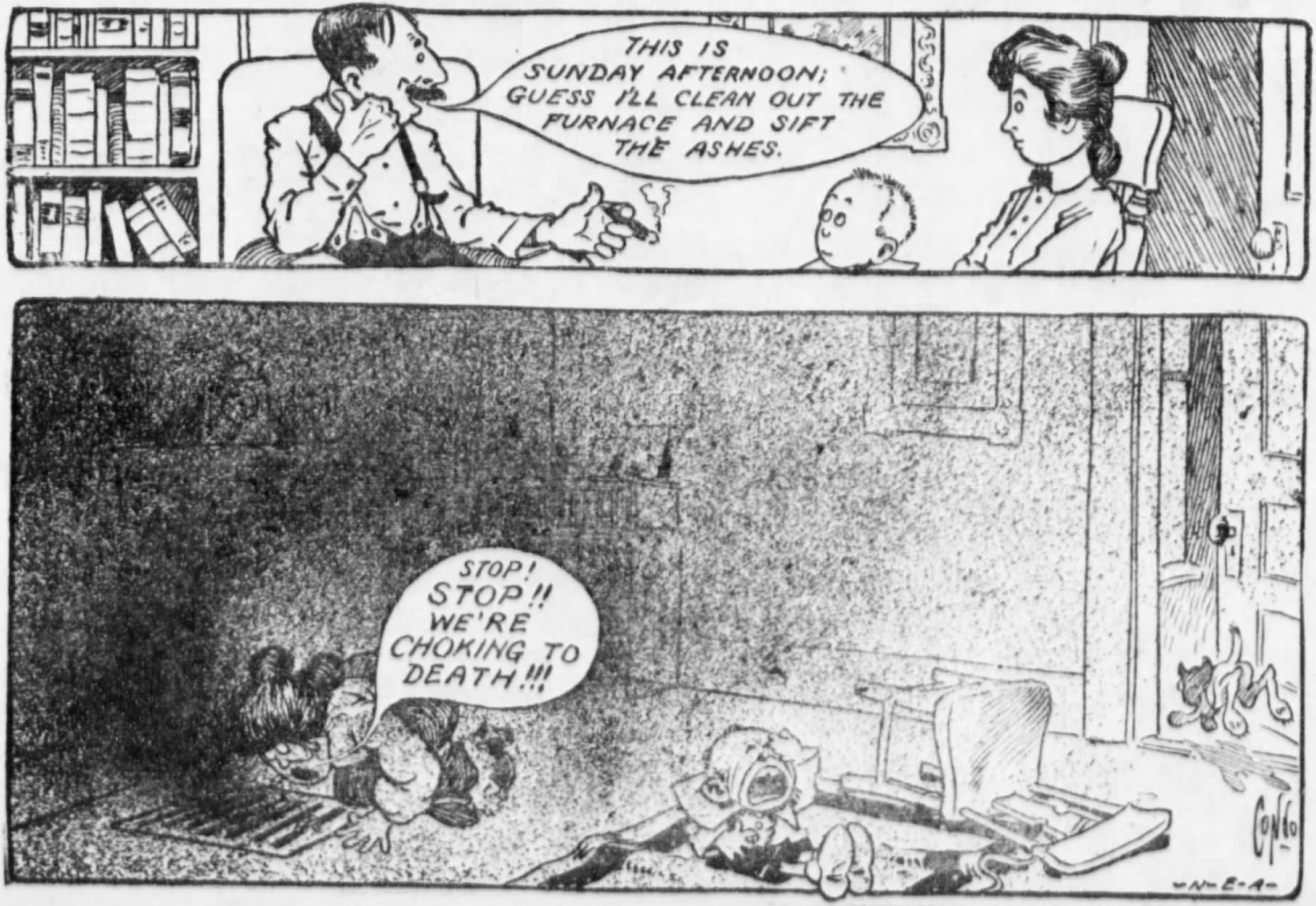
"You might put it that way, I suppose."

"And this is a Christian college!" sighed Rev. Mr. Wilson.

# SOME CHAPTERS FROM THE CAREER OF MR. EVERETT TRUE


HOW DID YOU LIKE MY SERMON?
THE LITTLE I HEARD WAS THE WORST EVER. I DON'T SEE HOW YOU HOLD YOUR JOB.
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR A MAN TALK!
MERCY! JAMES HAS DISGRACED ME!!!
CONDO
-N-E-A-

# THE HANDY MAN AROUND THE HOUSE


THIS IS SUNDAY AFTERNOON; GUESS I'LL CLEAN OUT THE FURNACE AND SIFT THE ASHES.
STOP! STOP!! WE'RE CHOKING TO DEATH!!!
CONGO
-N-E-A-

# THE TWO GREAT LEADERS

### By GRANTLAND RICE

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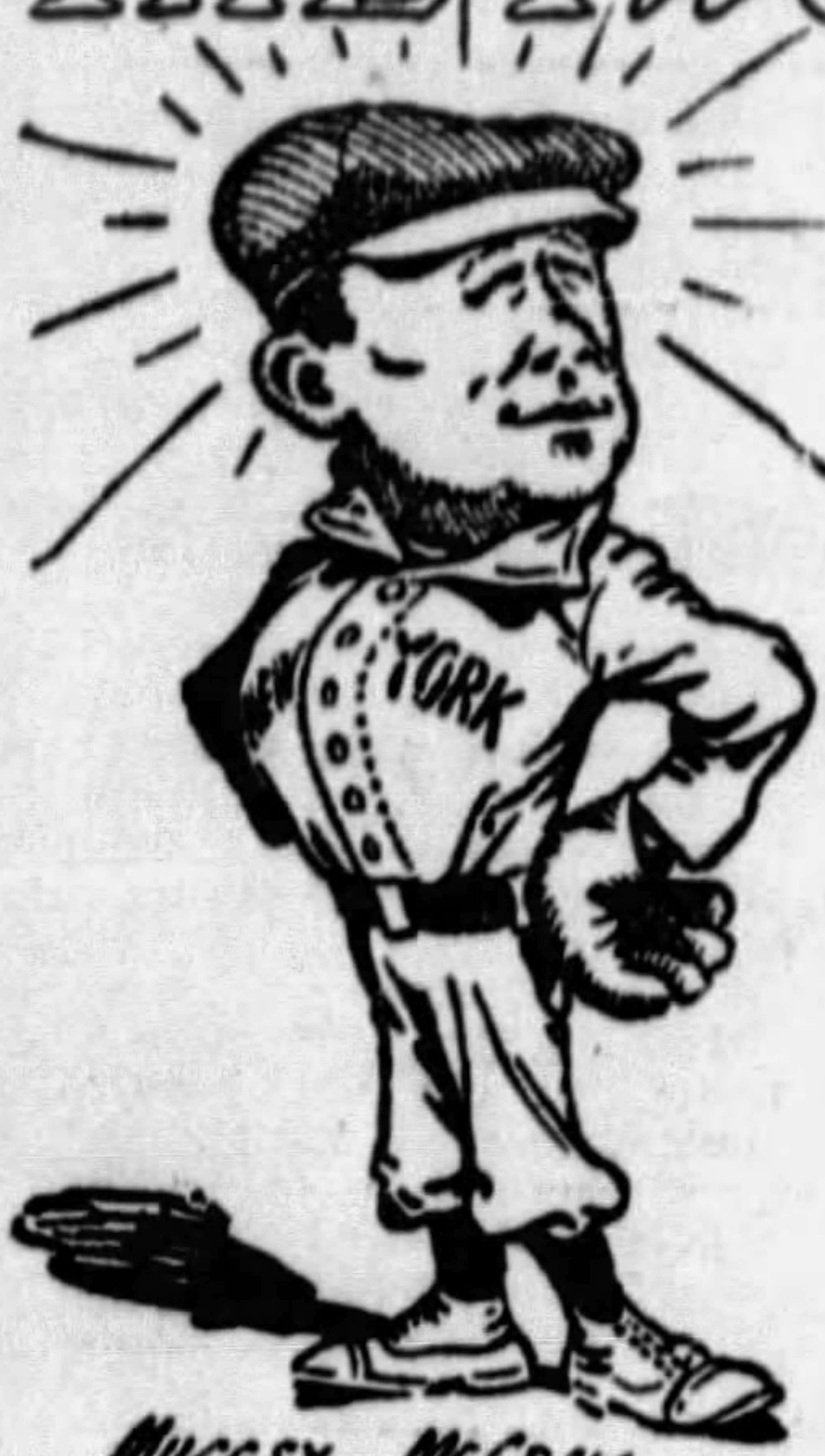


MUGGSY McGRAW.

We think of Alexander as a really great commander,
  And likewise Mr. Regulus, the Roman.
They were both quite up-to-date, so historians relate.
  And both were feared and dreaded by their foemen.

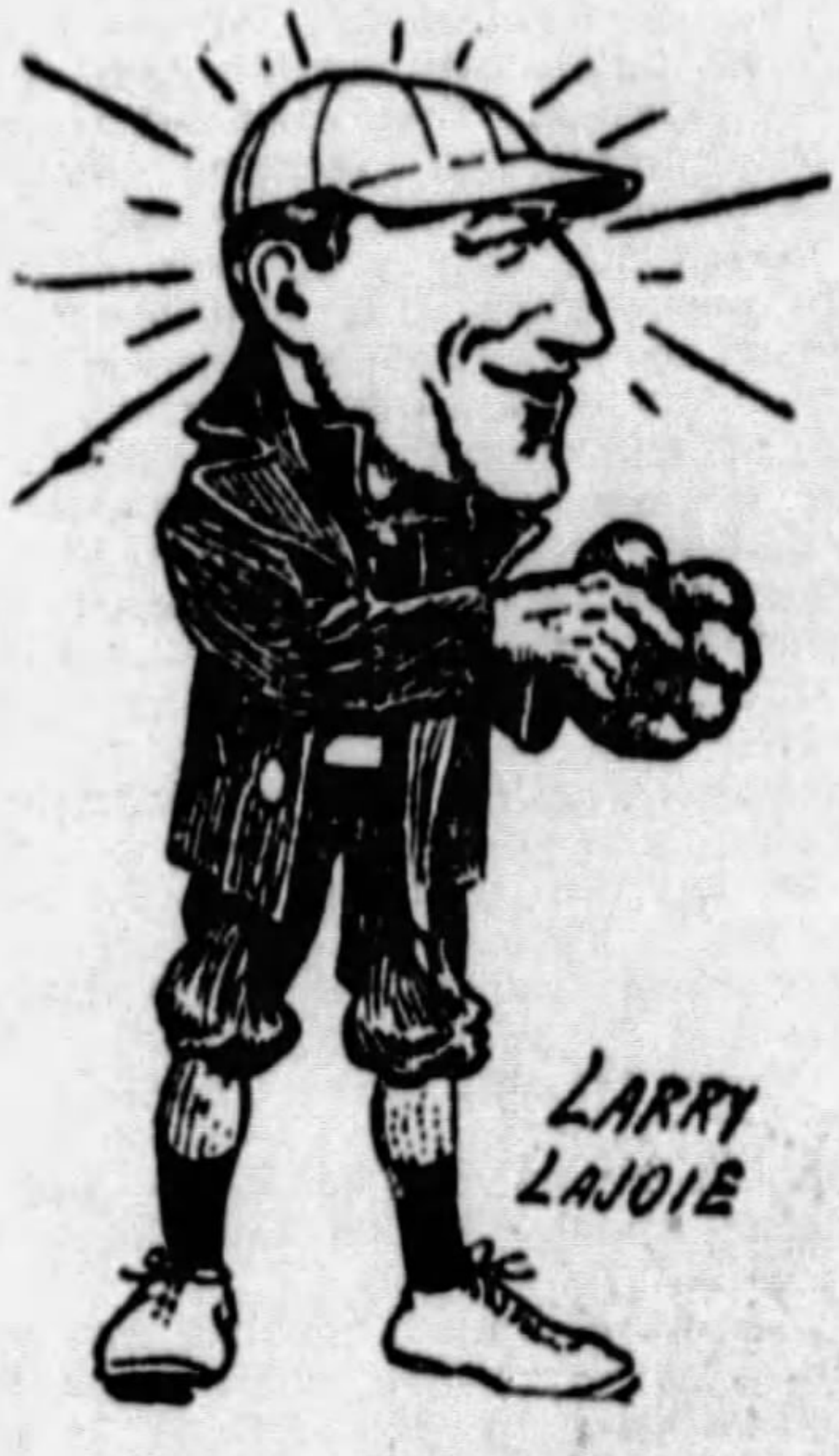
Julius Caesar played good ball and when he subjugated Gaul;
  Attila was a winner in his day.
But the Vandalistic Hun would have soon been on the run
  If he had met McGraw or Lajoie.

Mugsy would have quickly sent old Von Moltke to his tent.
  When he took his stand upon the coacher's line.
Would not this have made Van roar: "Aw, smoke up, you big Dutch bear.
  You're a quitter; you're a lobster; you're a shine."

It's a cinch that Lajoie could trim Togo any day,.
  And have Nogi or Oyama well outclassed.
While the great Miltiades would have been subdued with ease,
  And old Pompey in this league would finish last.

The Carthagenian Hannibal, although a colored cannibal,
  Made quite a record when he crossed the Alps;
But the dusky Dago never showed form halfway as clever
  As the Nap brigade in taking rival scalps.

And King Henry of Navarre was another shining star,
  While Mohammed held the universe in awe.
The cranky pagan scrapper wouldn't have felt halfway as dapper
  If he'd gone against King Larry or McGraw.

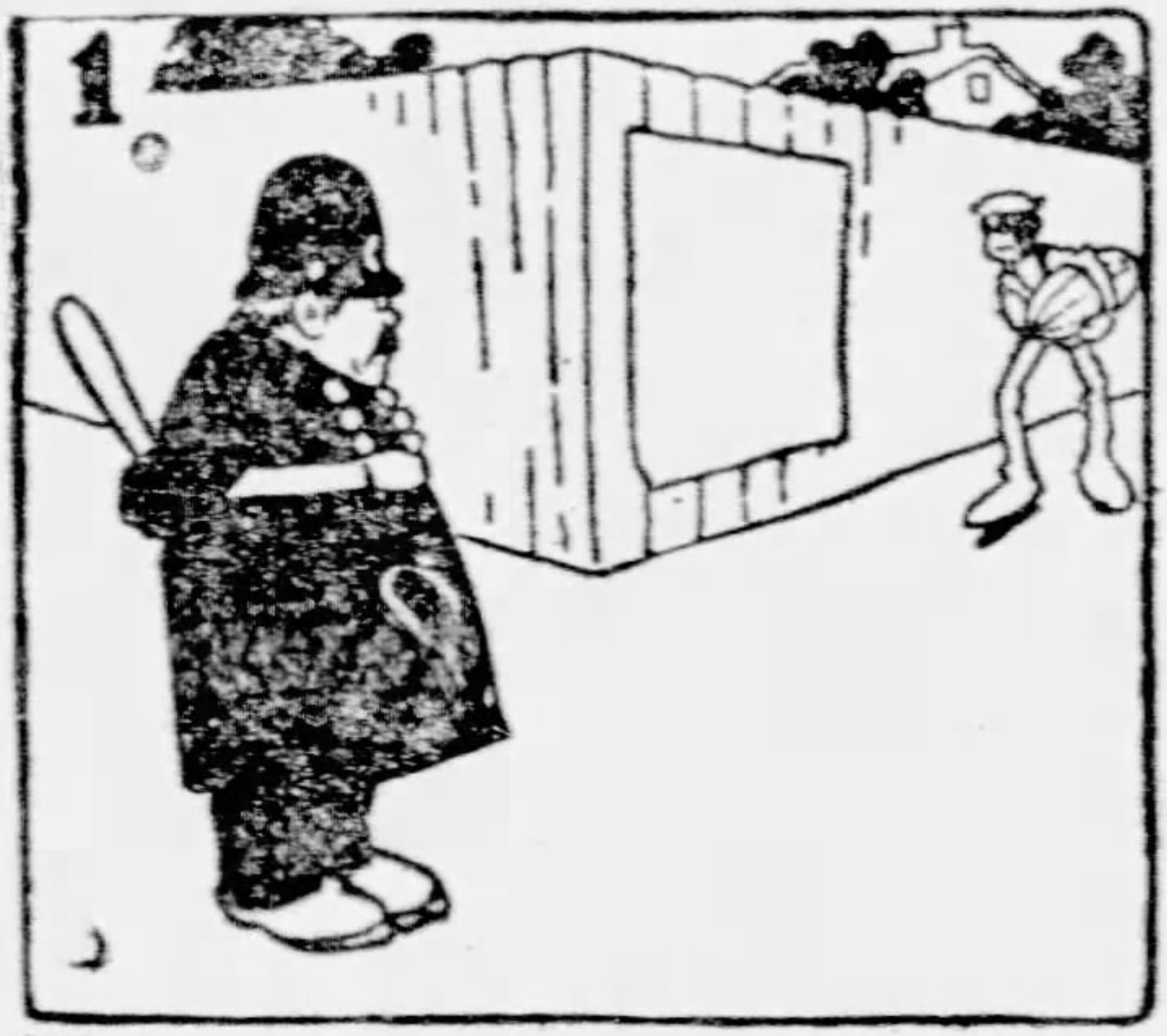


LARRY LAJOIE

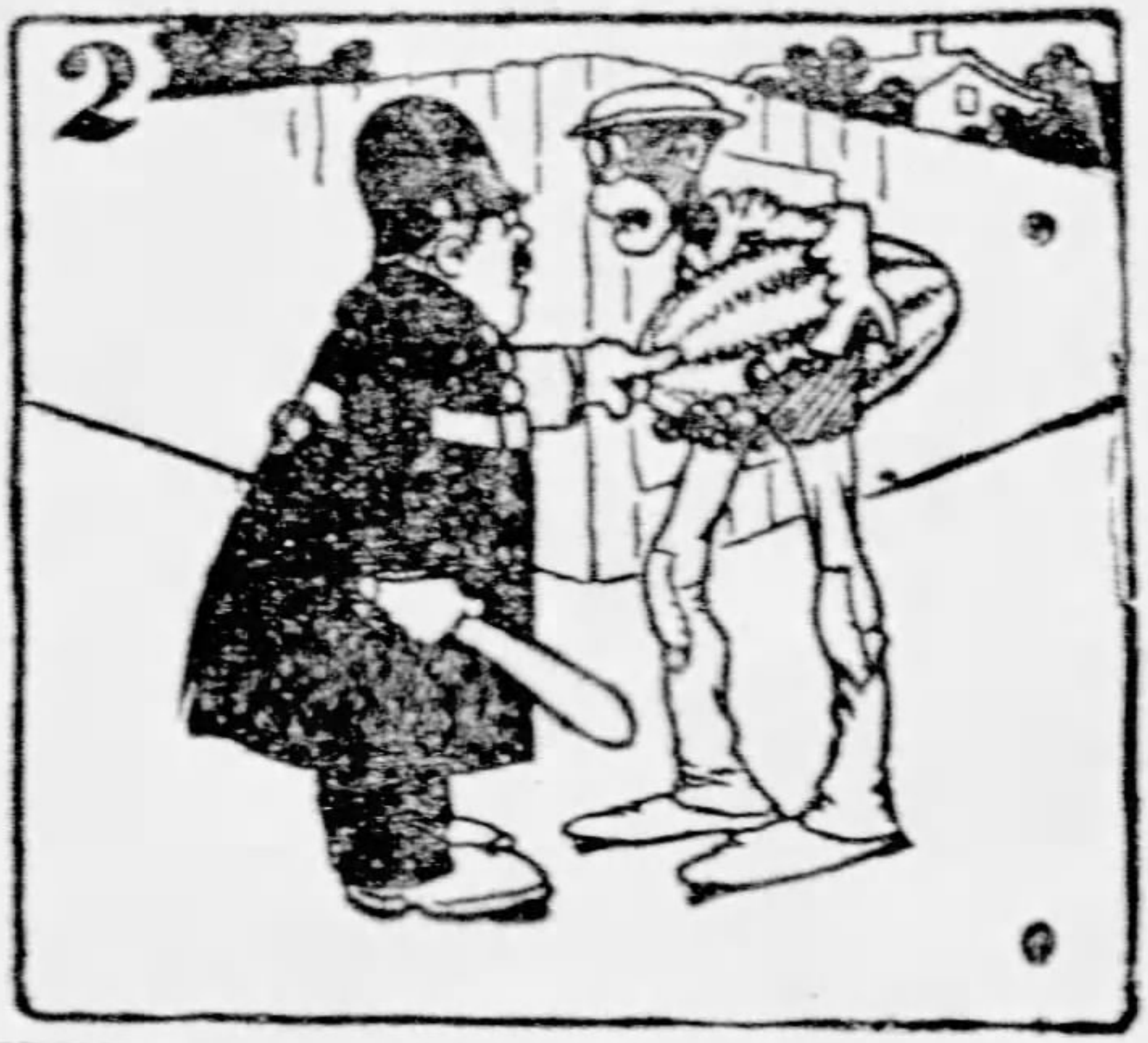
L'Envoi.

Here is a bumper, then, to Lajoie and Manager McGraw,
  The uncrowned monarch in the realm of swat.
All those ancient star intriguers look to them like minor leaguers,
  And they wouldn't last the season, like as not.

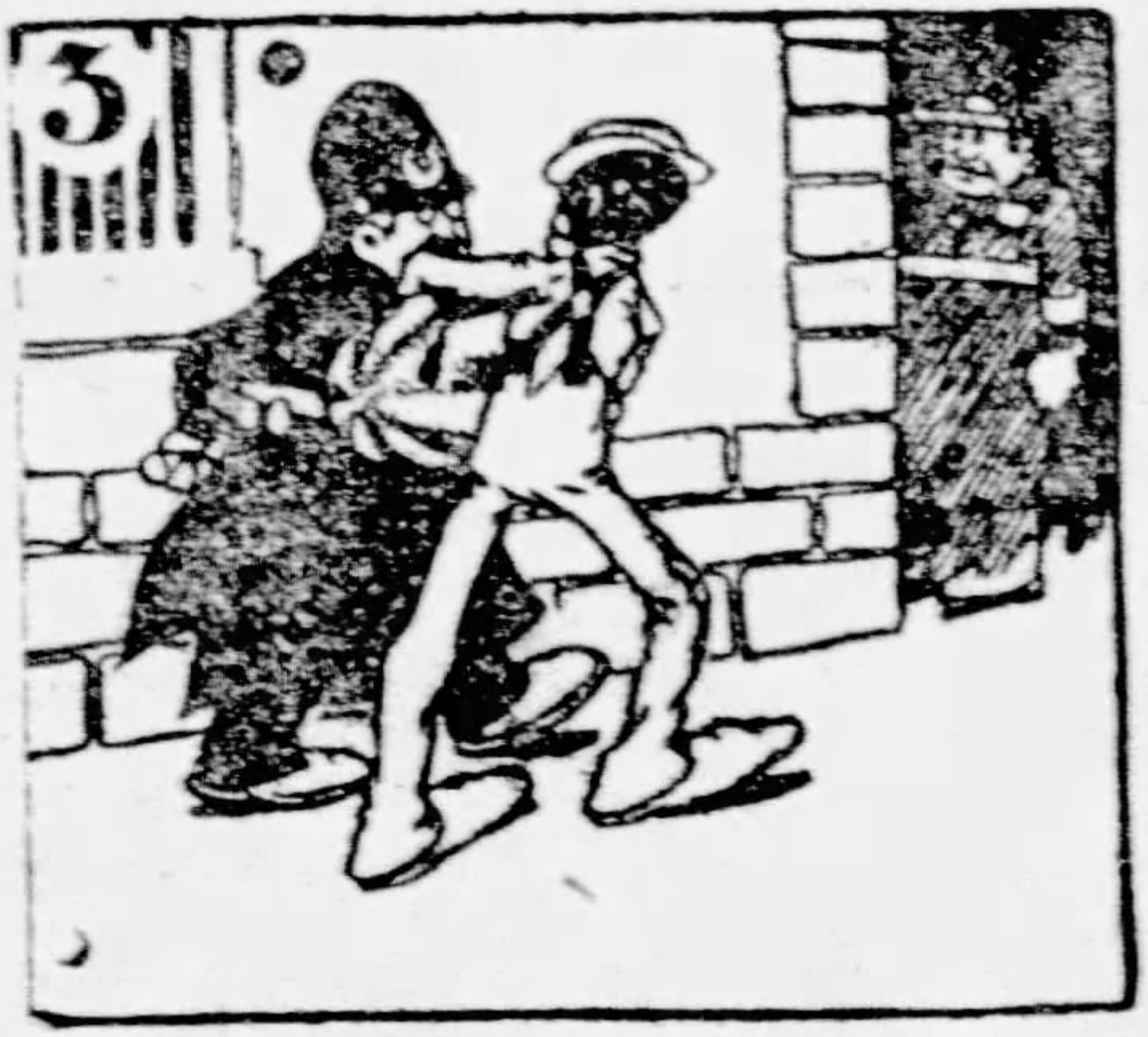
# CHUMPEN DOES IT AGAIN



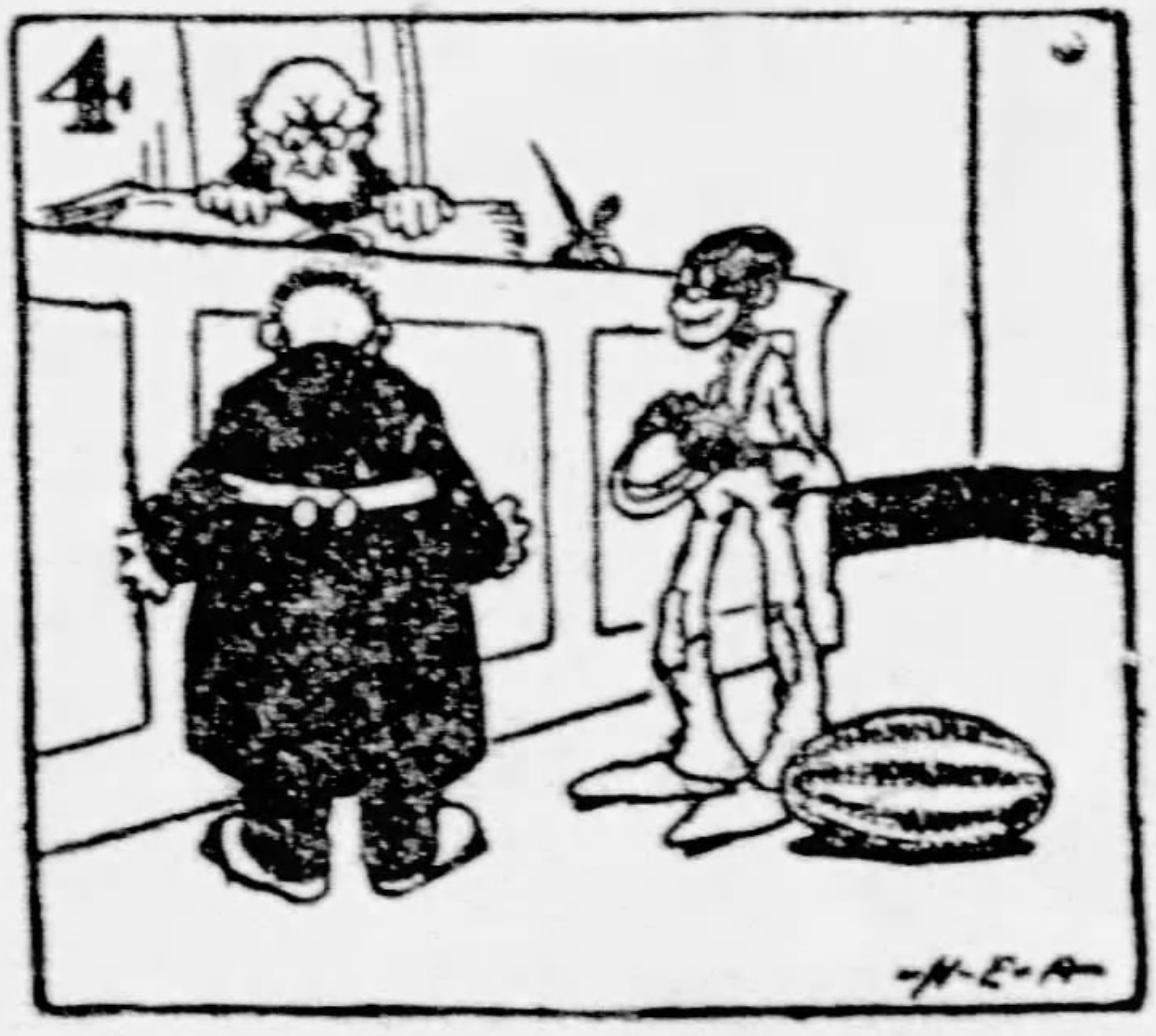
"Well, well, here's a case. I'll bet $15 to a soap bubble that coon stole the watermelon he's carrying."



"No, sah, pon mah honah. Mistah P'leeceman, Ah didn' steal dis hyeah melon. Ah'm takin' it—"

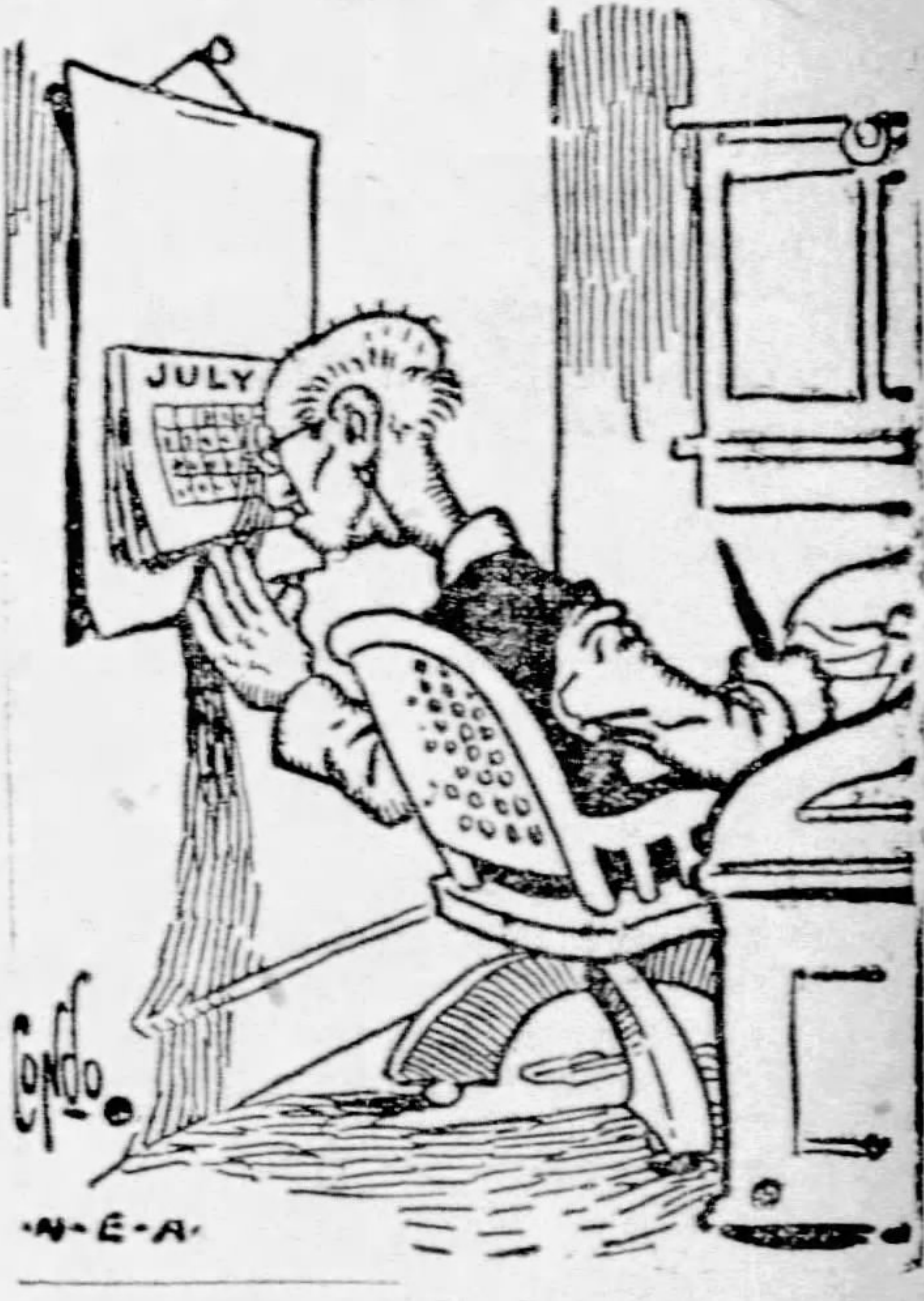


"Oh, come along, what's the use listenin' t' your lies. I know you stole it an' you know you can't fool me. I'll just put you away for a few months. See if you can fool th' judge. I'll bet he sees through any story you tell him."



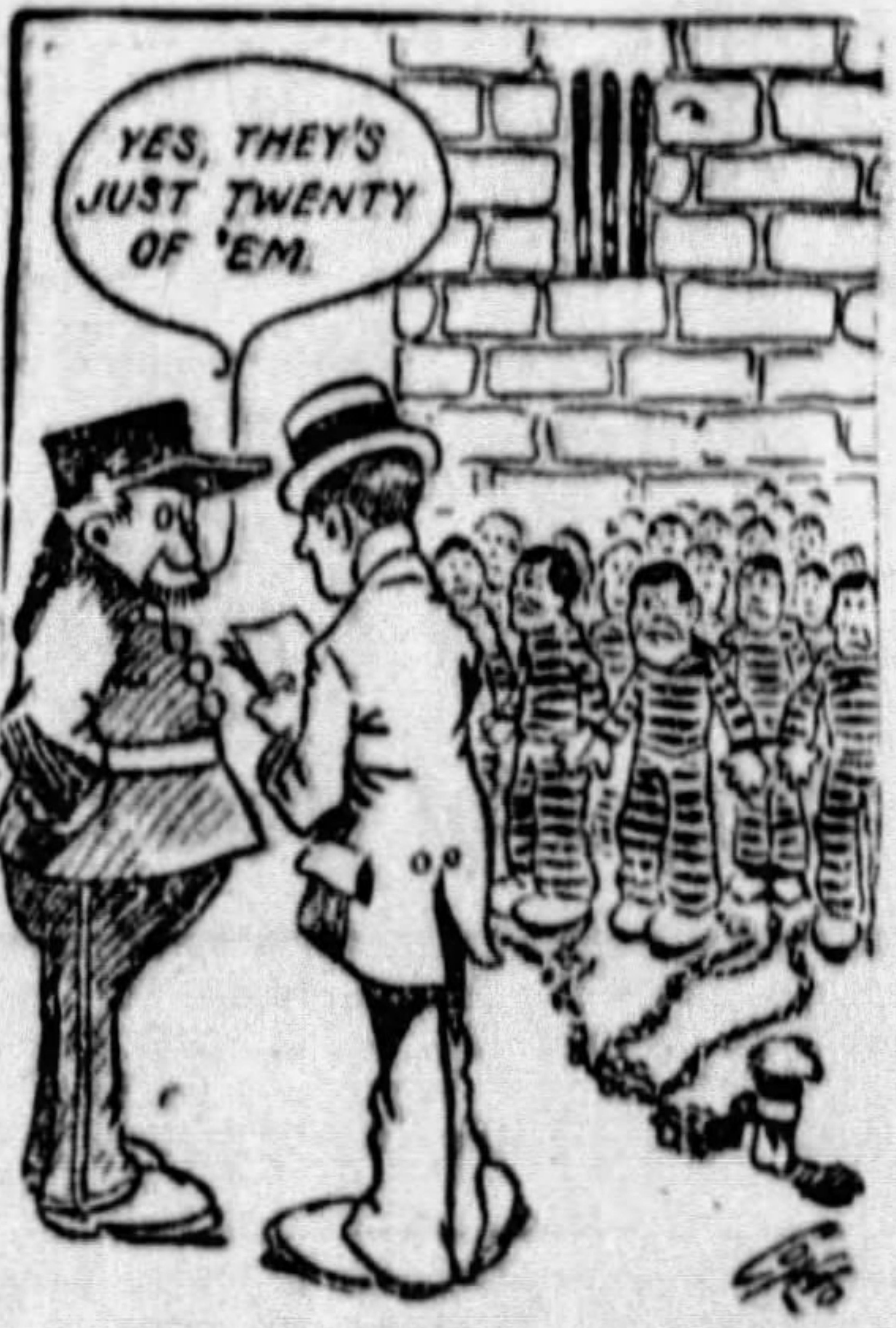
"Yo' honah, Ah'm workin' for Mistah Smith, de groc'ryman, an' he tole me t' lug dis melon right down t' youah house. He said you done bought it dis mawnin'."

"Thats' right, I did. You're discharged, and you hustle along with the melon. Chumpen, you ought to be sent to the old women's home."


JULY
CONDO
N-E-A

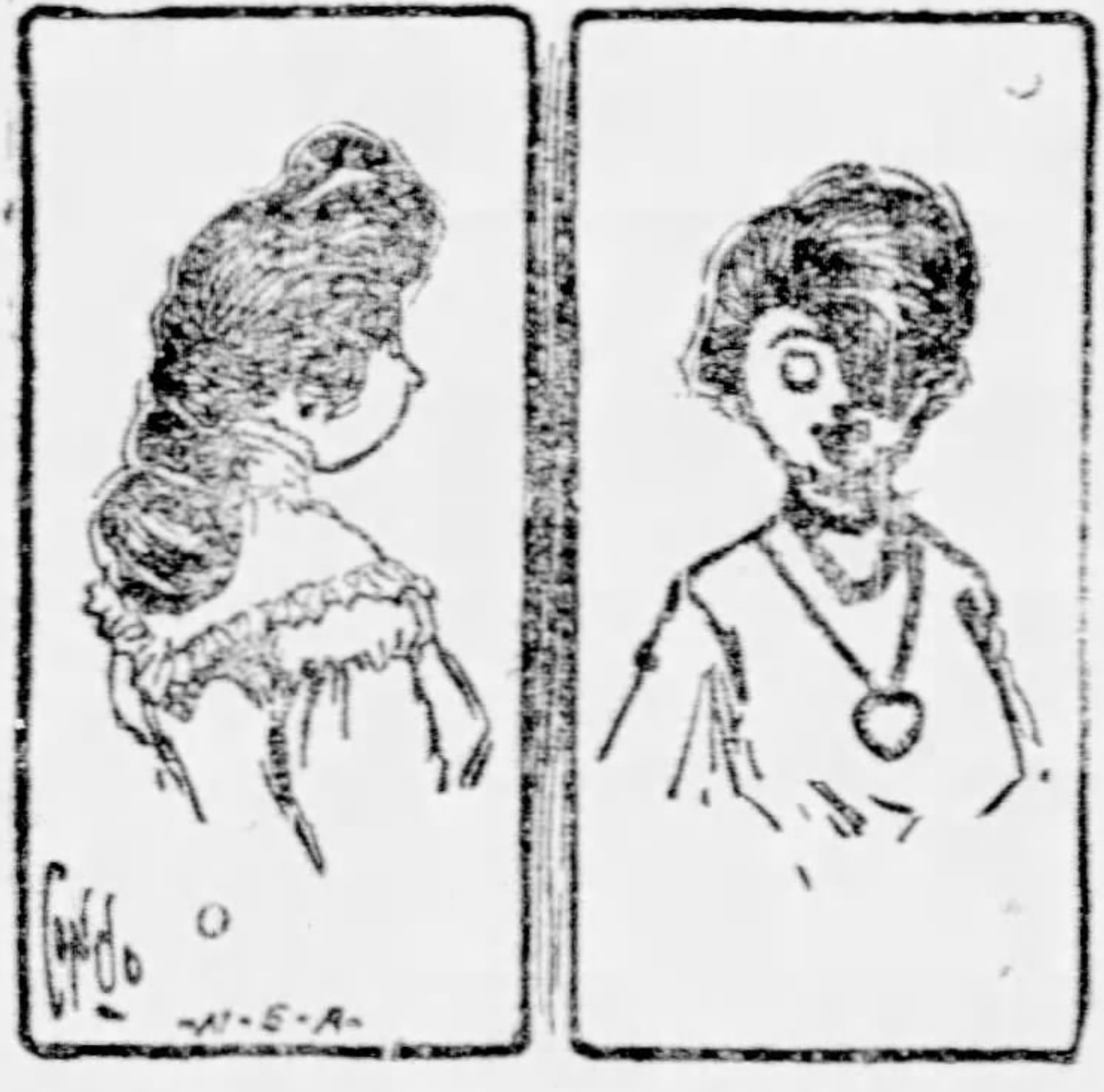
UP TO DATE.

# SOME BASE BALL TALK.


YES, THEY'S JUST TWENTY OF 'EM.

THE SCORE WAS TIED.

# SOME RAILROAD TALK



THE TRAILING AND FACING SWITCH.

# BALL PLAYERS AFRAID OF DEADLY HOODOO

Speaking of superstition among ball players, "Billy" Earle says: "In 1894 I played with four clubs. I began as manager of the Birmingham team, and the Southern league blew up July 4th. I was then signed by Buckenberger for Pittsburg and was loaned to help out Louisville.

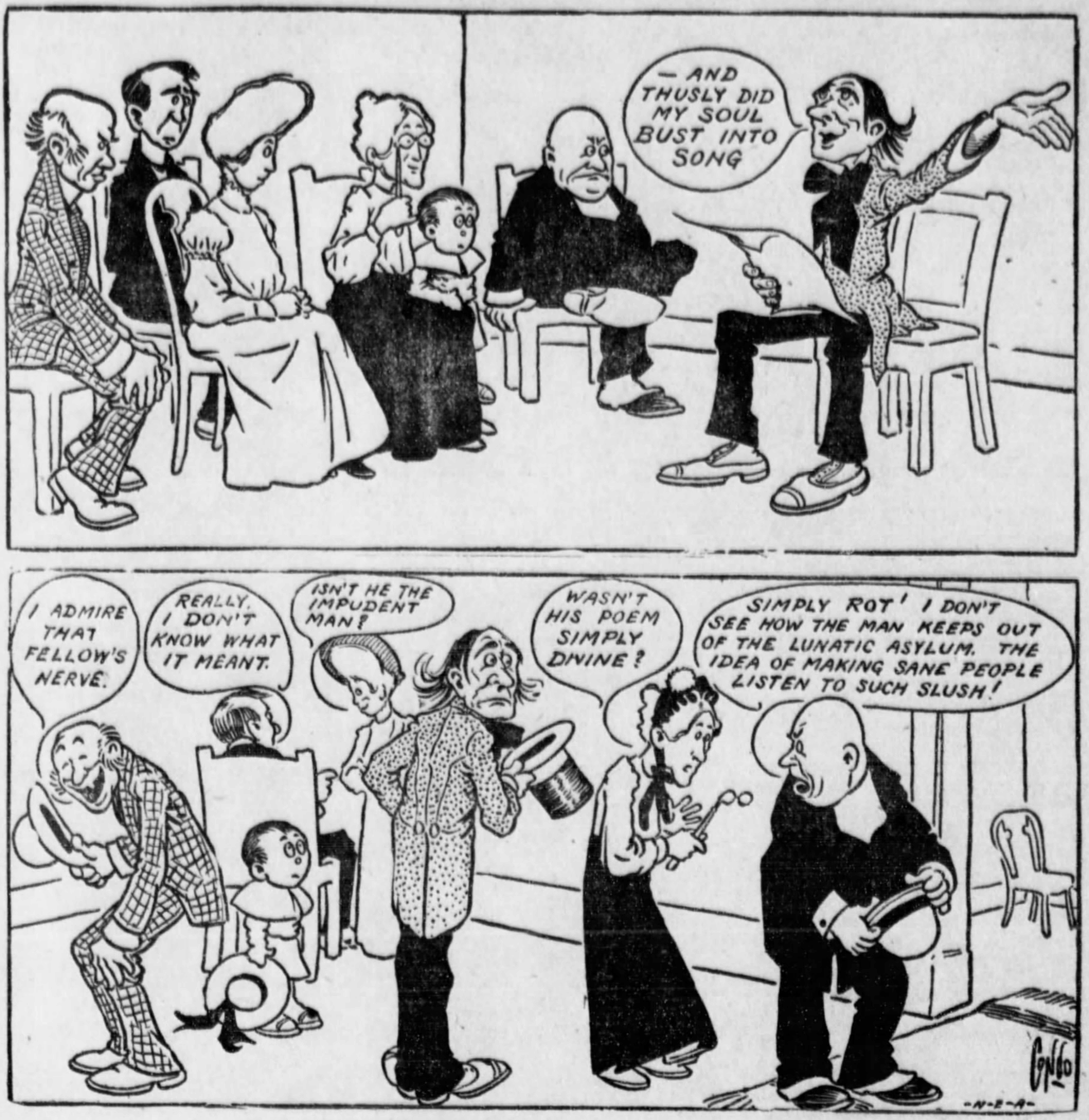
"Just for a joke one day on the train I hypnotized a woman. The players saw me and began to freeze me out. My roommate passed me up and refused to have anything to do with me. Jack Grim hadn't hit even a foul for three weeks and yet he declared that I had hoodooed him.

"One of our pitchers lost his arm. They said I was the hoodoo. I was sent back to Pittsburg. Up to that time the Pirates had been playing great ball, but when I rejoined they went to pieces and played miserably.

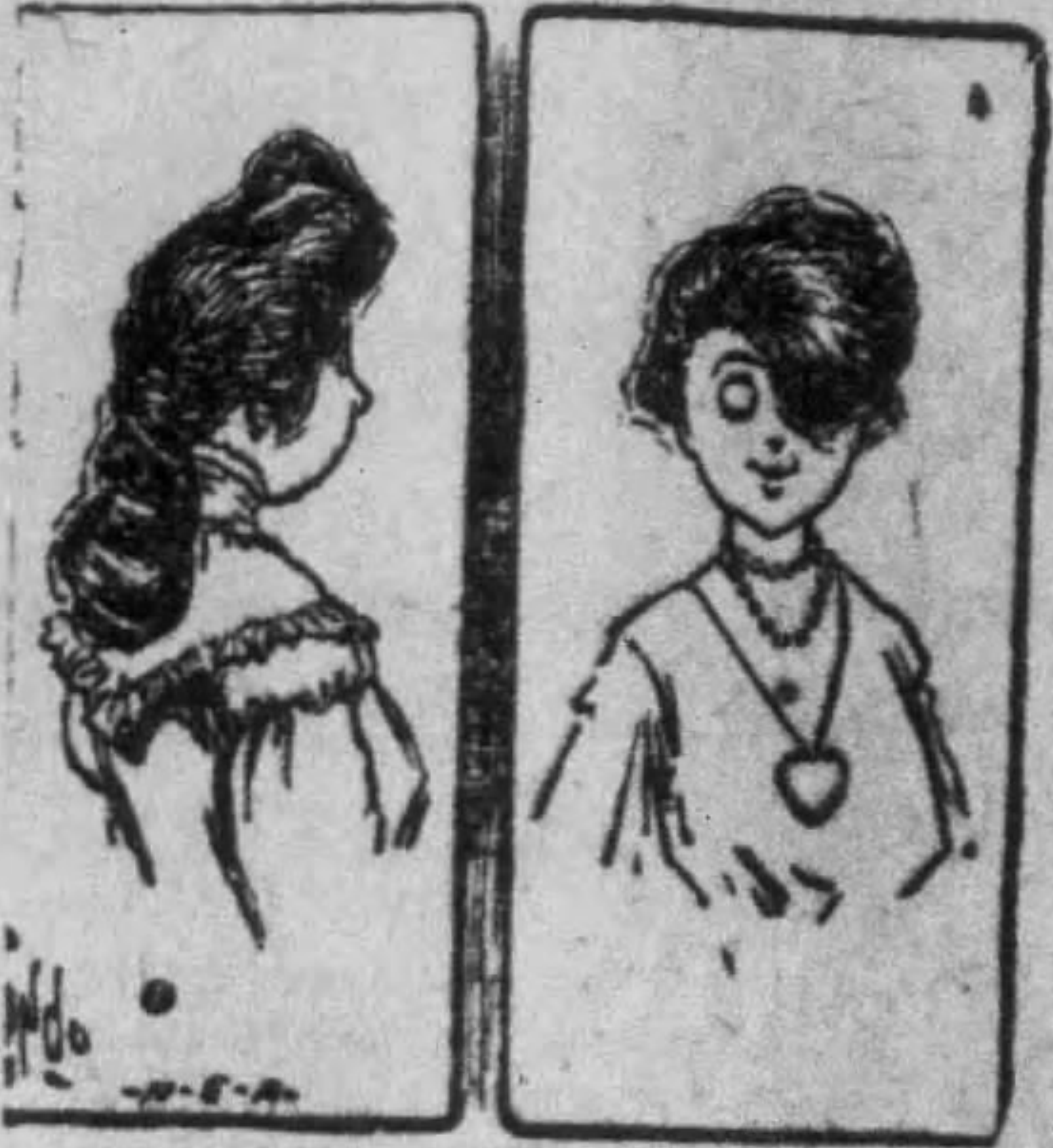
"Buckenberger declared the hoodoo and fired me—although I was playing the best game of my career.

"Finally Tom Burns, center fielder of Brooklyn, told me this hoodoo business was all tommyrot, was simply a terrible conspiracy against a ball player, and he gave me a job. We were to room together. The first night I accidentally touched Burns' arm. He jumped out of bed with a yell and wild with fear, saying I was trying to hoodoo even him. I had to leave the team. All the rest of the year I was boycotted by ball players and couldn't geta job."

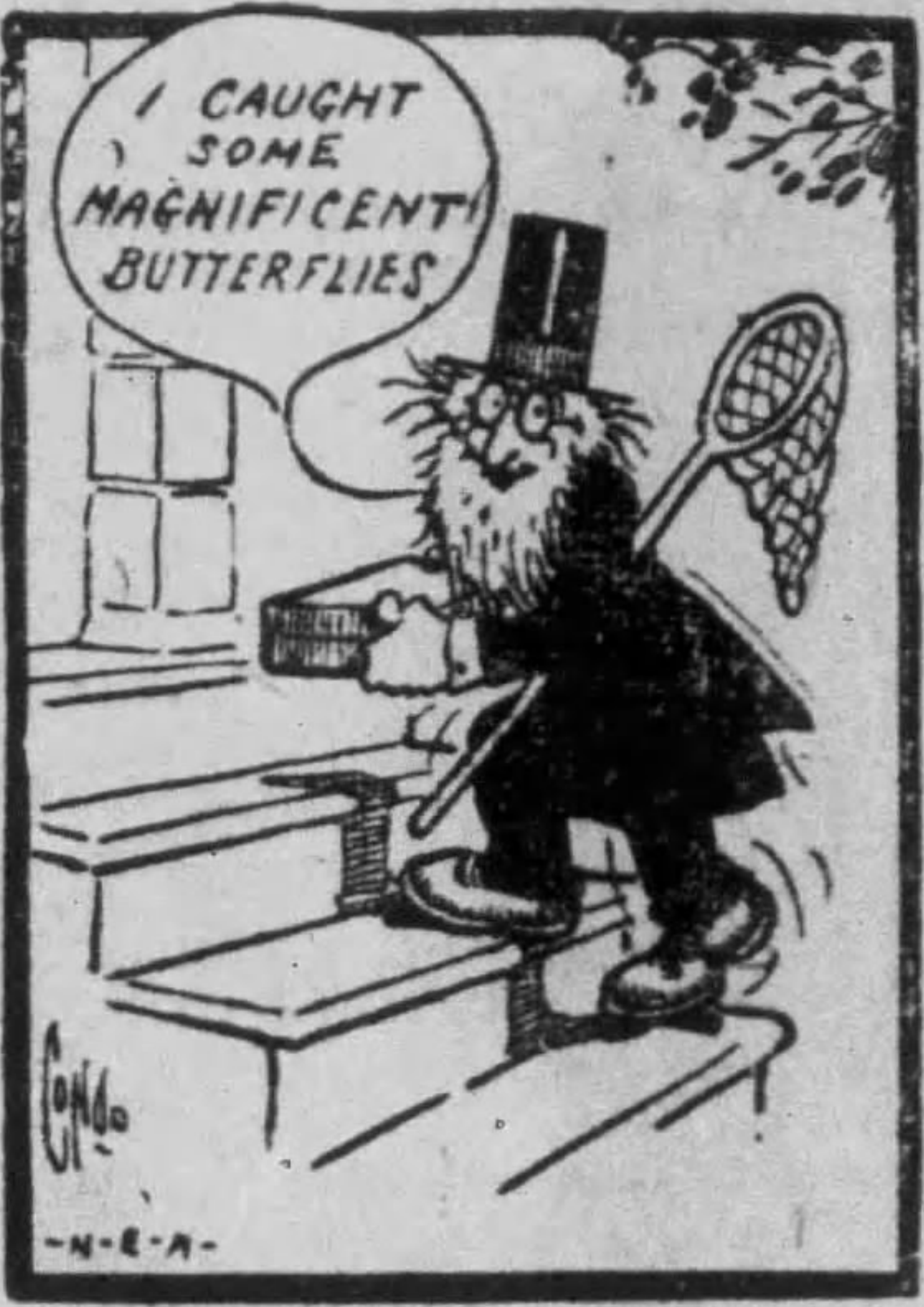
# Chapters From the Career of Mr. Everett True.


—AND THUSLY DID MY SOUL BUST INTO SONG
I ADMIRE THAT FELLOW'S NERVE.
REALLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANT.
ISN'T HE THE IMPUDENT MAN?
WASN'T HIS POEM SIMPLY DIVINE?
SIMPLY ROT! I DON'T SEE HOW THE MAN KEEPS OUT OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM. THE IDEA OF MAKING SANE PEOPLE LISTEN TO SUCH SLUSH!
CoNDo
-N-E-A-

## Some Railroad Talk.



THE TRAILING AND FACING SWITCH.


I CAUGHT SOME MAGNIFICENT BUTTERFLIES
Condo
-N-E-A-

Taking Up a Collection.

# Tales of the Ball Player's Woe

### Amusing Incidents Come From Indianapolis.

# Coming From Anti-Cigaretville

**Indianapolis, Ind., July 20.**—This is one American association city where the ball player with cigaret tendencies is up against it. Indianapolis, to the yellow-fingered ball tosser in the big minor league, is as tough a proposition as the polar circle to the frost hunters—and if you don't believe it, ask the players who take to the coffin nails, how they enjoy themselves while in the Hoosier capital.

The anti-cigaret law, which went into effect with the opening of the season, has caused more trouble than a ripper bill to visiting ball tossers, and a heap of amusement for those who sit around and watch the contortions of the athletes who are short on "the makings," for most of the boys roll paper and tobacco like a Mexican.

The Milwaukee team opened the season here and went against the law like a thousand of brick. Not one of the Brewers remembered the prohibit on the sticks, and as a result the majority were out of stock.

"What's that!" shouted Hemphill, the Brewer center fielder, as the Grand hotel cigar store clerk shook his head in answer to a request for papers and tobacco.

"Nothin' doin' " said the clerk with a grin. "It's against the law and you can't get cigarets in this man's town. Lot of rubes put a bill through the legislature last winter and we burned up all our papers and cigarets last week."

Hemphill was nervous during the Brewer's first visit. He wanted cigarets and he wanted them bad. Arrests were being made right and left for violations, and the retailers absolutely refused to sell.

Monte Beville was with the Brewers, gave Hemp a note to a cigar store man on the circle, in the center of which the soldiers' and sailors' monument stands, and Memphill went out satisfied with orders to get all he could carry.

Meanwhile the other members of the team sat around and smiled contentedly. In about two hours the courier returned. The boys made a rush for him, demanding the result of his search.

"All I got was dead tired," responded Hemphill. "I didn't even find the place. Got on a street and walked for two hours and finally came back to the place I started from."

Hemphill had been walking around the circle.

---

When Pitcher Eels, of the Kansas City team, hit town he wanted a cigaret in a hurry, having run short the night before, and not being onto the ropes called a bell hop and said: "Son, I'll give you a case note if you'll get me all the tobacco and papers we want."

"Can't do it," replied the boy. "I might get you booze or a pipe and a blue pill, but you can't get cigarets for your case note, beau."

---

Senator Parks, father of the anti-cigaret bill, was in the Grand hotel when the Columbus team played here. Tom Taggart introduced Bill Clymer to him, remarking that he wanted a base ball crank to meet a base ball manager.

"I might have reconsidered that bill, had I known it would have put the players to so much trouble," said the senator.

"If my men never saw a cigaret I would have a better chance to get the pennant," retorted Clymer, sagely.

---

The St. Paul Champions were lambasting the Hoosiers verbally one night in the lobby. Cigarets were hard to get, and one Saint ventured the opinion that they could not be had for love nor money.

"I can get some," said manager Mike Kelly. "Watch me."

Kelly and Pete O'Brien left the hotel and within 20 minutes returned, puffing contentedly on two nails.

"How many did you get," shouted a dozen.

"One each," answered Kelly.

"Where?"

"From one of our friends. You know Pete and I used to play here," answered Mike.

---

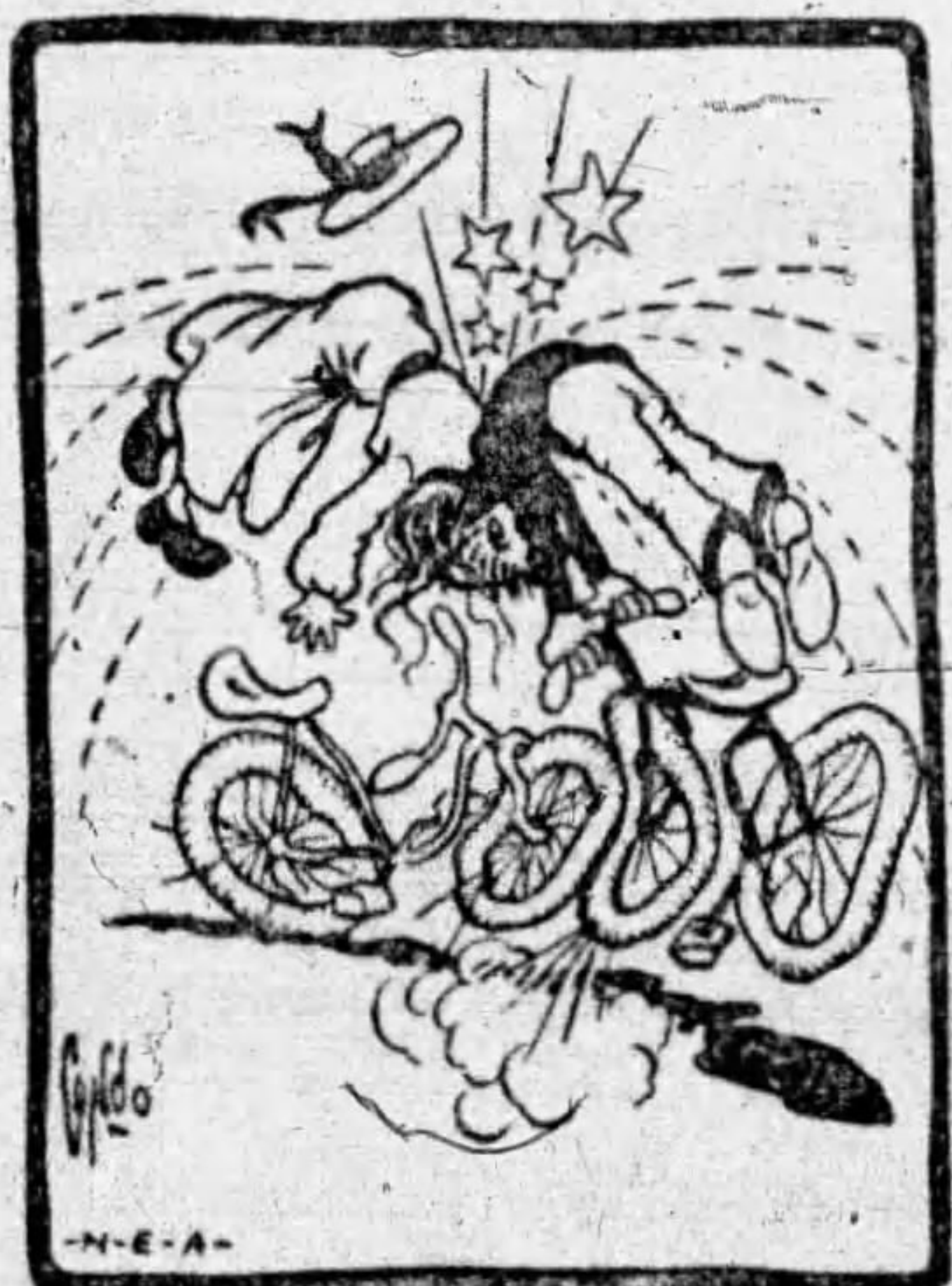
They tell a yarn on Moriarity, the fighting third baseman of the Toledo team, to the effect that he and one of the Indianapolis players were out walking, when they spotted a big detail of bluecoats, under command of a sergeant, headed for them. Moriarity is reported to have hot-footed it down an alley, hanging on to his cigaret, firm in the belief that the entire force was after him for breaking the law.

---

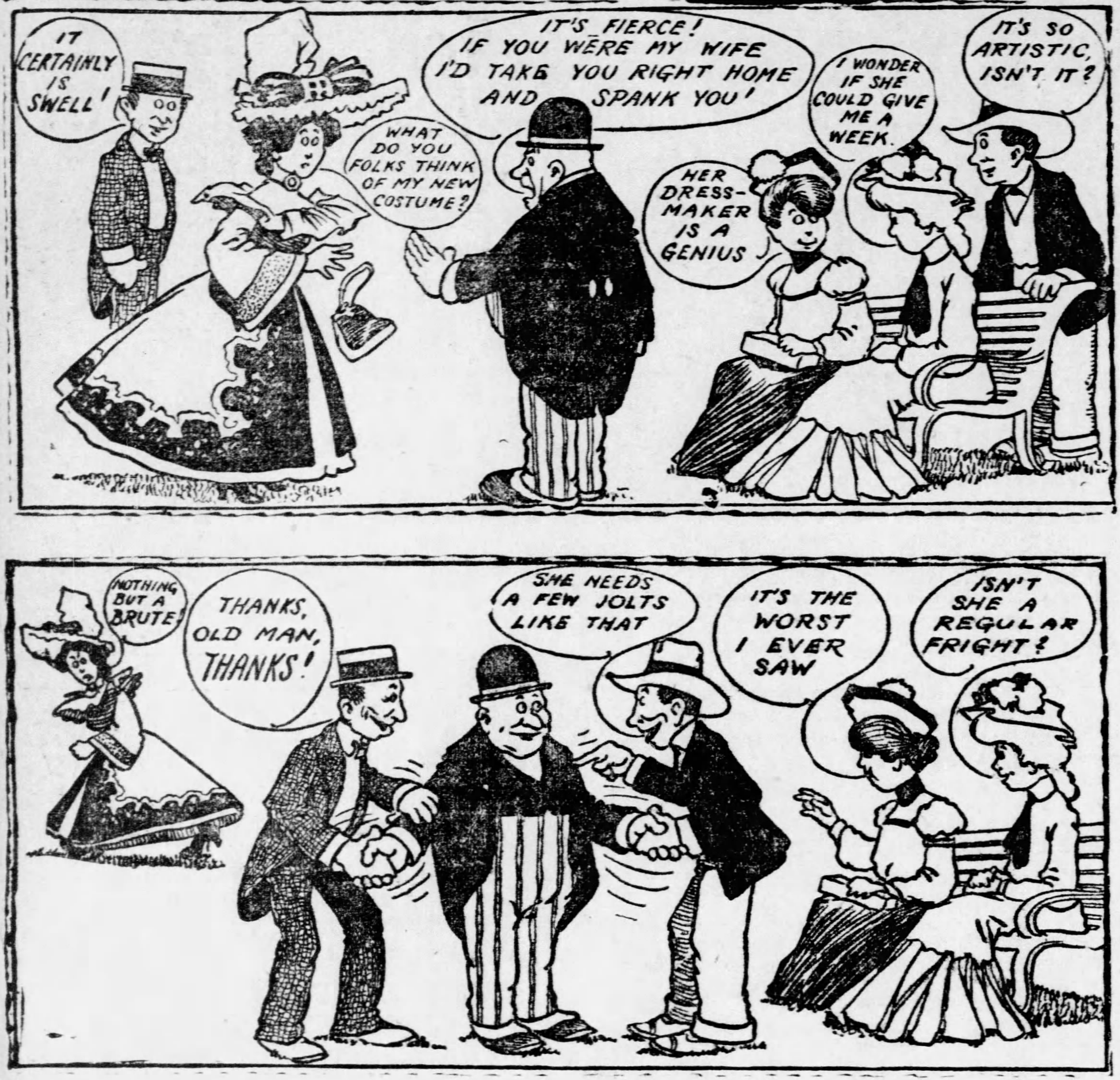
Indianapolis players have no trouble getting the smokes. They are popular and the dealers will do anything for them.

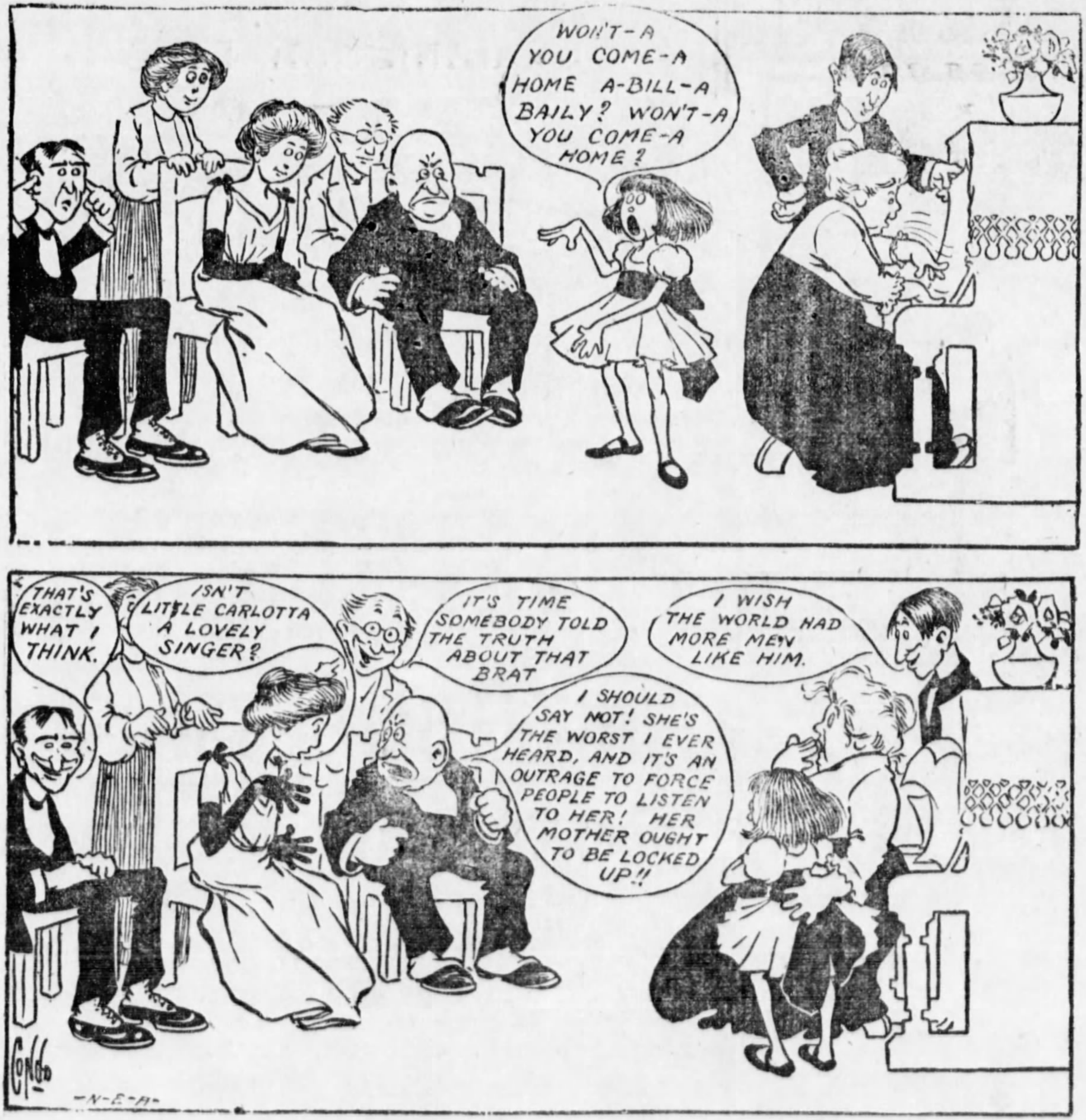
"You fellows would be a lot better off if you could not get those things," said Manager Barrow, one day. "The club house smells like a hop joint, and you fellows are the weakest hitters in the association."

Champ Osteen used to get all the cigarets he wanted. It is said he smoked them from morning till night, and the fans wondered why he played like a dope fiend. As a result of his poor work he was fired, and Moran got his job.



A Bicycle Meet.

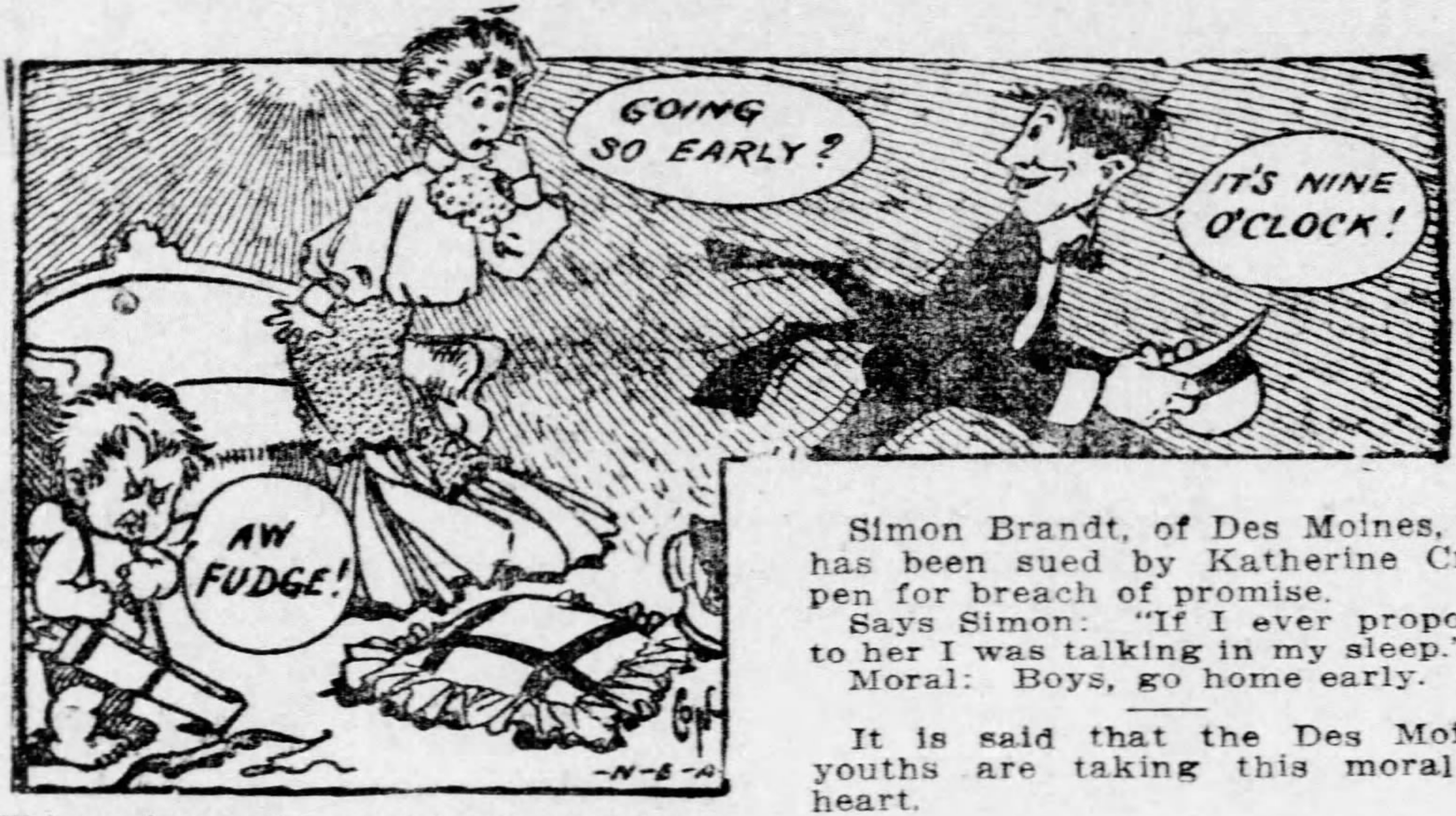

IT CERTAINLY IS SWELL!
WHAT DO YOU FOLKS THINK OF MY NEW COSTUME?
IT'S FIERCE! IF YOU WERE MY WIFE I'D TAKE YOU RIGHT HOME AND SPANK YOU!
HER DRESS-MAKER IS A GENIUS
I WONDER IF SHE COULD GIVE ME A WEEK.
IT'S SO ARTISTIC, ISN'T IT?
NOTHING BUT A BRUTE!
THANKS, OLD MAN, THANKS!
SHE NEEDS A FEW JOLTS LIKE THAT
IT'S THE WORST I EVER SAW
ISN'T SHE A REGULAR FRIGHT!


WON'T-A YOU COME-A HOME A-BILL-A BAILY? WON'T-A YOU COME-A HOME?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I THINK.
ISN'T LITTLE CARLOTTA A LOVELY SINGER?
IT'S TIME SOMEBODY TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT BRAT
I SHOULD SAY NOT! SHE'S THE WORST I EVER HEARD, AND IT'S AN OUTRAGE TO FORCE PEOPLE TO LISTEN TO HER! HER MOTHER OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP!!
I WISH THE WORLD HAD MORE MEN LIKE HIM.
CONDO
-N-E-A-

# IOWA BOYS GET WISE

## A Breach of Promise Suit in Des Moines, Iowa, Makes the Young Men in That City Get Next to Themselves

BY CYNTHIA GREY.


GOING SO EARLY?
IT'S NINE O'CLOCK!
AW FUDGE!

Simon Brandt, of Des Moines, Ia., has been sued by Katherine Crippen for breach of promise.

Says Simon: "If I ever proposed to her I was talking in my sleep."

Moral: Boys, go home early.

---

It is said that the Des Moines youths are taking this moral to heart.

Things have changed in Des Moines.

In the late evening forlorn maidens sit about alone.

No longer do yawning but happy youths prop themselves up in the sofa corner to snooze stealthily to the accompaniment of an adored one's voice.

No longer does the parlor lamp splutter a midnight warning of oil burned low.

No longer does blushing maiden await tremblingly her mother's voice scared into action by a love like lull.

Cupid's arrows are left unsharpened. Cupid's bow remains unstrung. Cupid wears a hungry, weary look.

As the clock strikes 9 the Des Moines youth grabs his hat and flees.

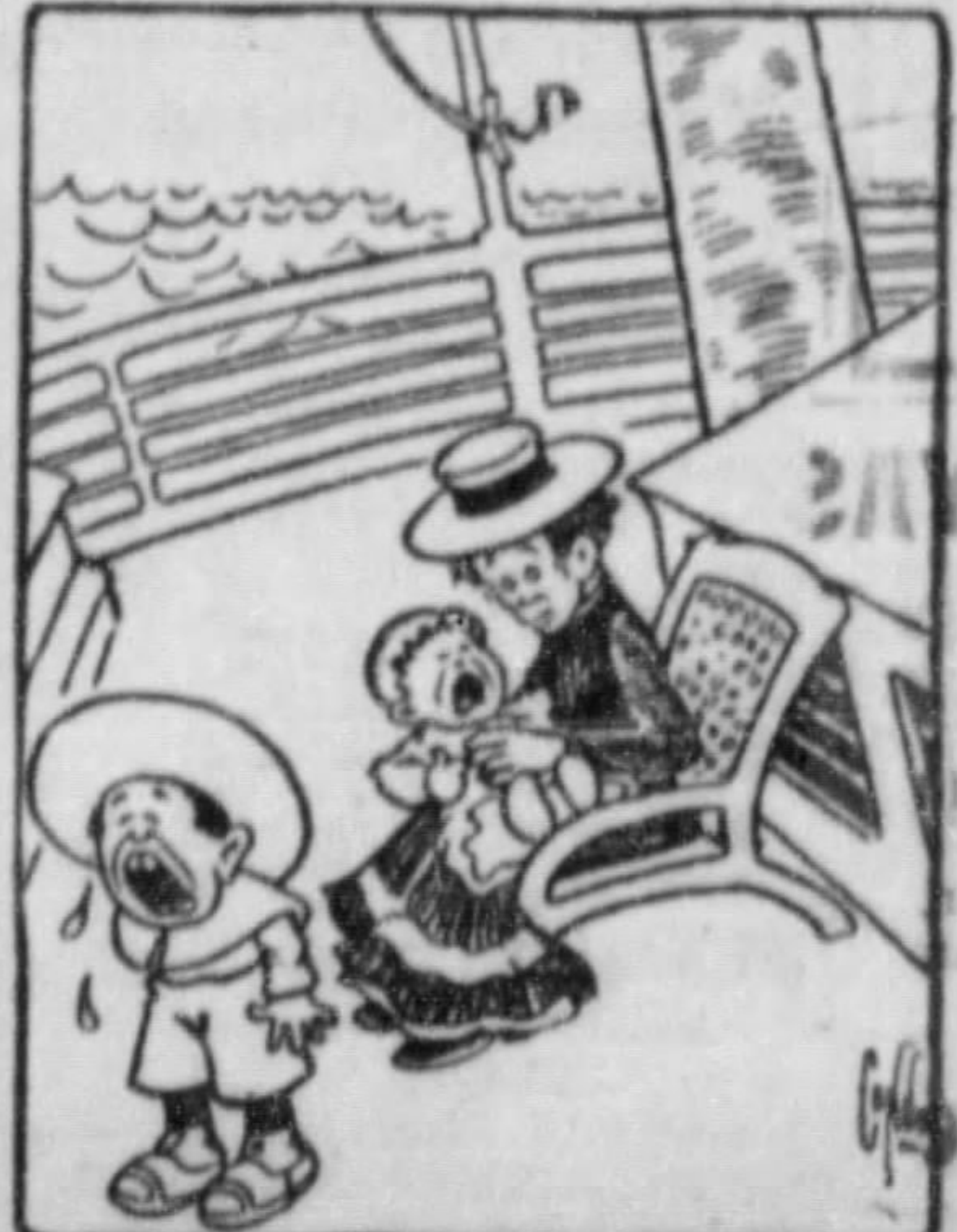
Katherine has set the young men wise. They are not to be caught napping.

Des Moines has suddenly become a trifle dull.

Young men are developing a wonderful taste for sticking to business.

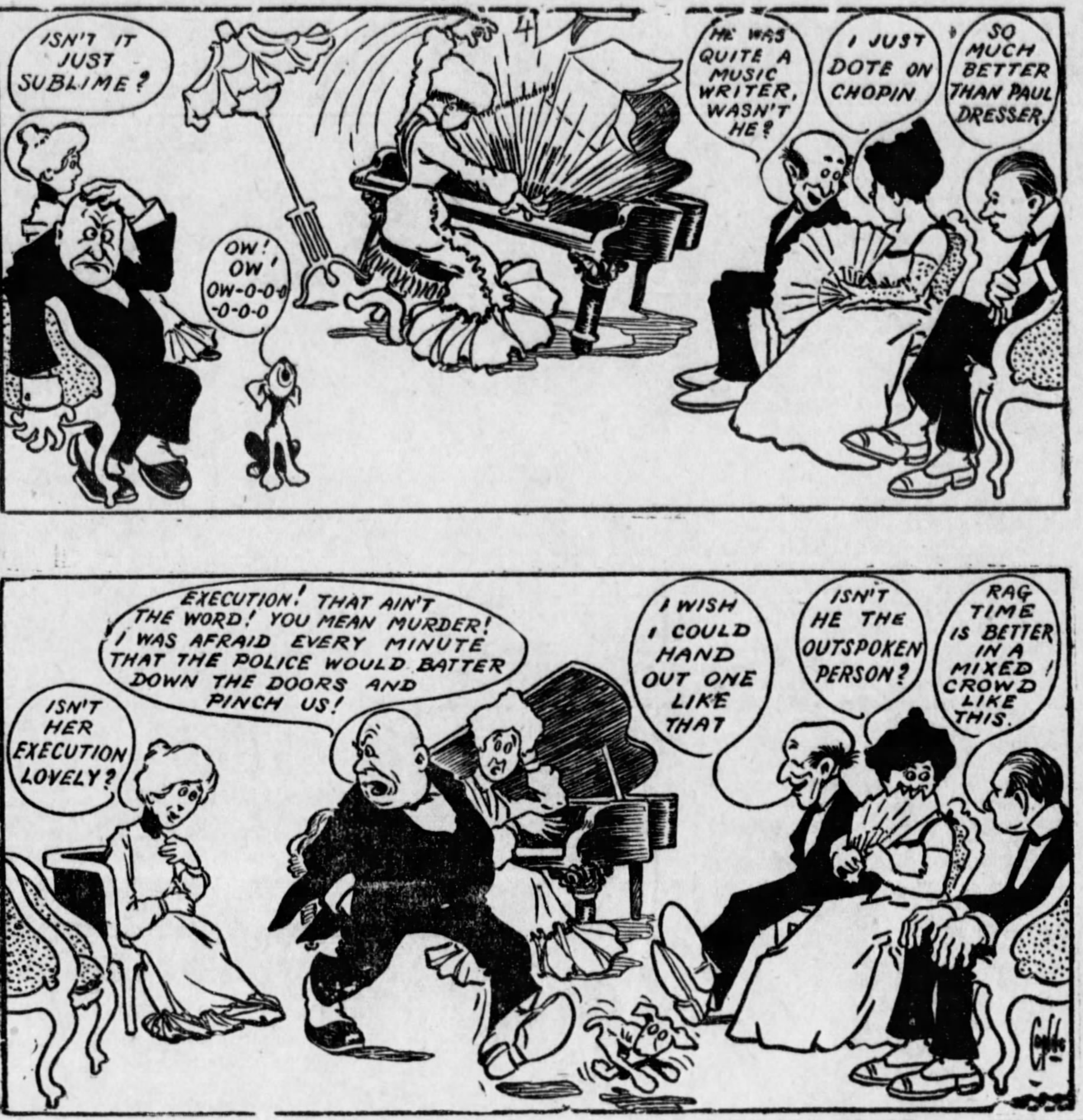
Des Moines girls are packing their trunks for a summer out of town.

The trouble may blow over in time and be forgotten. Meanwhile it is a fearful blow—to Cupid and the girls.

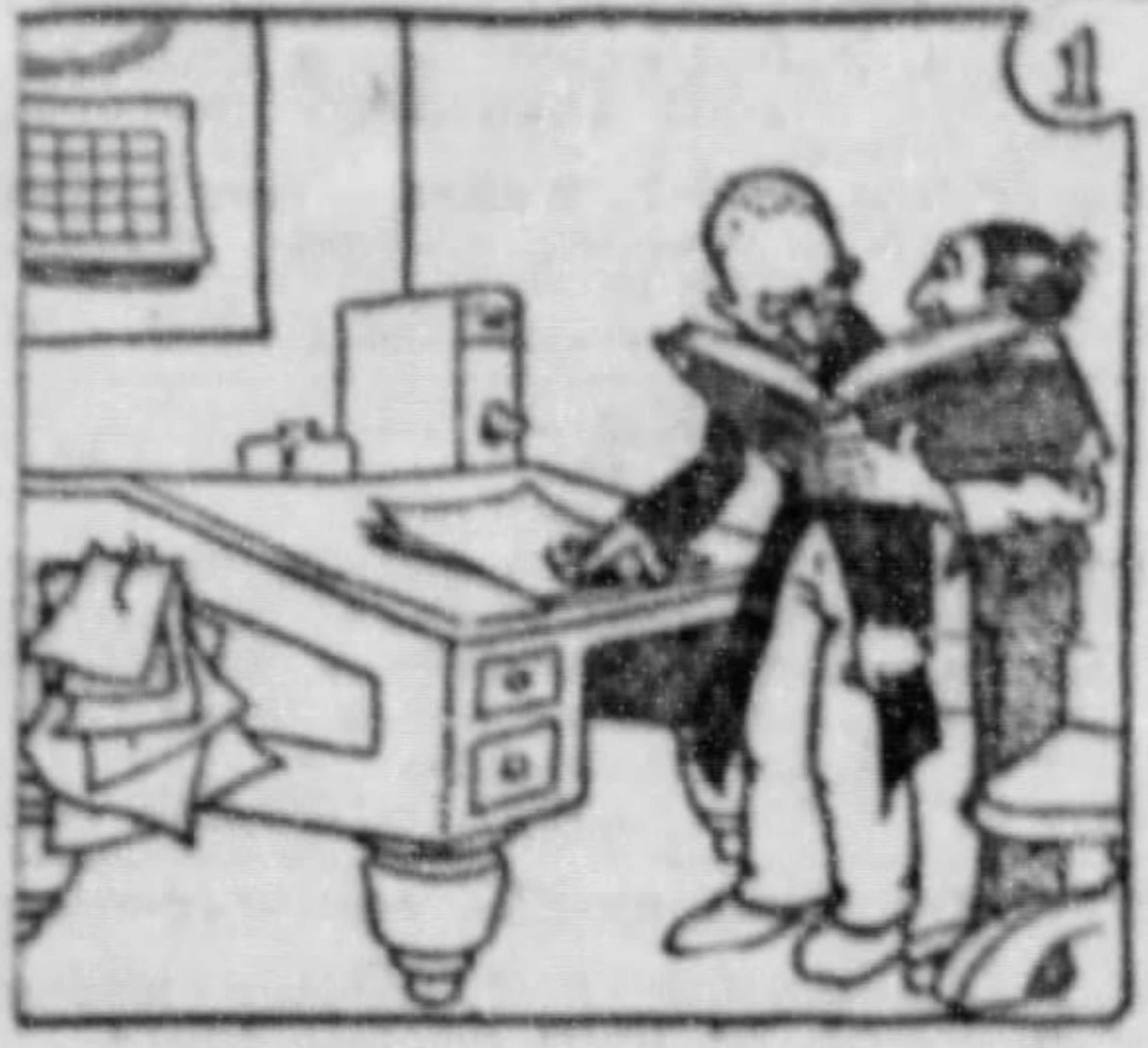


SQUALLS ON LAKE ERIE.

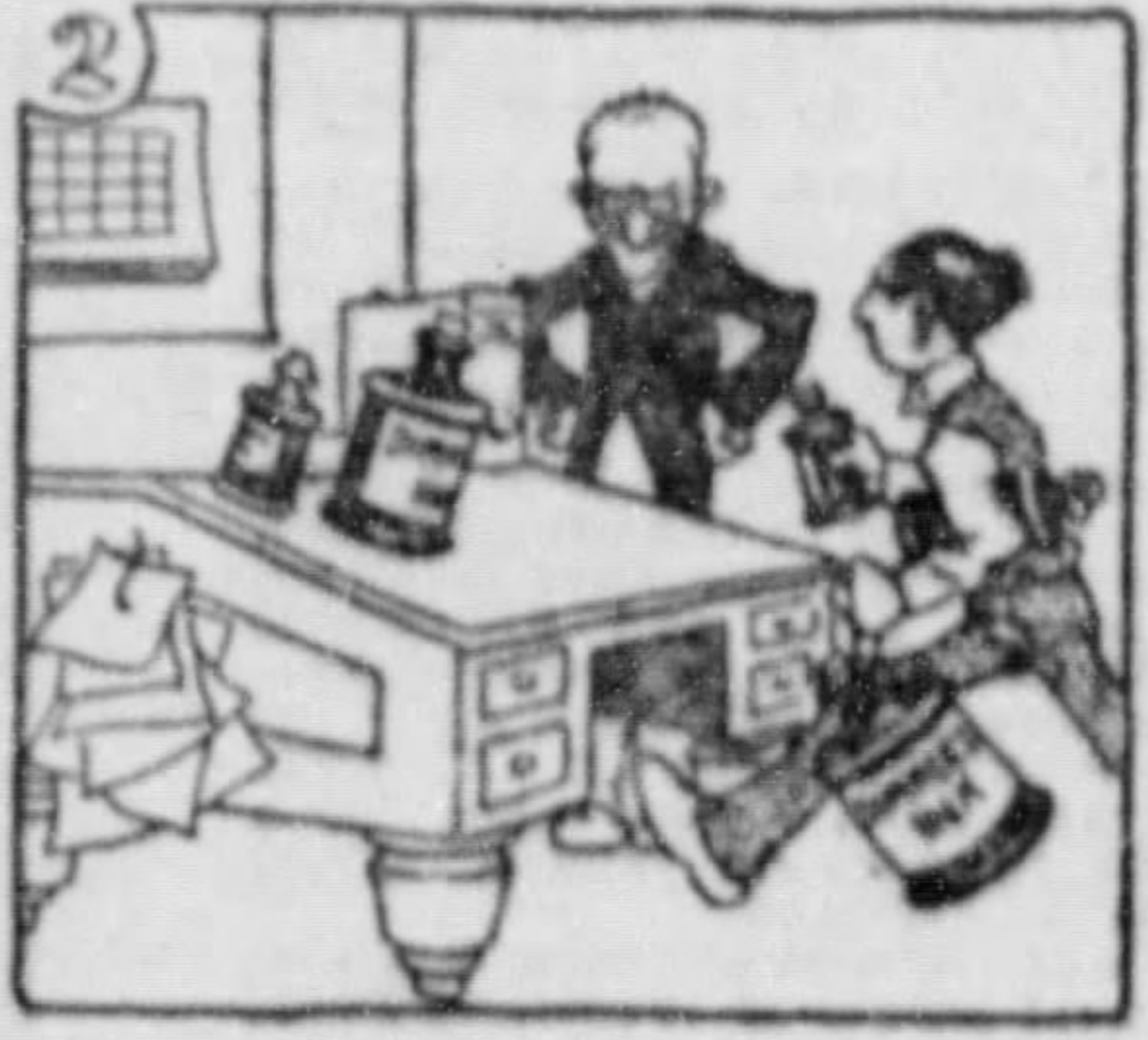
# CHAPTERS FROM THE CAREER OF MR. EVERETT TRUE


ISN'T IT JUST SUBLIME?
OW! OW! OW-O-O-O -O-O-O
HE WAS QUITE A MUSIC WRITER, WASN'T HE?
I JUST DOTE ON CHOPIN
SO MUCH BETTER THAN PAUL DRESSER.
ISN'T HER EXECUTION LOVELY?
EXECUTION! THAT AIN'T THE WORD! YOU MEAN MURDER! I WAS AFRAID EVERY MINUTE THAT THE POLICE WOULD BATTER DOWN THE DOORS AND PINCH US!
I WISH I COULD HAND OUT ONE LIKE THAT
ISN'T HE THE OUTSPOKEN PERSON?
RAG TIME IS BETTER IN A MIXED CROWD LIKE THIS.

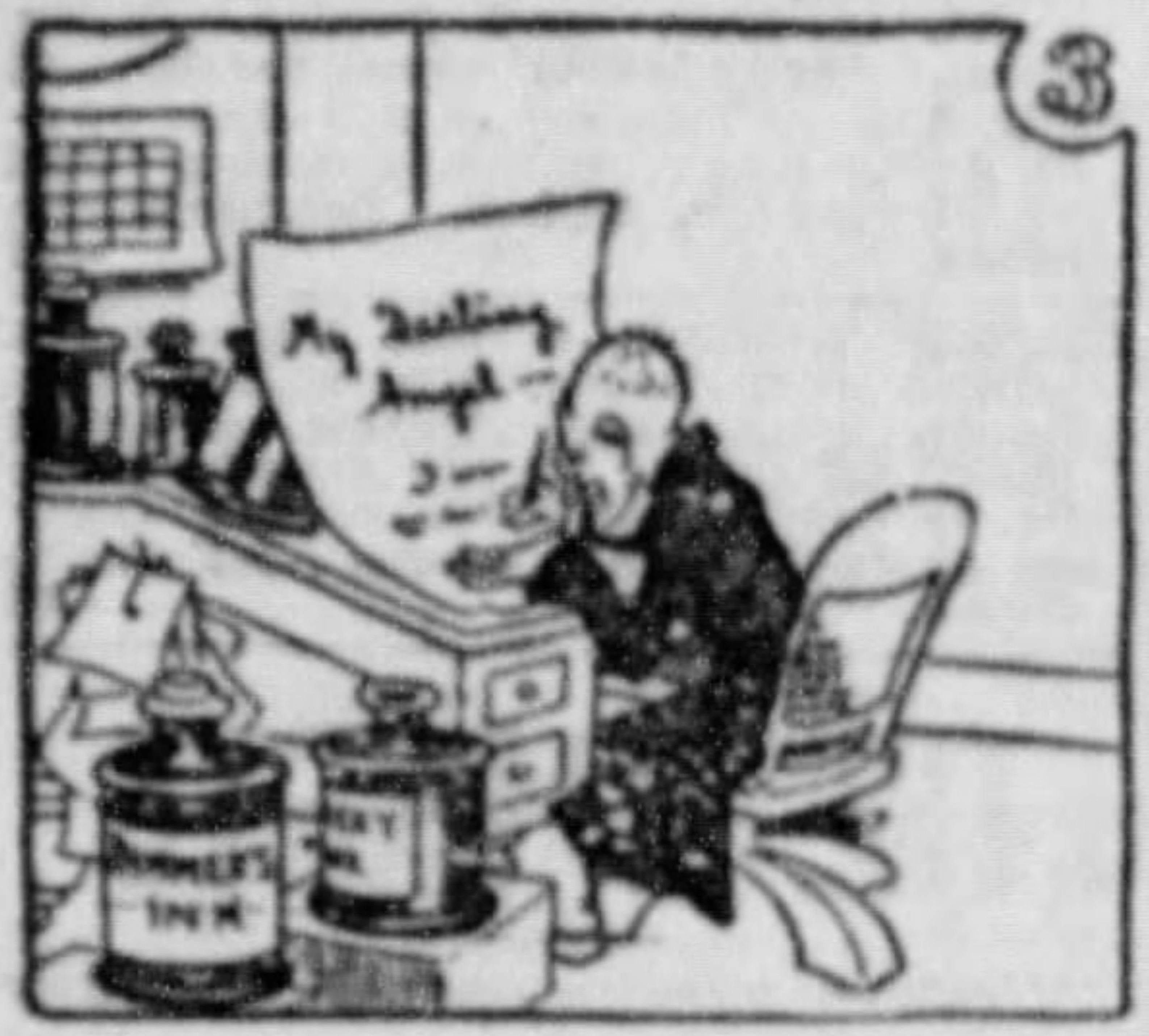
# NO FOX LIKE AN OLD FOX.



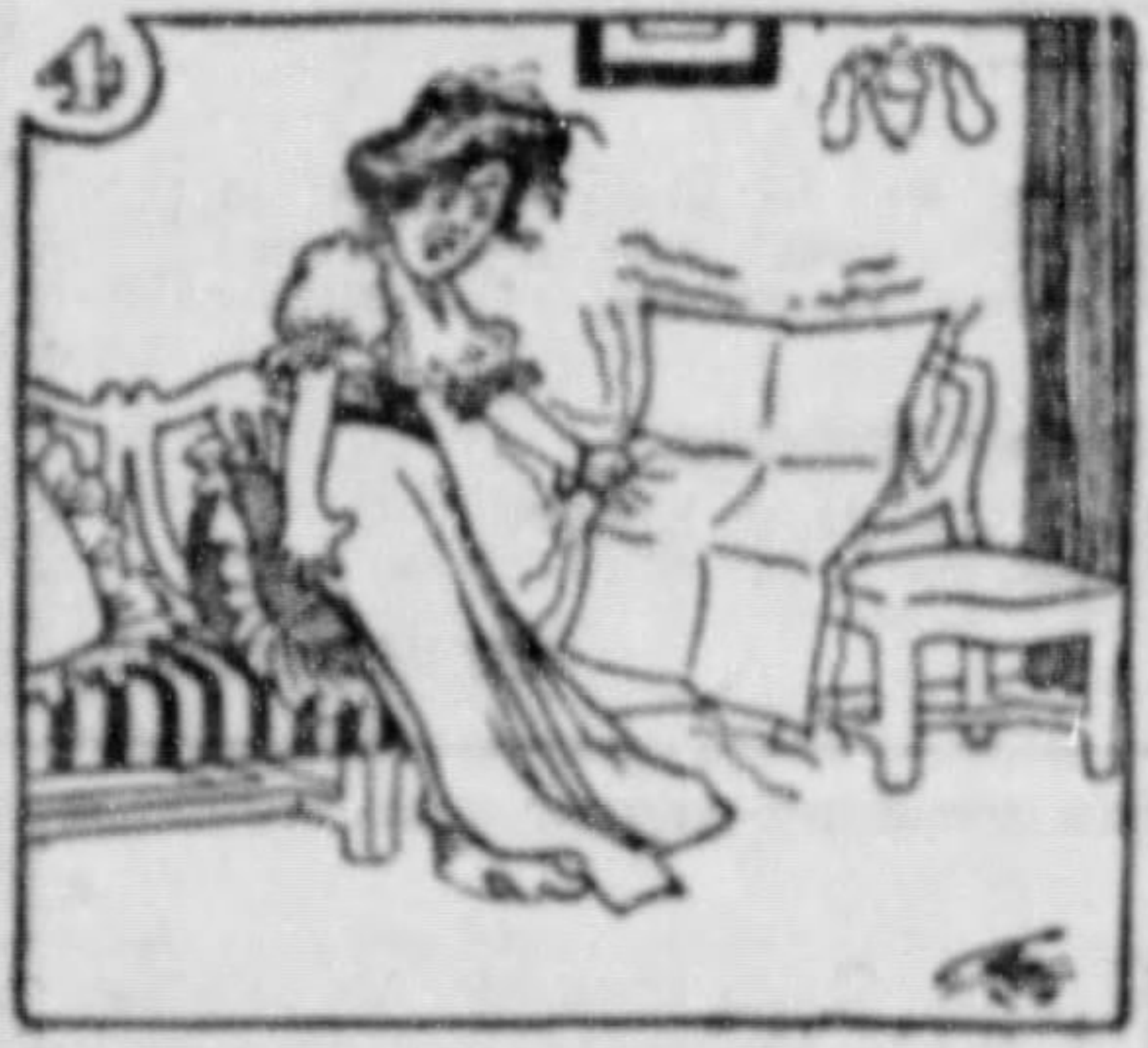
"Look here, Mr. Oldguy, that new ink is no good at all. Every line in the journal has faded, and written only two weeks ago."



"Henry, my boy, you bring every bottle of that inkto me. Why, it's worth at least $100 a pint to me. Order about 10 more gallons."

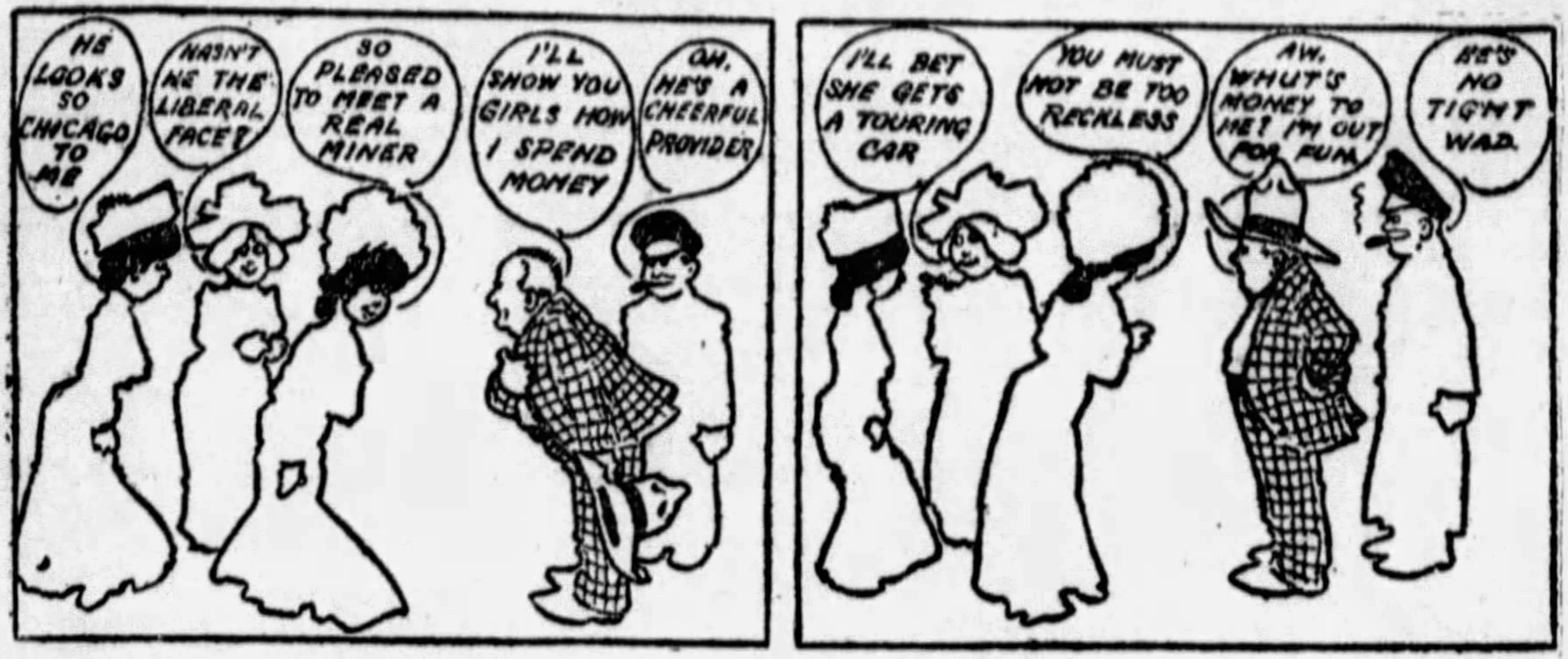


"I'll fill this letter with all kinds of love."



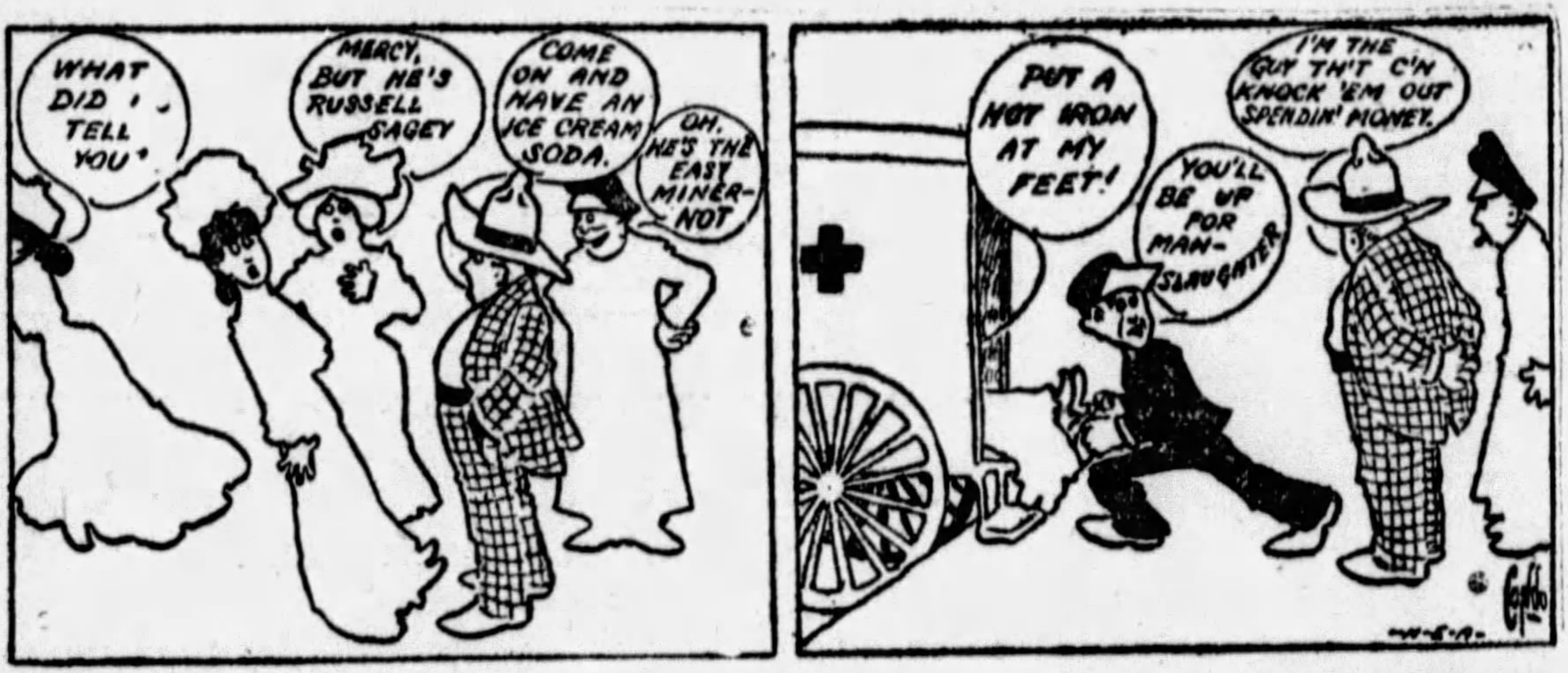
"The wretch! How can I sue him for breach of promise now!"

# OF COURSE IT WOULD


HE LOOKS SO CHICAGO TO ME
HASN'T HE THE LIBERAL FACE?
SO PLEASED TO MEET A REAL MINER
I'LL SHOW YOU GIRLS HOW I SPEND MONEY
OH, HE'S A CHEERFUL PROVIDER
I'LL BET SHE GETS A TOURING CAR
YOU MUST NOT BE TOO RECKLESS
AW, WHUT'S MONEY TO ME? I'M OUT FOR FUN
HE'S NO TIGHT WAD.

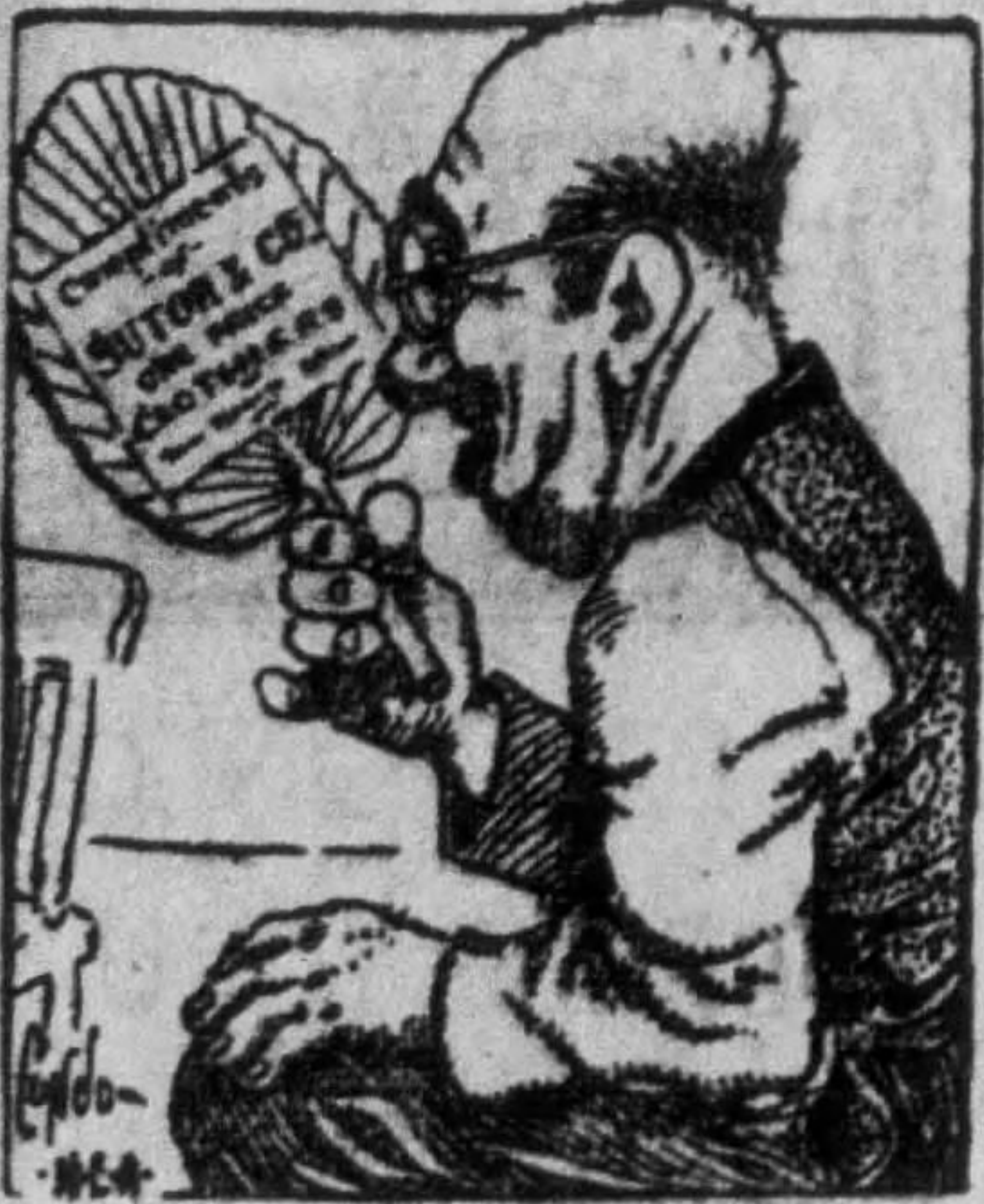
IF YOU WERE A CHORUS GIRL AND WERE INTRODUCED TO SCOTTY, THE MINER,

AND YOU HAD VISIONS OF A NICE, BIG ROBIN BLUE TOURING CAR AND A PINK STEAM YACHT,


WHAT DID I TELL YOU
MERCY, BUT HE'S RUSSELL SAGEY
COME ON AND HAVE AN ICE CREAM SODA.
OH, HE'S THE EASY MINER—NOT
PUT A HOT IRON AT MY FEET!
YOU'LL BE UP FOR MAN-SLAUGHTER
I'M THE GUY TH'T C'N KNOCK 'EM OUT SPENDIN' MONEY.

AND HE ASKED YOU TO HAVE A SODA.

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU SICK?


Compliments
of
SUTOR & CO.
ONE PRICE
CLOTHIERS
Condo
NEA

Reading His Palm.

# REIGN OF TERROR IN THE FIELDS WITH KANSAS HARVEST HANDS

### Sharpers and Thugs Get Most of Money Paid to the Thousands of Men Who Are Reaping Huge Crop. Life Led by Workers—Farmers Generally Don't Work Them too Long and They Feed Them Well.

FARM HANDS ARRIVING AT A RAILROAD STATION IN KANSAS.

WANTED—20,000 men for harvest fields; good wages, board and lodging; low fare on railroads. Inquire State Employment Bureau, Room 2, Nelson Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**By A. S. Neale.**
Staff Correspondence to The Dayton Evening Herald.

Topeka, Kas., July 22.—The above advertisement has been running in all the western dailies, and through it hosts of men have been induced to enter the wheat belt.

These men are of three classes: Those who are anxious to work and earn money. Those who want to travel through the wheat belt, and take advantage of the low railroad fare, 1 cent a mile going out. They aim to work enough to earn spending money, and no more. The third class are attracted to the harvest region, not to work in the fields, but to gather in the money of those who do. They are usually successful.

In point of numbers the first two classes are about equal, and probably four-fifths of the visitors belong to them. The other one-fifth is made up of confidence men, thugs, booze sellers, etc. They are never found working in the harvest fields, but it is safe to say that they get half the money of those who do.

Their harvest is suckers, and the crop is big during wheat harvest. Holdups are frequent. It is unsafe for a man to walk along a deserted street in a wheat belt town after night unless armed. The local authorities are usually unable to deal with these fellows, except in the largest towns, and a reign of terror exists in the small towns.

The biggest crop of suckers is picked on Sunday. Saturday night the harvesters receive pay for the week's labor, and on Sunday gather at the railroad stations and towns and soon find men who are anxious to be friendly. They are invited to take a drink and are tipped off on the location of the booze joints.

The next step is a little game. The rest is easy. If Mr. Harvest hand will not join the game he will at least take another drink. He gets too drunk to know anything, and when he sobers up his pockets are empty.

The real working harvest hand is generally a country man. He sticks to his work closely, stays at one point till the harvest is over, and then moves on. Many of this class harvest for the same farmers every year, thus building a reputation for their work. They are able to get work as long as it lasts, and often get as much as $3 per day.

A number of these country boys have never been farther from home than their county seat, and are an easy mark for the sucker hunters, but they rarely get caught more than once.

The fellow who is out to see the country is generally a cheap sort of man. He only wants to work a couple of days in a place, and doesn't care whether he earns his wages or not, for he expects to move on. He steals his rides and sleeps any old place.

Wheat farmers are learning a few things about the treatment of harvest hands. They must depend on transient help every year in saving the crop. They have found that if a man is well treated he will return next year. Hence, the hours of labor are not so long or the food as poor as formerly. A few farmers work their men only 10 hours in the field, but the majority about 12, and exceptionally a close-fisted fellow works 14 hours. They feed the men well, too. Not on luxuries, but plenty of good substantial food, such as ham or bacon, and eggs, potatoes, other vegetables, and plenty of bread, fresh butter and coffee. In some places a dozen farmers form a club and kill a beef every two or three days during harvest, dividing it up among them.

No man who is willing to work and wants to earn good wages need be afraid of the wheat harvest. I have been in the harvest fields of all the leading wheat counties of Kansas, and have talked with scores of men who spend their summers at this work, beginning June 15 in Oklahoma and ending in September in Manitoba, who are of this same opinion.

The men who have been over the ground once earn $175 to $225 harvesting. One Illinois man claimed to have saved $200 last year in three months harvesting. There are plenty of malcontents who grumble about the wages, the work and the food, but the industrious fellow who really means business is satisfied.

(Photograph by A. S. Neale Exclusively for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

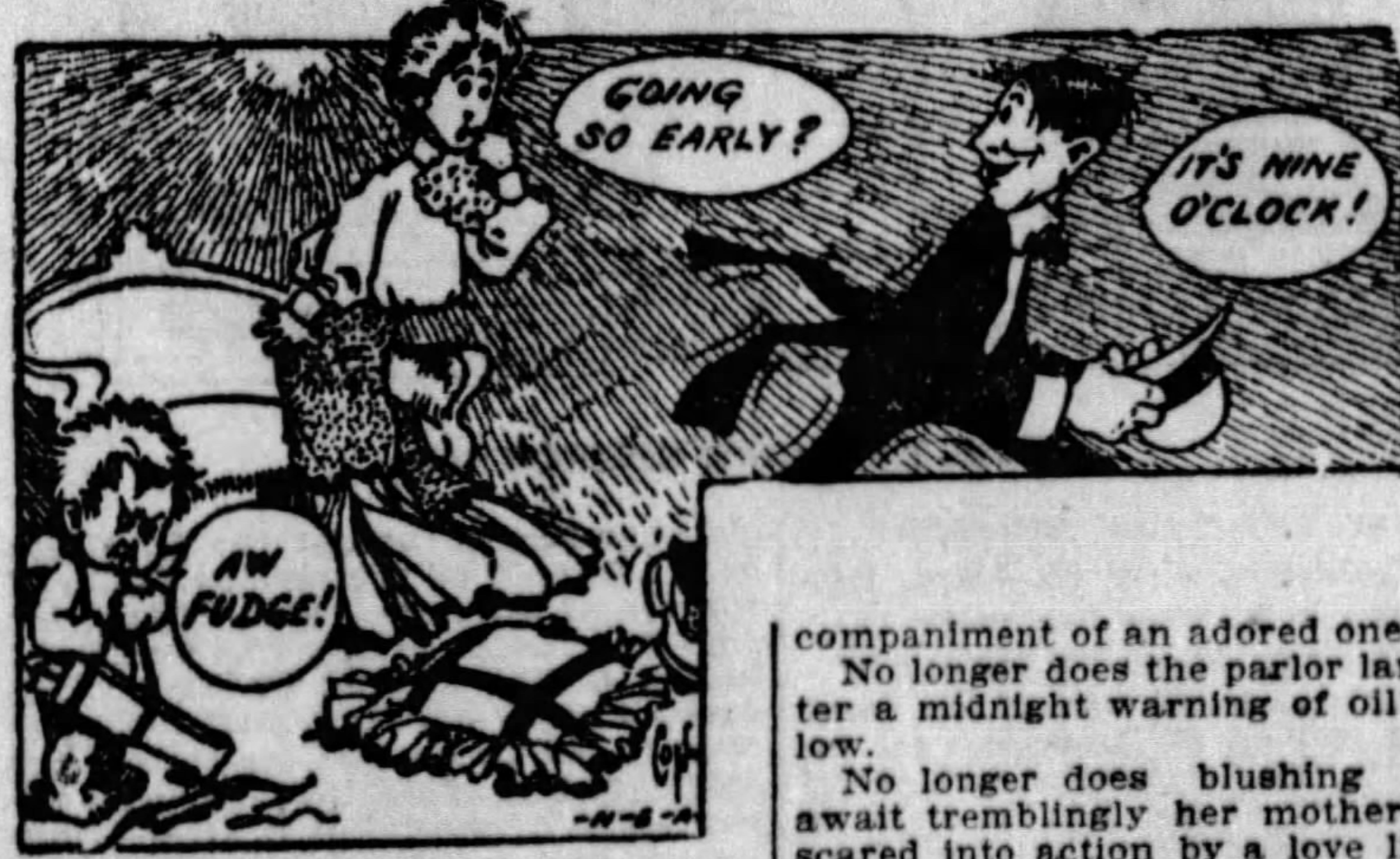
FARM HANDS TAKING OUT A STRING OF HARVEST MACHINES TO A BIG KANSAS WHEAT FIELD.

II.

OH, MOTHER, I'M SO SORRY YOU COULDN'T STAY ANOTHER YEAR
WELL, I'M NOT! I'M TICKLED TO DEATH YOU'RE GOING, AND HOPE YOU NEVER COME BACK!
I'LL NEVER VISIT YOU AGAIN!
OH, YOU BEAST! YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN!
MY DEAR, DOESN'T THAT PROVE IT PAYS TO TELL THE TRUTH!
-N-E-A-

# NOT TO BE CAUGHT NAPPING.

### BY CYNTHIA GREY.


GOING SO EARLY?
IT'S NINE O'CLOCK!
AW FUDGE!
-11-6-

Simon Brandt, of Des Moines, Ia., has been sued by Katherine Crippen for breach of promise

Says Simon: "If I ever proposed to her I was talking in my sleep,"

Moral: Boys, go home early.

---

It is said that the Des Moines youths are taking this moral to heart.

Things have changed in Des Moines.

In the late evening forlorn maidens sit about alone.

No longer do yawning but happy youths prop themselves up in the sofa corner to snooze stealthily to the accompaniment of an adored one's voice.

No longer does the parlor lamp flutter a midnight warning of oil burned low.

No longer does blushing maiden await tremblingly her mother's voice scared into action by a love like lull.

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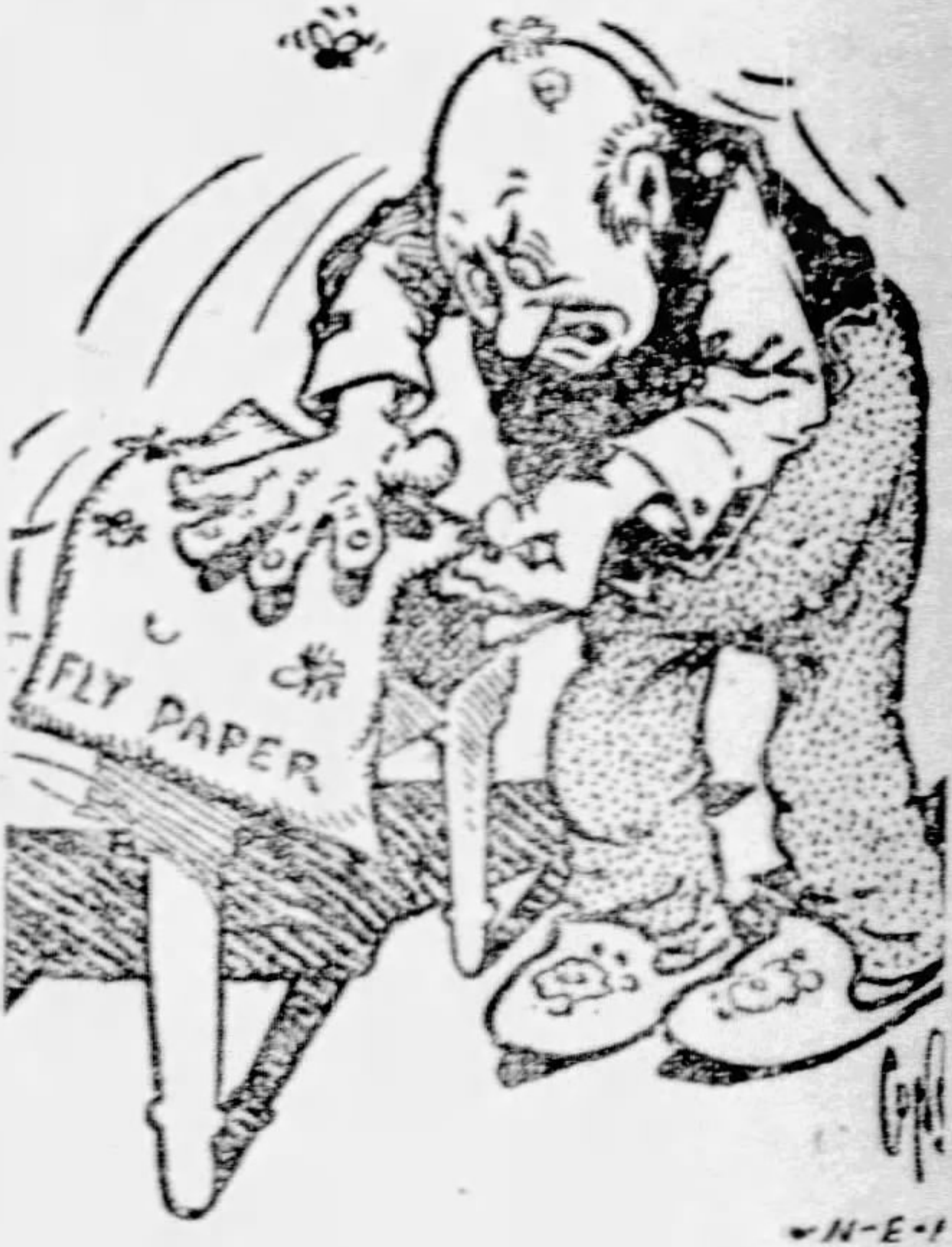
Des Moines has suddenly become a trifle dull.

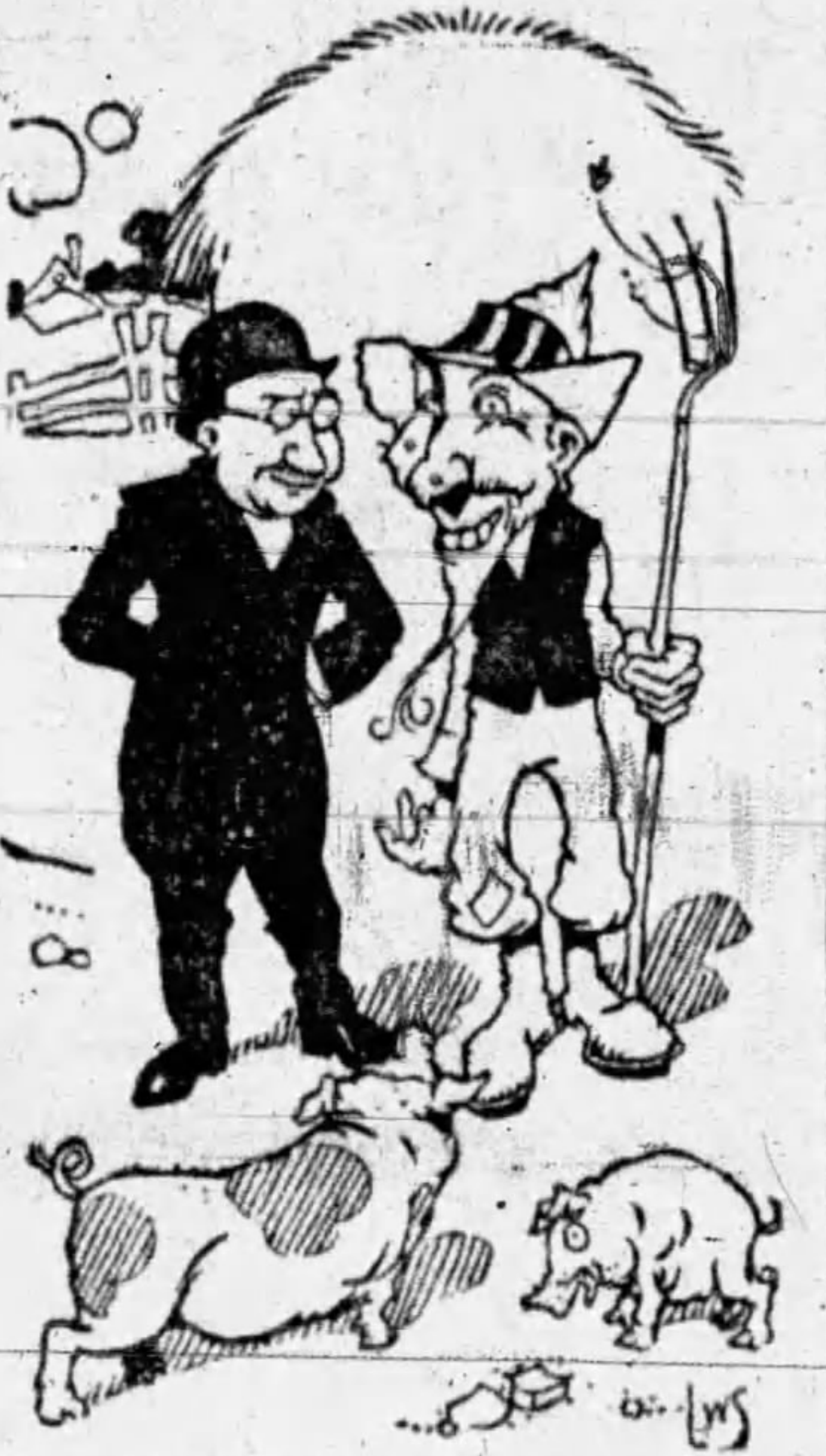
Young men are developing a wonderful taste for sticking to business.

Des Moines girls are packing their trunks for a summer out of town.

The trouble may blow over in time and be forgotten. Meanwhile it is a fearful blow—to Cupid and the girls.



SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT ON HAND.

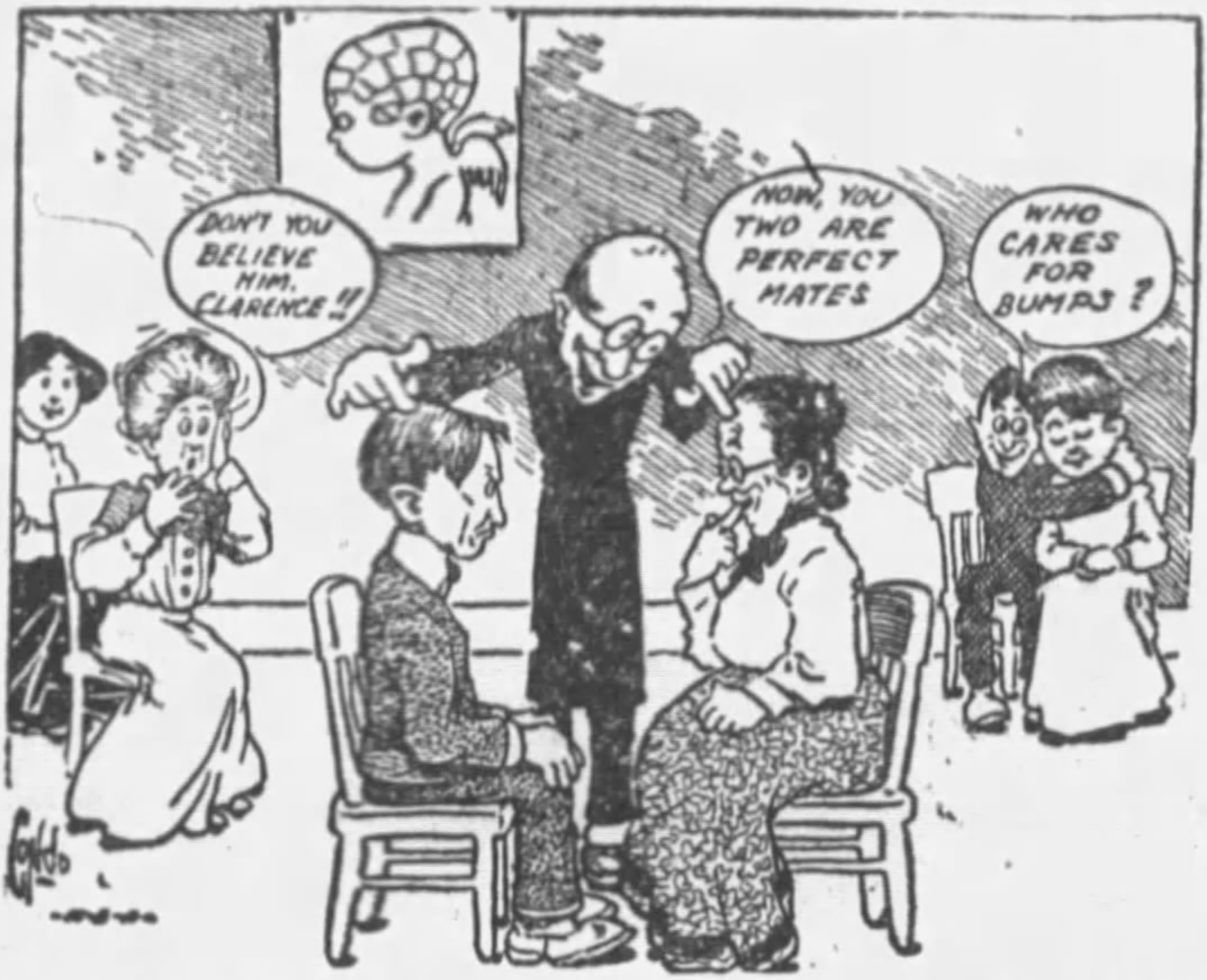


"You kickin' about th' food out here—look at them hogs. Ain't they good an' fat?"

"Yes, but I don't think I ever could get that fat on this farm. Wish I could."

"There ain't no reason you can't be—ef you make a hog of yourself."

# THE LOVE BUMP PARTY.


DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, CLARENCE!!
NOW, YOU TWO ARE PERFECT MATES
WHO CARES FOR BUMPS?

A bump party is about the latest of the summer fads.

Among the attractions of Coney Island is a "bump the bumps." It is along the line of the "shoot the chutes." It is enough to cause a mild excitement even in hot weather.

But when it comes to a bump party given by a college professor, the most languid sits up to take notice.

When it is further announced that the college professor's bump party is a "love bump" party, there isn't a man or woman, married or single, who isn't eager to investigate.

The scientific name for the party is "anthropological matrimonial party," but love bump party means to us far more and stands for the same thing.

It is said that Professor Frederick Starr, of Chicago University, has distinguished himself by inviting the engaged and unengaged students of his classes to attend an "anthropological" party.

We are told that he has promised to tell the engaged, by examining the bumps on their heads, whether or not they have chosen wisely. He will also discover the particular one for any of the unengaged.

The professor evidently has faith, but what a risk he is running.

Imagine the lover's state of mind when his sweetheart, because of a mere bump, is handed over to a rival suitor.

Picture, if you can, the despair of the maiden who hates red hair, when she is passed on to a freckled-faced individual whom she despises, just because of a little bump that never shows under her pompadour.

Think of the little blond's consternation when the lover, at whom she has made eyes for six months and who has just proposed, is snatched from her and awarded to the enchanting brunette whose scalp lies smooth above her ears.

Things will be doing at the professor's party.

It is a brave professor who dares to come between lovers.

The other members of the faculty seem to have Professor Starr's safety at heart. It is said they have forbidden the students to attend his party. It shows how deep is their regard for him.

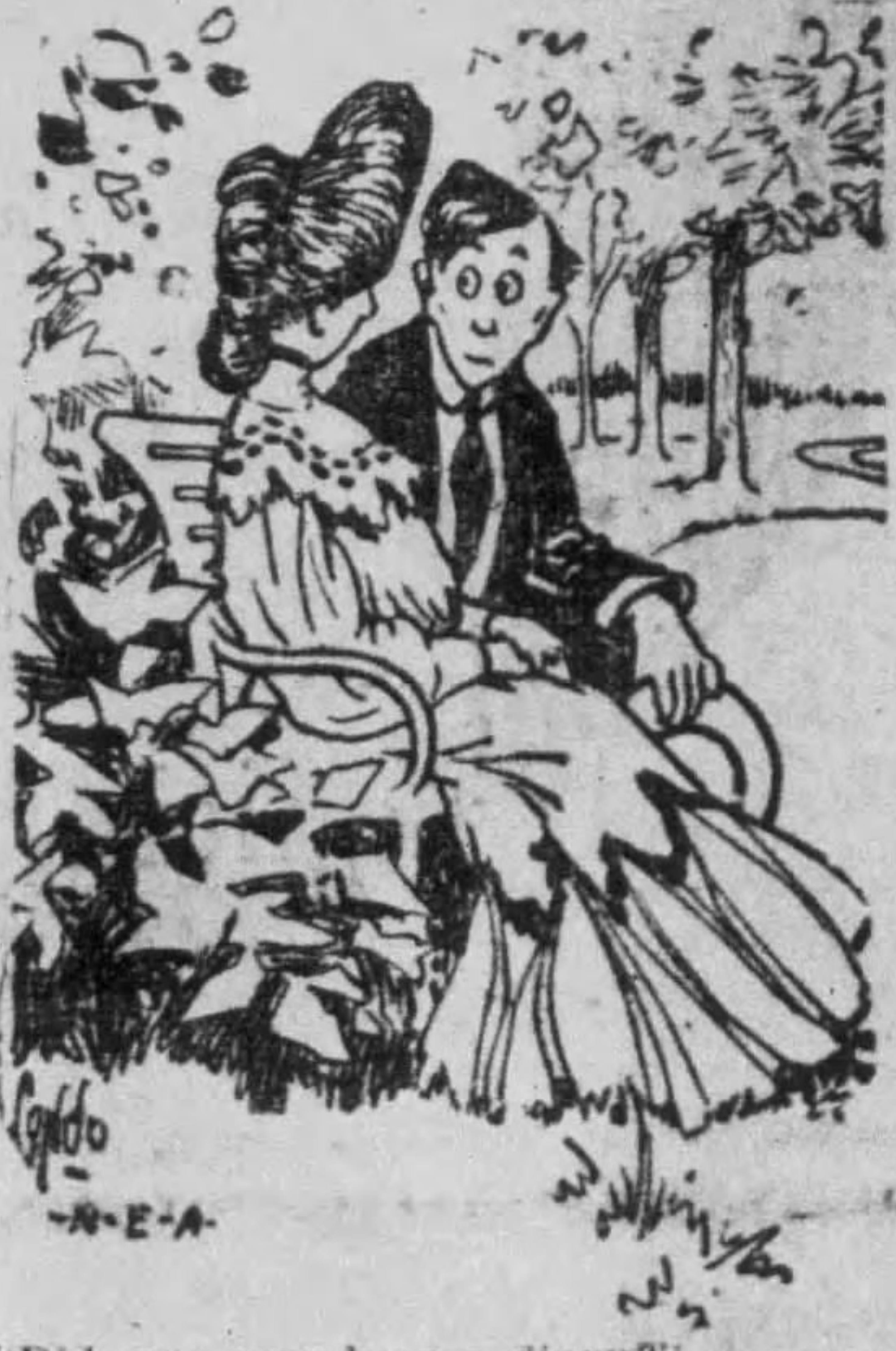
Some of the students have declared their intentions of going in spite of the faculty's orders to the contrary!

Thus, when we are young, do we rush recklessly to our own undoing.

But who cares? Cupid isn't even flustered by the professor's party.

It is true, and Cupid knows it is true, that as long as the world stands, lovers will marry whom they please—the anthropological discoveries of the professor notwithstanding.

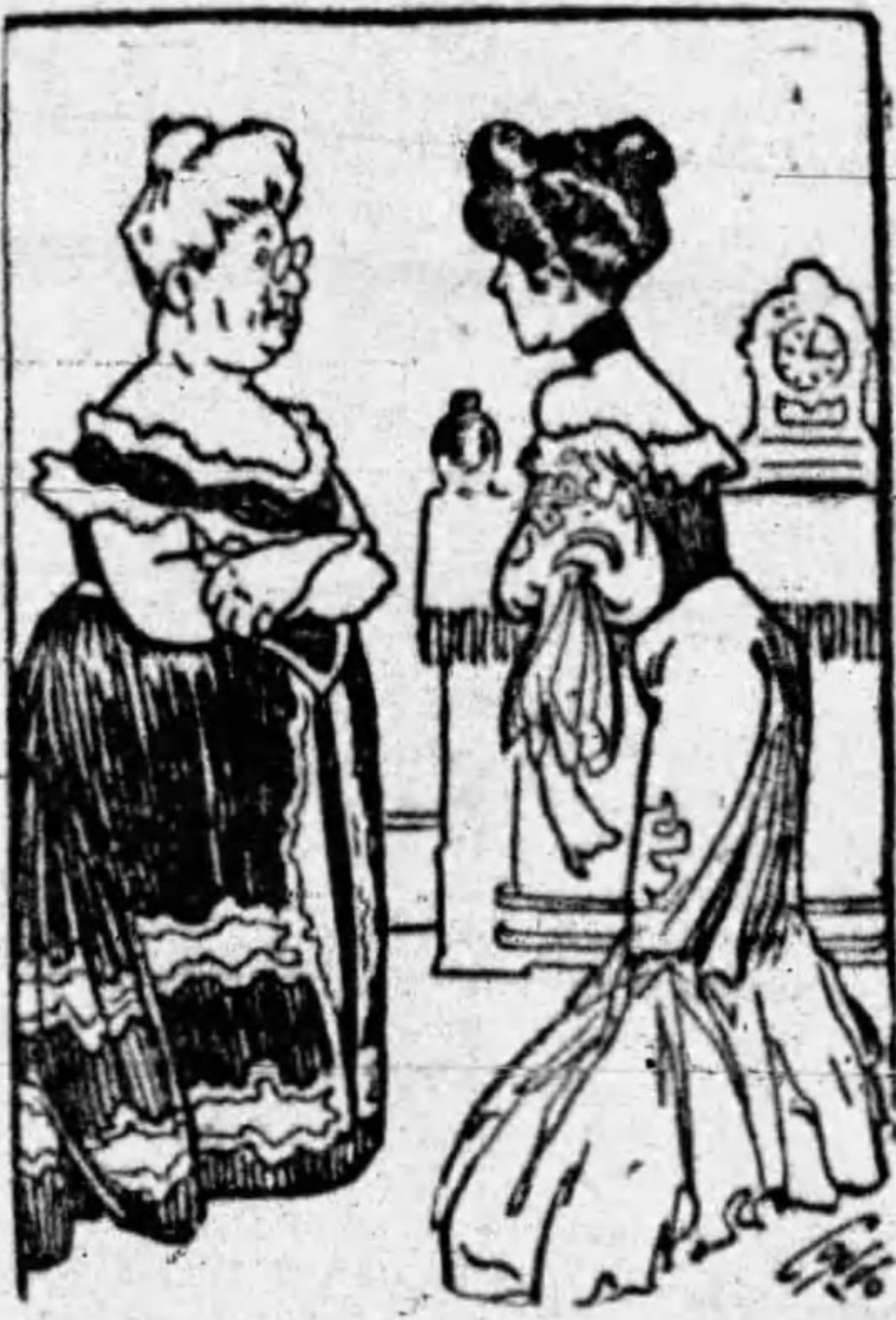
### Thing to Be Kept.



"Did you ever keep a diary?"

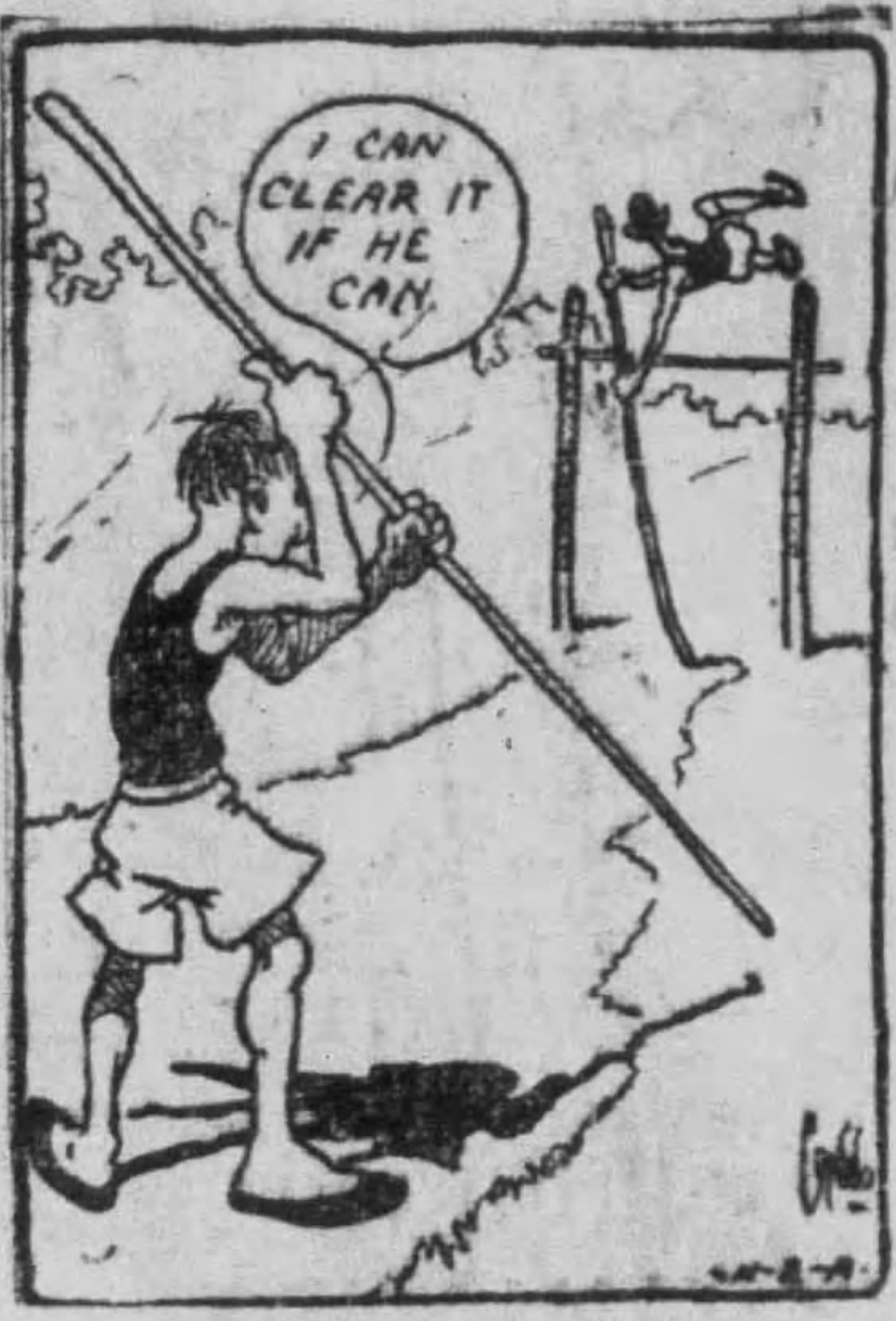
"You wouldn't expect me to circulate i among my friends, would you?"

### No Doubt About It



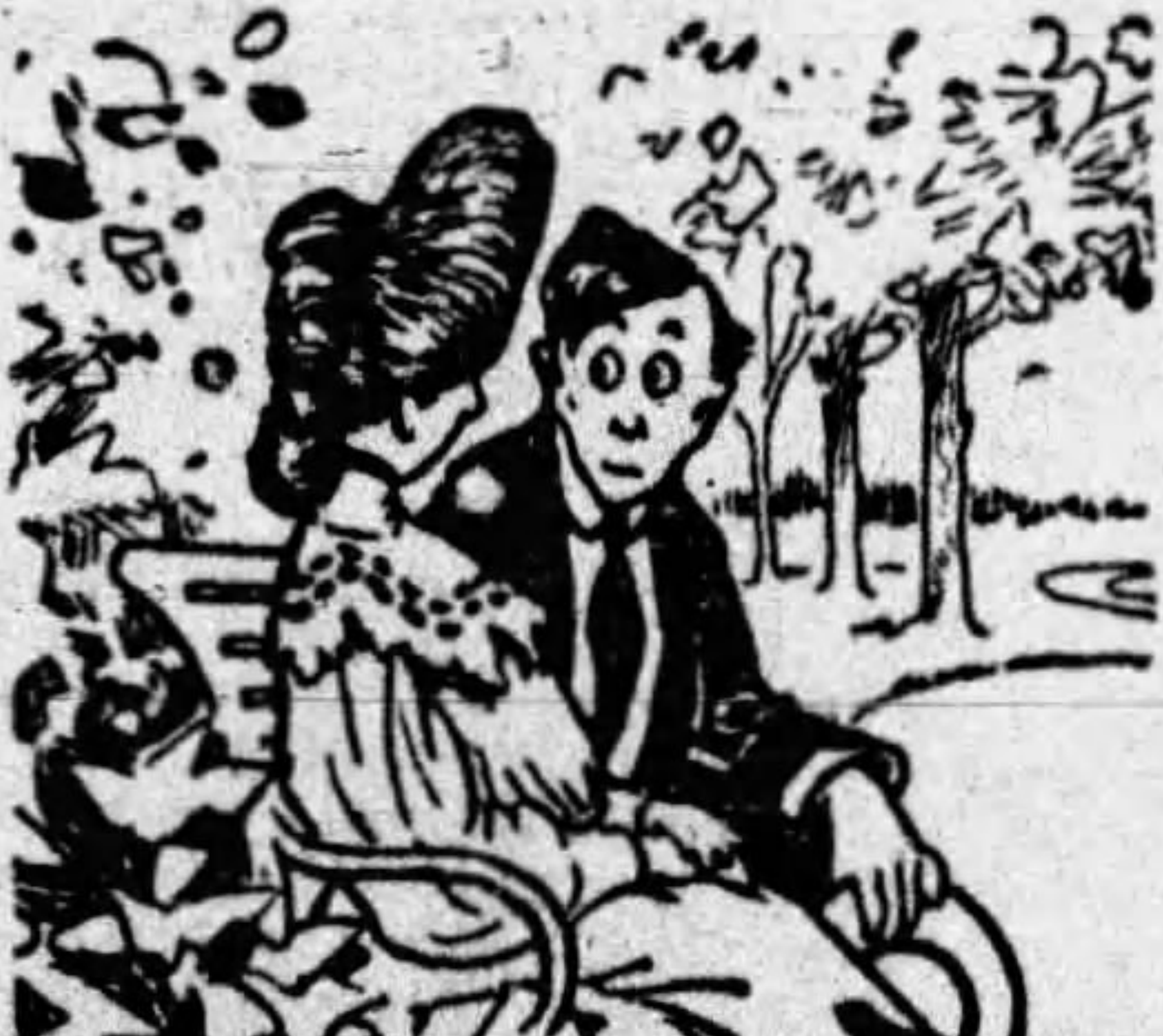
Miss Nurox—Oh, mother, let's give a german.

Mrs. Nurox—Give 'em what?


I CAN CLEAR IT IF HE CAN.

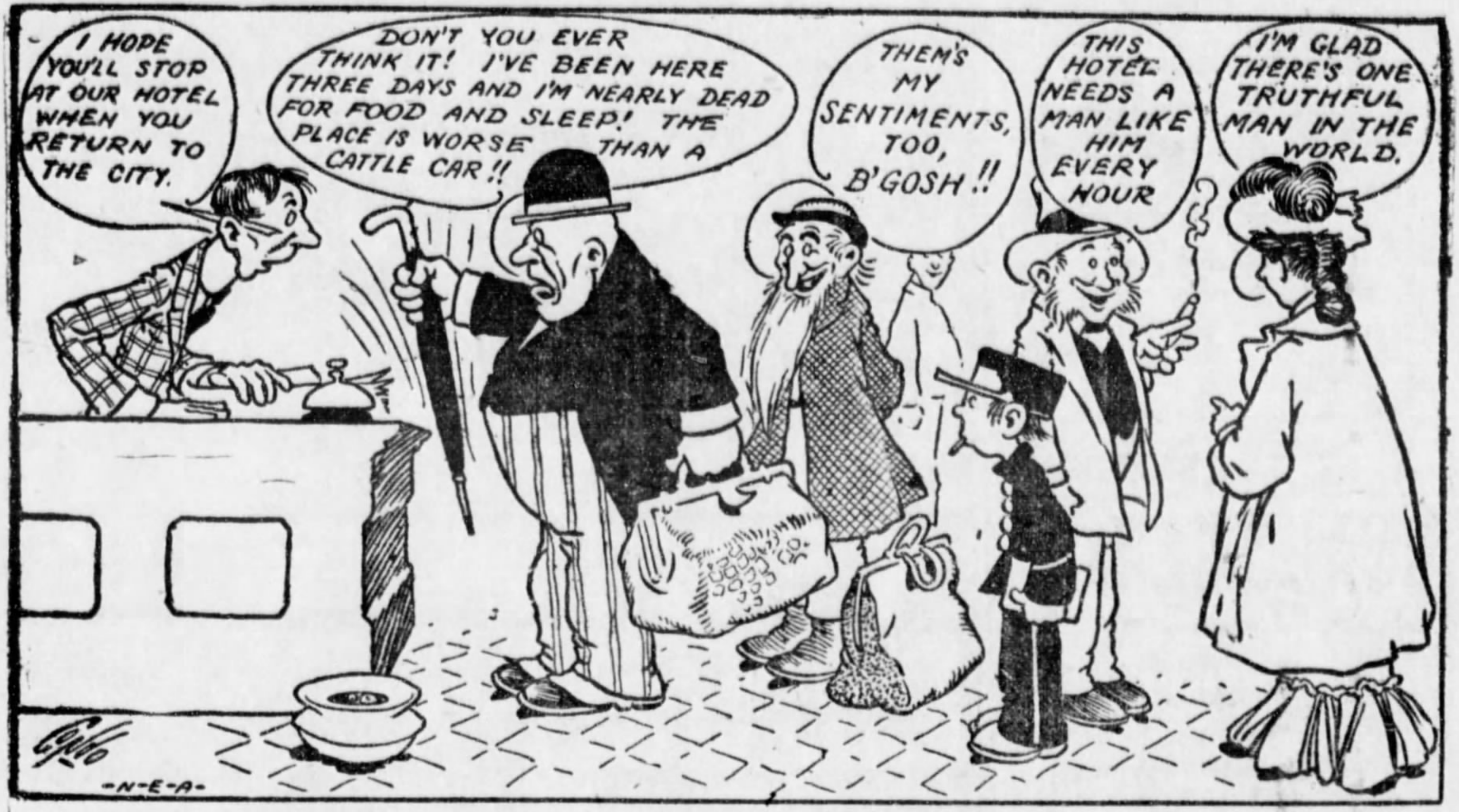
His Vaulting Ambition.

She Had Been There

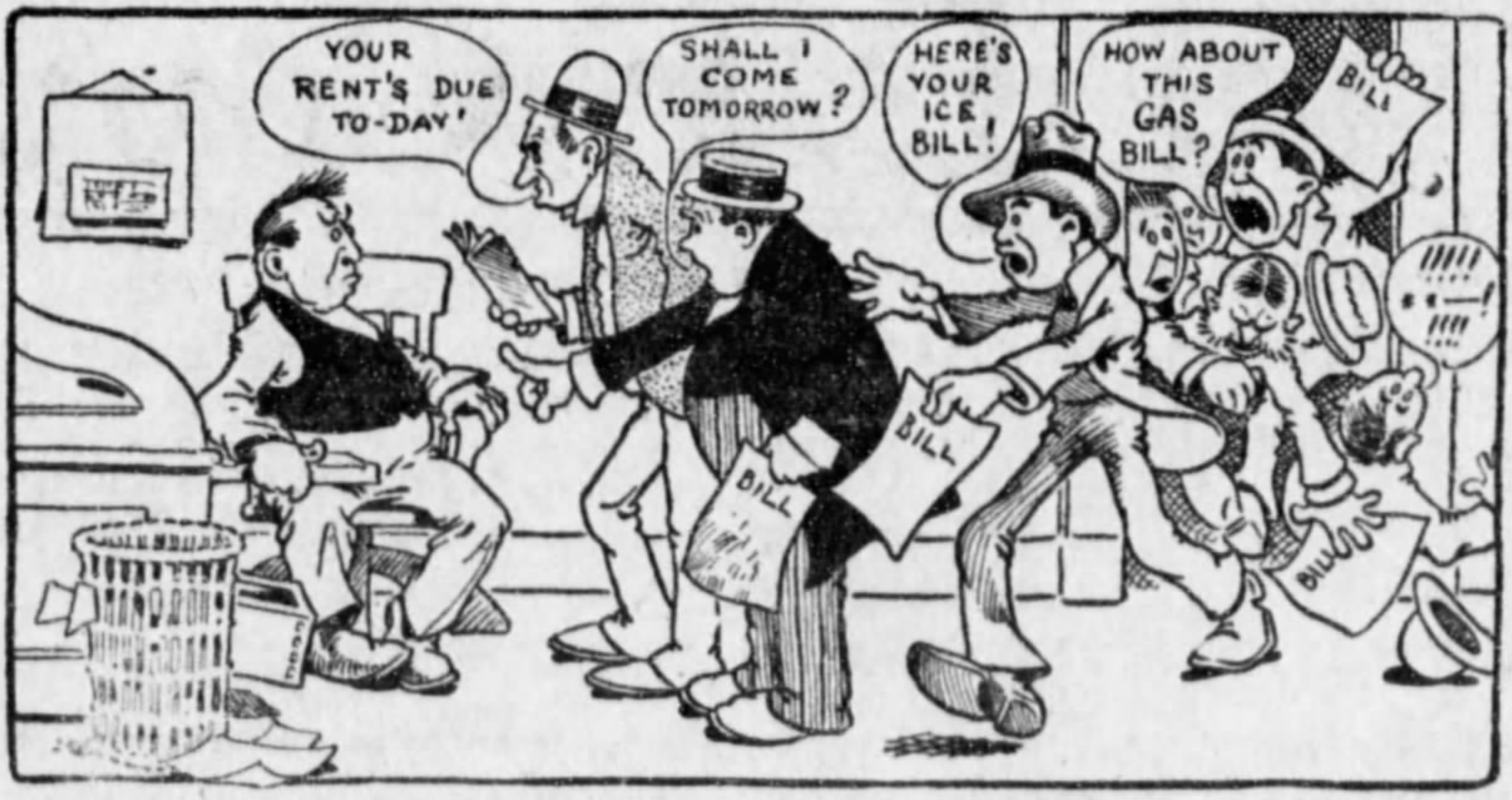


"Did you ever keep a diary?"

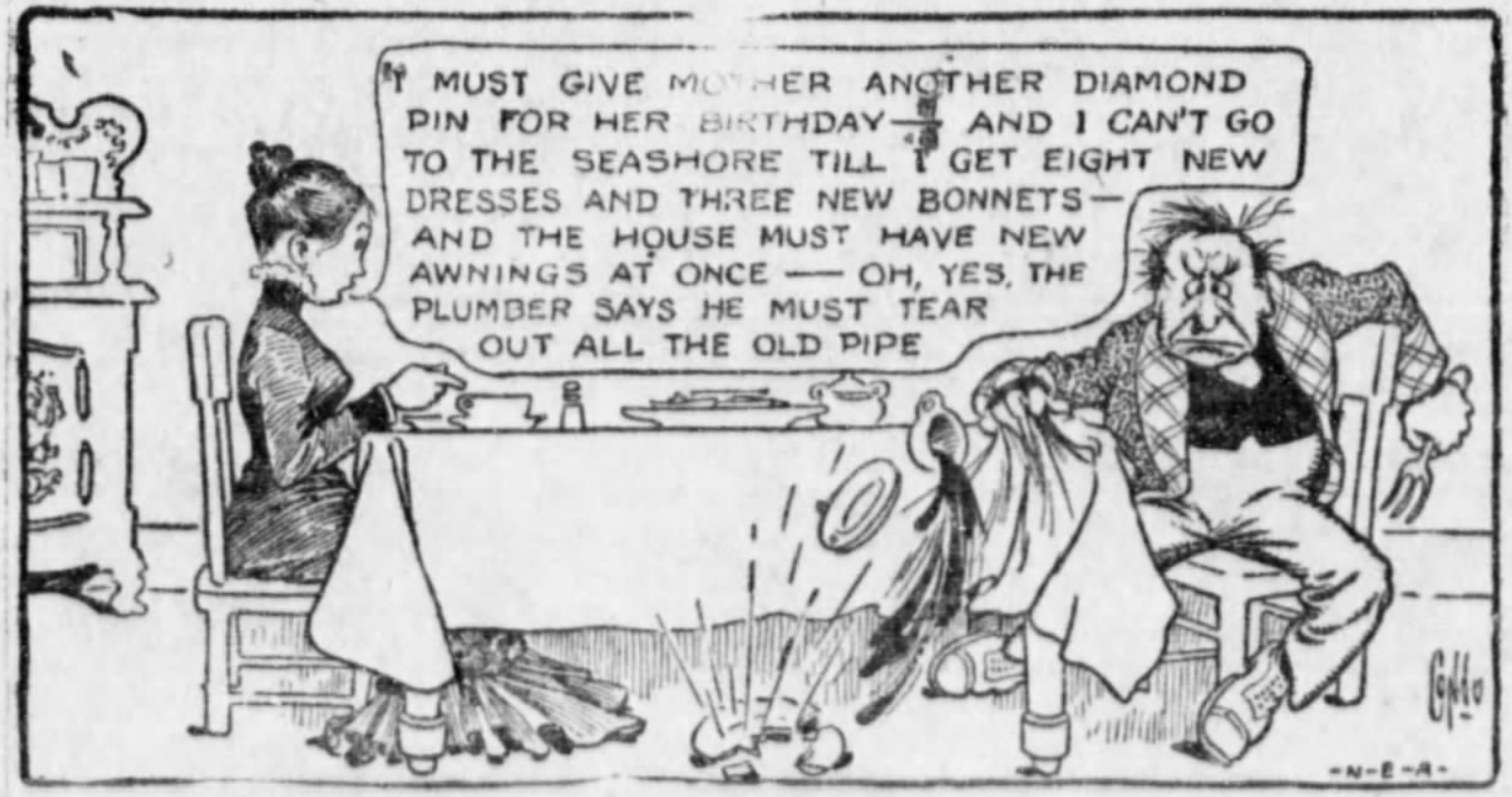
"You wouldn't expect me to circulate it among my friends, would you?"


I HOPE YOU'LL STOP AT OUR HOTEL WHEN YOU RETURN TO THE CITY.
DON'T YOU EVER THINK IT! I'VE BEEN HERE THREE DAYS AND I'M NEARLY DEAD FOR FOOD AND SLEEP! THE PLACE IS WORSE THAN A CATTLE CAR!!
THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS, TOO, B'GOSH!!
THIS HOTEL NEEDS A MAN LIKE HIM EVERY HOUR
I'M GLAD THERE'S ONE TRUTHFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.
Condo
-N-E-A-

# YOU KNOW HOW IT IS


YOUR RENT'S DUE TO-DAY!
SHALL I COME TOMORROW?
HERE'S YOUR ICE BILL!
HOW ABOUT THIS GAS BILL?
BILL
BILL
BILL
BILL
BILL
!!!!! ——! !!!!

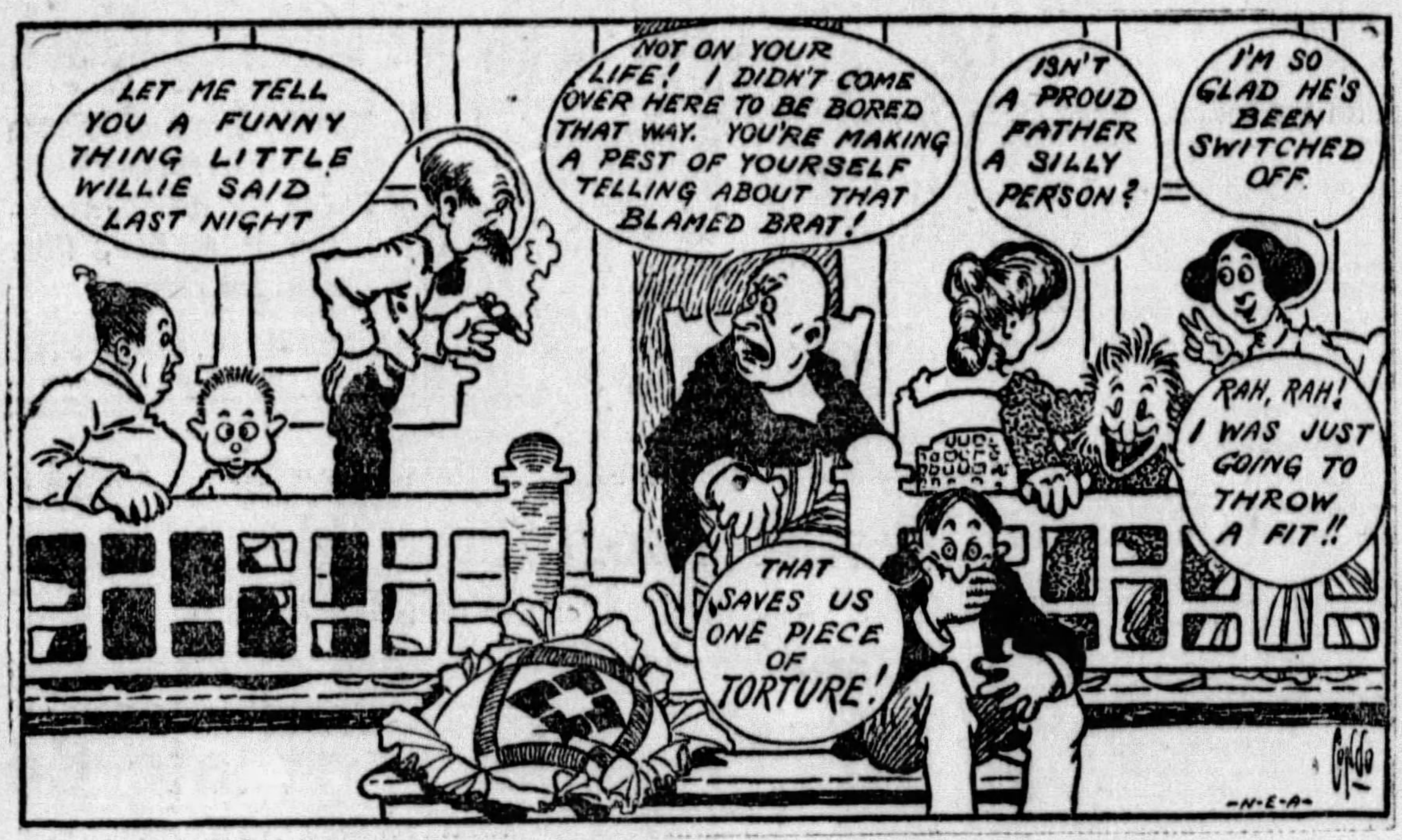
You're up against this all day.


I MUST GIVE MOTHER ANOTHER DIAMOND PIN FOR HER BIRTHDAY — AND I CAN'T GO TO THE SEASHORE TILL I GET EIGHT NEW DRESSES AND THREE NEW BONNETS — AND THE HOUSE MUST HAVE NEW AWNINGS AT ONCE — OH, YES, THE PLUMBER SAYS HE MUST TEAR OUT ALL THE OLD PIPE
-N-E-A-

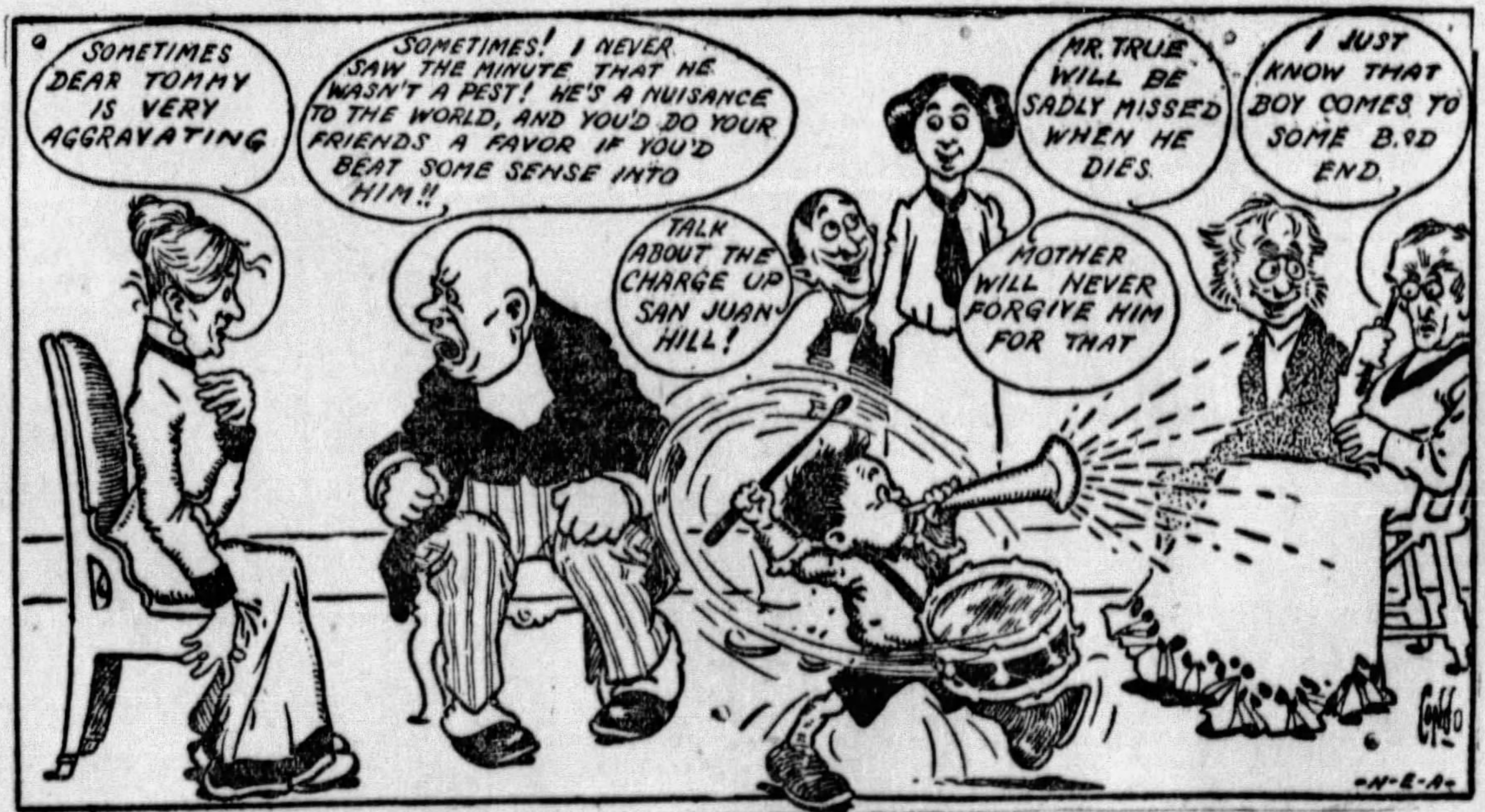
And wind up this way.

# CHAPTERS FROM THE CAREER OF MR. EVERETT TRUE

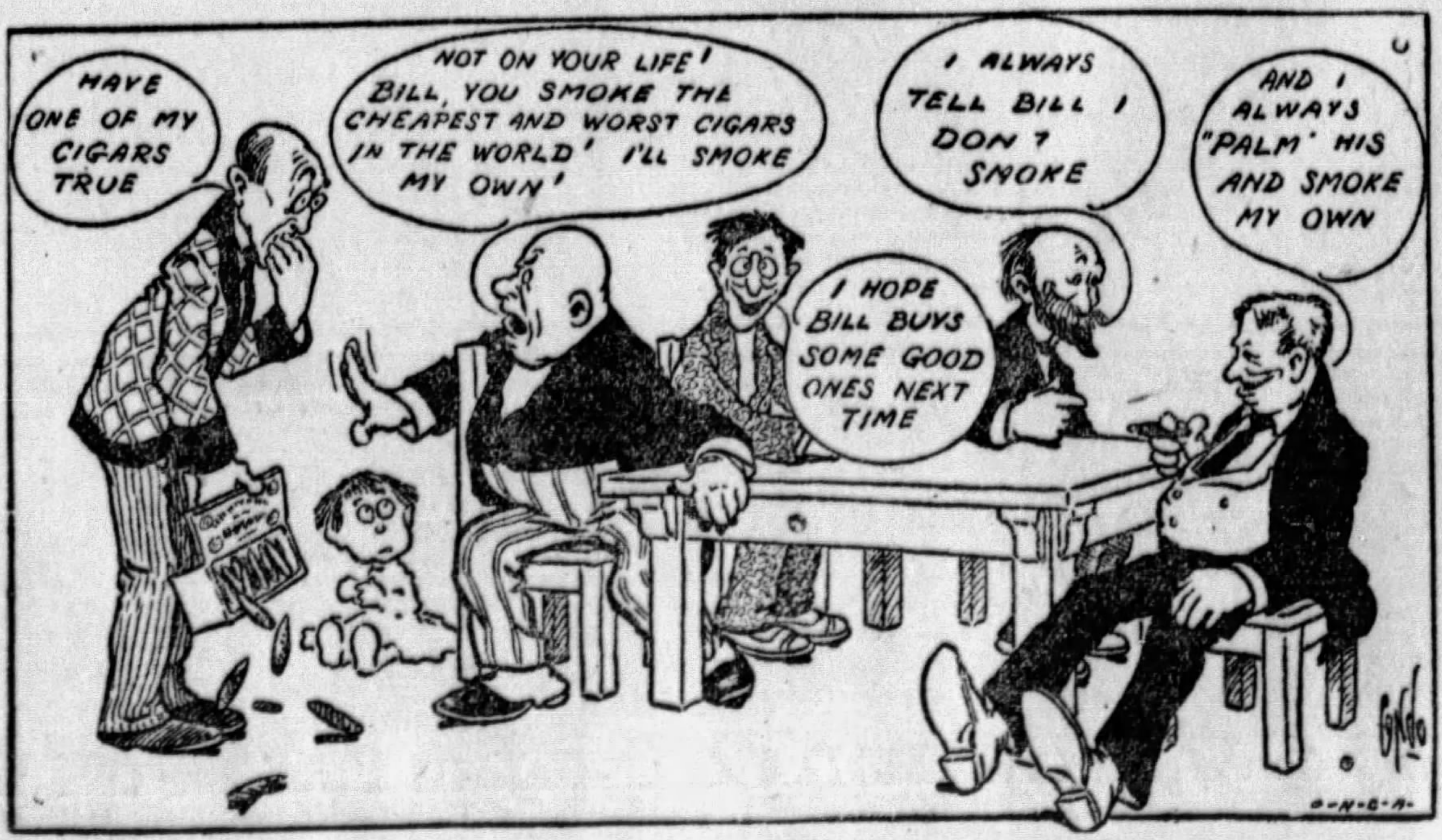
I.


LET ME TELL YOU A FUNNY THING LITTLE WILLIE SAID LAST NIGHT
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I DIDN'T COME OVER HERE TO BE BORED THAT WAY. YOU'RE MAKING A PEST OF YOURSELF TELLING ABOUT THAT BLAMED BRAT!
ISN'T A PROUD FATHER A SILLY PERSON?
I'M SO GLAD HE'S BEEN SWITCHED OFF.
RAH, RAH! I WAS JUST GOING TO THROW A FIT!!
THAT SAVES US ONE PIECE OF TORTURE!
Condo
-N-E-A-

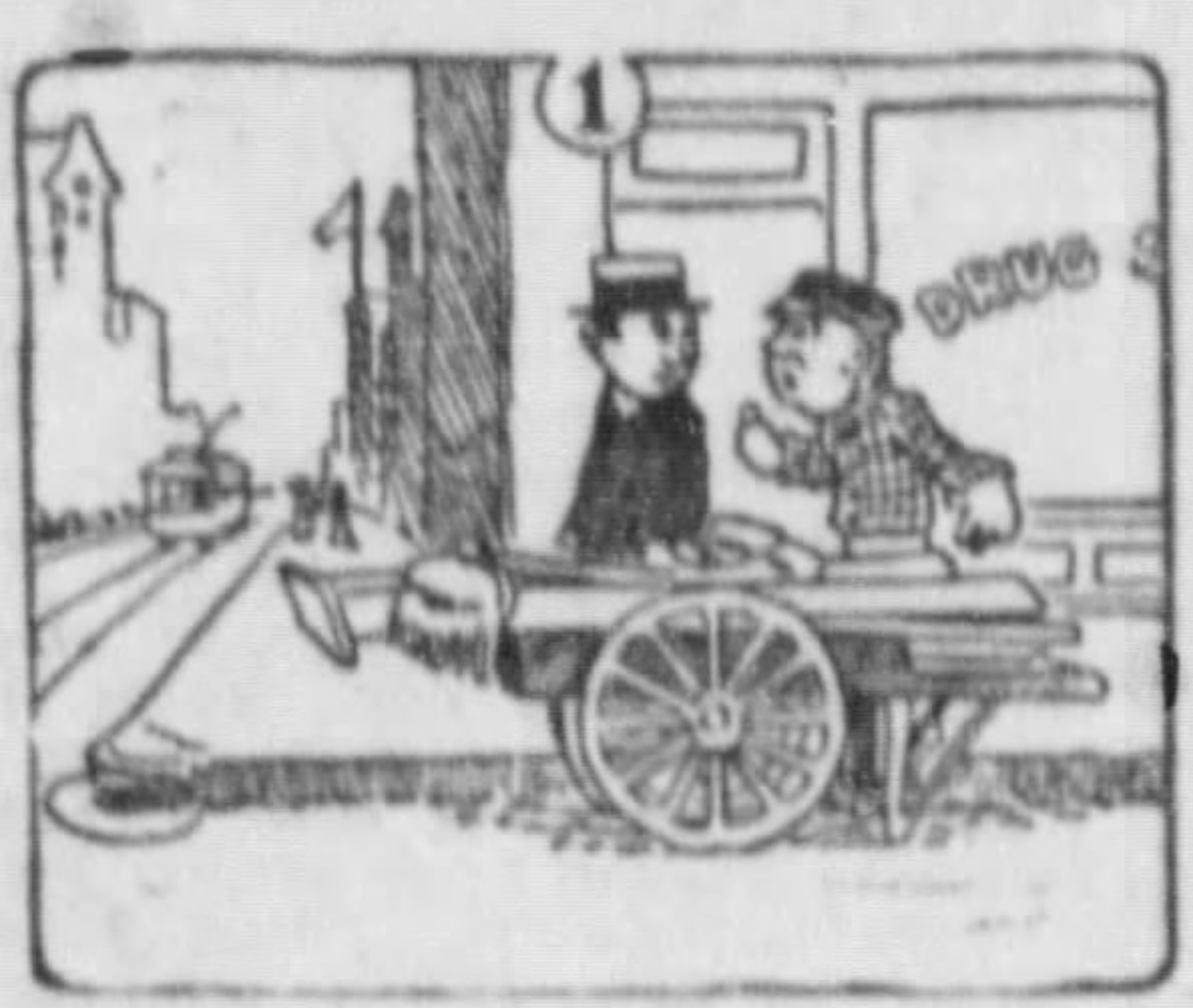
III.


SOMETIMES DEAR TOMMY IS VERY AGGRAVATING
SOMETIMES! I NEVER SAW THE MINUTE THAT HE WASN'T A PEST! HE'S A NUISANCE TO THE WORLD, AND YOU'D DO YOUR FRIENDS A FAVOR IF YOU'D BEAT SOME SENSE INTO HIM!!
TALK ABOUT THE CHARGE UP SAN JUAN HILL!
MR. TRUE WILL BE SADLY MISSED WHEN HE DIES.
MOTHER WILL NEVER FORGIVE HIM FOR THAT
I JUST KNOW THAT BOY COMES TO SOME BAD END.
Condo
-N-E-A-

IV.

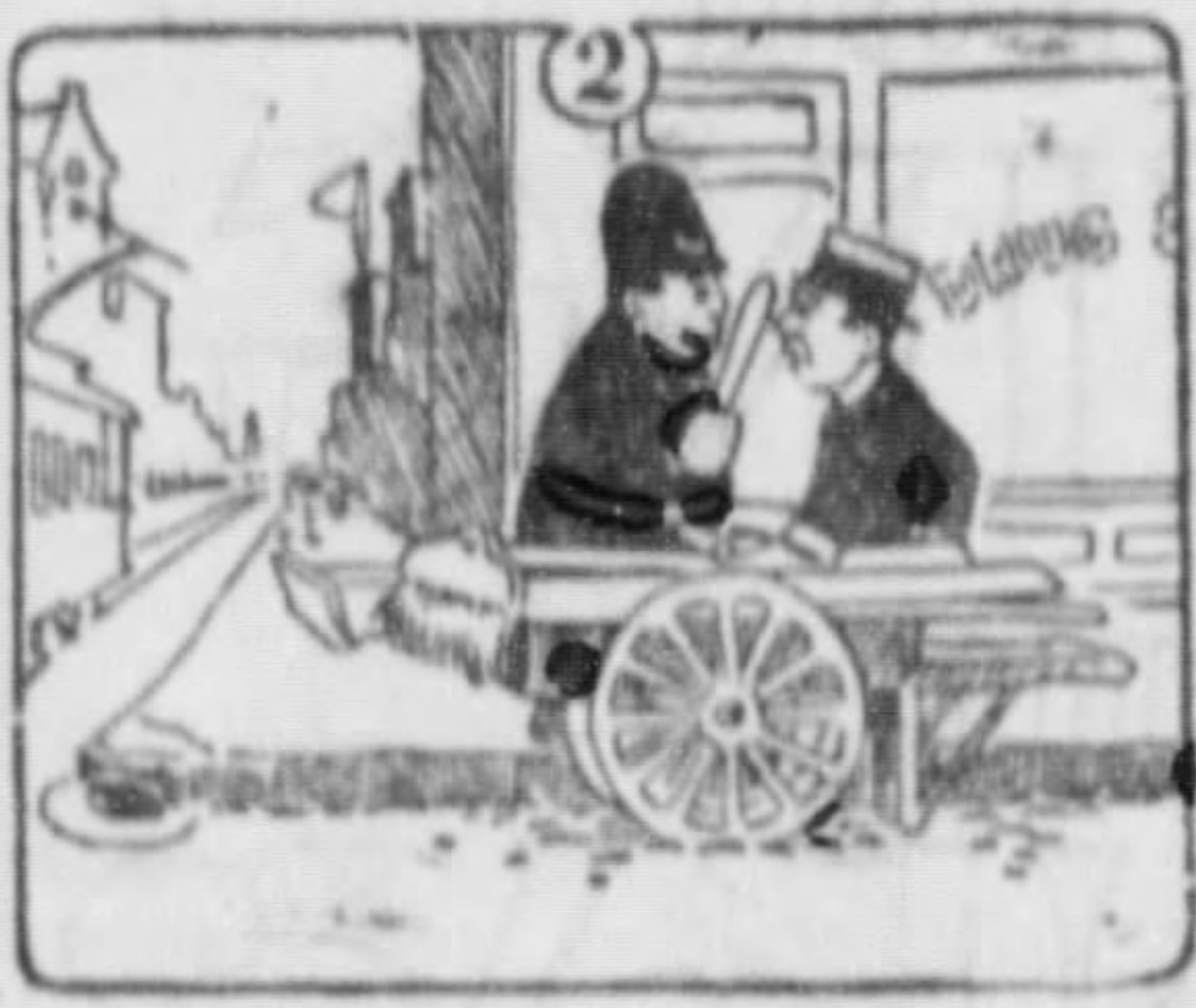

HAVE ONE OF MY CIGARS TRUE
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! BILL, YOU SMOKE THE CHEAPEST AND WORST CIGARS IN THE WORLD! I'LL SMOKE MY OWN!
I ALWAYS TELL BILL I DON'T SMOKE
AND I ALWAYS "PALM" HIS AND SMOKE MY OWN
I HOPE BILL BUYS SOME GOOD ONES NEXT TIME
Condo
©-N-E-A-

# CHUMPEN, THE FOOLISH COP.



"Excuse me, but will you watch my cart a minute or two while I go into the drug store and get some medicine? I've got a sudden attack of dizziness."

"Certainly. Go ahead."

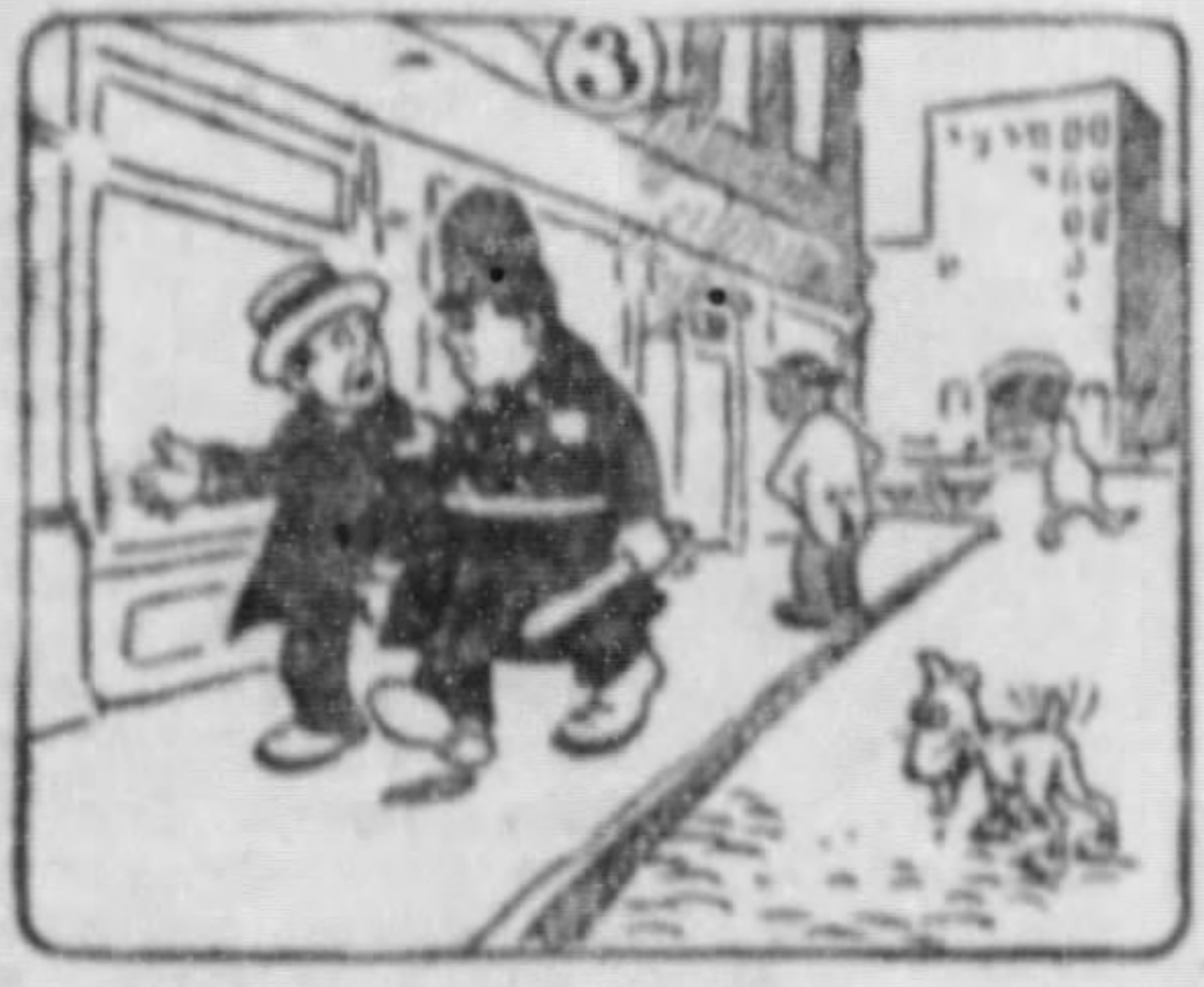


"Here's you've got to move this cart."

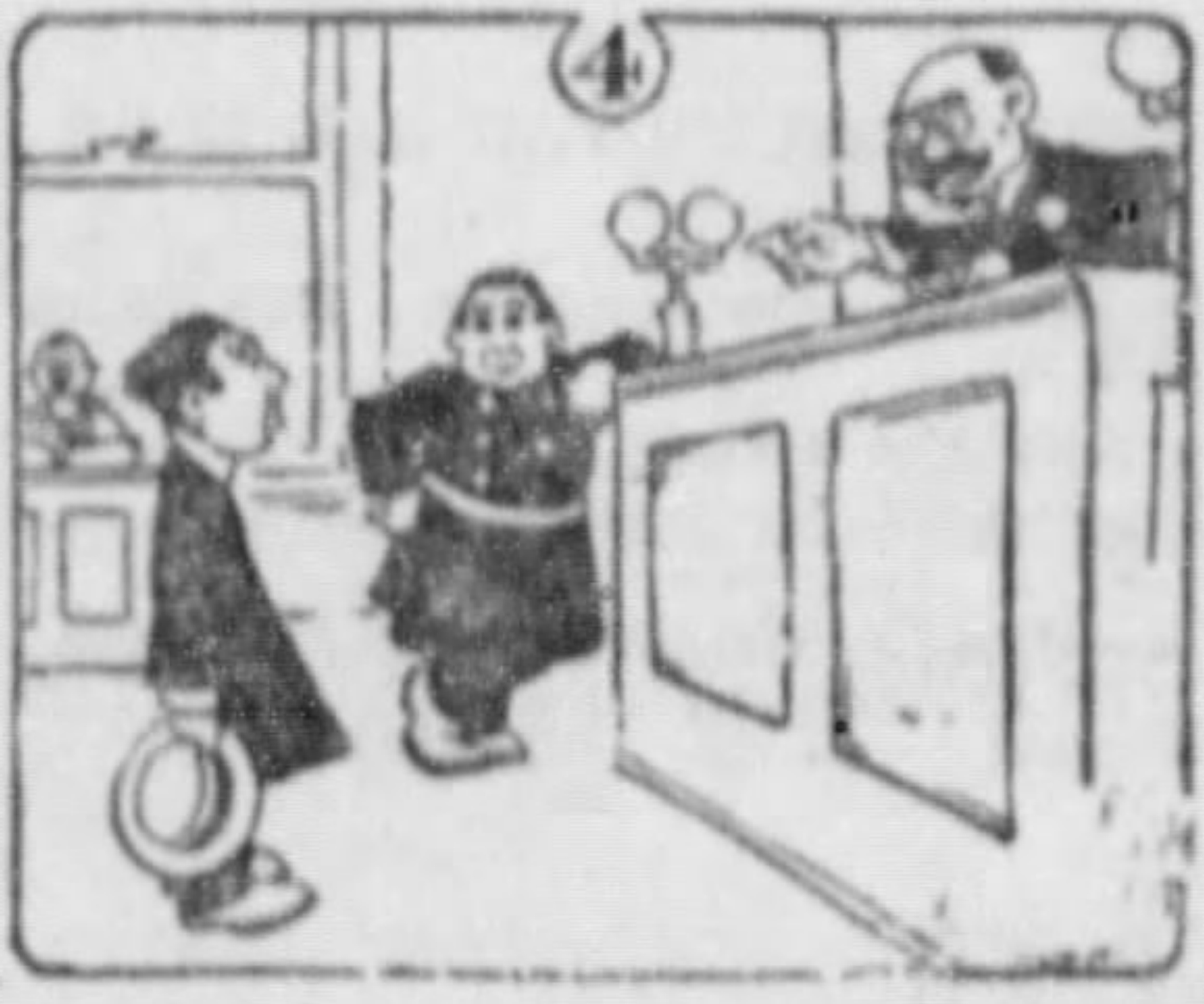
"Have I?"

"Yes, move it, and be lively, too."

"Well, I guess not."



"I'll show you a few things. When I tell you to move a cart, you move it. You'll find it's a good deal cheaper. The next time you won't refuse to obey my orders."



"Prisoner, why did you refuse to move that cart?"

"Why, judge, it wasn't my cart."

"Officer Chumpen, you're the biggest fool on the force."

# Jim Corbett Talks About Game of Biff.

Copyright, 1905, by Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Not long ago there was published in an eastern paper a long story on the decline of prize fighting.

I have been asked frequently since how much truth there was in it. And, judging by the numerous battles scheduled in different parts of the country, I would say that the sport has not been so flourishing in a decade.

Jeffries started the noise and boosted the game when he sent out word that he would lay down his robe and discard his crown in favor of some younger man.

Jeff, of course, has a method in his madness. He wants to fight, but as long as he remains in the game the other fellows will refuse to try, knowing that against him they have no chance.

Consider what has occurred since Jeff took to domestic life. Ruhlin is already on the coast with his trainer, Billy Madden, and if plans do not go astray he will soon be seen in the ring. Gus has never been taken seriously by the public ,and it is scarcely fair to the fans to believe they will fall for him now. However, he has as much right to consideration as McCormick, John L. Sullivan's find.

What a glorious (?) affair it will be

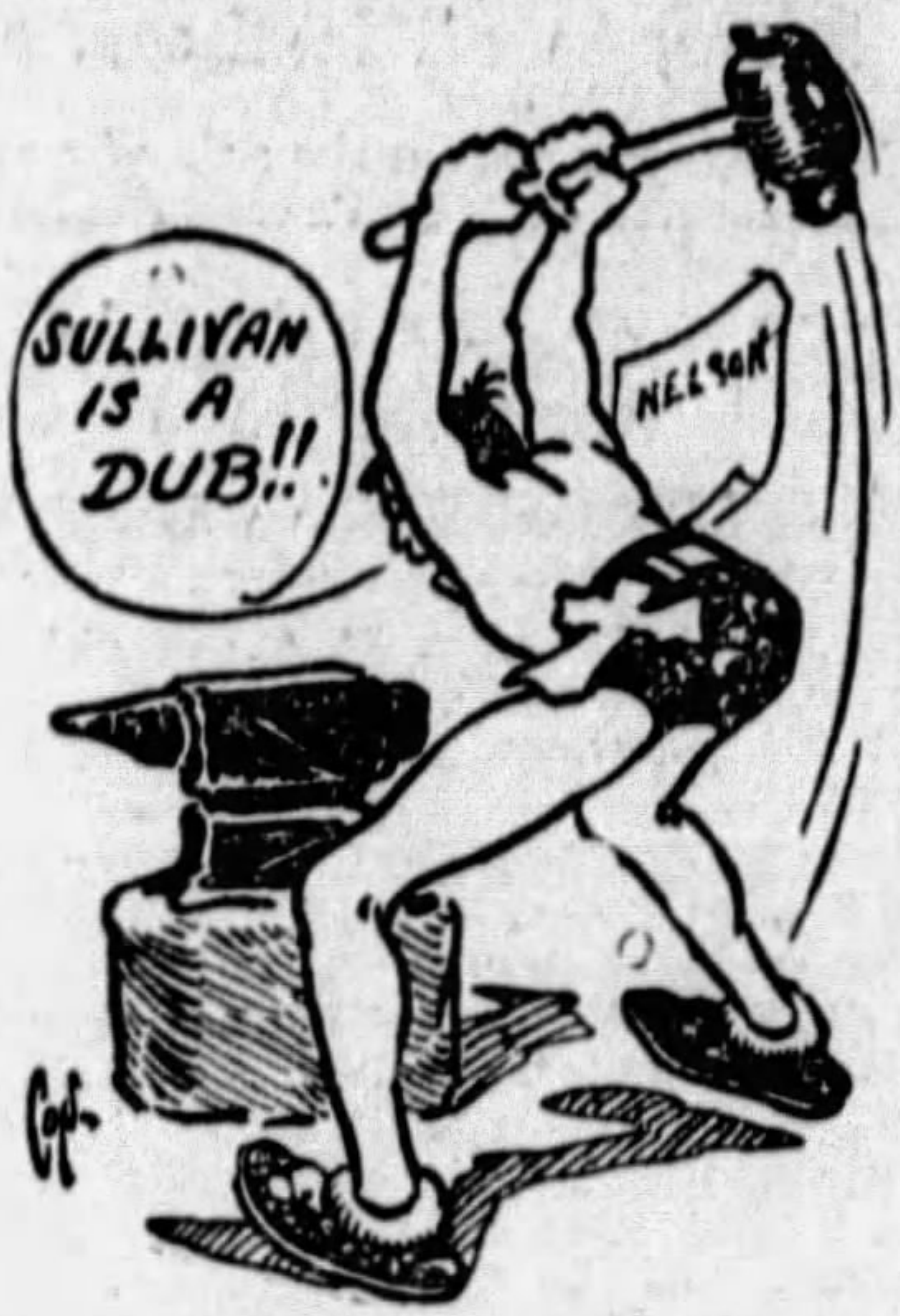
The winner will meet Hart, and that will make another big fight, and by that time all the heavies and would-be heavies will be clamoring for a chance.

Had not Fitz been called to Paris he would be in the game, and, regardless of his being over the 40 mark, would have made these comers go some. And the whole thing will wind up with the best of the second-raters fighting Jeffries.

### Nelson Needs a Guardian.

It looks as if Battling Nelson was trying to kill the goose that has laid his golden eggs. Batt is out on the coast, yelling his head off about the fight between Britt and Sullivan.

If we would believe Nelson, Sullivan is a dub. Coming after the recent battle at Baltimore, this from Nelson sounds queer, as the Washington boy put it all over the Dane.



It never gets a fighter anything to knock the game which gets him his living.

### Tommy Ryan as a Joker.

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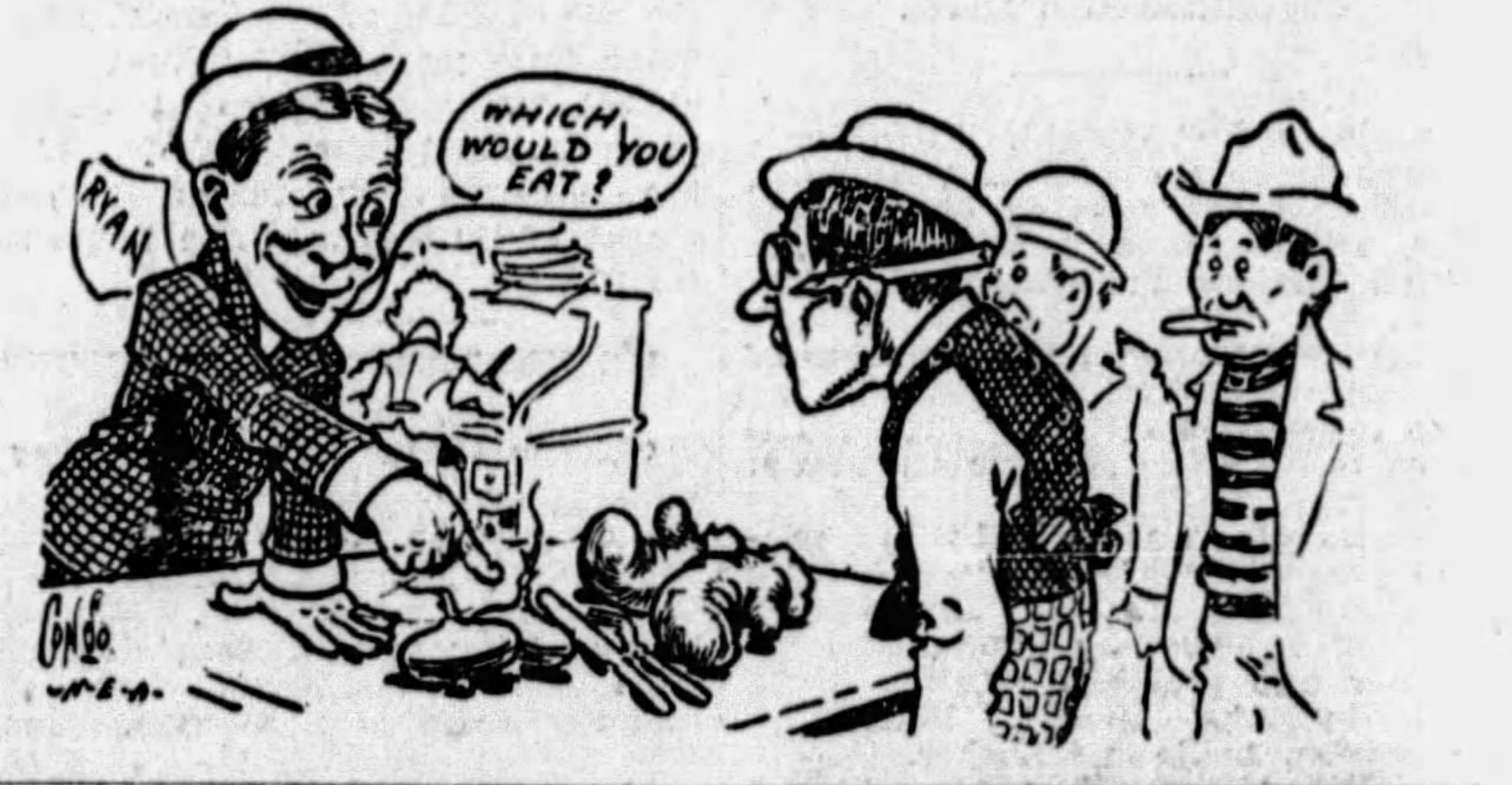
The story was a fake, pure and simple, and Ryan called on the writer to demand an explanation. All he got was a cool reply which made him angry. An argument ensued and for a minute it looked like trouble. Finally Ryan said:

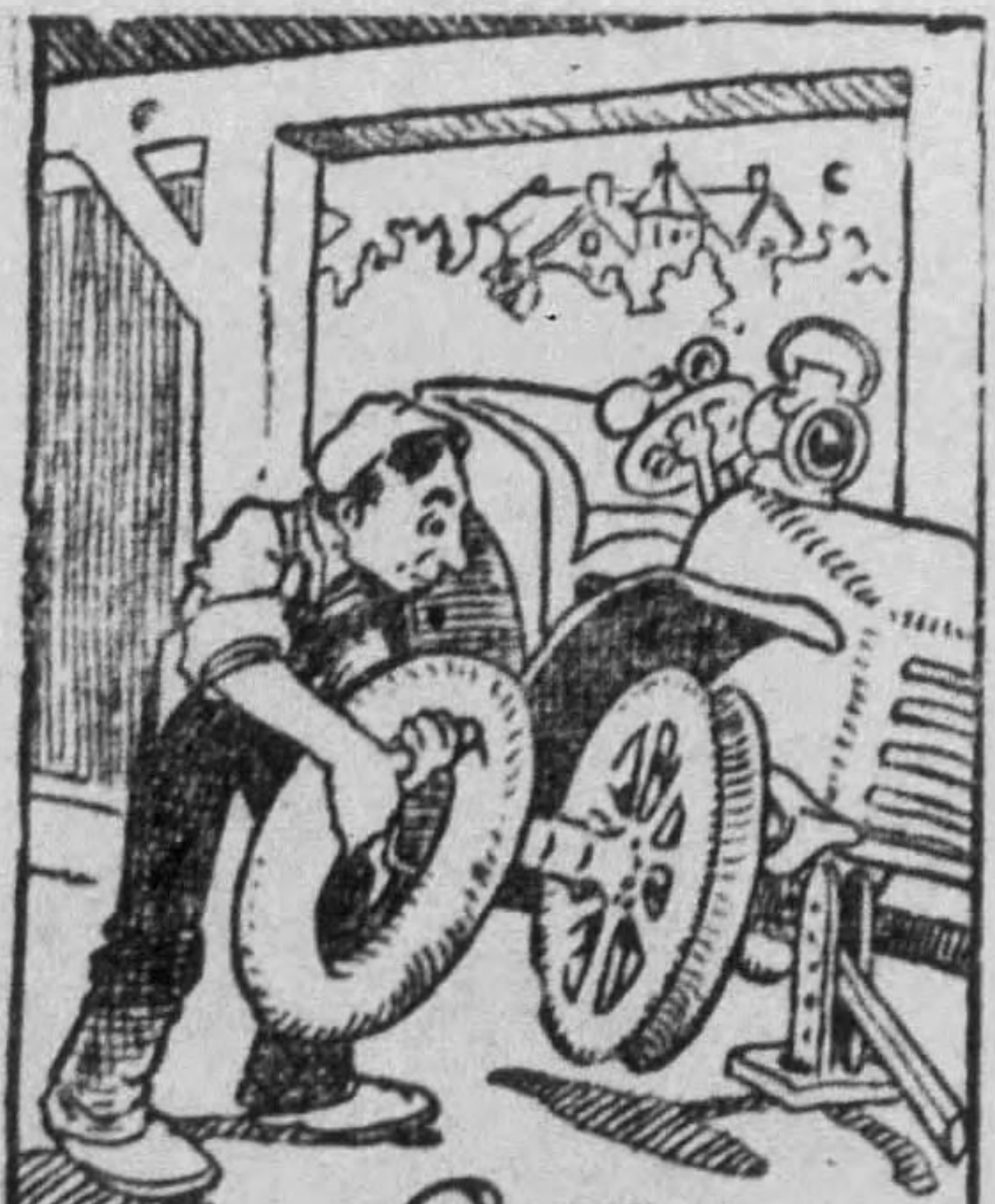
"Why, you don't know anything about fighting. You're a joke, and I'll bet you $5 you don't know a pair of boxing gloves when you see them."

The money was deposited, and Ryan went out. He purchased two of the largest turnips he could find and procured a pair of boxing gloves. He deposited the four articles upon a table and sent for the hostile scribe. The latter arrived, accompanied by several friends.

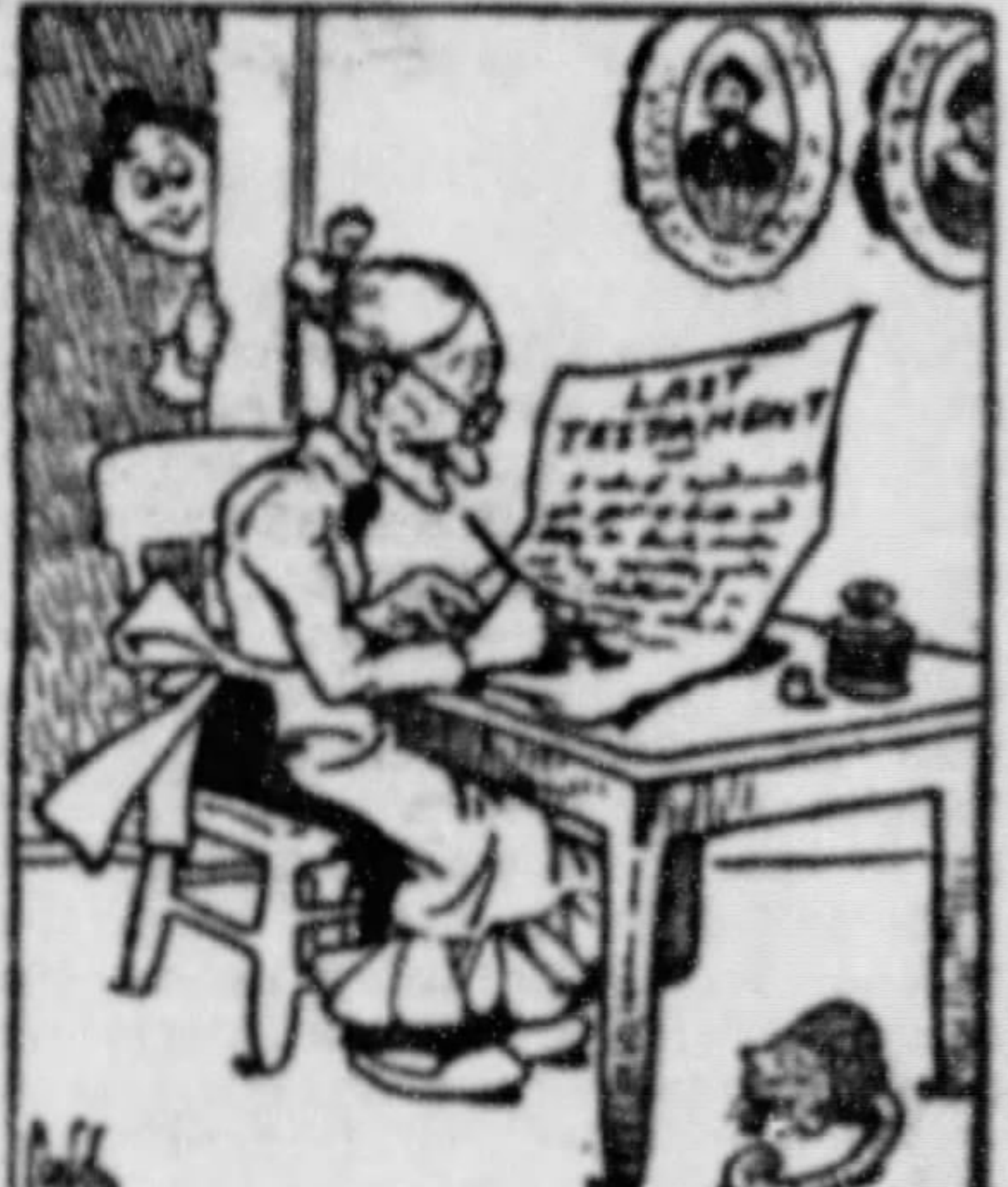
Pointing to the vegetables and gloves, Tommy laid a knife and fork between them, and, turning to the sporting editor, said: "Now, I'll bet you $5 more that you wouldn't know which to eat if you were hungry."

The newspaper man simply boiled over. He could stand it no longer and walked away, fearing he would explode. But today he would be telling the public what little chance the farmer pug would have with the other fellows, had he not been put down and out long ago.



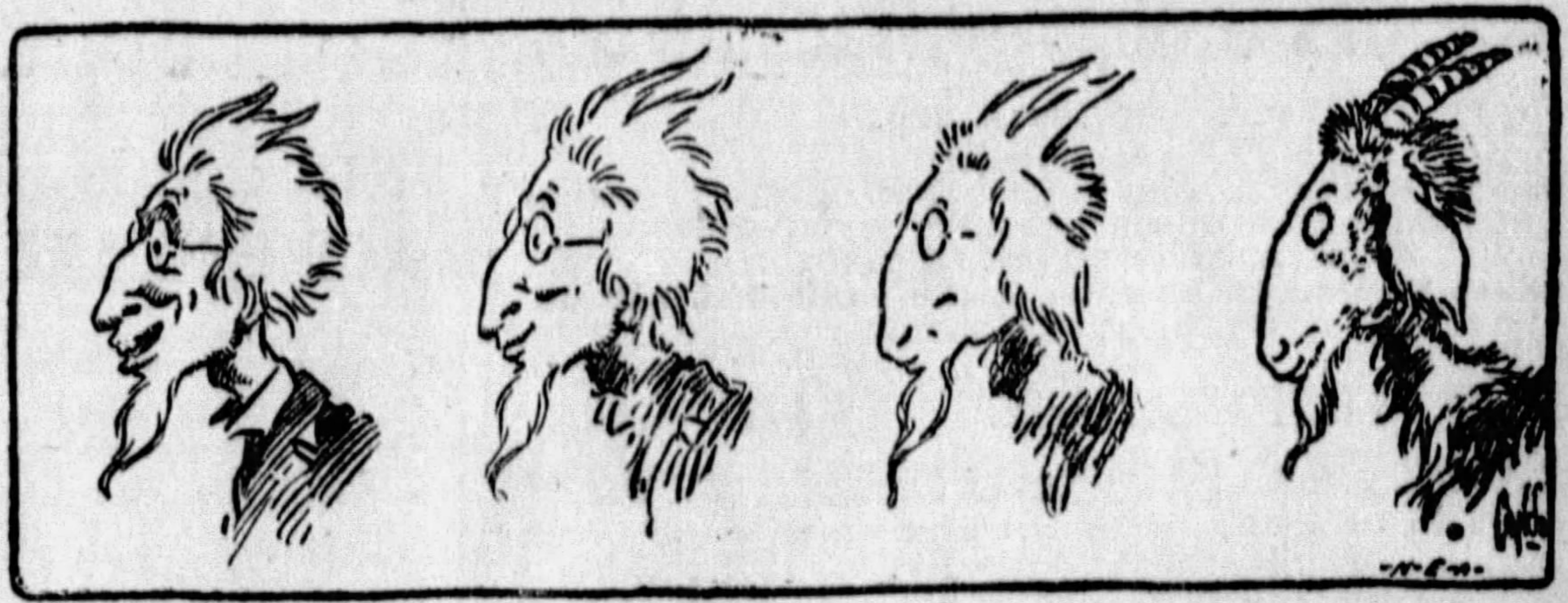


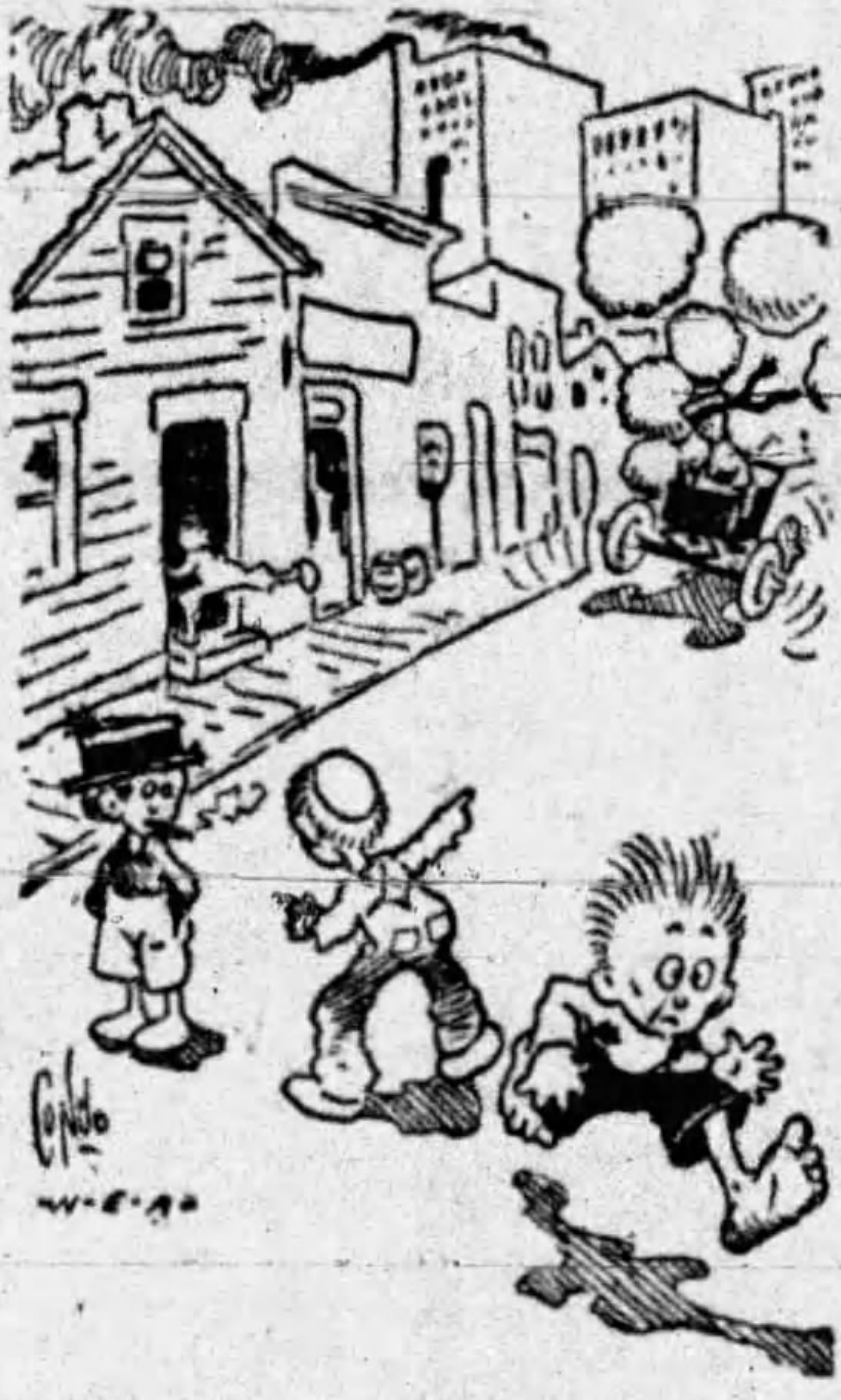
Just About to Retire.


LAST
TESTAMENT

She Had a Will of Her Own.

# THE EVOLUTION OF THE BUTTER-IN.

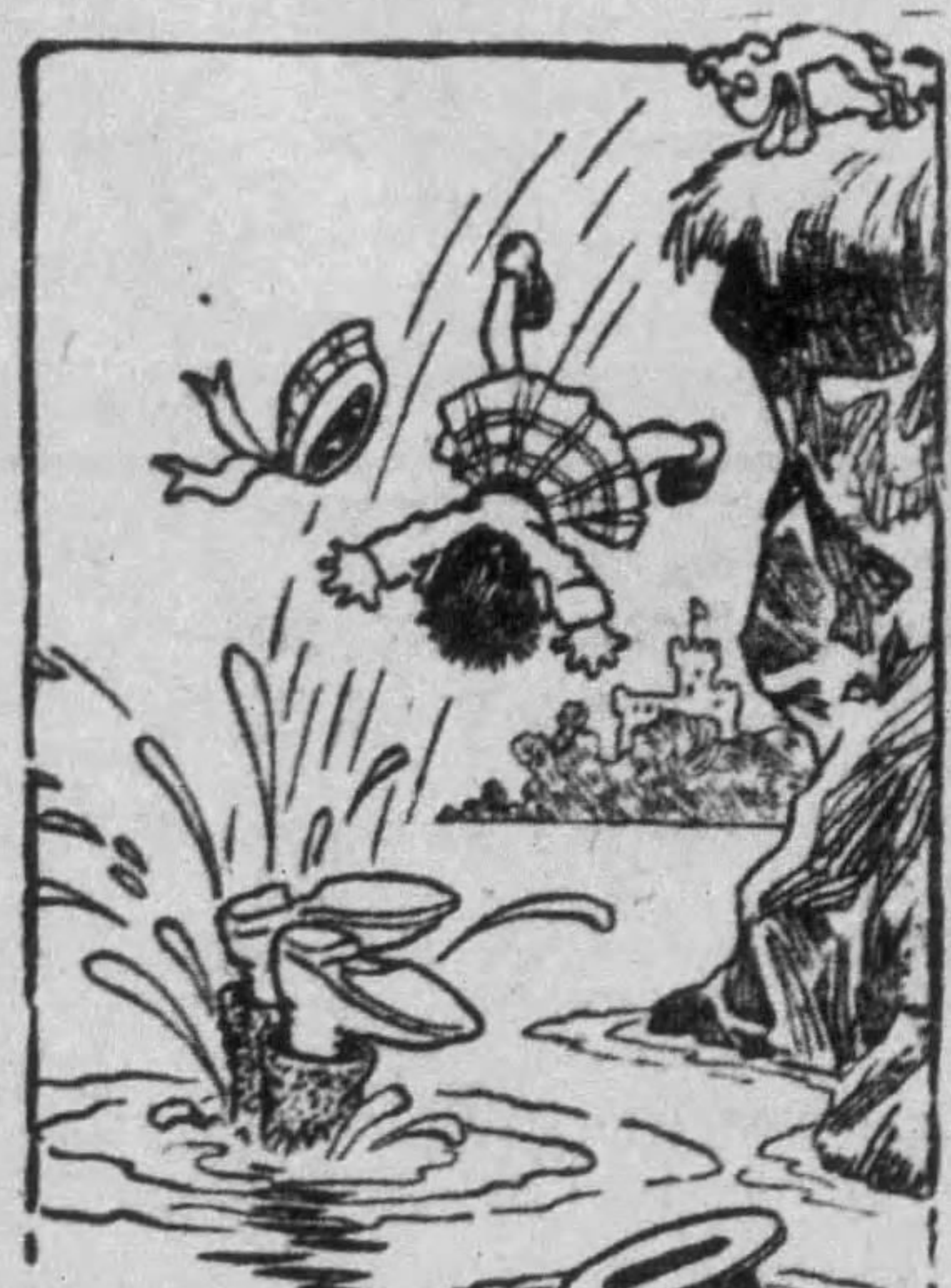




"Skidoo, fellers, skidoo!"

"Whut fer? I don't see no cop."

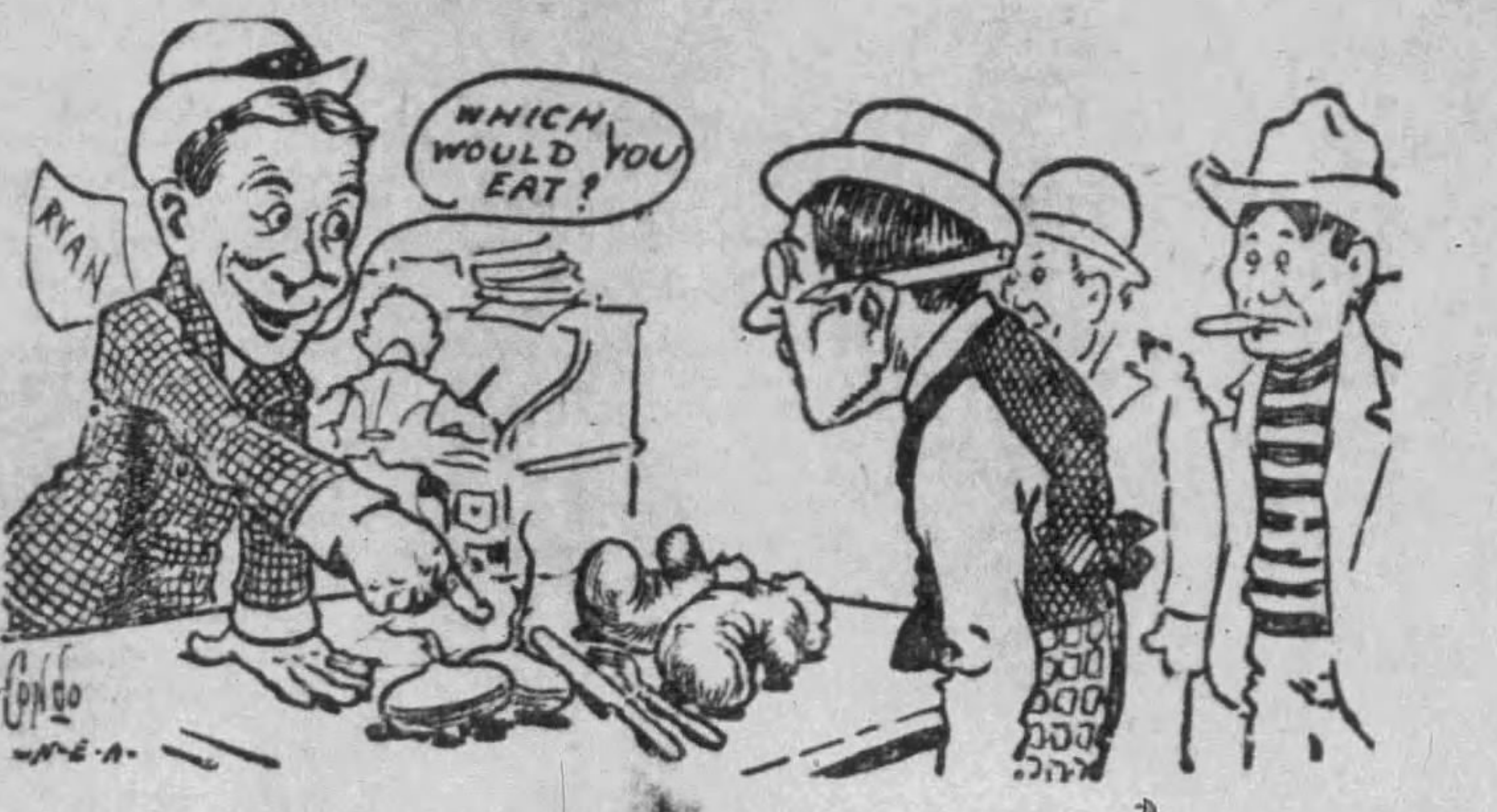
"It ain't no cop! It's a woman runnin' a tourin' car! Run fer yer life!"



He Fell in With a Young Scotchman.

# JEFF BOOSTED GAME WHEN HE RETIRED

## But It Was Only to Get an Opponent That the Champion Took Up Simple Life—Corbett Calls the Turn on Britt-Sullivan Fight and Hands Nelson a Rebuke.



Ryan's Little Joke.

By James J. Corbett.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

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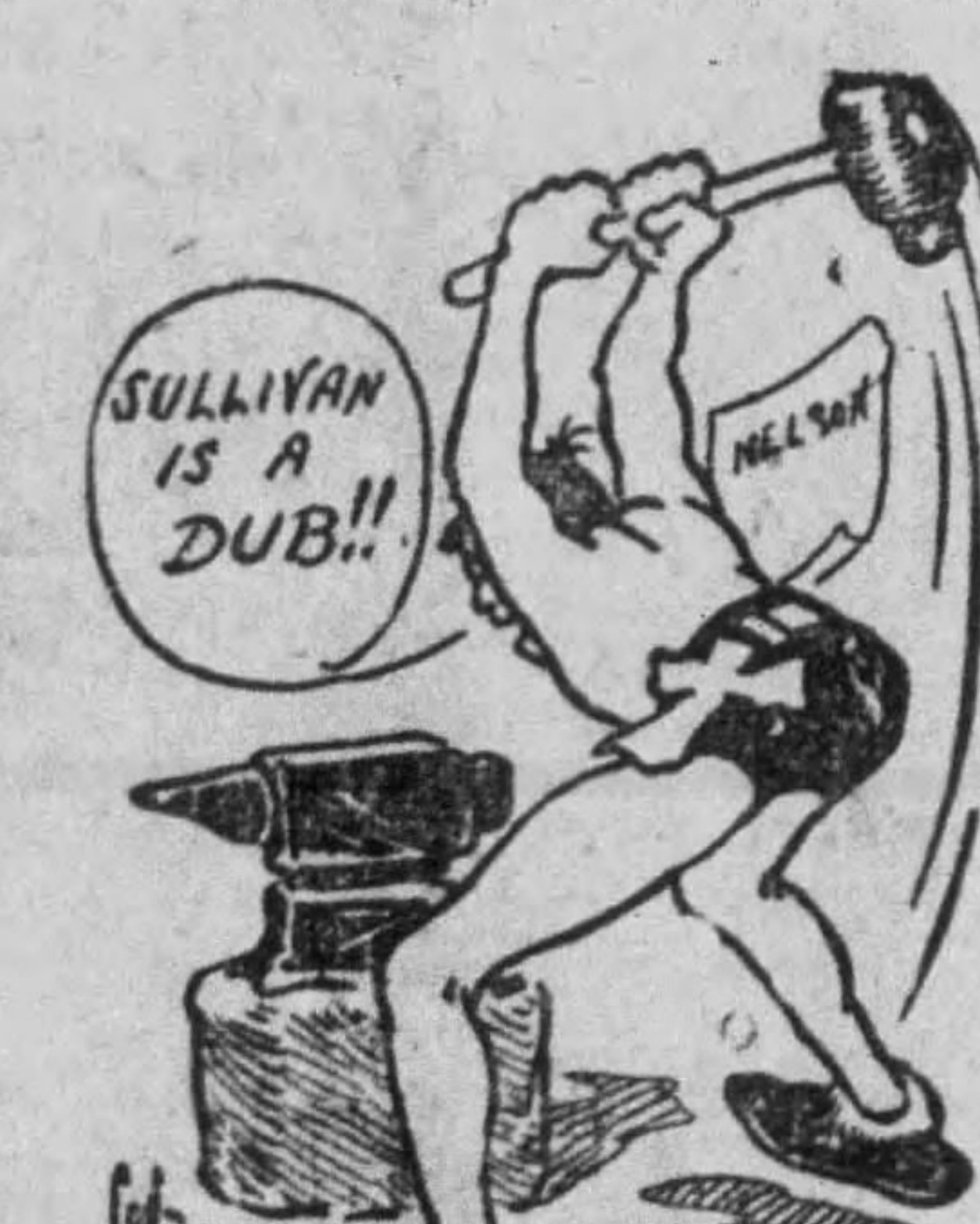

Nelson Knocks.

It never gets a fighter anything to knock the game which gets him his living.

By the time this story reaches the readers, the Britt-Sullivan fight will have become history, and Britt will be returned winner, but he will have to fight hard to win, as Sullivan is a clever boy and is entitled to a lot more credit than has been accorded him. I believe the fight will go the limit.

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## COMING CHAMPS

The Swamp Angels defeated the Bricklayers by a score of 6 to 5. Batteries—Miller, Plummer and Cameron for the Swamp Angels.

The Green Dragons defeated the Half Moons by a score of 9 to 0. Batteries—Rolley and Aucal; Waad and A. Aucal.

The Monarchs won from the Lee-Glass-Andreesen Juniors by a score of 11 to 7. A sensational catch by Gifenbach in left field was a feature. Batteries—Beaver and Quigley; Paul and Bates.

The Windsplitters won from the Silver Moons by a score of 10 to 7. The hitting of Pierson and the catching of Roberts were features. Batteries—Pierson and Roberts; Burkley and Archibald.

The Metz Brewing company team defeated the Mason Street Sluggers by a sore of 9 to 2. Swift struck out sixteen men and also made two home runs.

The Starlights won from the Morgan and Dickey team by a score of 2 to 0. It was a pitchers' battle, with Donahue having the better of the fray. Batteries—Donahue and Troup; Wallace and Rose.

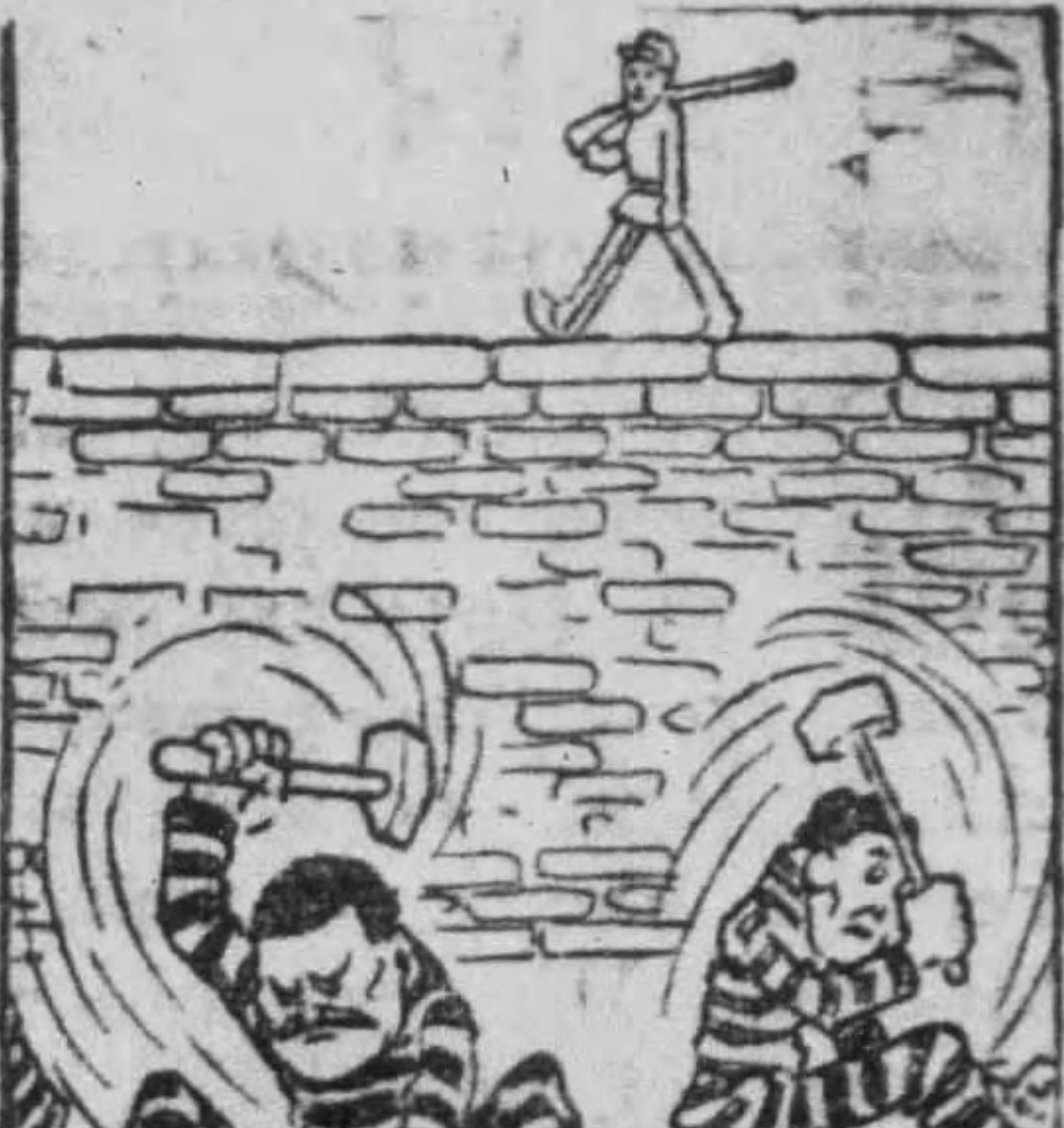
The Monarchs would like to hear from any team in or out of the city averaging from 18 to 19 years of age. Address Wili von Kroge, 1701 South Tenth street. Telephone A-1921.

N. R. Kilcox, captain of the Carpenter Paper company's baseball team, takes exception to the published statement of the game between his men and the Burlington team. He claims that upon the refusal of the Burlington team to play the umpire gave the game to the Carpenter men by a score of 9 to 0. It is claimed that Rothery's alleged home run was a foul ball by ten feet.

### English Cricketers Lose.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1.—The cricket match between the English team and the gentlemen from Philadelphia resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 456 runs. The English team scored a total of 395 runs. This is the first match the English team have ever lost in this city.

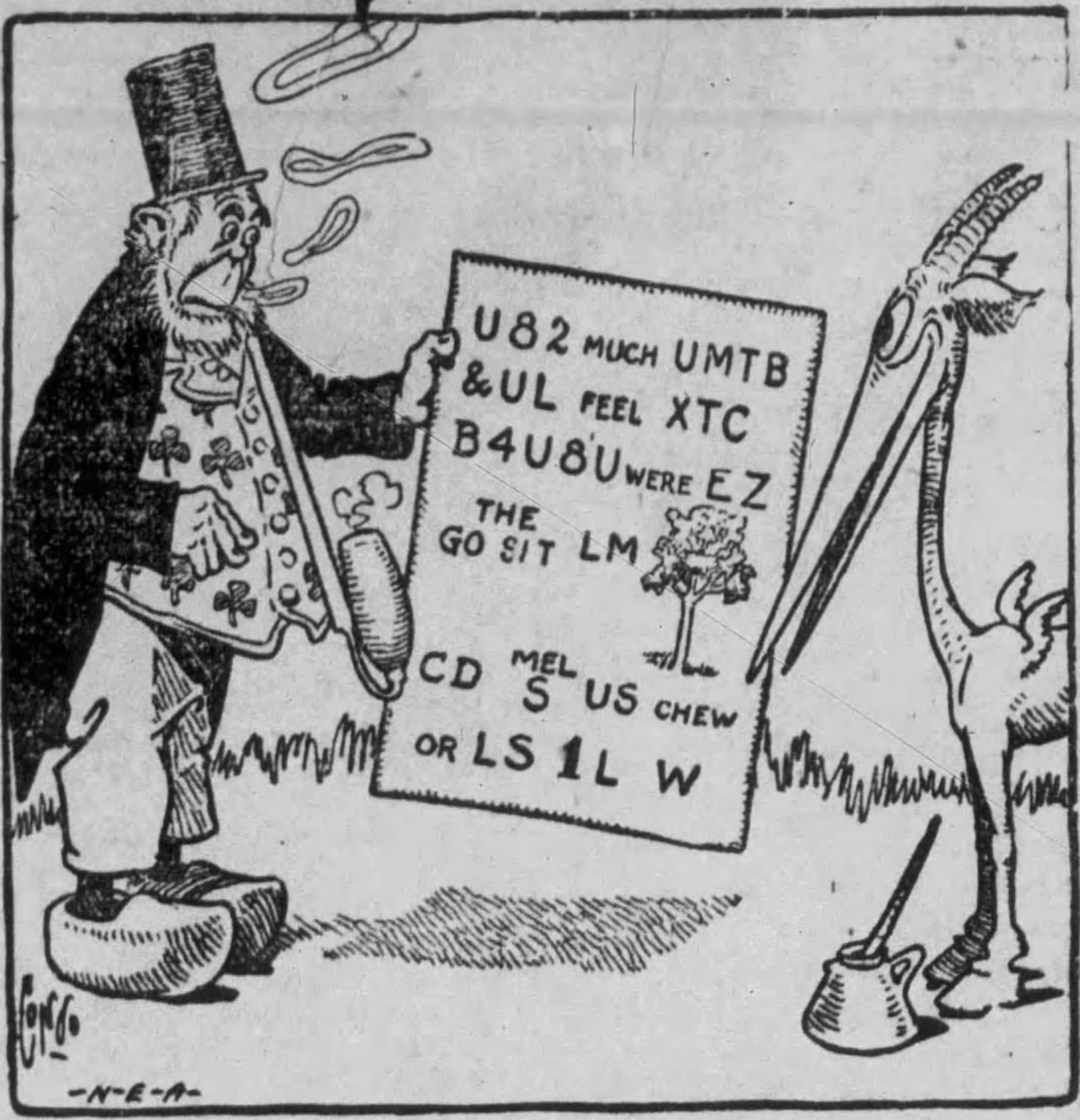
THAT PIE CRUST'S A LITTLE TOUGH THIS EVENING
THIS EVENING!! IT'S TOUGH EVERY EVENING. TOUGHER THAN A PIECE OF RAW HIDE! YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PIE BAKING!
MEOW!
YOU BALDHEADED OLD KNOCKER, YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! ANY MORE OUT OF YOU AND I'LL BEAT YOU UP INTO MINCE MEAT WITH THIS COFFEE POT!
Condo
-N-E-A-



The Toils of the Law.

# WH[illegible]ED O'SCHWARTZ

## A[illegible] AUGUST PROBLEM.


U82 MUCH UMTB
&UL FEEL XTC
B4U8'U WERE EZ
THE GO SIT LM
CD MEL S US CHEW
OR LS 1L W
CONGO
-N-E-A-

After sweltering through a very hot August day O'Schwartz, the millionaire, attended a garden party and ate most copiously. The next day he felt very much depressed; and visited his old friend the gazook, who frequently had given him wholesome advice.

The gazook looked O'Schwartz over, and then remarked: "I thought you were coming to this so I had prepared a little puzzle, which if you decipher correctly will tell you what's the matter with you." Thereupon the gazook handed O'Schwartz a card on which was printed the characters shown in the illustration.

Question: What ailed O'Schwartz?

**Answer next week.**

# WE'RE GETTING OURS, RE[illegible] RIGHT

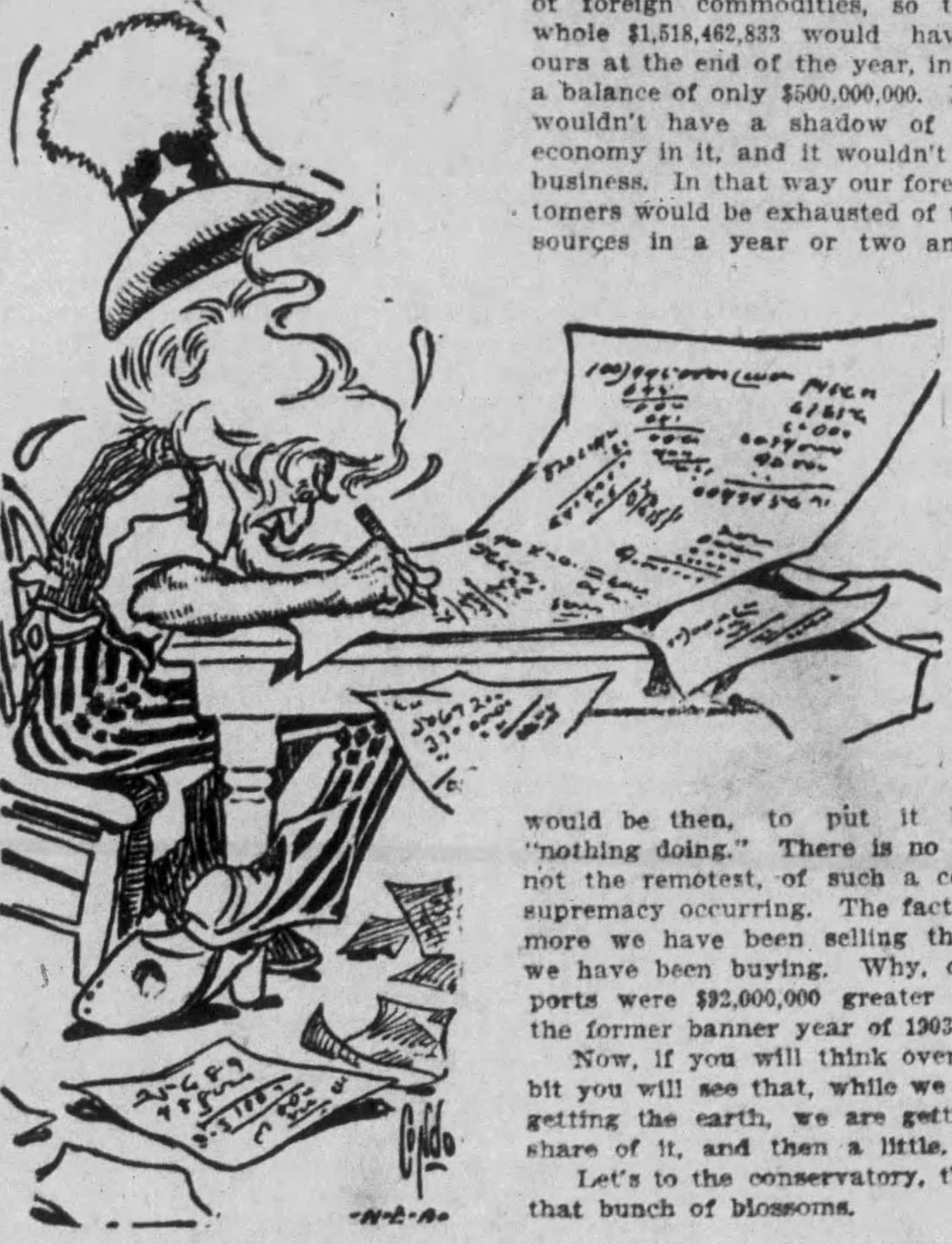
Your attention, please, for a few figures.

Of course they're tiresome. Figuresalways are. But they are necessary. Besides, we can get them in condensed form and predigested, so to speak, while the fellow who gets them up has all the grind of it—the sickening routine of preparing them. So turn to them with a cheerful, thankful spirit.

It may interest you to know thatthe exports of the United States for the last fiscal year total $1,518,462,833. It is the biggest ever. The previous twelve months, ending June 30, 1904, showed a high water mark which has now been bettered by $30,697,842.

Now let's take a breath. We must have been selling something. The world has been buying. It is well that we have something to sell. It is even better that we know how to sell it, since England and Germany and France and other countries of less importance are also in the business of selling, and some of them are mighty sharp competitors—Germany in particular. We are entitled to go to the hothouse and pluck ourself a magnificent bouquet in consideration of our showing.

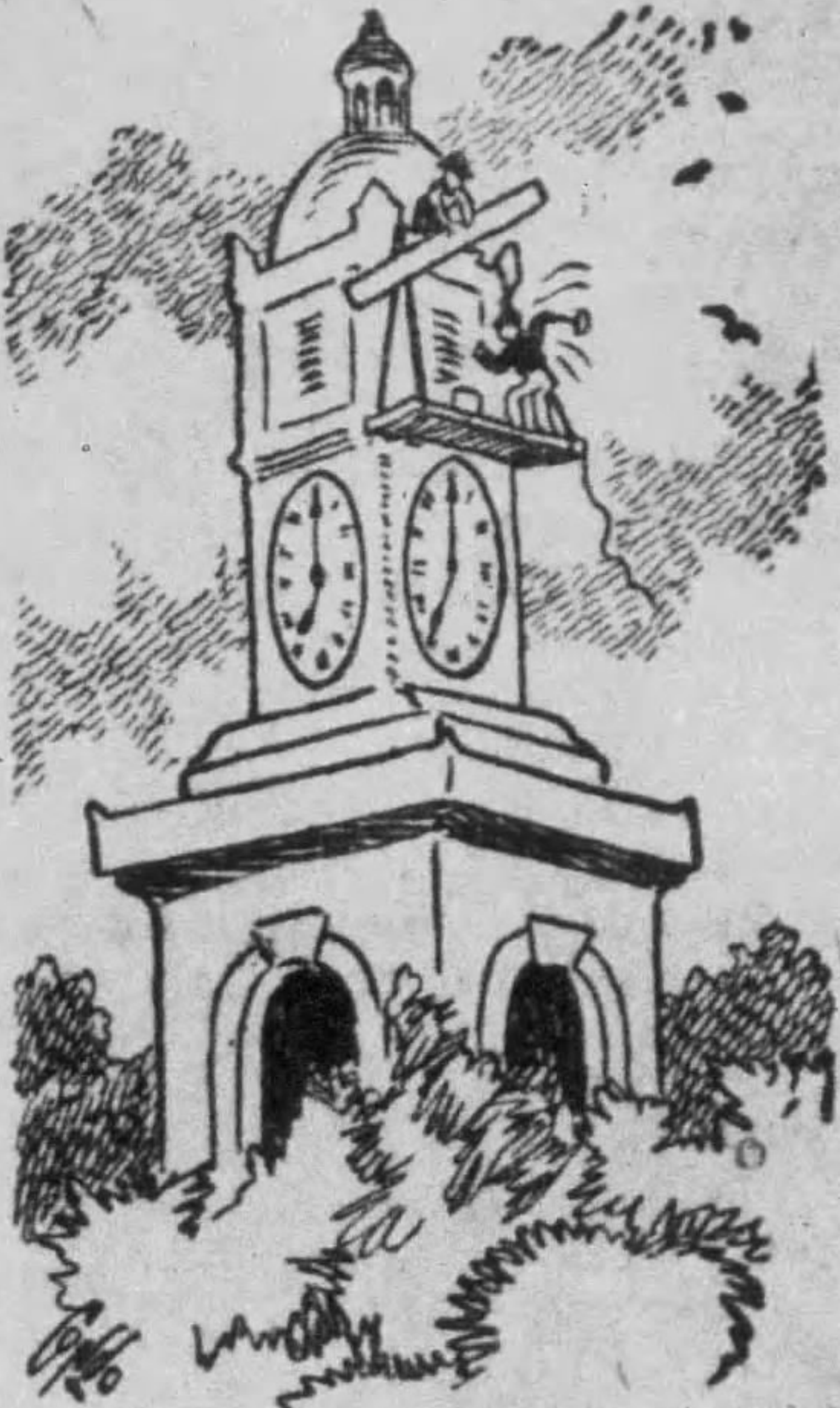
Back to figures. We have broken another record—this time in buying. For the same period dwelt upon above, the United States imported goods to the value of $1,117,507,500, which was also a record-breaker. So, in this last twelve months we not only sold more, but bought more, than we ever did before in the same space of time. That's going some.



Some people may hastily figure that it would be vastly better if we hadn't imported a single cent's worth of foreign commodities, so that the whole $1,518,462,833 would have been ours at the end of the year, instead of a balance of only $500,000,000. But this wouldn't have a shadow of political economy in it, and it wouldn't even be business. In that way our foreign customers would be exhausted of their resources in a year or two and there would be then, to put it bluntly, "nothing doing." There is no chance, not the remotest, of such a complete supremacy occurring. The fact is, the more we have been selling the more we have been buying. Why, our imports were $92,000,000 greater than in the former banner year of 1903.

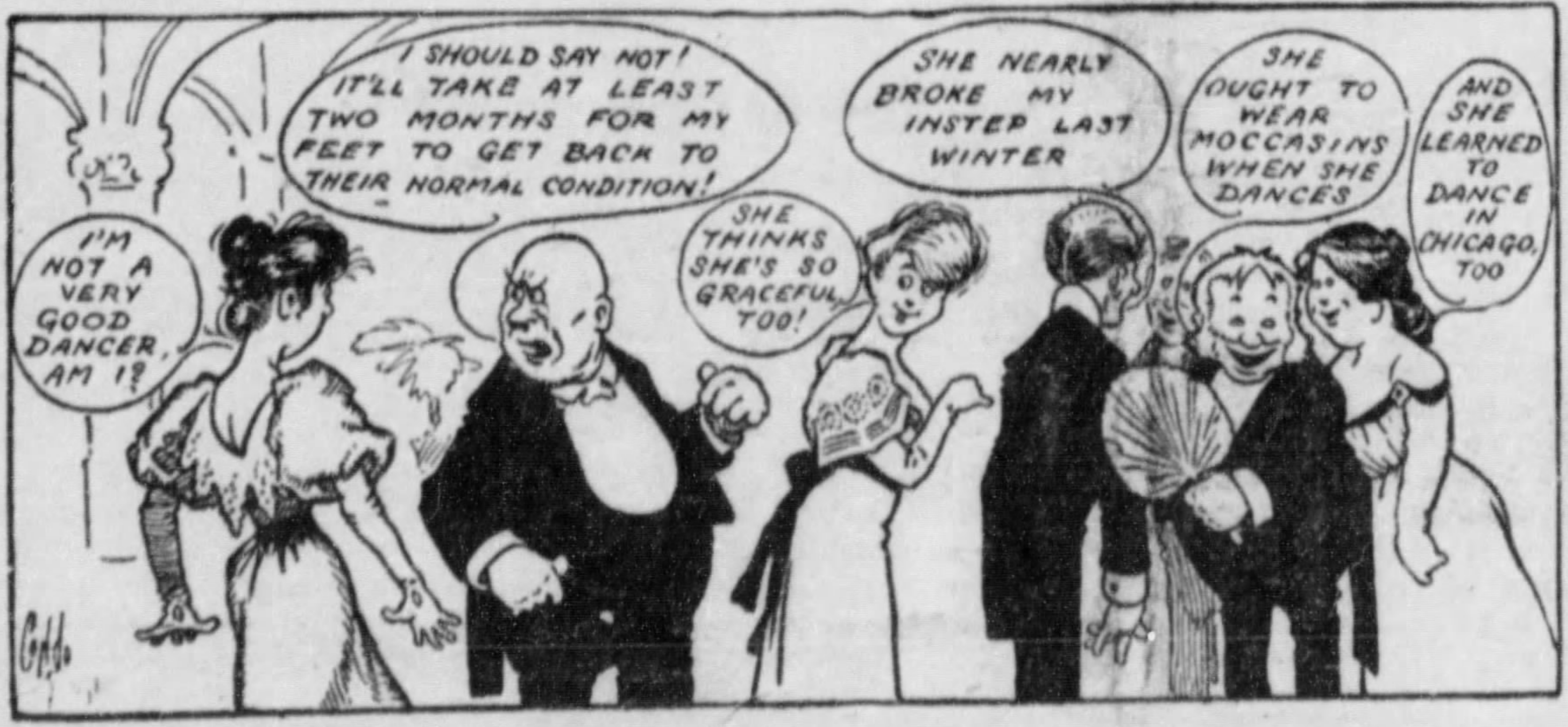
Now, if you will think over this a bit you will see that, while we are not getting the earth, we are getting our share of it, and then a little.

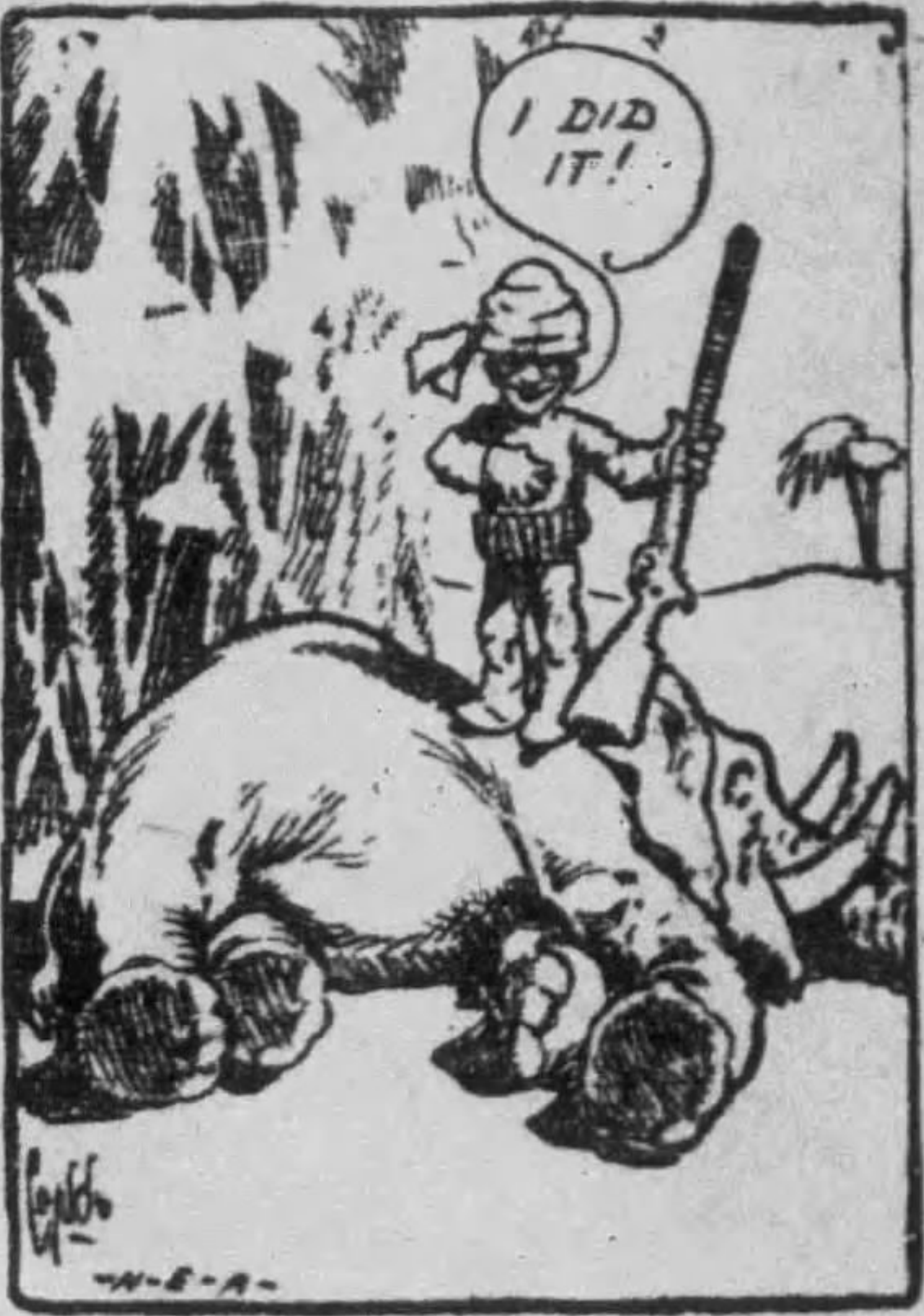
Let's to the conservatory, then, for that bunch of blossoms.



Working Overtime.

# Chapter From Career of Mr. Everett True


I'M NOT A VERY GOOD DANCER, AM I?
I SHOULD SAY NOT! IT'LL TAKE AT LEAST TWO MONTHS FOR MY FEET TO GET BACK TO THEIR NORMAL CONDITION!
SHE THINKS SHE'S SO GRACEFUL, TOO!
SHE NEARLY BROKE MY INSTEP LAST WINTER
SHE OUGHT TO WEAR MOCCASINS WHEN SHE DANCES
AND SHE LEARNED TO DANCE IN CHICAGO, TOO



Dead Game.

# "The Bravest Are the Tenderest."

The island chief sat on the sand
His fairest wives all near him,
And twenty slave soubrets stood by
To sing and dance and cheer him

"Bring on the feast, good chef," he cried
"Your chief's in finest fettle
To tackle any dainty bit
That's in the royal kettle"

The chef brought on the big chief's grub
All piping hot and steaming,
And when its odor struck the air
The royal face was beaming

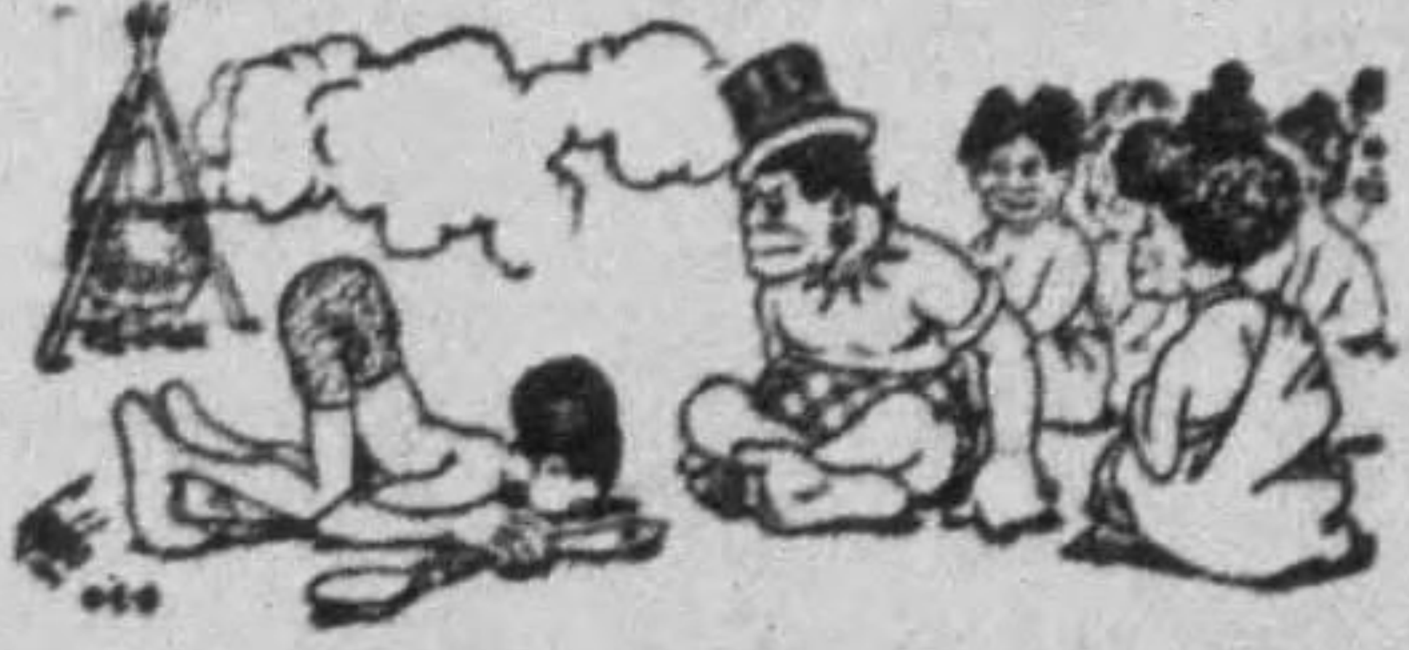
"No-noble king! Gr-gracious sire!
Good chief!" the poor chef stuttered,
Then shoved his nose deep in the sand
And hemmed and hawed and sputtered

"Speak out, you dog! What's gone amiss?"
The island monarch thundered
"Hast done the throne some shameful wrong
Or in the cooking blundered?"

The scared chef said, "Our best dish, king
Is soldier boy We've nary
A bite, I grieve to say, good sire
Of tender missionary"

"Oh, fudge, you chump!" the big chief roared
"This dinner will delight me
I much prefer to dine upon
The gallant lads who fight me

"The soldier boy's the boy for me
The fattest or the slenderest
And good chef, let your motto be
'The bravest are the tenderest'"



# MOST ANYTHING

## BY LEW DOCKSTADER

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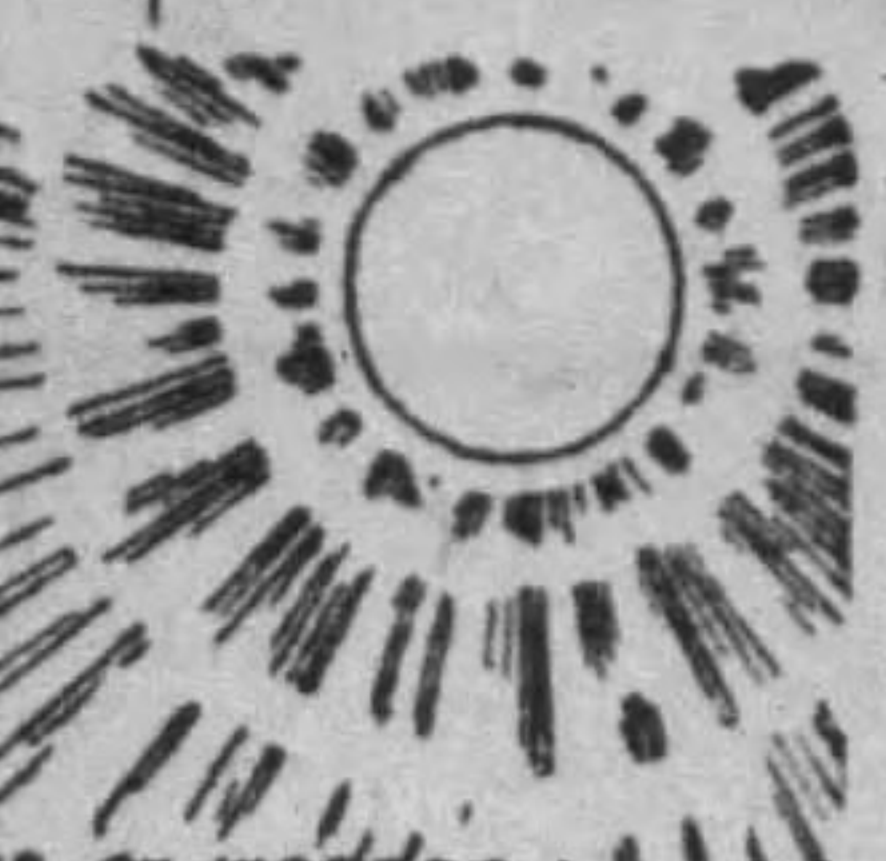
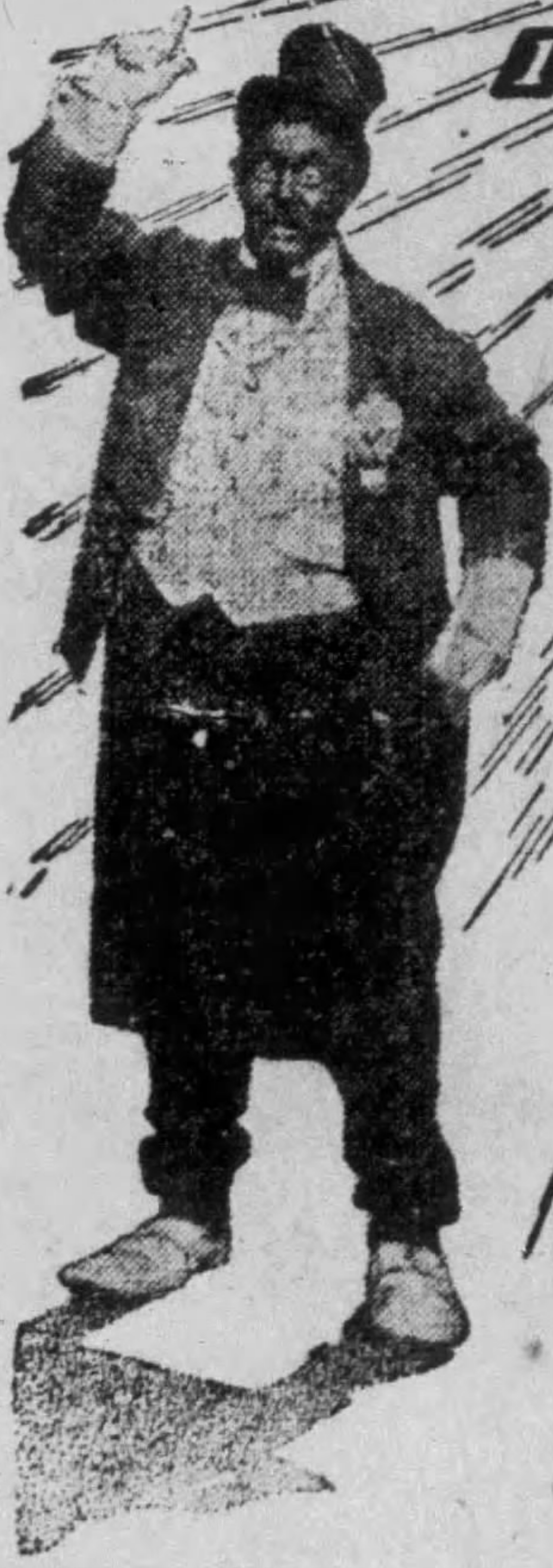
# Yere's Whar I Kick.



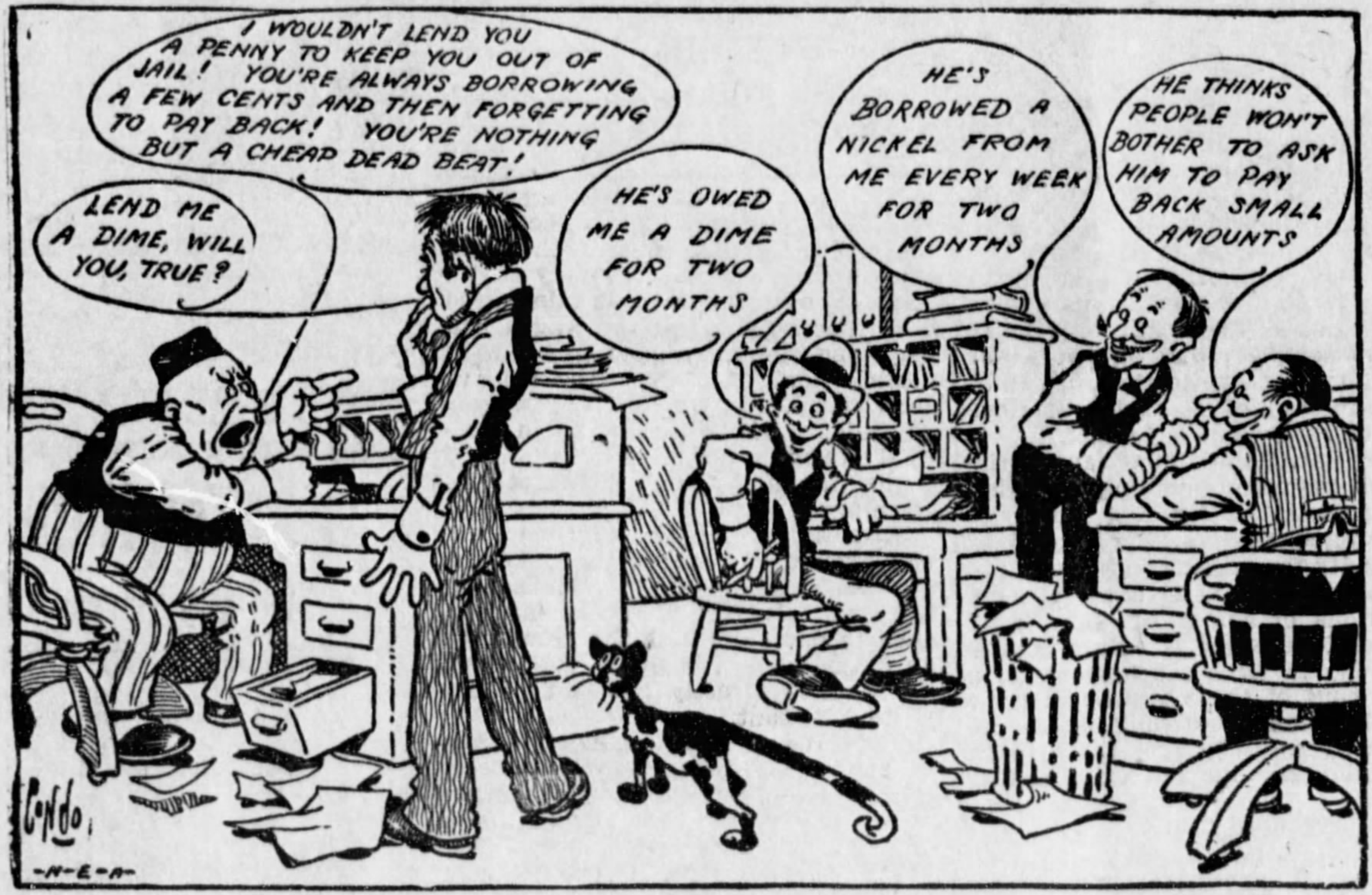


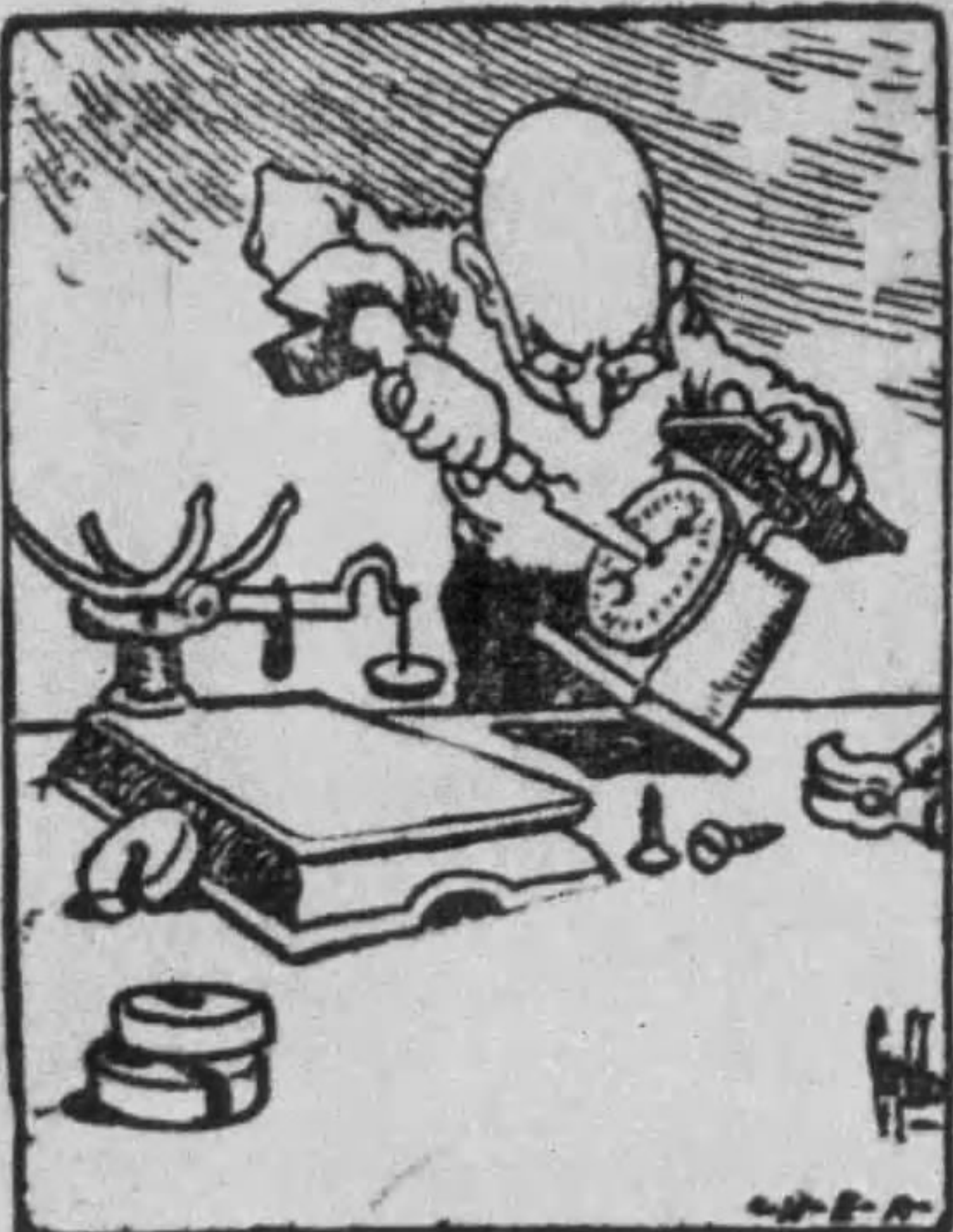
I kin stan all kines er wedder
Makes no diffunce wat it iz
Only grin wen things iz freezin
Nebber grumble w'en dey sizz
On de hottes summer days you
Nebber year me make a crack
'Bout it bein wuss'n usu'l —
'Less my shirt crawls up my back

Des uz soon have summer allers,
Don care ef hit's cole er not;
I c'd git erlong ferebber
Wid de wedder allers hot.
Red hot sun ergrees wid me but
Ebbrything seems out er whack
W'en I'm full er presspiration
En my shirt climbs up my back.

I kin broil widout a squealin'
All de summer, kaze I know
Ebbry bit er sunshine's makin'
Joocy watermillions grow
I kin fry an' fry a smilin'
But you'll sholy see me track
Tow'd some spot dat's nice en shady
Ef my shirt crawls up my back

Ain't a thing so aggravatin'
In de good ole summer time
Like de nasty, sticky feelin'
W'en yo shirt begins ter climb
Some day I'll git mad en hole it
Wid a ledder headed tack
Druv right in my spinal column —
Den it won't climb up my back.


LEND ME A DIME, WILL YOU, TRUE?
I WOULDN'T LEND YOU A PENNY TO KEEP YOU OUT OF JAIL! YOU'RE ALWAYS BORROWING A FEW CENTS AND THEN FORGETTING TO PAY BACK! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A CHEAP DEAD BEAT!
HE'S OWED ME A DIME FOR TWO MONTHS
HE'S BORROWED A NICKEL FROM ME EVERY WEEK FOR TWO MONTHS
HE THINKS PEOPLE WON'T BOTHER TO ASK HIM TO PAY BACK SMALL AMOUNTS
CONDO
-N-E-A-



Mending His Ways.

News and Gossip of the Sporting World

# FITZSIMMONS PUT HIM INTO THE MIDDLE OF LAST WEEK

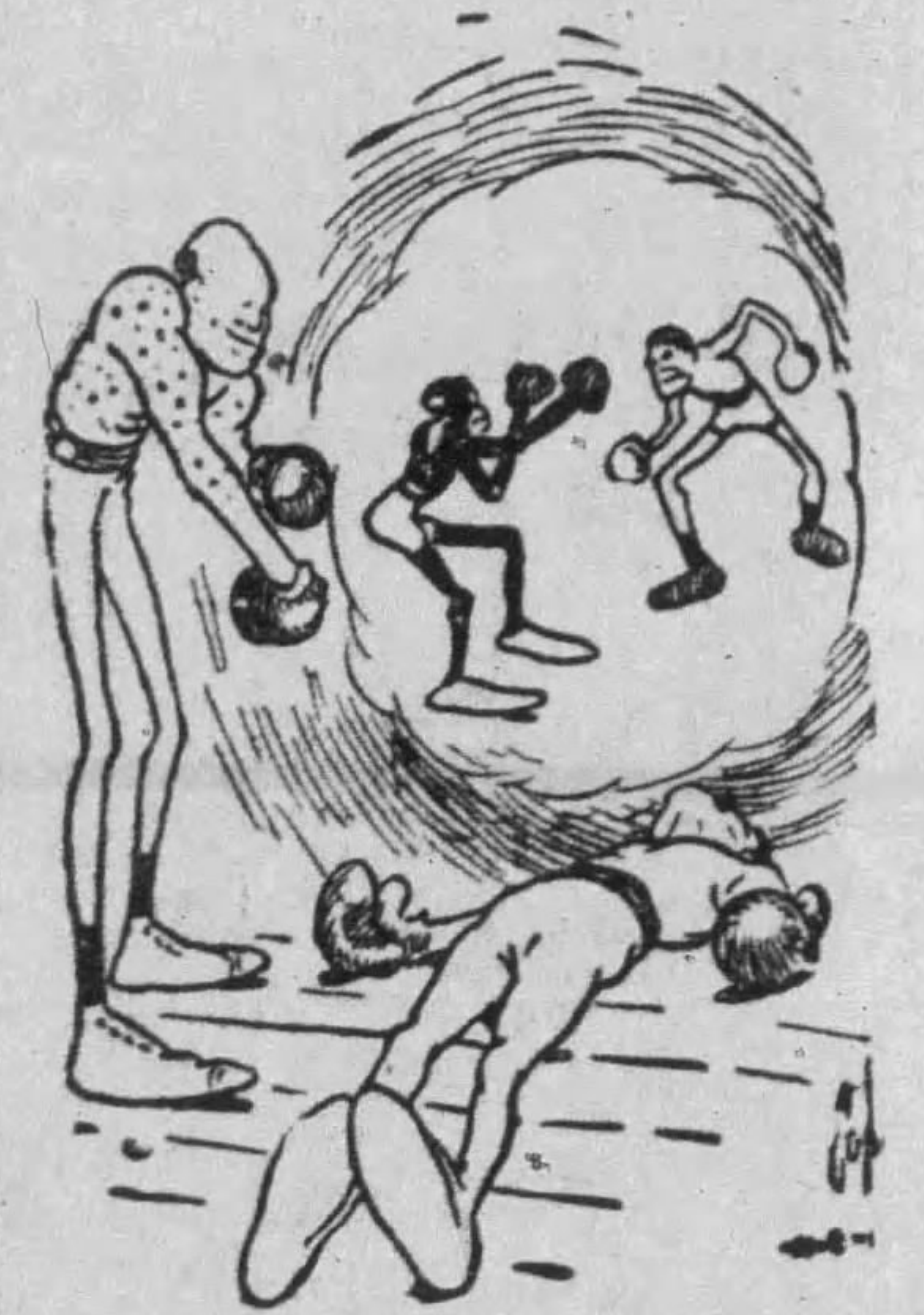
## Jolt Made Slattery Come to With the Idea That He Was Fighting an Old Battle—Jim Corbett Chronicles a Bit of Repartee by Jeffries.

BY JAMES J. CORBETT.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

Have you ever heard the expression, "knocked into the middle of next week?" It remained for Fitzsimmons to change this and knock a man into the middle of last week.

Fitz at the time was traveling through the country, meeting all comers and offering a forfeit if he failed to finish his man inside of four rounds.



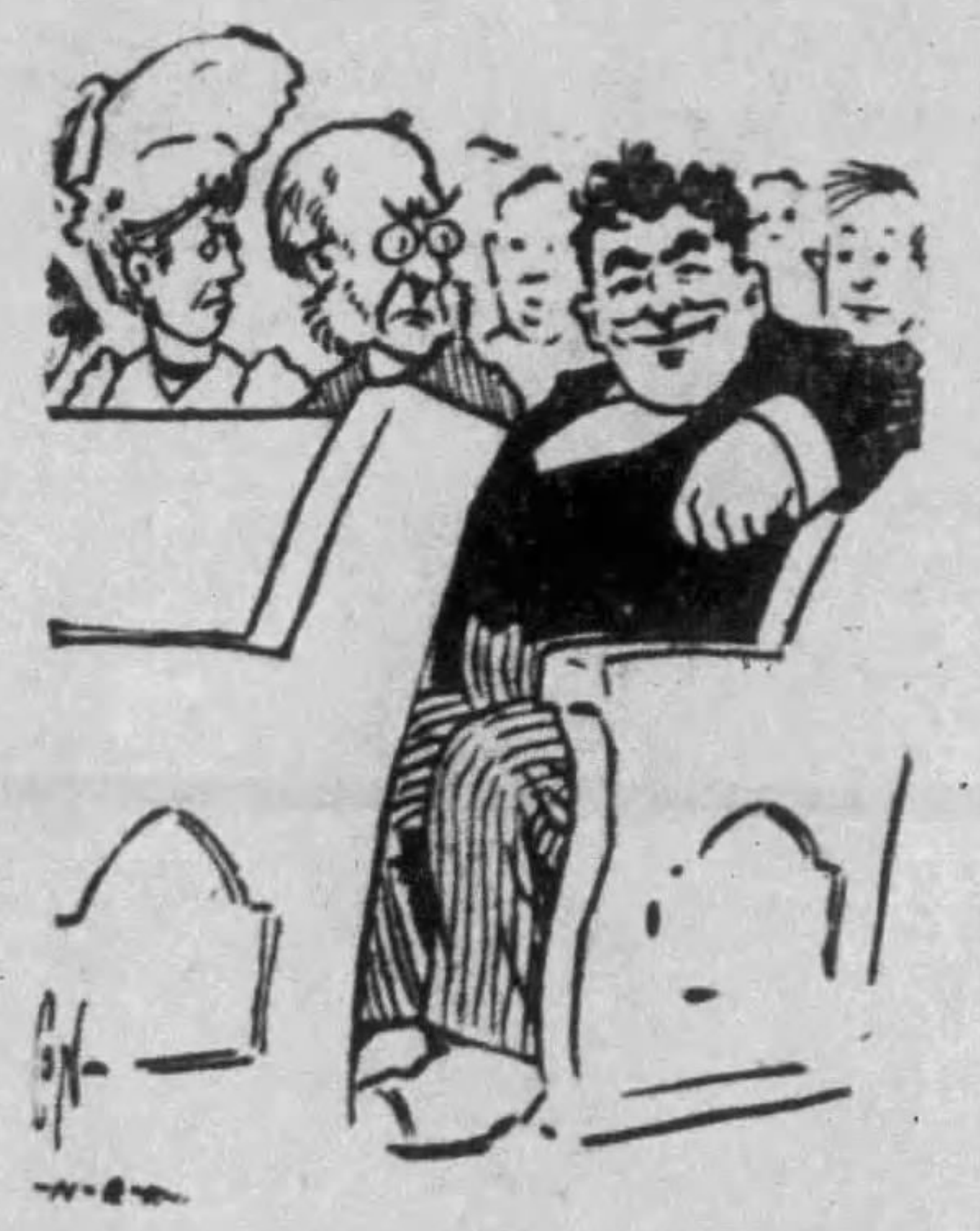
In Pittsburg he met a big Irishman named Jerry Slattery. Jerry had been having all kinds of success and won several rough and tumble scraps. The Wednesday before Fitz arrived Slattery knocked the smithereens out of a big negro and felt very chesty.

Fitz took Slattery on and for the first round had plenty of sport joshing him. Tiring a little Fitz proceeded to work a shift and the bell rang. In about six minutes Slattery came to. When he had gained enough strength to get upon his feet he made a rush for an empty corner, yelling, "Where is the damn nagur?" swinging his arms wildly and spluttering like a happy monkey.

Slattery tried to explain to Fitz later that he had been knocked into the middle of the previous week and that upon regaining consciousness thought he was fighting the negro. He said that when the jolt landed his brain became befuddled and upon opening his eyes he thought he saw his former opponent. Fitz thought the thing a joke and gave the Irishman part of the money.

### Jeffries as a Joker.

A good story is told on Jeffries who was once persuaded to attend church



in Los Angeles, where his father happened to be the speaker. Jim was shown into a pew that belonged to a big family. Shortly after he sat down the whole bunch piled in on him. The renter thought Jeff was out of place and on a small slip of paper wrote: "I pay $200 a year for this seat."

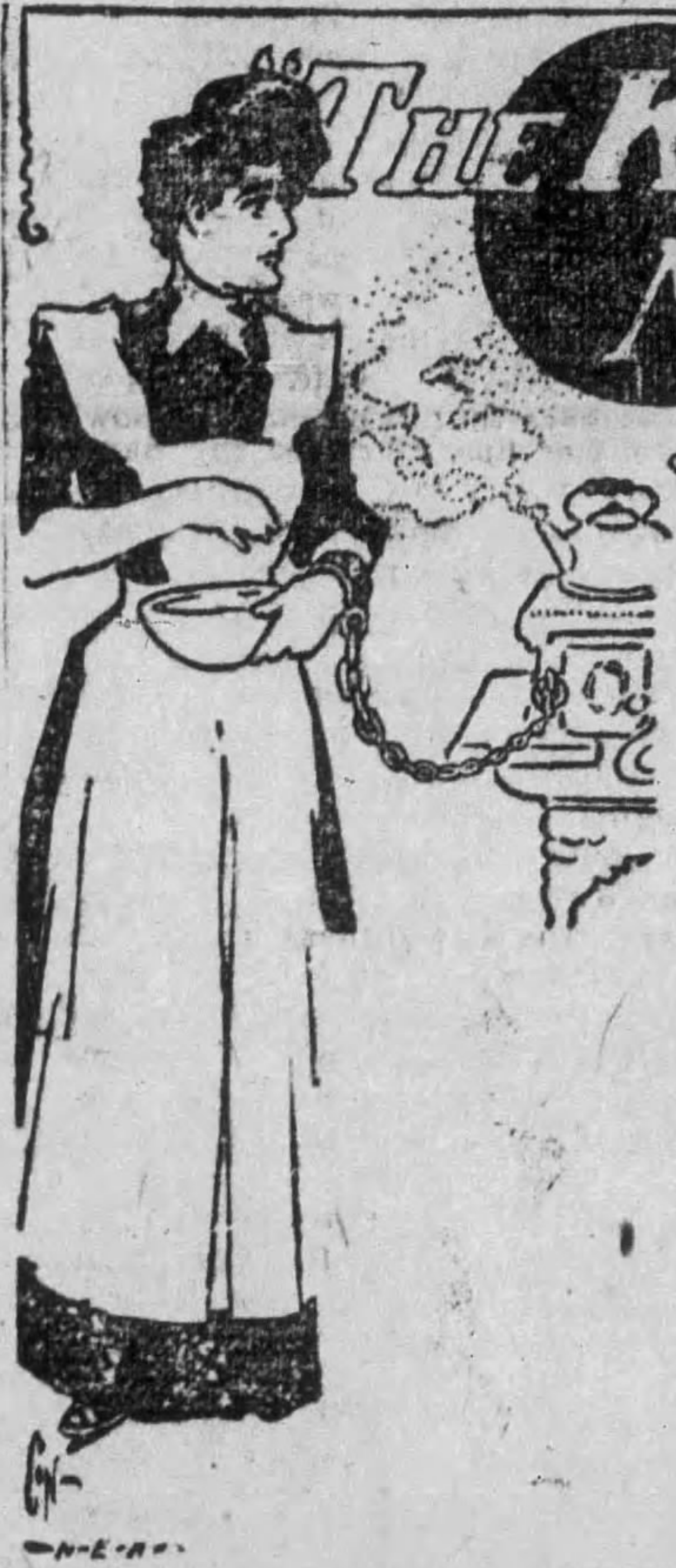
Jeff wrote on the same piece of paper: "You pay too damn much." It was plain spoken, but characteristic of the great fighter.

### When Schreck Went Touring.

Mike Shreck is one of the most willing fighters in the world. He is afraid of nothing and is ready to step into the ring any old time his manager, Billy Hogan, says the word.

# "THE KITCHEN MUST GO"

BY CYNTHIA GREY



"The kitchen must go.

"Women must become economically independent. The home commands a reverence it does not deserve. We are accustomed to look upon the home as the bulwark of social life, but it is too often but an empty shell. There is nothing there.

"There must be real companionship between husband and wife and between parents and children. We must get rid of the false modesty that permits a daughter to begin her life as a wife in the same state of abject ignorance in which her mother started.

"The mechanism of the patriarchal family is no longer serviceable. It must be replaced by a new social organization that will come with the economic emancipation of woman."—Statement by Dr. Sanford Bell before the club women at the chautauqua, Boulder, Colo.

Three cheers for Dr. Sanford Bell!

Hurrah for the man who has hit the nail on the head!

**Women ought to DO the work they like best and are best fitted for.**

That is what Dr. Bell means by "Women must become economically independent."

Why woman has been sent to the kitchen year in and year out for so many centuries no one can tell.

Man chooses his work to suit his talents or his taste.

Woman is born into the world with her life work chosen for her.

A man who is afraid of the water would make a mighty poor sailor. Perhaps he has a taste for the law. It would be a pity, wouldn't it, to spoil a good lawyer to make a poor sailor?

But nobody has thought much about spoiling a good nurse by making a poor cook. No one has given a thought to the making of a poor cook from a talented musician.

All this merely shows that no one has given any real attention to the making of happy homes.

When a woman hates to cook she is sure to make herself and her family unhappy, and she is just as sure to make dyspeptics of the whole bunch.

**To make a cook of a woman who hates it is not only plotting against the happiness but against the health of a family.**

THIS THRUSTING OF A WOMAN INTO THE KITCHEN to do the family cooking regardless of whether she loves or loathes that kind of work HAS WRECKED MANY LIVES AND MANY HOMES.

There isn't a man under the sun who won't get out of a job he hates just as soon as he can find another. Then why should woman be doomed by mere custom to stay in the kitchen, willy nilly?

There are women to whom an excellent batch of pies is as great a pleasure as the composition of a nocturne would be to a great musician.

**Those women are the ones who should do the cooking for the rest of us, who HATE IT.**

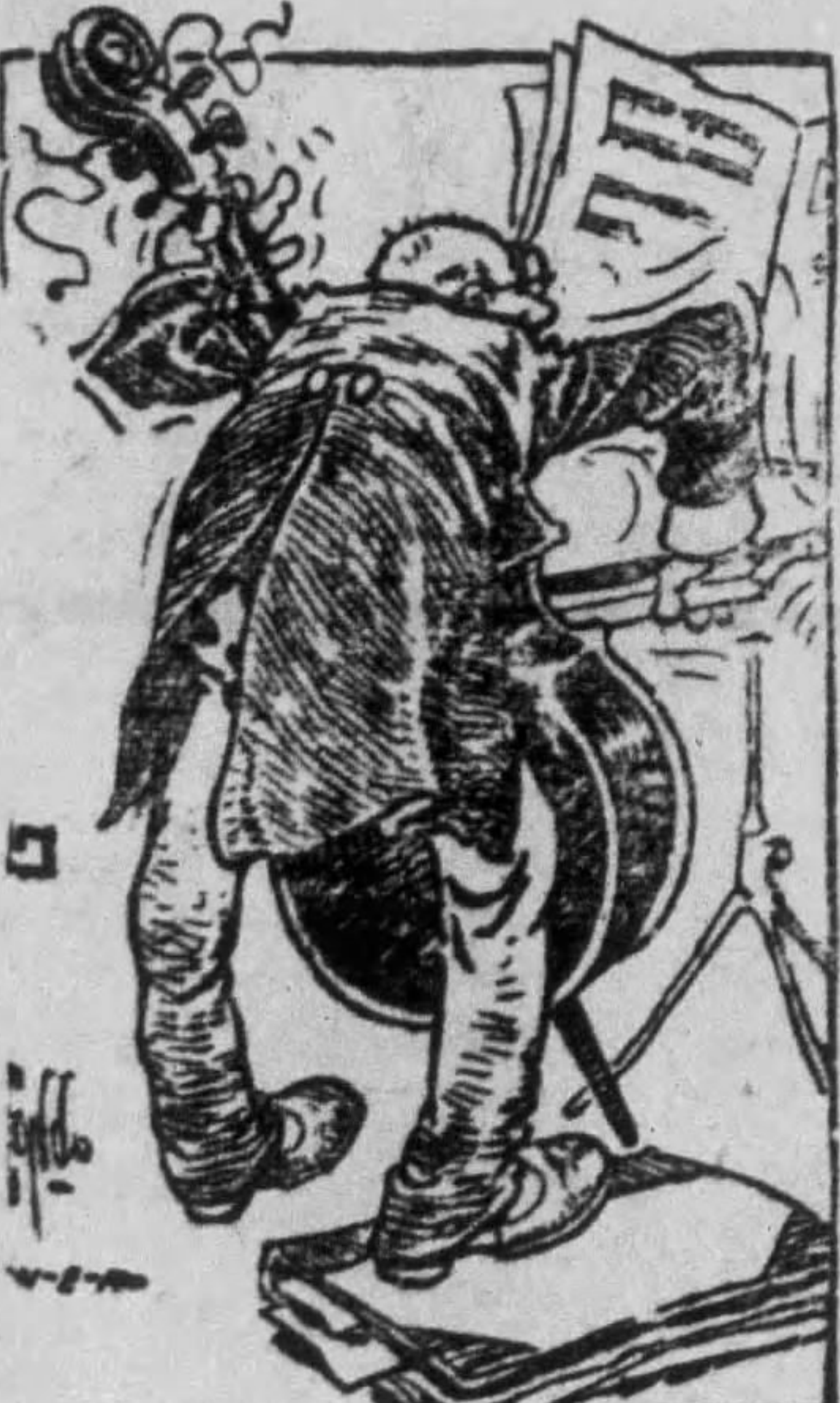
**THEY SHOULD DO IT AND BE PAID FOR IT.**

**Glory be to Dr. Bell!**

If he can present a scheme by which woman can do the work she likes and for which her talents and skill have best fitted her, he will be making over the home life of America.

There will be more happiness, more comfort and real living, greater health and stronger children in the home of independent economics than in the home of enforced occupation.

**Put the kitchen where it belongs and let those who love it run it.**



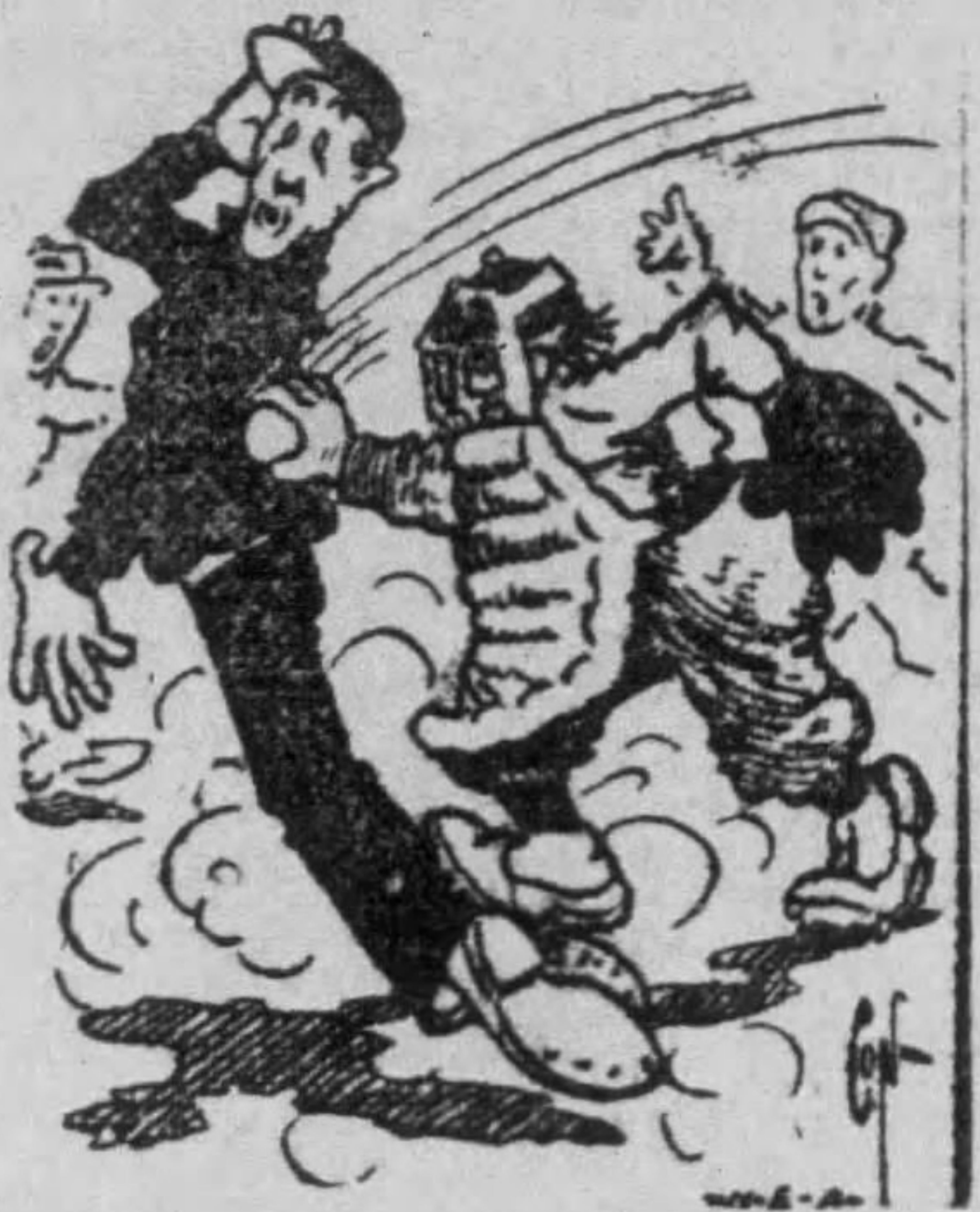
A Base, Vile Man.

## No Exception

# BRAND NEW STUNT TOUCHING UMPIRE OUT

## Remarkable Manner Whereby Catcher Graffius Ended an Attempt to Run Down a Base Runner.

When Graffius, the pudgy backstop, performed for Toledo, he was in the habit of pulling off some weird and wonderful stunts, but Mike Finn, recently deposed manager of the Toledo team, tells of one play which for uniqueness cops the cream and makes all the rest of Graff's doin's look like skim milk.



Finn formerly ran the Little Rock, Ark., team, and Graffius, when let out by Strobel, went to Shreveport with Bob Gilks, who knows the value of a man who can catch 99 out of every 100 games. Little Rock and Shreveport were mixing it strong when this play came off.

Jack Gilbert, now with Toledo, had reached third base; another runner was on first and the pair attempted a double steal. Gilbert thought Graffius would throw to second or short, but instead the chunky one tossed the ball to the pitcher and Gil was nipped between third and home.

Then Graffius, the pitcher and third baseman began running down Gilbert. Tony Mullane was officiating as umpire and to watch the play had taken a stand inside the third base line.

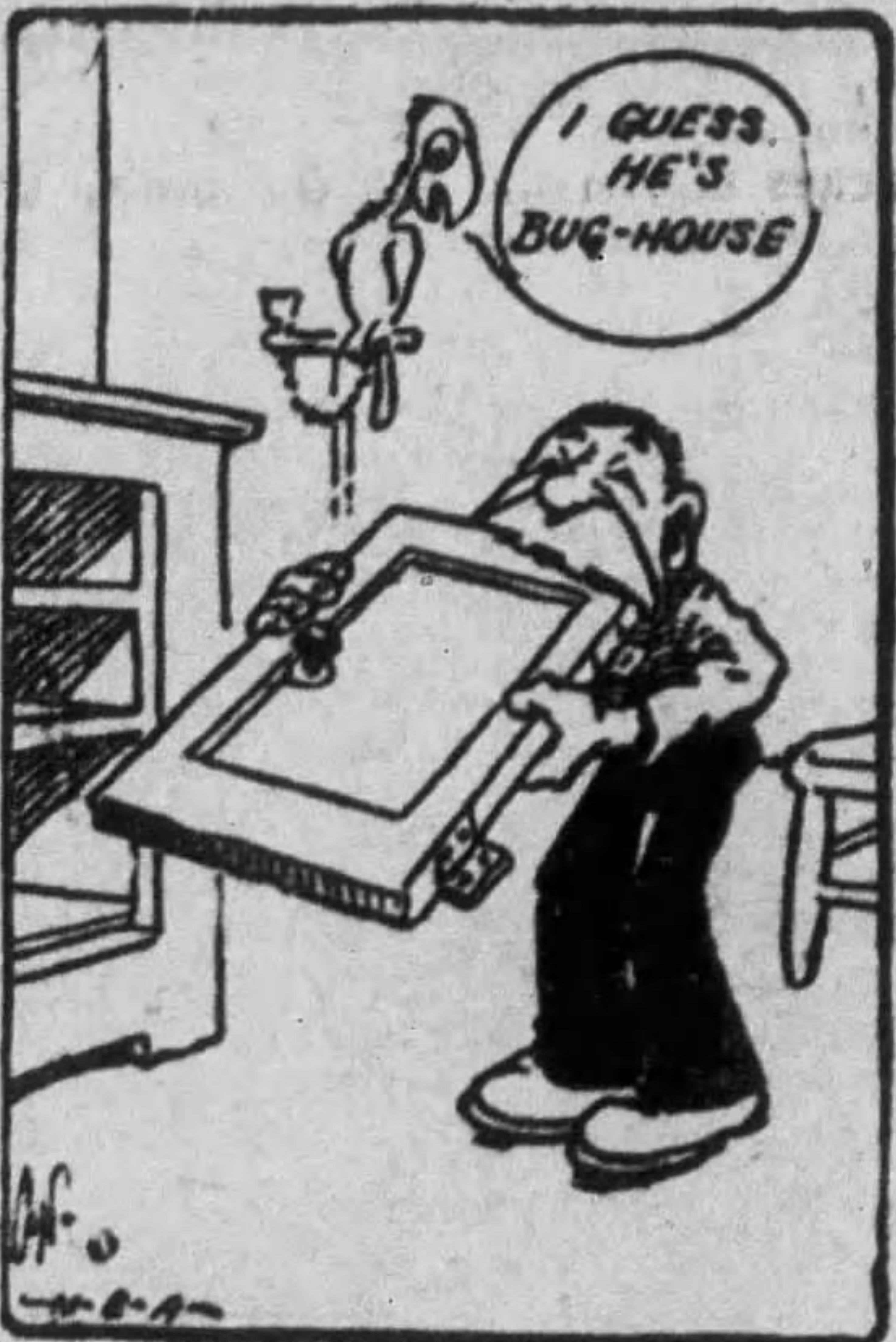
Finally Gilbert, who had been dodging back and forth for two or three minutes, was almost cornered. He was near third, but his chance of reaching the bag looked slim, when suddenly Graffius, who had the ball, stopped chasing Jack and made a rush at Mullane.

He put the ball onto Tony three or four times hard, saying decisively: "Guess that's goin' some."

Meantime Gilbert nestled on third and the other runner returned to second. Everyone, players included, was astonished, but the humor of the situation dawned upon them and there was hearty laughter.

"What made you put it onto me, Graff?" asked Tony.

"Why, I thought you were the fastest man," replied Graff, "and I wanted to make sure of you."


I GUESS HE'S BUG-HOUSE

He Tried to Bolt the Door.

# Mavericks

## So Long, Josh Wise.

The door of the Maverick man's office was pened a few inches this mrning and a bunch of familiar whiskers pushed through.

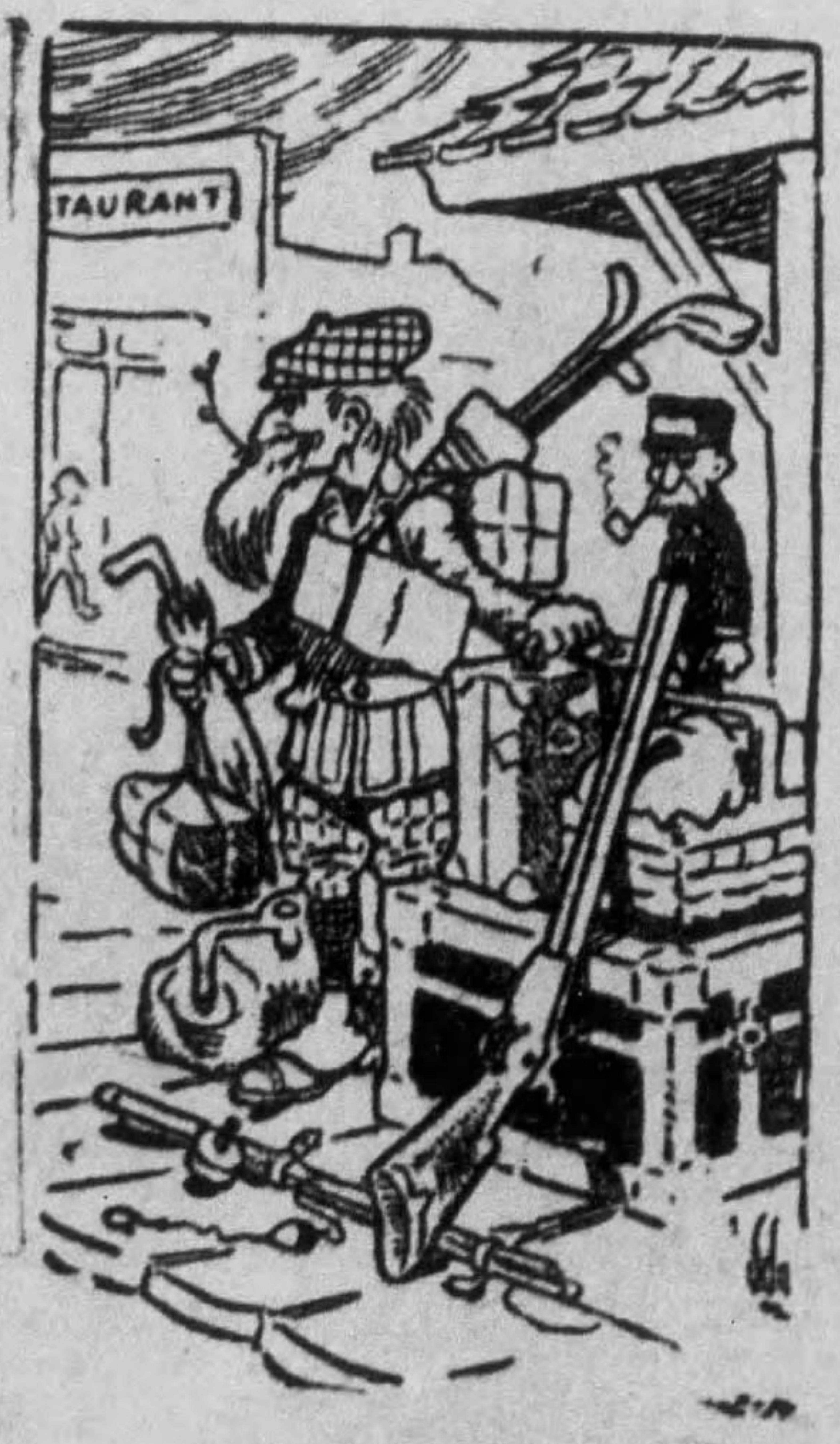
"Good-by, I'm off," sang out Josh Wise.

There was a merry ring in the old man's voice.

"Come down t' th' depot an' see me off," said Josh, and he led the way to the station.

"There's my traps," he said, when the station was reached. "I'll stand still fer a few minutes an' you can draw a picture uv me an' then try t' imagine whut kind uv a time I'll have."

The happy old man posed for an artist with the ease that comes from long years of publicity.



The Happy Old Man Posed.

"Bought your ticket?" Josh was asked.

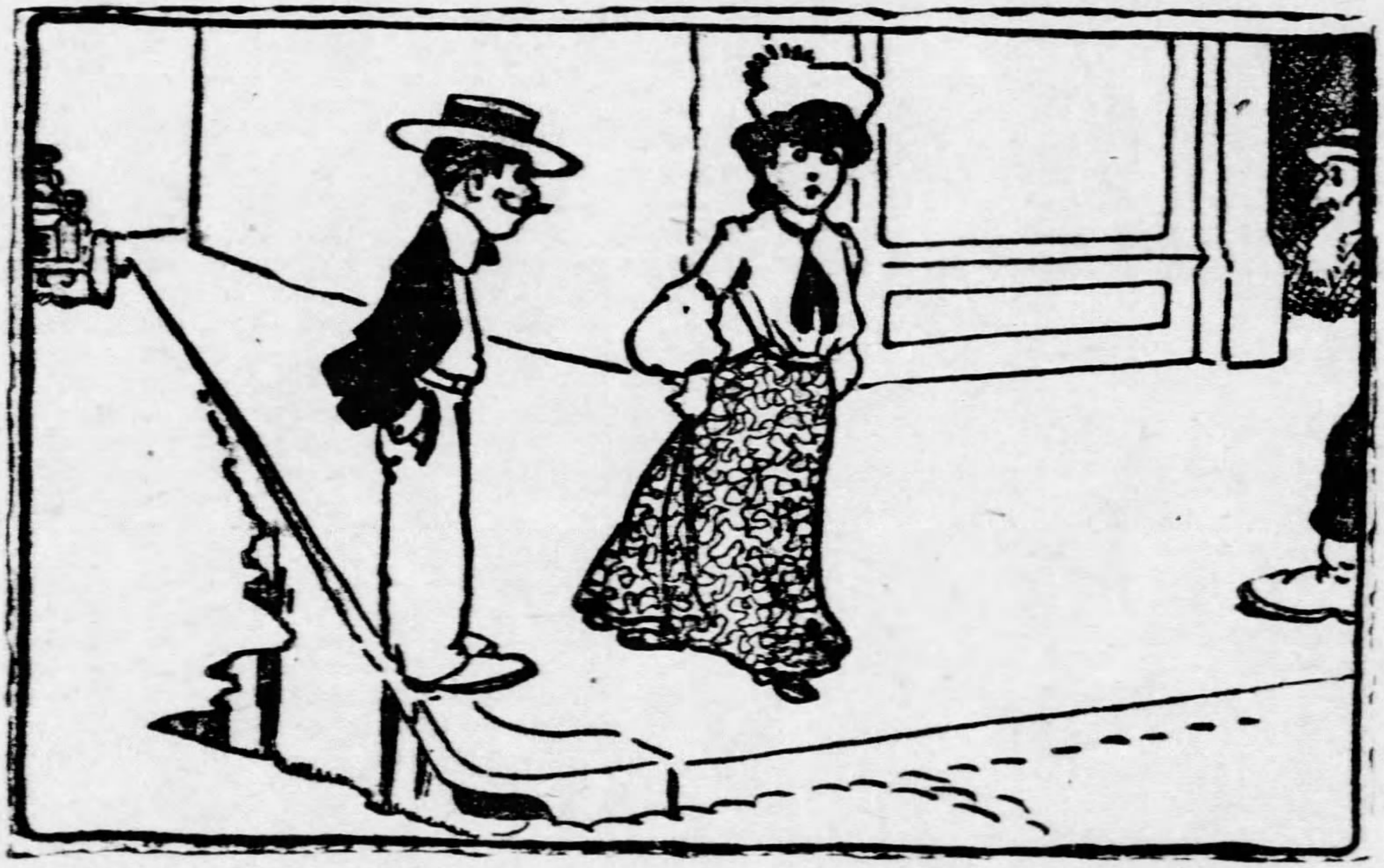
The old man closed his left eye, drew up one corner of his mouth and said solemnly. "You betcher life I've bought it. I'm too wise t' be ketched by you, young feller. I bought it afore I seen you. Did I buy my ticket? Say, d'you s'pose I'd buy it when you wuz around so you c'd telegrapht me t' come back t' work? Not on your life, young feller. I'm too cute for you."

"Come on and be a good fellow, Josh, and tell where you're going."

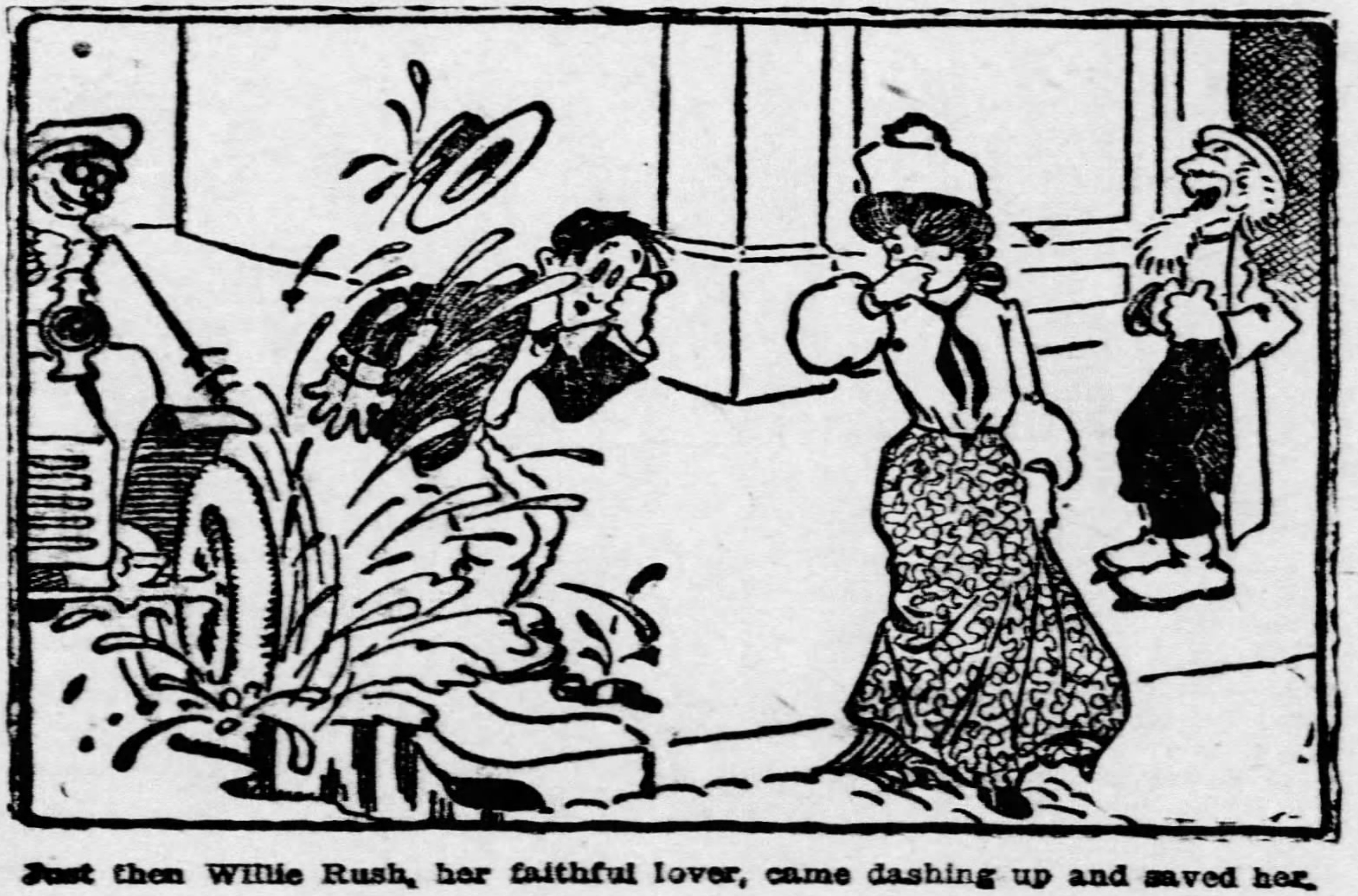
"Well, I tell you this much. I'm goin' purty near t' Hudson bay, a hundred miles from any telegrapht wires. 'Twon't do you any good t' know any more, so don't ask no questions. U'z I told you before, my Uncle Henry'll be up from th' country, an' be good t' him."

As the train drew out from the station Josh stood on the last platform and cried out. "It's a poor railroad that don't run trains both ways. I'll be back in a month."

# WHEN LOVE'S AT THE THROTTLE

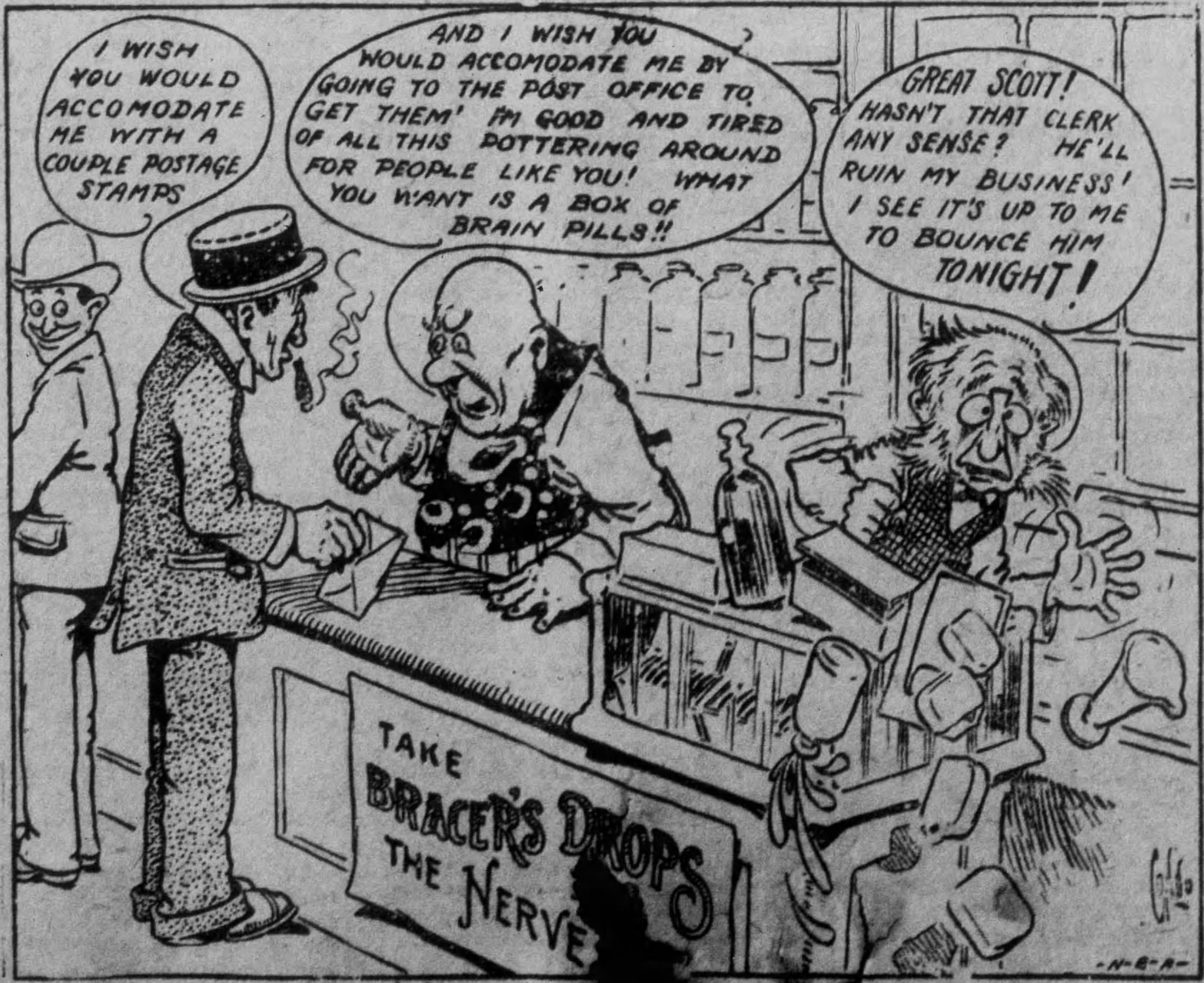


"That horrid, bold person! How he's staring at me! I'm afraid he's going to speak!"

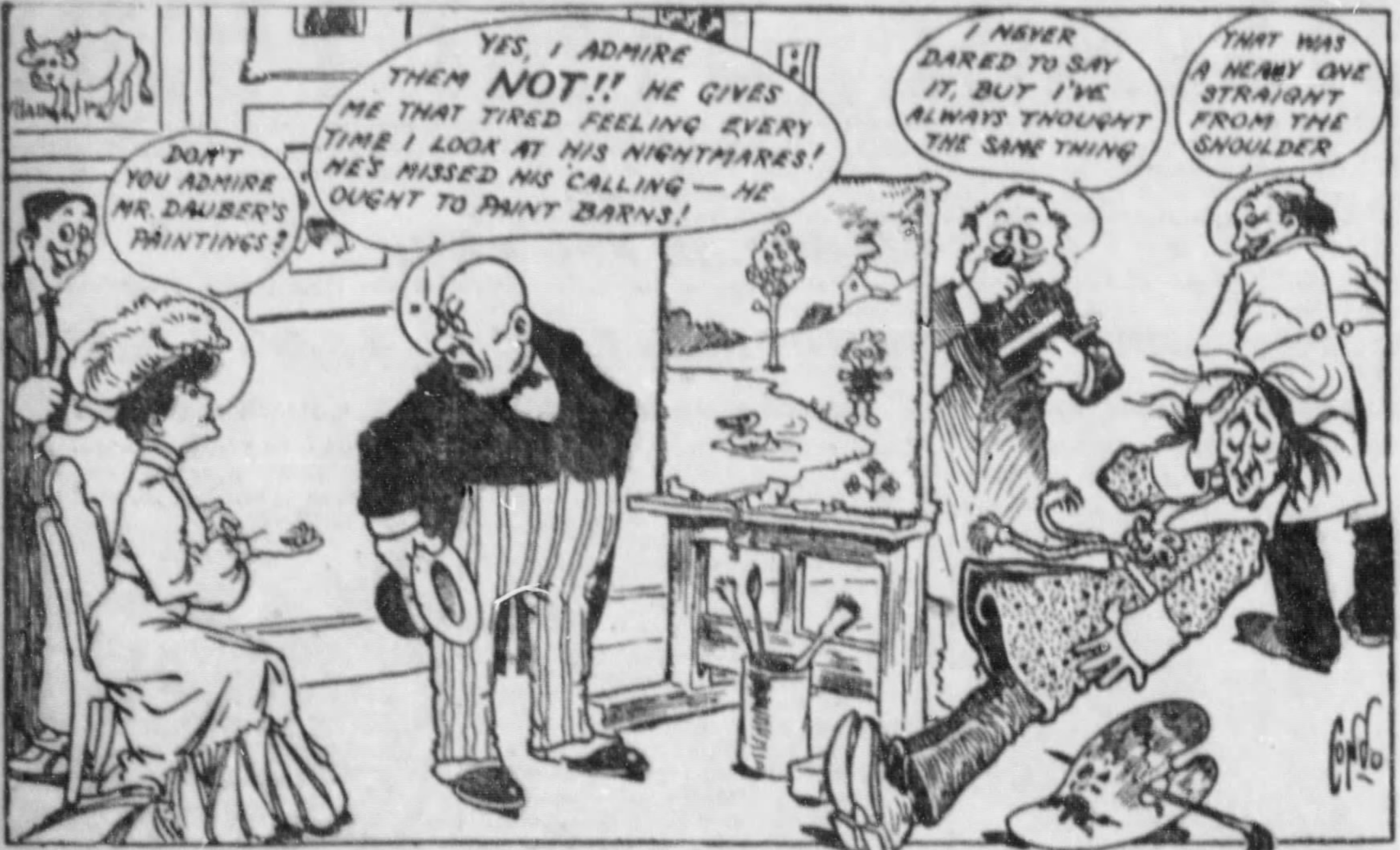


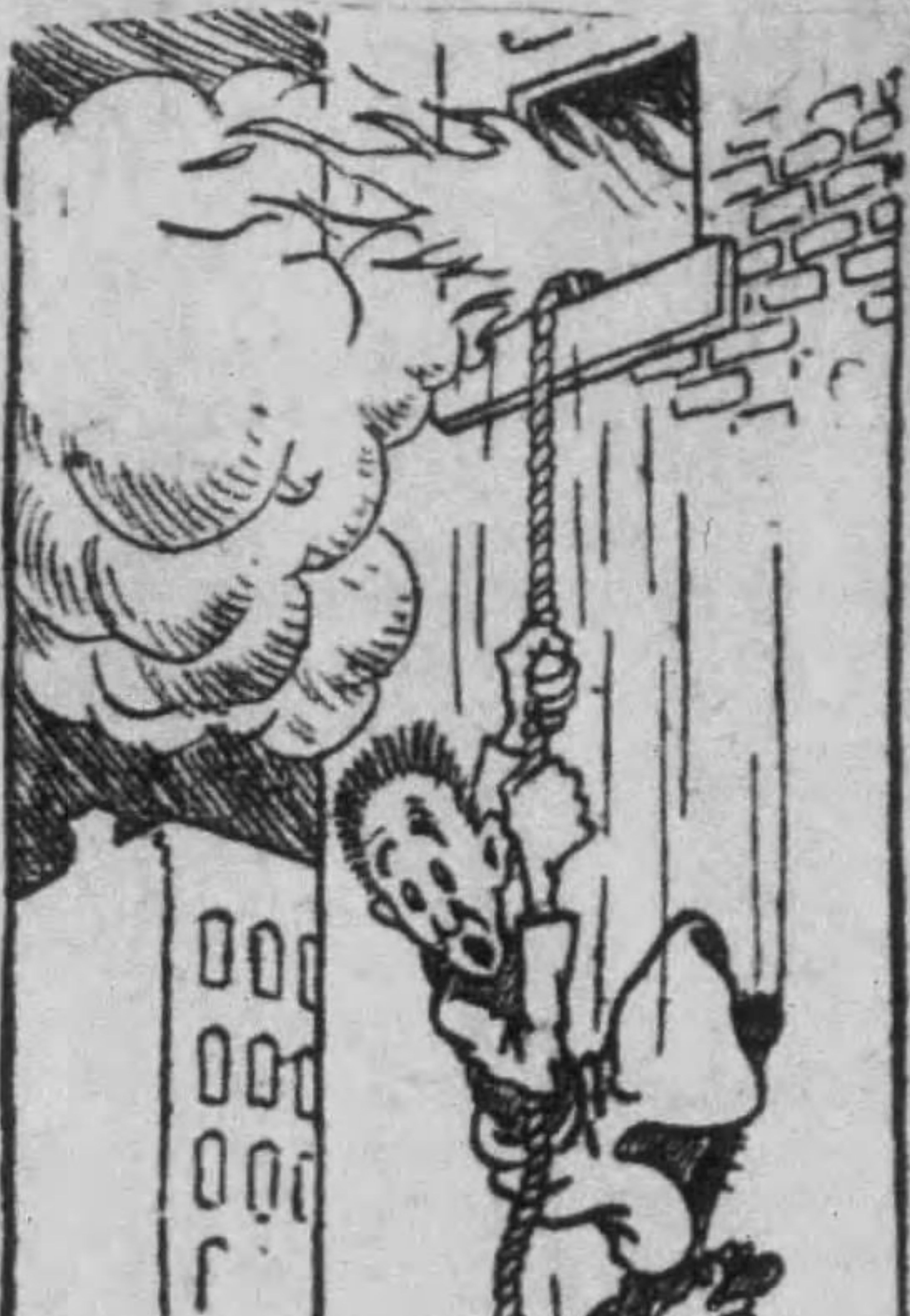
2. Just then Willie Rush, her faithful lover, came dashing up and saved her.

# SOME CHAPTERS FROM THE CAREER OF MR. EVERETT TRUE

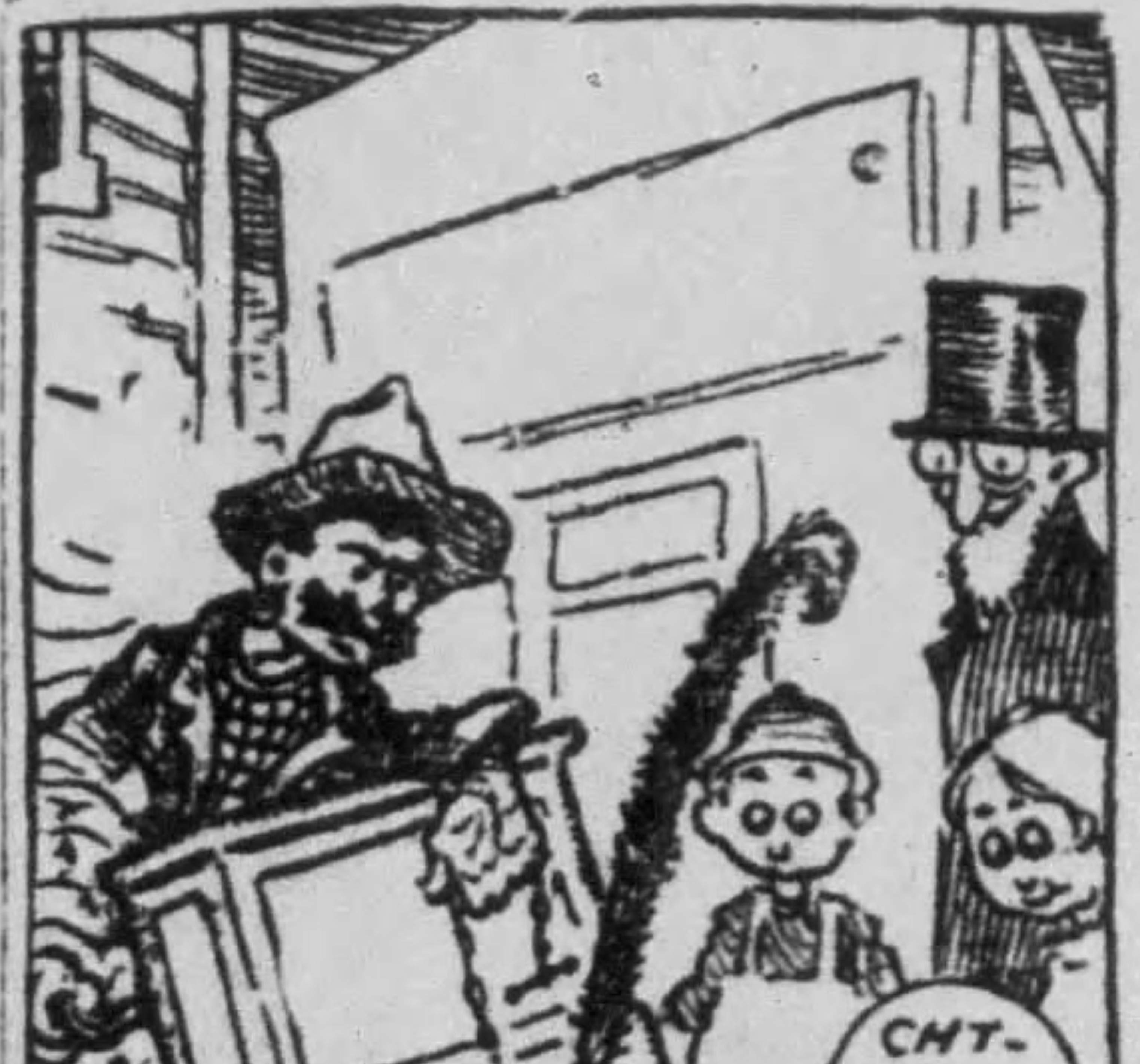

I WISH YOU WOULD ACCOMODATE ME WITH A COUPLE POSTAGE STAMPS
AND I WISH YOU WOULD ACCOMODATE ME BY GOING TO THE POST OFFICE TO GET THEM! I'M GOOD AND TIRED OF ALL THIS POTTERING AROUND FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU! WHAT YOU WANT IS A BOX OF BRAIN PILLS!!
GREAT SCOTT! HASN'T THAT CLERK ANY SENSE? HE'LL RUIN MY BUSINESS! I SEE IT'S UP TO ME TO BOUNCE HIM TONIGHT!
TAKE BRACER'S DROPS THE NERVE
-N-E-A-

# A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF EVERETT TRUE


DON'T YOU ADMIRE MR. DAUBER'S PAINTINGS?
YES, I ADMIRE THEM NOT!! HE GIVES ME THAT TIRED FEELING EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HIS NIGHTMARES! HE'S MISSED HIS CALLING — HE OUGHT TO PAINT BARNS!
I NEVER DARED TO SAY IT, BUT I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THE SAME THING
THAT WAS A HEAVY ONE STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER
CONDO



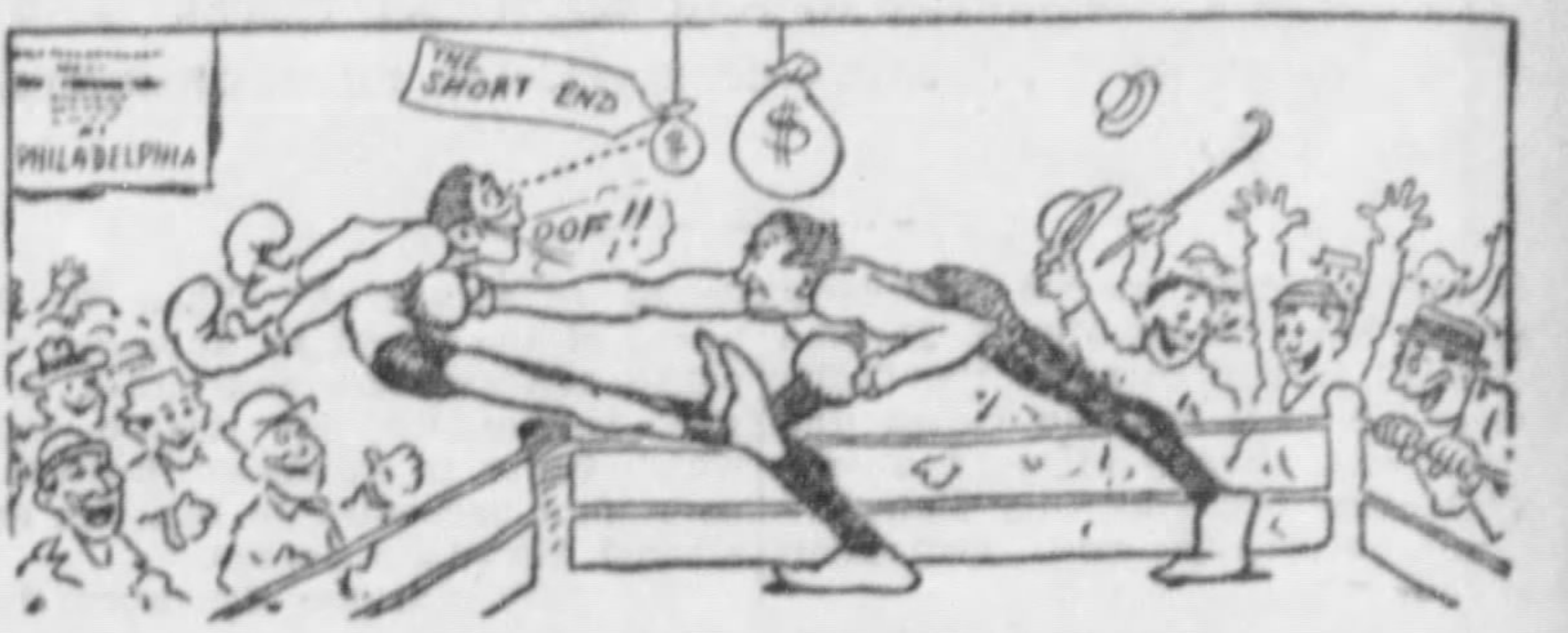
"He was a high-toned gentleman, but was not afraid to lower himself.


CHT-CHT-CHT-CHT-CHT!
Condo
-N-E-A-

Monkeying With the Music Box.

# PHILADELPHIA SPORTS ARE ON EASY LOT

## CORBETT DECLARES THEY WILL STAND FOR ANYTHING IN THE FIGHT LINE AND THAT JOE GRIM IS POPULAR—CHANGE IN FIGHTERS AND FIGHTING — BUDDY RYAN A REAL CHAMPION



LOOKING FOR THE SHORT END.

BY JAS. J. CORBETT.

Copyright 1905 by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Philadelphia continues to be the easiest city in the world for the fighters. When it comes to offering support to shady or brutal mixes, the metropolis of Quakerdom is in a class by itself.

No matter how lopsided a fight looks, Philadelphia fans will dig down into their jeans and produce the coin for it.

In keeping with the tastes of the fan is the Philadelphia pug, Joe Grimm, who has become known all over the world for his relationship to a chopping block.

Quaker promoters are anxious to secure him as a drawing card. The morbid fans sit about the squared circle and gloat over Joe's ability to take everything from a sledge-hammer swing to an upper cut, without forgetting about the short end of the purse.

For more than two years Grimm has been going on with everybody, including Bob Fitzsimmons and other noted sluggers.

The last man he stacked up against was Jack Johnson. Jack didn't knock the machinery in Joe's cranium out of whack, because it consists of a very few wheels. Jack did knock him down and the falls came so often that the count got mixed.

The nearest Johnson came to turning the oft-tried trick was in the last round, when he sent the human punching bag down for the count. The bell rang when eight was counted and Joe's record remains clean. In another month the Philadelphia slaughter lovers will be ready to see Joe take his medicine again.

---

Big purses and not big side bets are more attractive to fighters these days than they were in ye olden time. There was a day when the amount a man could raise to bet upon himself counted more than the purse hung up by the club.

Jack Dempsey, a real world's champion if ever there was one, fought oftener for $500 purses than he did for $1,000 guarantees. And fight clubs did not flourish in every nook and corner then, either. The mills were finish affairs and the gloves skin tight.

Dempsey did as much as any man in the ring to make pugilistic history. I recall one battle in which he engaged with Johnny Regan, that would make latter day fighters shiver. The ring was pitched near a river affected by the tide, and during the fight it was necessary to move the ring three times to get away from the rising water. The men finished in water that came to their knees, and neither kicked.

Today fighters will not enter a ring unless it has a floor especially constructed and covered with this or that dope.

The second time I fought Choynski we had to walk about 11 miles, and fought in an improvised ring.

In my third fight with Joe we met on a barge in Benecia bay and the sun was so hot it would have cooked potatoes.

Like everything else, prize fighting has changed. An evolution has taken place which the majority believe is for the better.

---

Buddy Ryan is one of our real champions.

He proved this by the manner in which he disposed of Peterson, the much touted coast fighter, who so easily disposed of Clancy, the English champion.

Ryan is a hard-hitting proposition who will do his share of mixing any old time the other fellow gives him a chance. I didn't see the fights metnioned, but Harry Corbett writes me that the Ryan-Peterson go was one of the best they have had on the coast in a long time. A go between Ryan and Walcott would furnish an attraction worth going miles to see.

One of the greatest surprises the ring has furnished was the defeat of Geo. Dixon by Frank Erne. In Buffalo, Erne's home, the fans looked upon this match as ridiculous and many bet against the white boy, thinking Erne was a well-headed kid who would be slaughtered.

The club manager who made the match was supposed to want to see Erne prepared for burial.

But Erne won and incidentally gave the colored wonder the first severe setback he ever experienced. He marked Dixon's face so his mother would not have known him and the match was one of the best ever seen in the east.

Dixon carries a cauliflower ear to this day as the result of that scrap. The confidence Erne gained that night gave him the nerve to tackle and defeat Geo. Lavigne, then the lightweight champion.

Ayer's

**Hair Vigor.** You know gray hair adds twenty years to your looks! Then restore the color; keep young! Stop your hair from falling out and make it grow long and heavy. Now is the time. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Diamonds, Brooches, Rings, Scarf Pins, Links, Studs, Ear Screws, Etc.

Houghton & Hunter
Jewelers
704 First Avenue

# FITZ PUT HIM INTO MIDDLE OF LAST WEEK

## JOLT MADE SLATTERY COME TO WITH THE IDEA THAT HE WAS FIGHTING AN OLD BATTLE—JIM CORBETT CHRONICLES A BIT OF REPARTEE BY JEFFRIES

BY JAS. J. CORBETT.

Have you ever heard the expression "Knocked into the middle of next week?" It remained for Fitzsimmons to change this and knock a man into the middle of the last week.

Fitz at the time was traveling through the country, meeting all comers and offering to forfeit if he failed to finish his man inside of four rounds.

In Pittsburg he met a big Irishman named Jerry Slattery. Jerry had been having all kinds of success and won several rough and tumble scraps. The Wednesday before Fitz arrived Slattery knocked the smithereens out of a big negro and felt very chesty.

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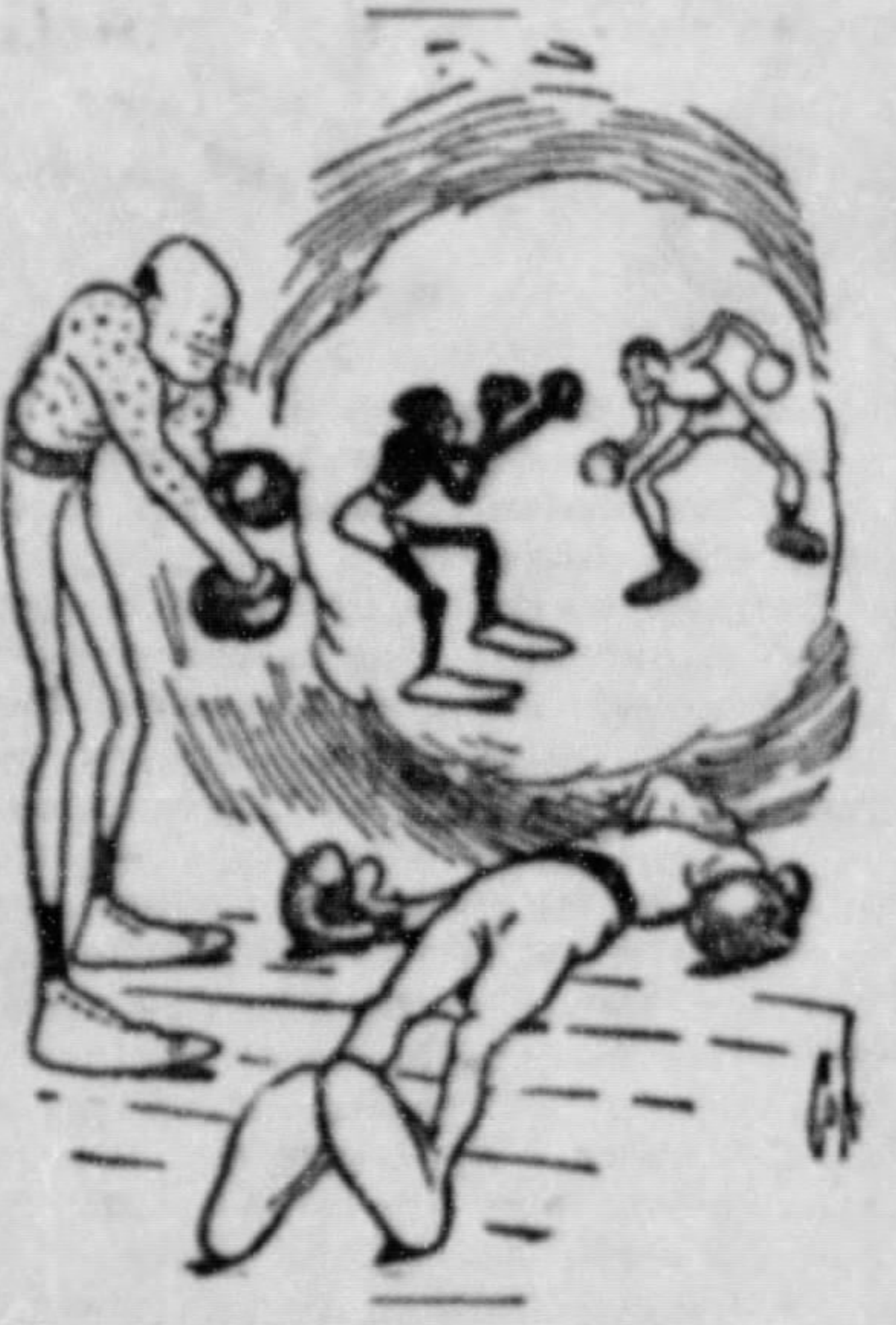
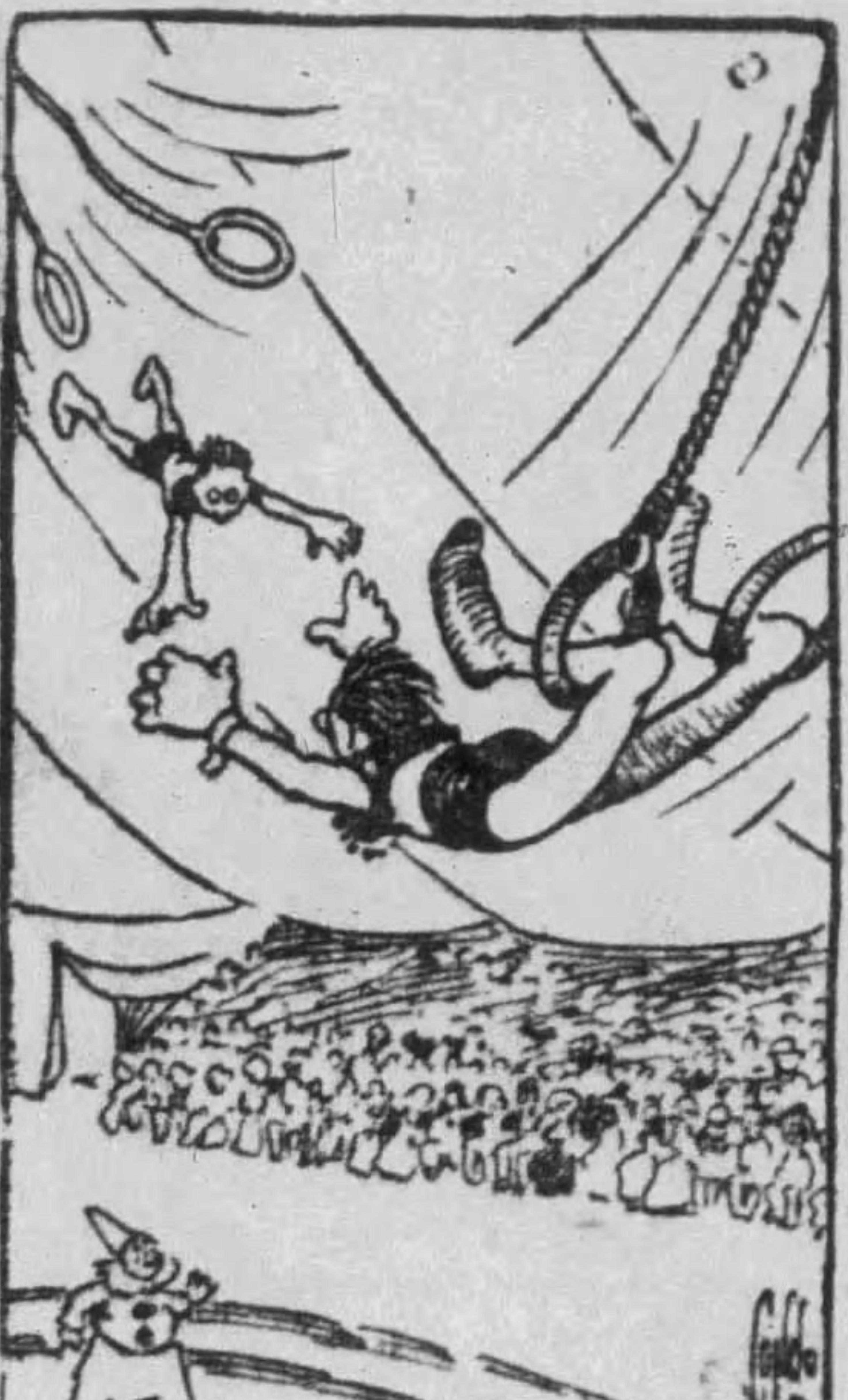


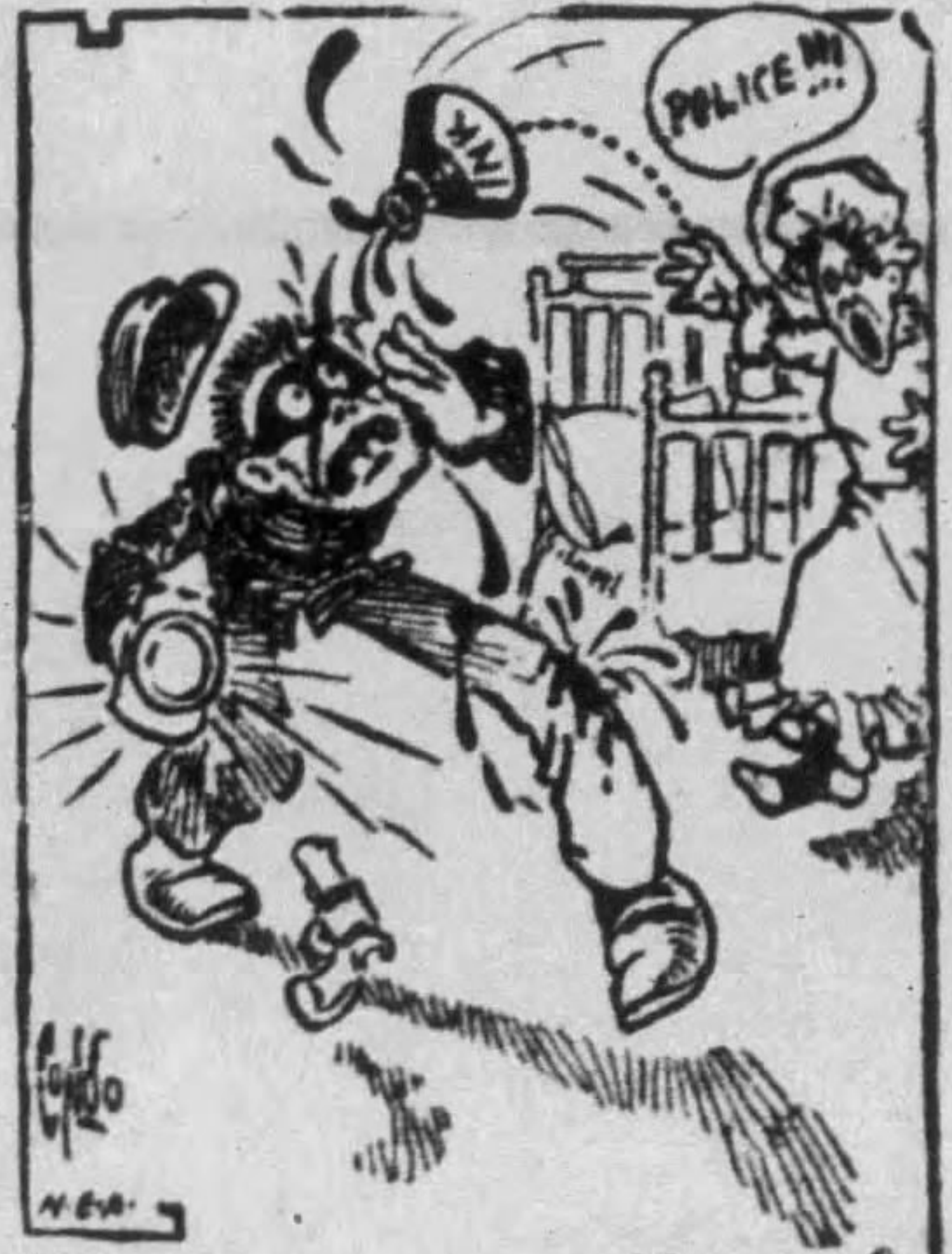
AMUSEMENTS

**STAR** First and Mndison.
New Bill! New Bill!
Develo, a Whirlwind Act; If He Lives Through It, Brydon's Dog Show and Eight Other Novel Acts.
Next week—Arnoldo's Tigers.

**Third Avenue Theater**
"The Most Popular Theater."
Tonight and All Week.
Russell & Drew Present the Charles A. Taylor's
NEW YORK COMPANY



They Moved in High Circles.


INK
POLICE!!!
N.E.A.

She Spotted a Burglar.

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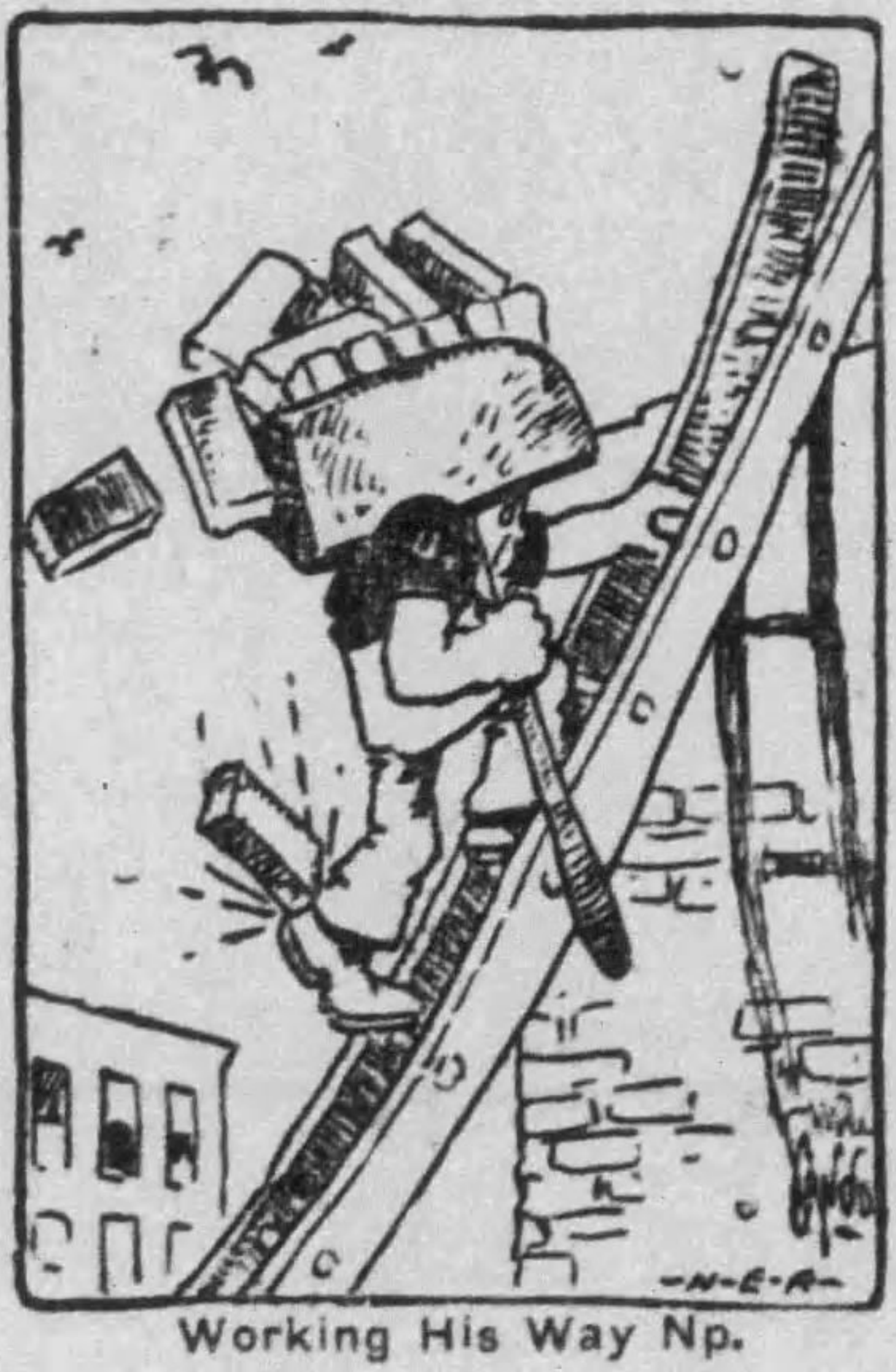
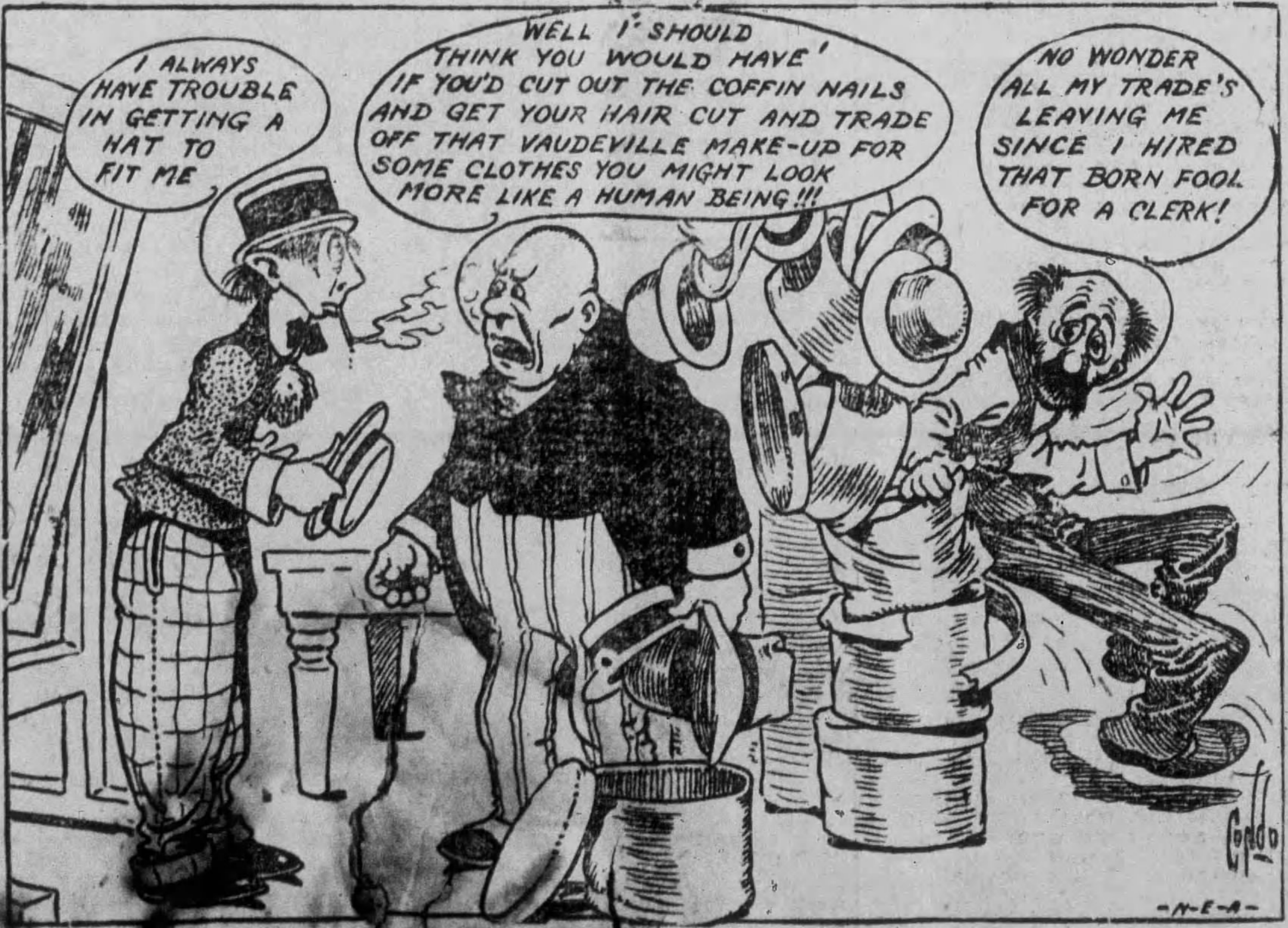
Not Sufficiently Opaque

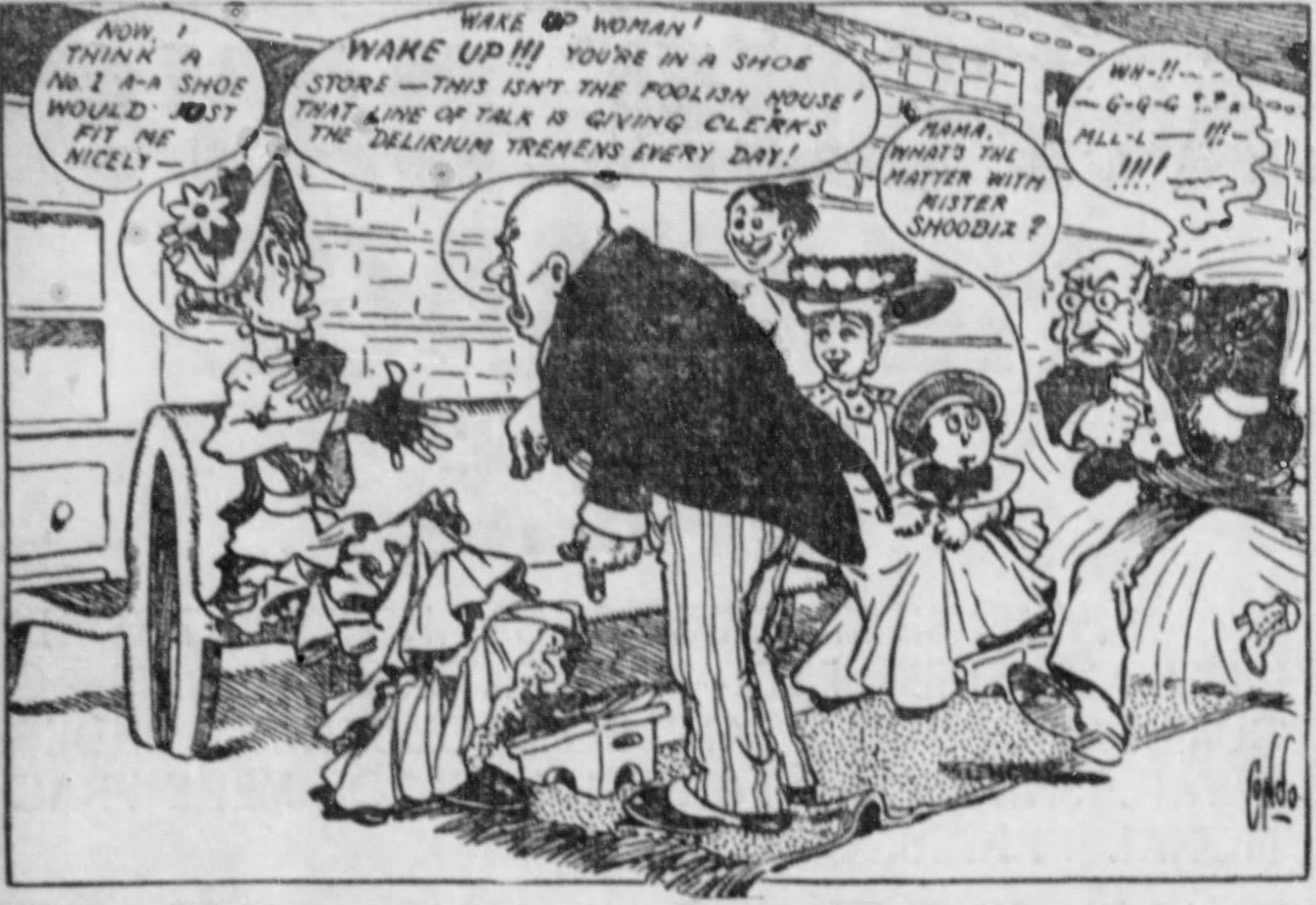


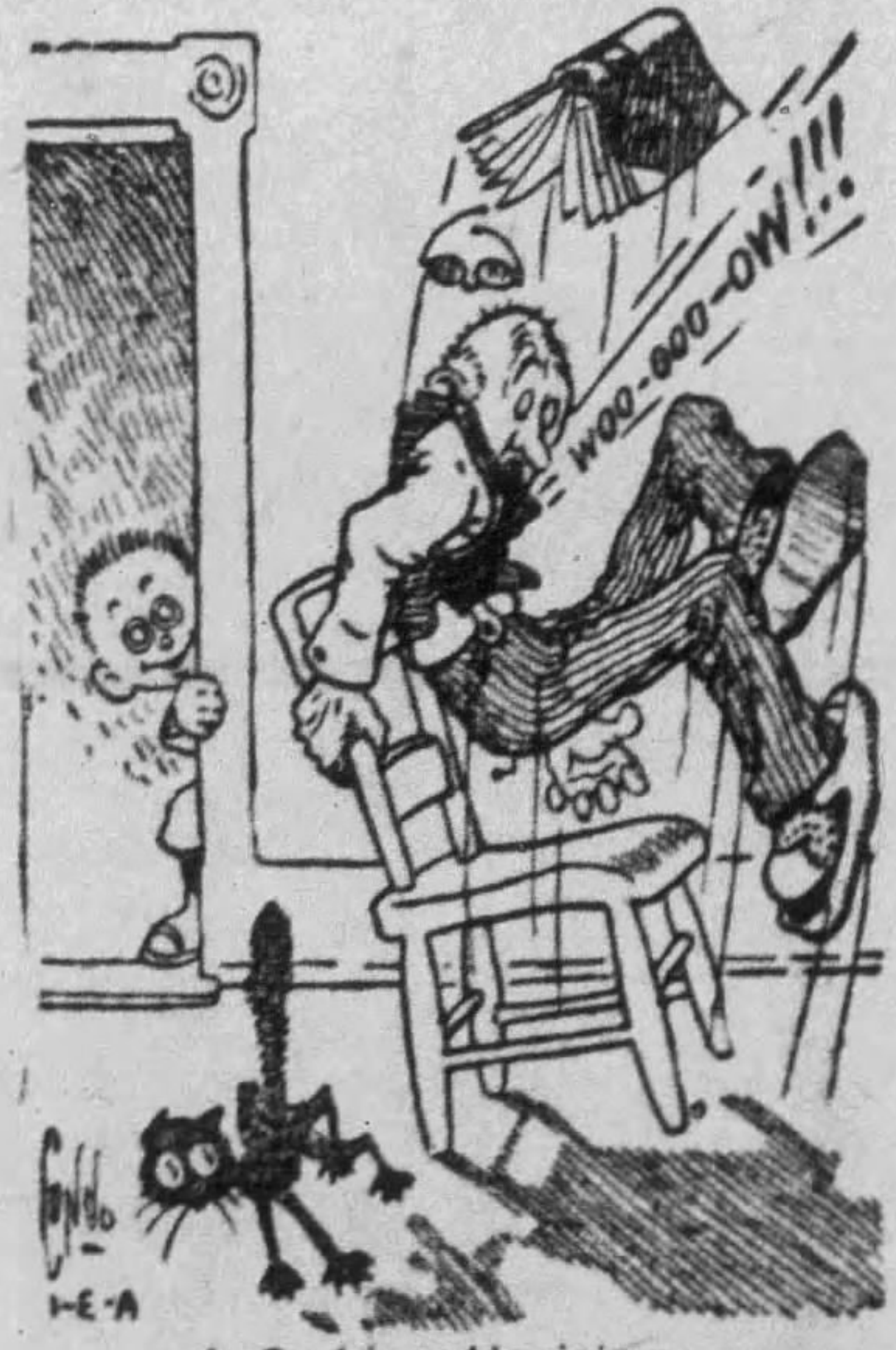
Working His Way Np.

# SOME CHAPTERS FROM THE CAREER OF MR. EVERETT TRUE


I ALWAYS HAVE TROUBLE IN GETTING A HAT TO FIT ME
WELL I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD HAVE' IF YOU'D CUT OUT THE COFFIN NAILS AND GET YOUR HAIR CUT AND TRADE OFF THAT VAUDEVILLE MAKE-UP FOR SOME CLOTHES YOU MIGHT LOOK MORE LIKE A HUMAN BEING!!!
NO WONDER ALL MY TRADE'S LEAVING ME SINCE I HIRED THAT BORN FOOL FOR A CLERK!
Condo
-N-E-A-

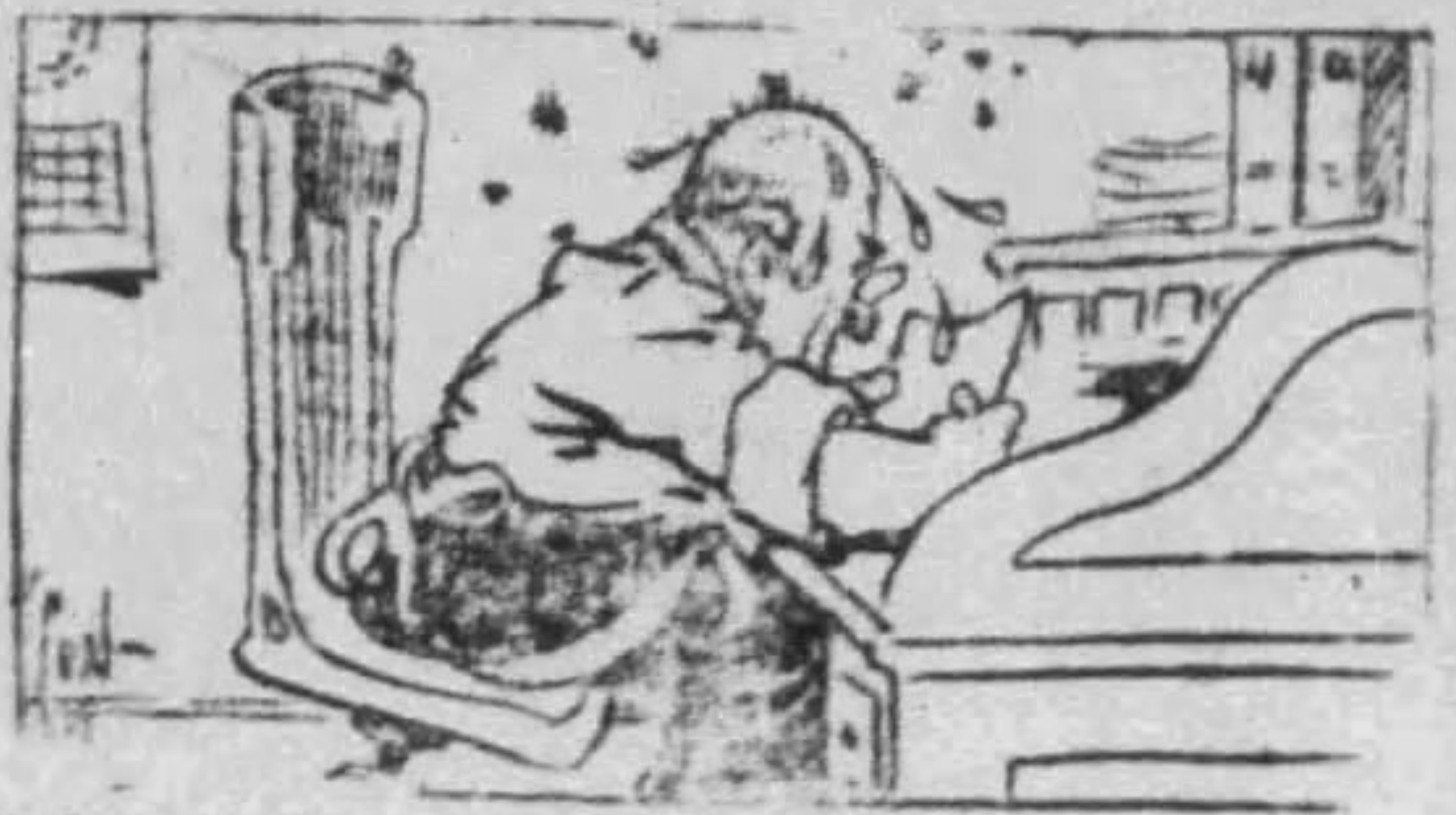
# A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF EVERETT TRUE


NOW, I THINK A No. 1 A-A SHOE WOULD JUST FIT ME NICELY—
WAKE UP WOMAN! WAKE UP!!! YOU'RE IN A SHOE STORE — THIS ISN'T THE FOOLISH HOUSE! THAT LINE OF TALK IS GIVING CLERK'S THE DELIRIUM TREMENS EVERY DAY!
MAMA, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MISTER SHOODIX?
WH-!! -- - — G-G-G ?..?.. MLL-L —— !!!- !!!!
Condo


WOO-OOO-OW!!!
I-E-A

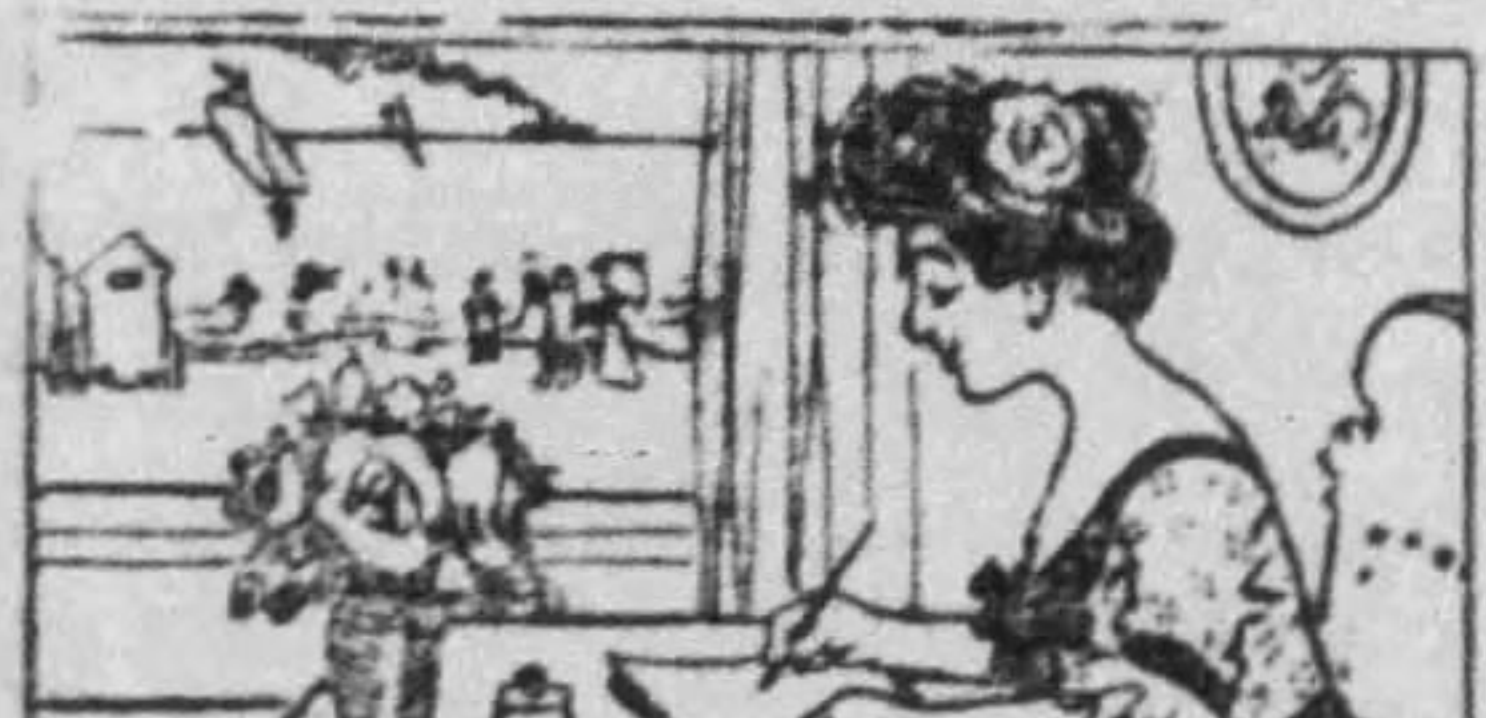
A Sudden Uprising.

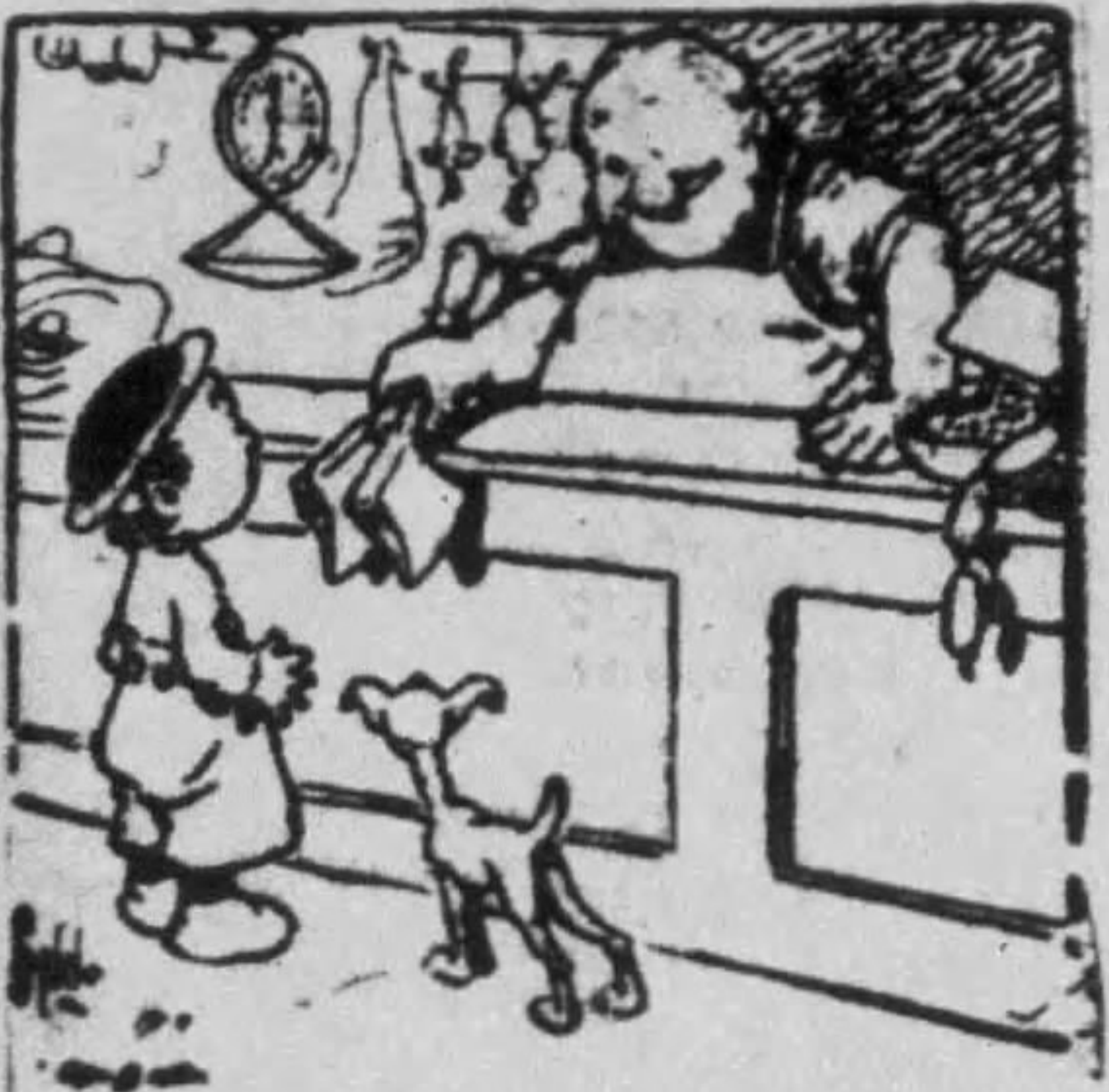
# Wifey Writes.



Huby dear:
I write this letter
From the seashore just to tell you
That your dear face haunts me always—
Always haunts me, and I miss you
Every moment more than ever.
Really, darling, please don't work so
Hard down in the city, please don't.
Wouldn't it be really awful
If you'd break down with a sick spell?
Oh, if you would only know how
Cool the breezes blow here softly
From across the fresh blue ocean!
And how grand it is in bathing!
They've the best, divinest music
By a fine orchestra nightly.
Mr. Jones is here, and other fellows
Whom I used to know before you.
Please excuse me for not writing
For the last six days, please won't you?
I was kept so dreadful busy
Keeping up with Mrs. Richguy—
Hateful thing she is, and giddy.
Oh, I nearly failed to tell you,
Can't you send me fifty dollars?
I have only left eleven.
Goodyby, hubby, love and kisses.
Don't please don't, forget the money.
Write me soon.

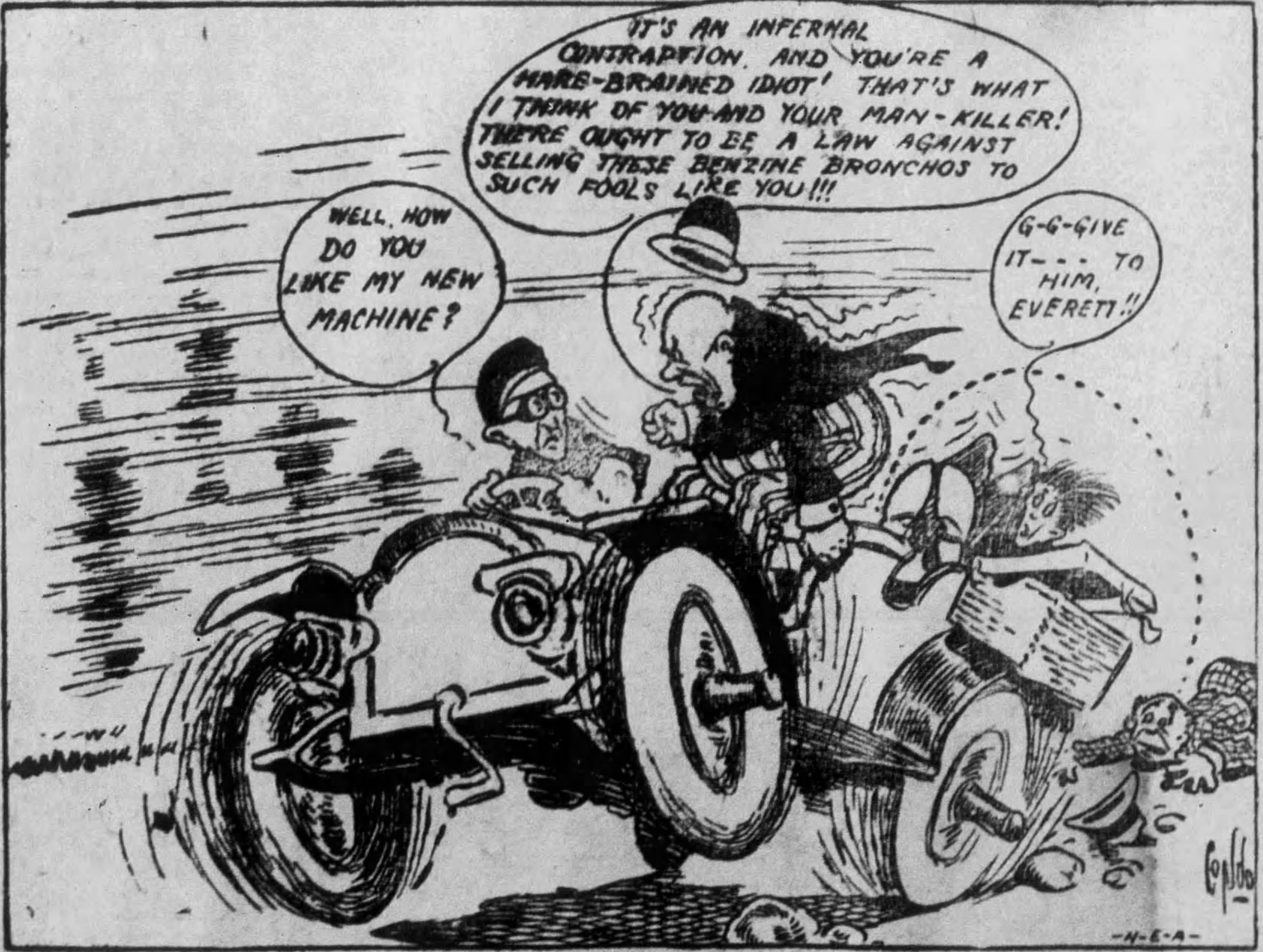
Your darling,
HONEY.



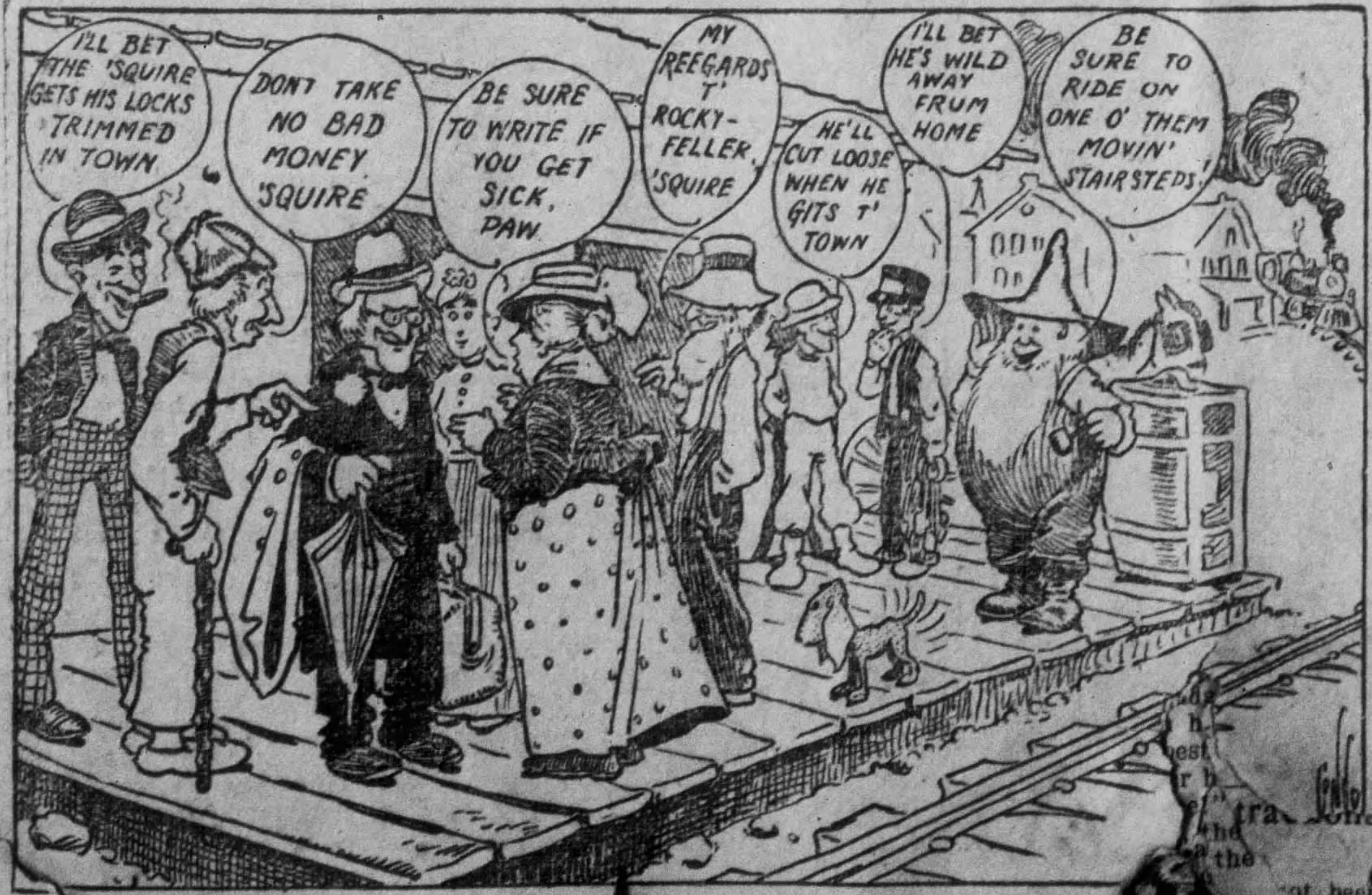


"A Couple of Chops? Here You Are."

# SOME CHAPTERS FROM THE CAREER OF MR. EVERETT TRUE

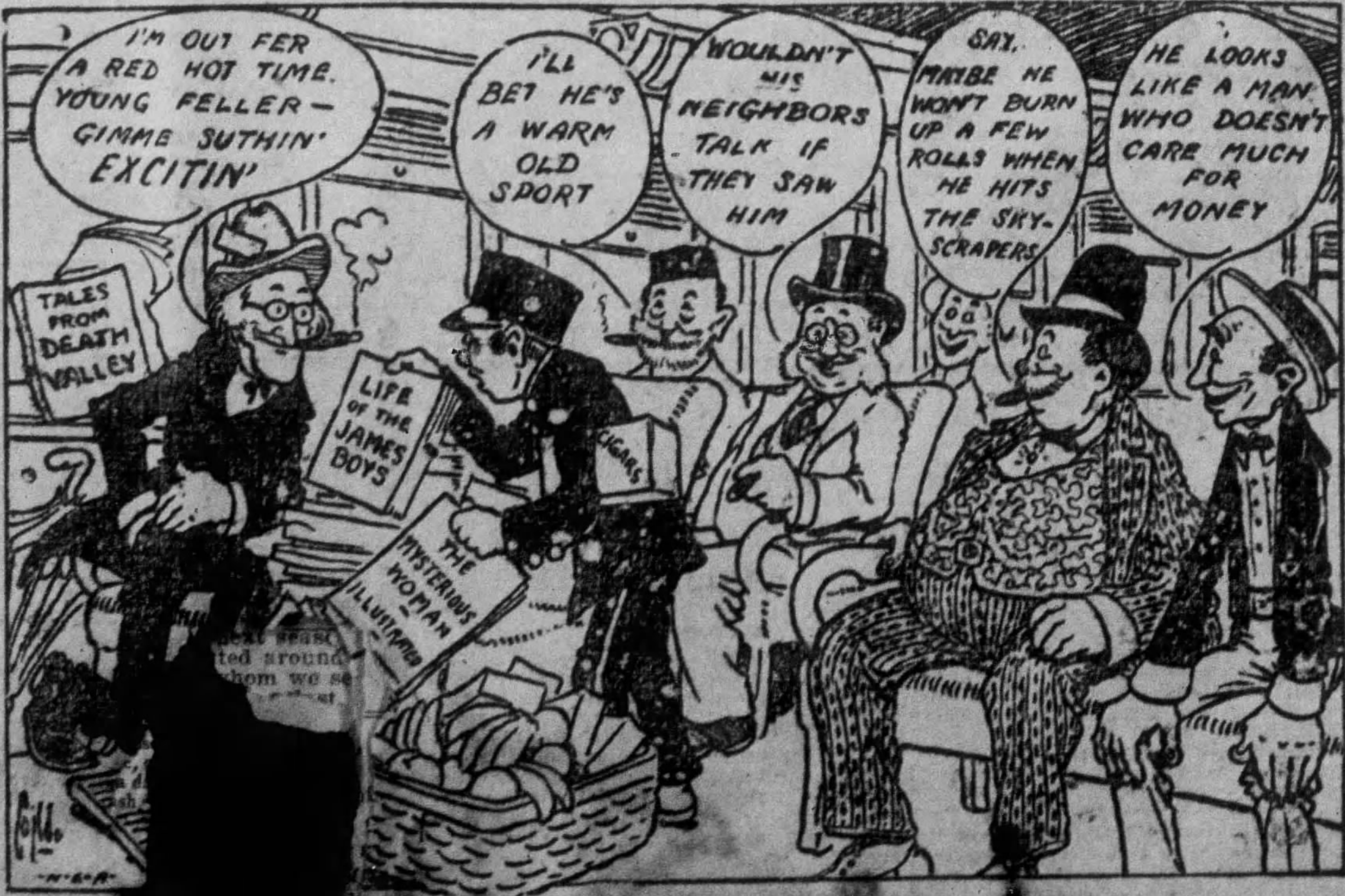

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW MACHINE?
IT'S AN INFERNAL CONTRAPTION, AND YOU'RE A HARE-BRAINED IDIOT! THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF YOU AND YOUR MAN-KILLER! THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST SELLING THESE BENZINE BRONCHOS TO SUCH FOOLS LIKE YOU!!!
G-G-GIVE IT--- TO HIM, EVERETT!!
Condo
-N-E-A-

# THE COUNTRY MAN'S VACATION IN TOWN—No. 1


I'LL BET THE 'SQUIRE GETS HIS LOCKS TRIMMED IN TOWN
DON'T TAKE NO BAD MONEY 'SQUIRE
BE SURE TO WRITE IF YOU GET SICK, PAW
MY REEGARDS T' ROCKY-FELLER, 'SQUIRE
HE'LL CUT LOOSE WHEN HE GITS T' TOWN
I'LL BET HE'S WILD AWAY FRUM HOME
BE SURE TO RIDE ON ONE O' THEM MOVIN' STAIRSTEDS!

The squire decides to spend a vacation visiting his brother William in the city, wh[illegible] than in the country, and he starts on his trip with visions of a hot old time.

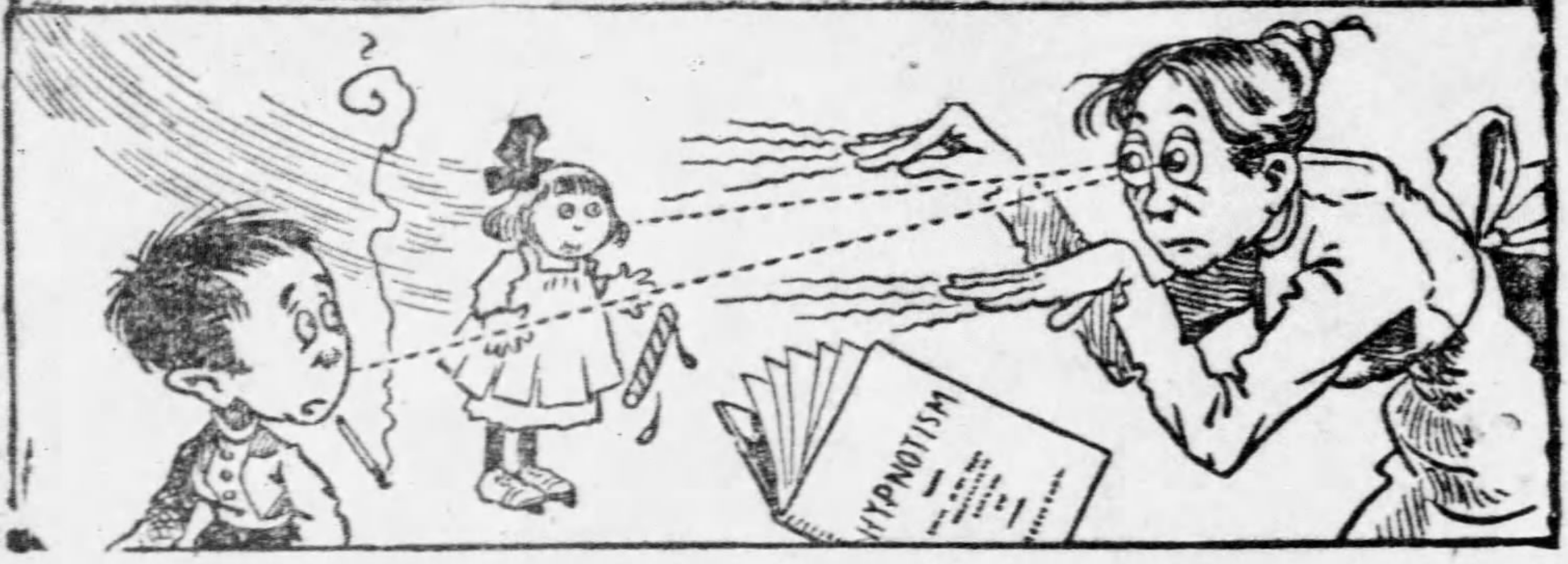
# THE COUNTRY MAN'S VACATION IN TOWN—No. 2


I'M OUT FER A RED HOT TIME. YOUNG FELLER— GIMME SUTHIN' EXCITIN'
I'LL BET HE'S A WARM OLD SPORT
WOULDN'T HIS NEIGHBORS TALK IF THEY SAW HIM
SAY, MAYBE HE WON'T BURN UP A FEW ROLLS WHEN HE HITS THE SKY-SCRAPERS
HE LOOKS LIKE A MAN WHO DOESN'T CARE MUCH FOR MONEY
TALES FROM DEATH VALLEY
LIFE OF THE JAMES BOYS
CIGARS
THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN — ILLUSTRATED
N.E.A.

The [illegible] [illegible]pation Just as Soon as the Train Is Half a Dozen Miles From the Village.

# CHILDREN MADE GOOD BY HYPNOTIST'S POWER

## A Woman Doctor Makes the Interesting Claim That All Ills, From Gum Chewing to Cigarettes, May Thus Be Cured



### BY CATHERINE LECKIE.

Special to the Sunday Press.

New York, August 24.—Does your small son run away from school? Hypnotize him!

Will little sister persist in chewing gum? Use hypnotism!

Does the big boy sneak off behind the barn to smoke a cigaret? Have him hypnotized!

If the older girl insists upon wearing perilous French heels and piling her hair mountain high in a hideous "pomp," take her to a hypnotist. And a small dose of the same medicine is good for the peevish baby that throws the tin rattle upon the floor.

In Denver Judge Lindsey, who had to deal with the bad little boys and girls who are brought before him in the juvenile court, has declared that he believes in the employment of hypnotism as a means of reforming the youngsters.

Dr. Eugenie R. Eliscu, of this city, declares that every mother should learn the laws of hypnotism and then apply her knowledge with vigor upon her wayward sons and daughters.

"If this were done," declares this medical woman, "the world would soon be free of miscreants, and happiness would be more general. Criminal tendencies can be modified, and at times even eradicated by suggestion, especially while the person affected is young. If mothers would only learn the laws of hypnotism and then apply when the children persisted in wrongdoing and naughtiness, their moral natures would be aroused, and it would not be long before the vicious or evil habit would be corrected.

This advocate of mother-hypnotists is a regular practicing physician and surgeon. She has been graduated from two colleges of high rank.

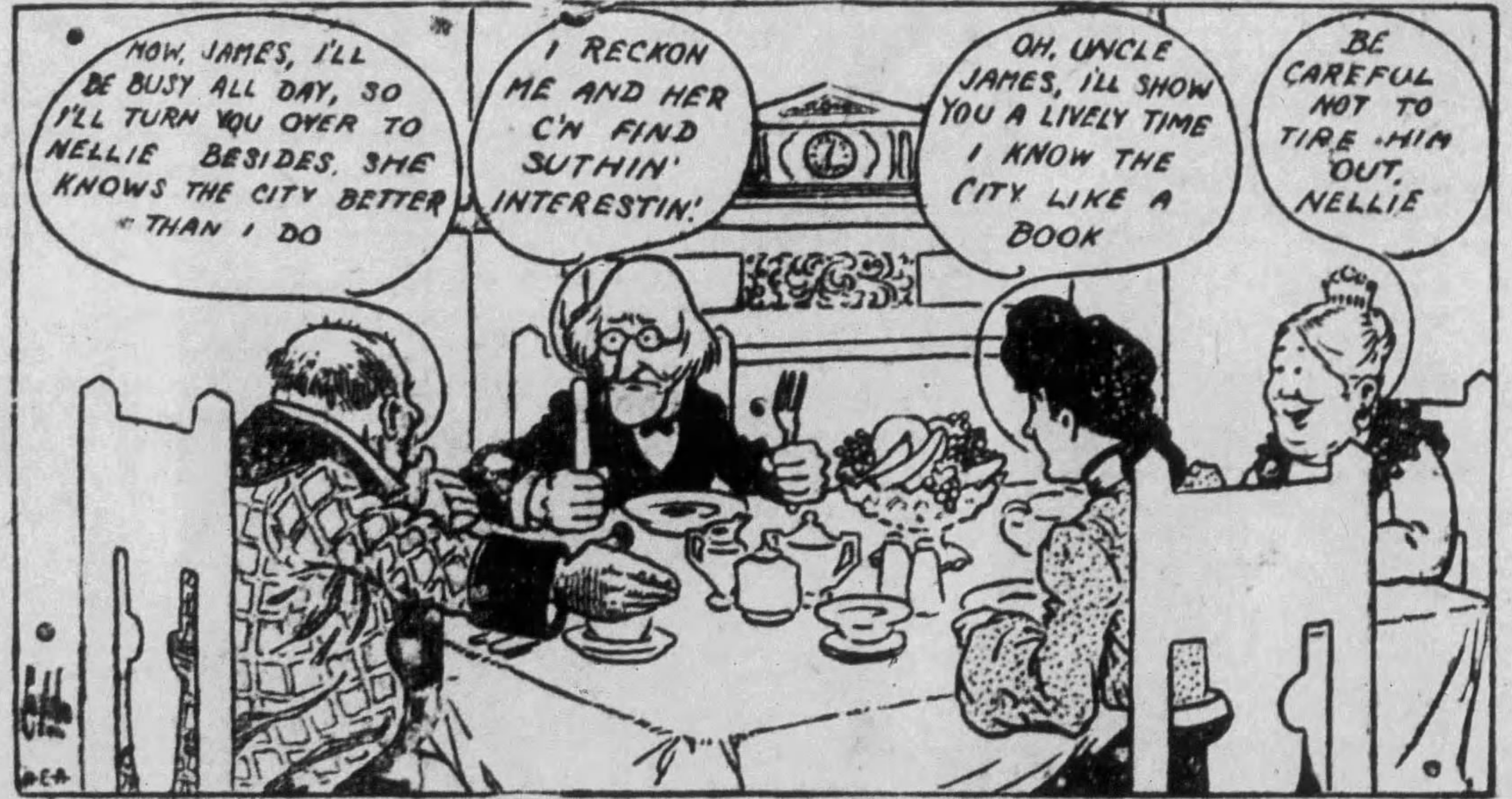
"No one should be hypnotized without consent,' she went on to say, "and, popular fancy to the contrary, no one can be. Even if a will is weak it can refuse to be influenced by a stronger one. But there are few children that I have ever met in my experience who are not amenable to reason and to talk.

"Man consists of a body, a mind and a soul, and on each of these planes he is amenable to the hypnotic suggestion. If his bodily ails can be made to yield to suggestion, and science has proof that it can, why not the mind and the soul. The latter is the vital, the immortal part of us that we must mainly look to for the eradication of the evil tendencies and the awakening and expansion of the dormant virtues.

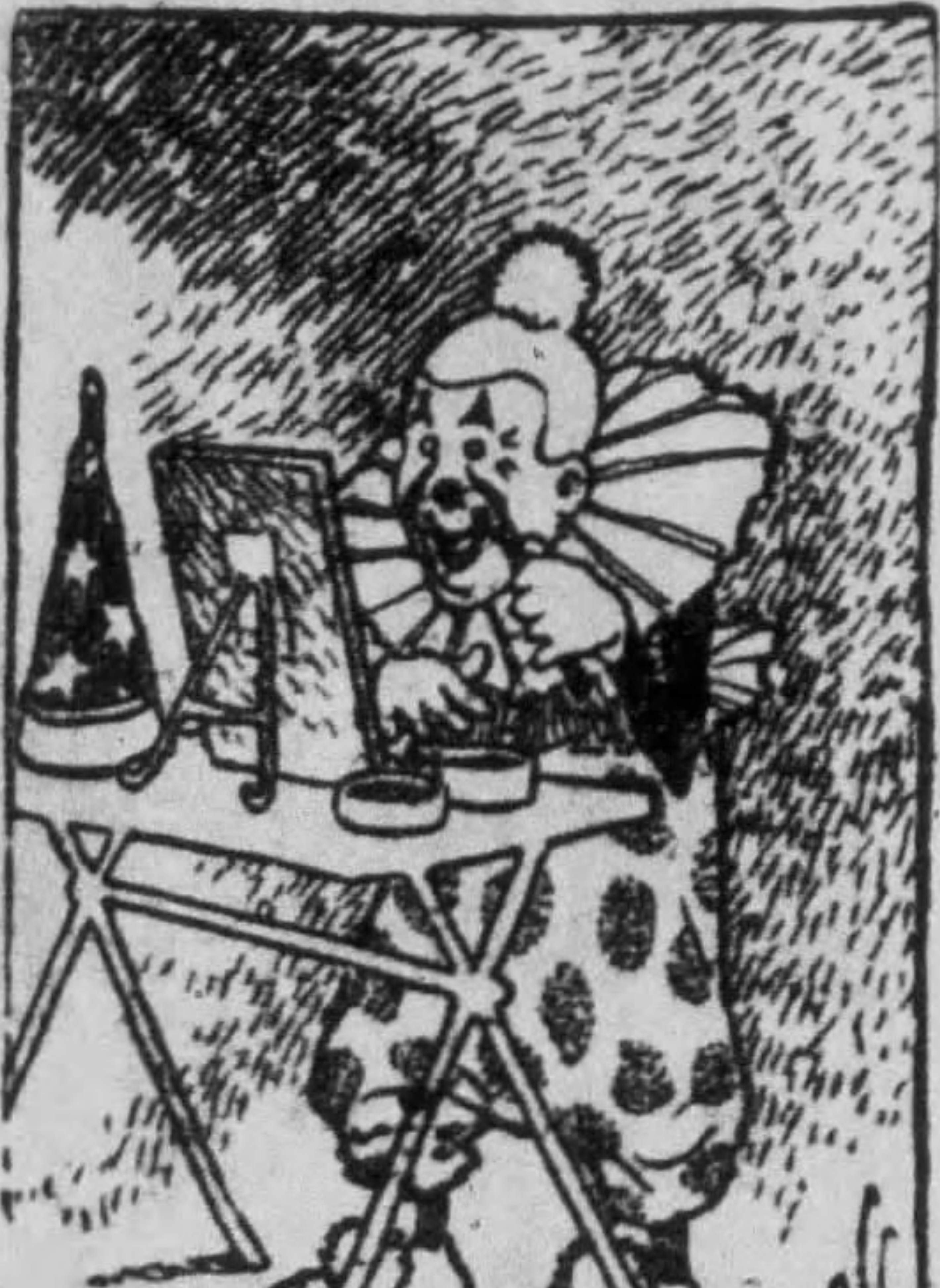
"In the soul of everyone, even the so-called most depraved and criminal, there is some latent good, and it requires only the right sort of suggestion to call it into play, just as it needs the steel to strike a spark from the flint.

"I know of many boys that have been cured of evil habits and ways through hypnotism. Cigaret smoking has been overcome in this way. So has a tendency to drink and chew and lie, and if mothers, while their children were yet quite young, saw the evil in their little ones, and sought to correct it, the children would be saved much, and the world would gradually grow better and better."

# THE COUNTRY MAN'S VACATION IN TOWN—No. 3

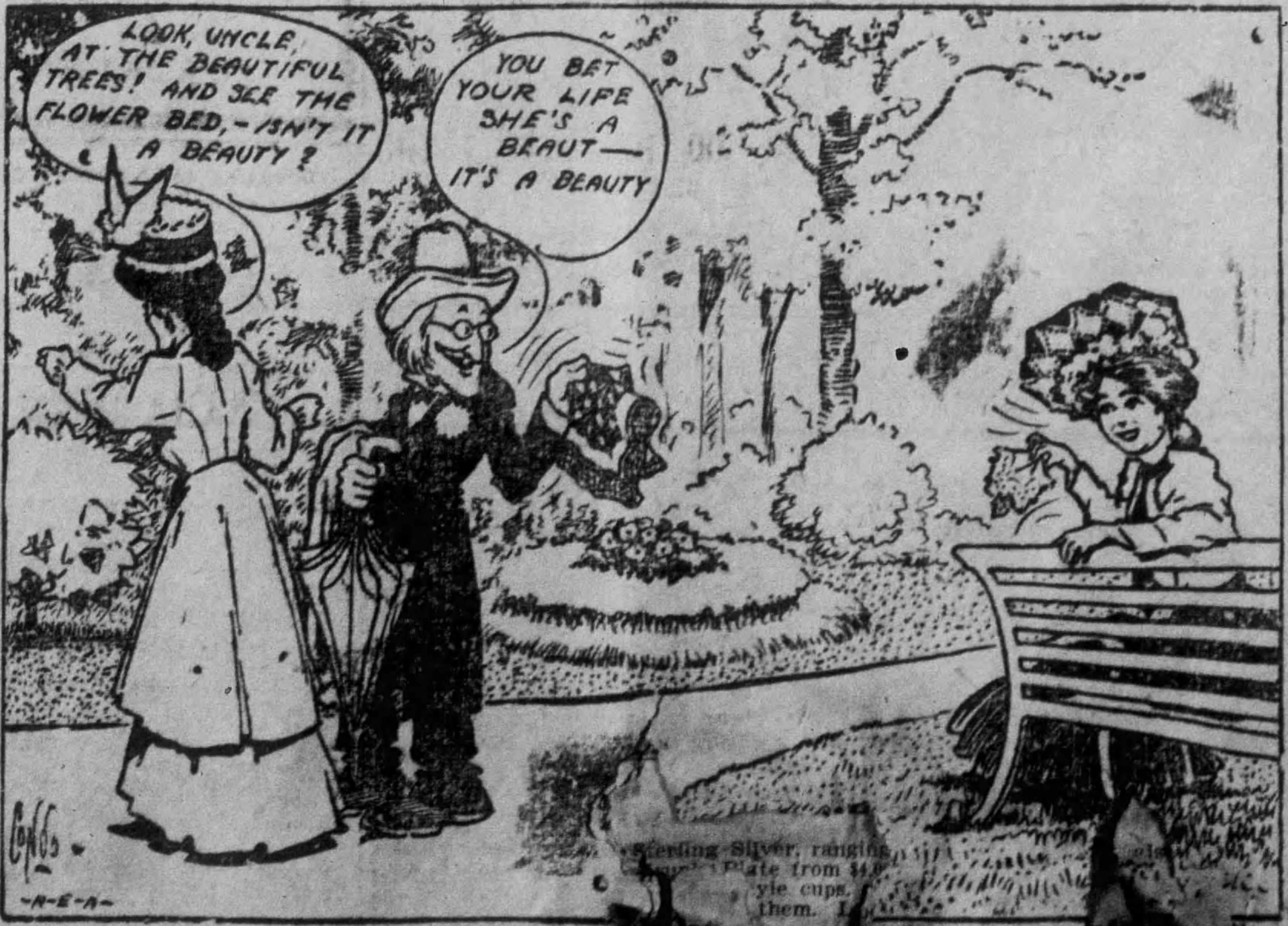

NOW, JAMES, I'LL BE BUSY ALL DAY, SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO NELLIE BESIDES, SHE KNOWS THE CITY BETTER THAN I DO
I RECKON ME AND HER C'N FIND SUTHIN' INTERESTIN'
OH, UNCLE JAMES, I'LL SHOW YOU A LIVELY TIME I KNOW THE CITY LIKE A BOOK
BE CAREFUL NOT TO TIRE HIM OUT, NELLIE

At breakfast, the morning after the squire arrives in the city, Brother William finds himself bound by business ties, but he makes arrangements for the squire's entertainment.



He Queered Himself.

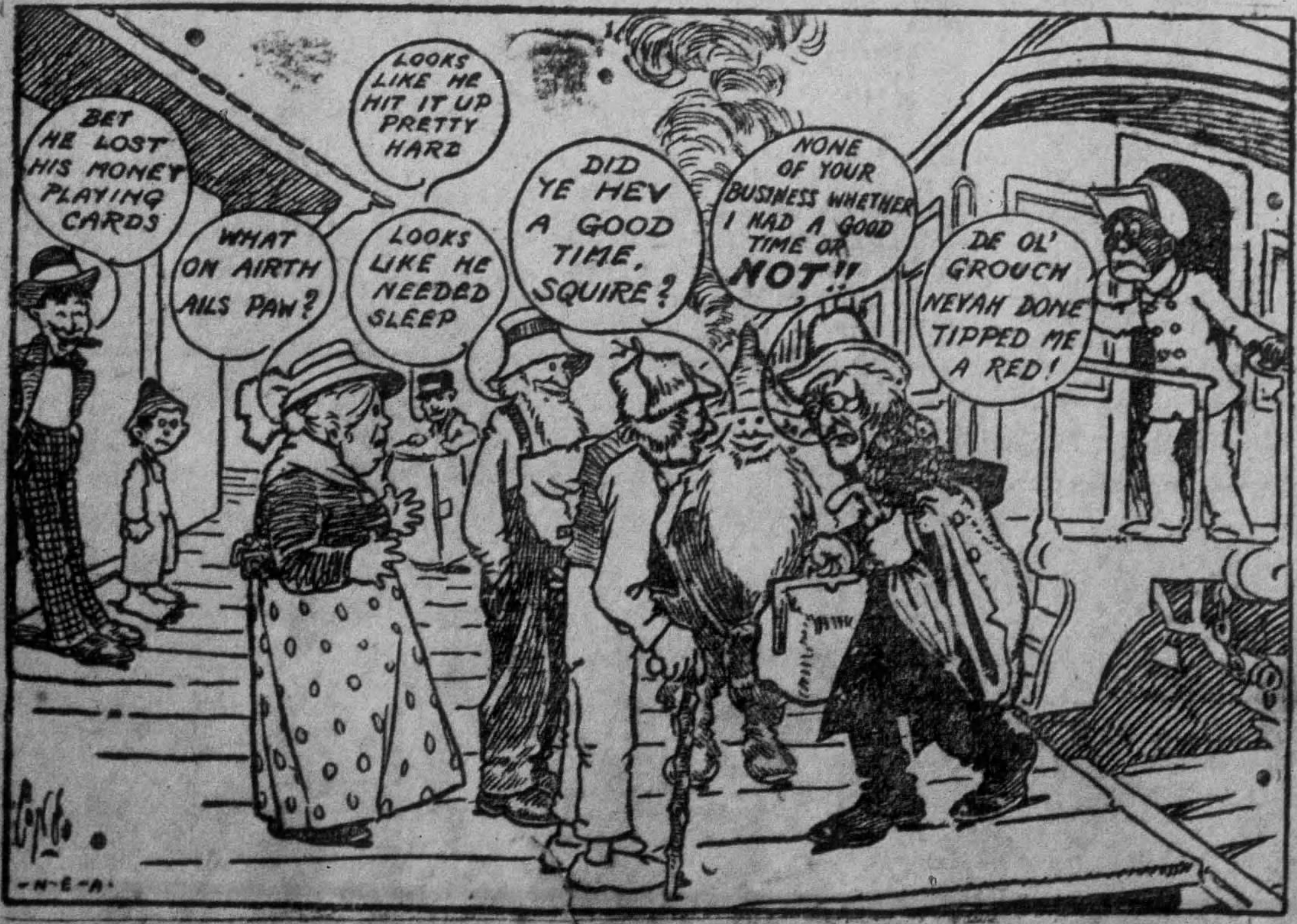
# THE COUNTRY MAN'S VACATION IN TOWN—No. 4


LOOK, UNCLE, AT THE BEAUTIFUL TREES! AND SEE THE FLOWER BED,—ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?
YOU BET YOUR LIFE SHE'S A BEAUT— IT'S A BEAUTY
CONDO
—N-E-A—

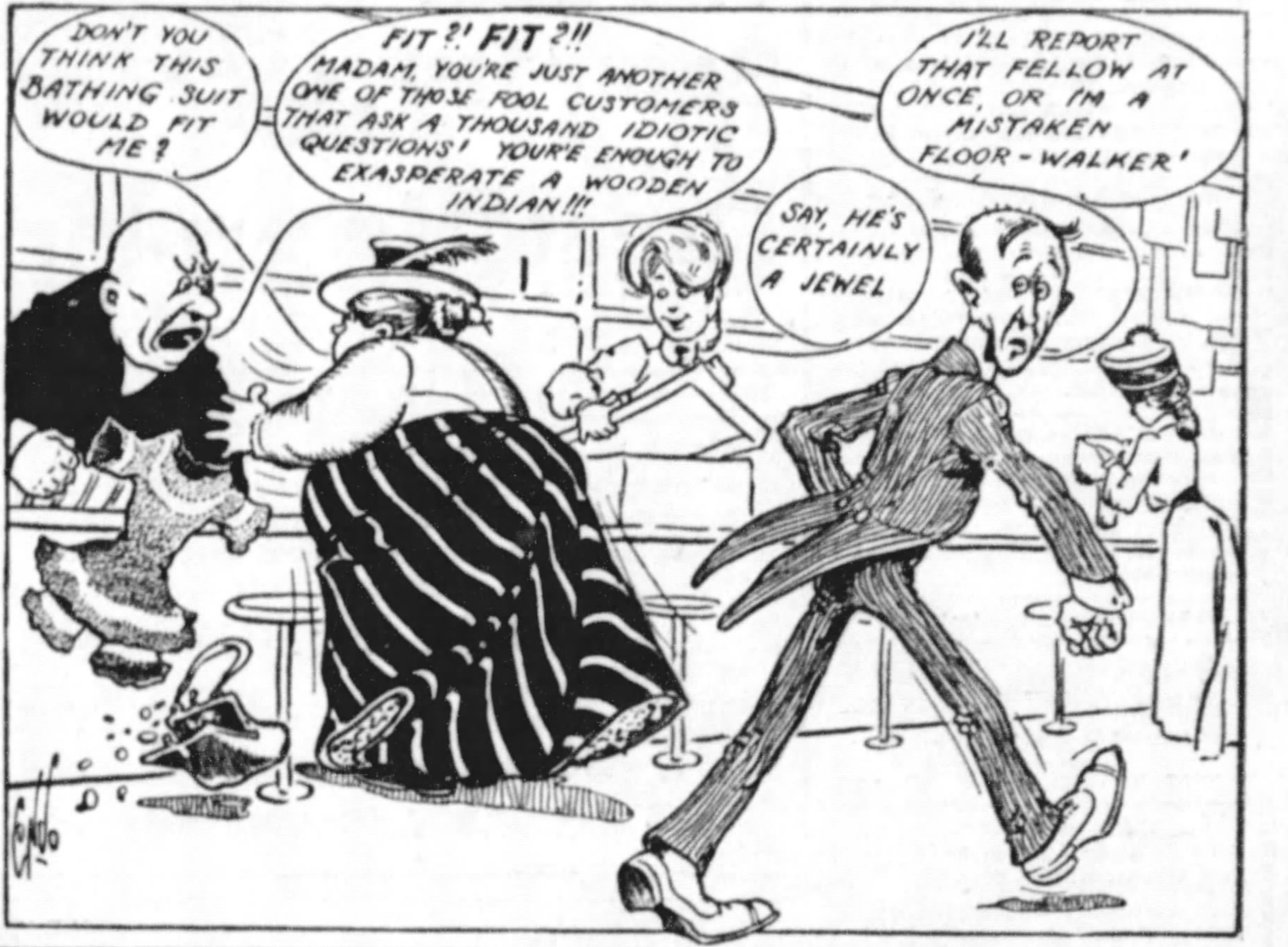
Sterling Silver, ranging
Plate from $4.0
yle cups.
them. I
this y
LIN

In the Afternoon His Niece [illegible] excitement

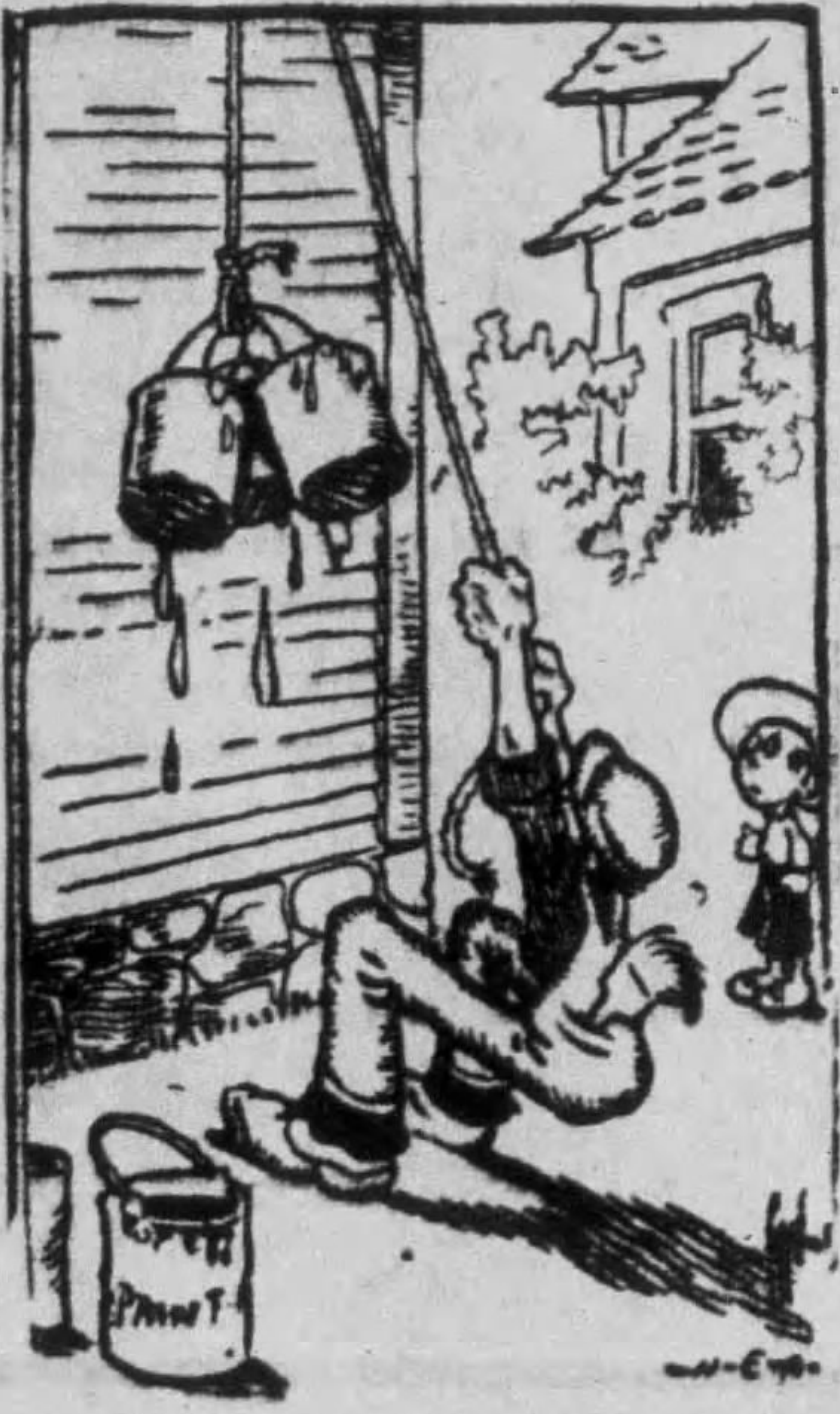
# THE COUNTRY MAN'S VACATION IN TOWN—No. 5


BET HE LOST HIS MONEY PLAYING CARDS
WHAT ON AIRTH AILS PAW?
LOOKS LIKE HE HIT IT UP PRETTY HARD
LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDED SLEEP
DID YE HEV A GOOD TIME, SQUIRE?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHETHER I HAD A GOOD TIME OR NOT!!
DE OL' GROUCH NEVAH DONE TIPPED ME A RED!
Condo
-N-E-A-

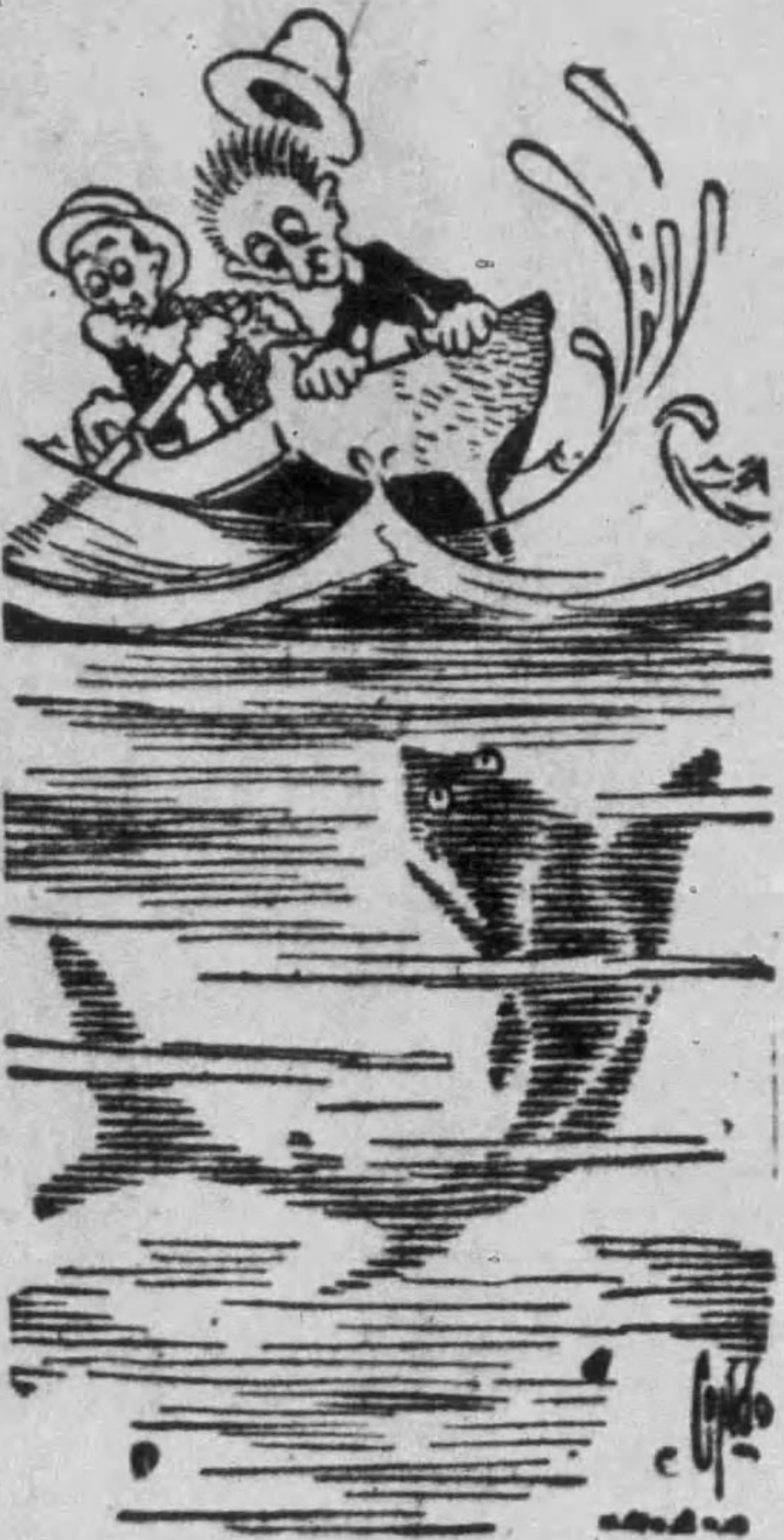
# A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF EVERETT TRUE


DON'T YOU THINK THIS BATHING SUIT WOULD FIT ME?
FIT ?! FIT ?!! MADAM, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE FOOL CUSTOMERS THAT ASK A THOUSAND IDIOTIC QUESTIONS! YOUR'E ENOUGH TO EXASPERATE A WOODEN INDIAN!!!
I'LL REPORT THAT FELLOW AT ONCE, OR I'M A MISTAKEN FLOOR-WALKER!
SAY, HE'S CERTAINLY A JEWEL

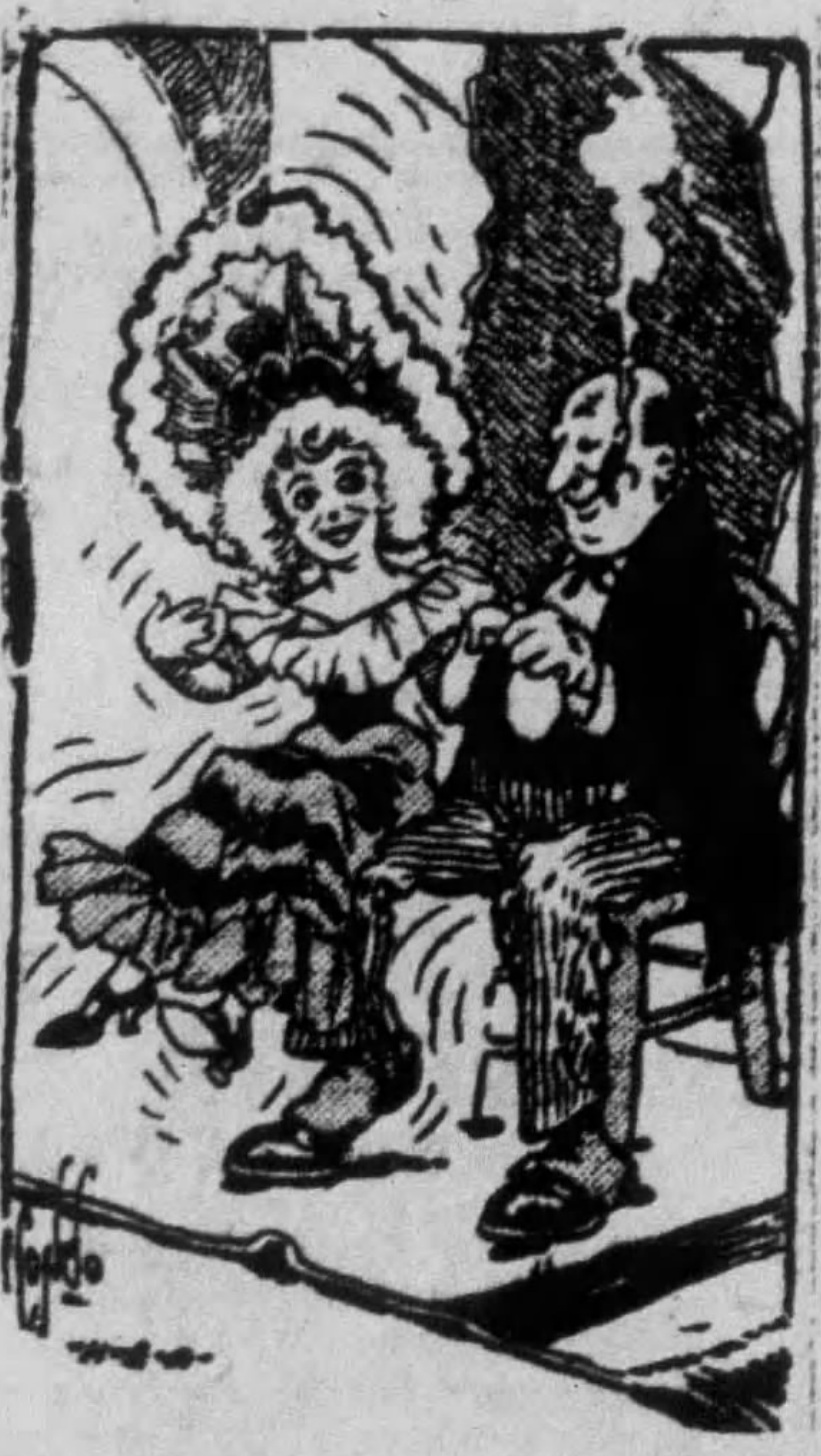
## At the Encampment.



"HOISTING THE COLORS."

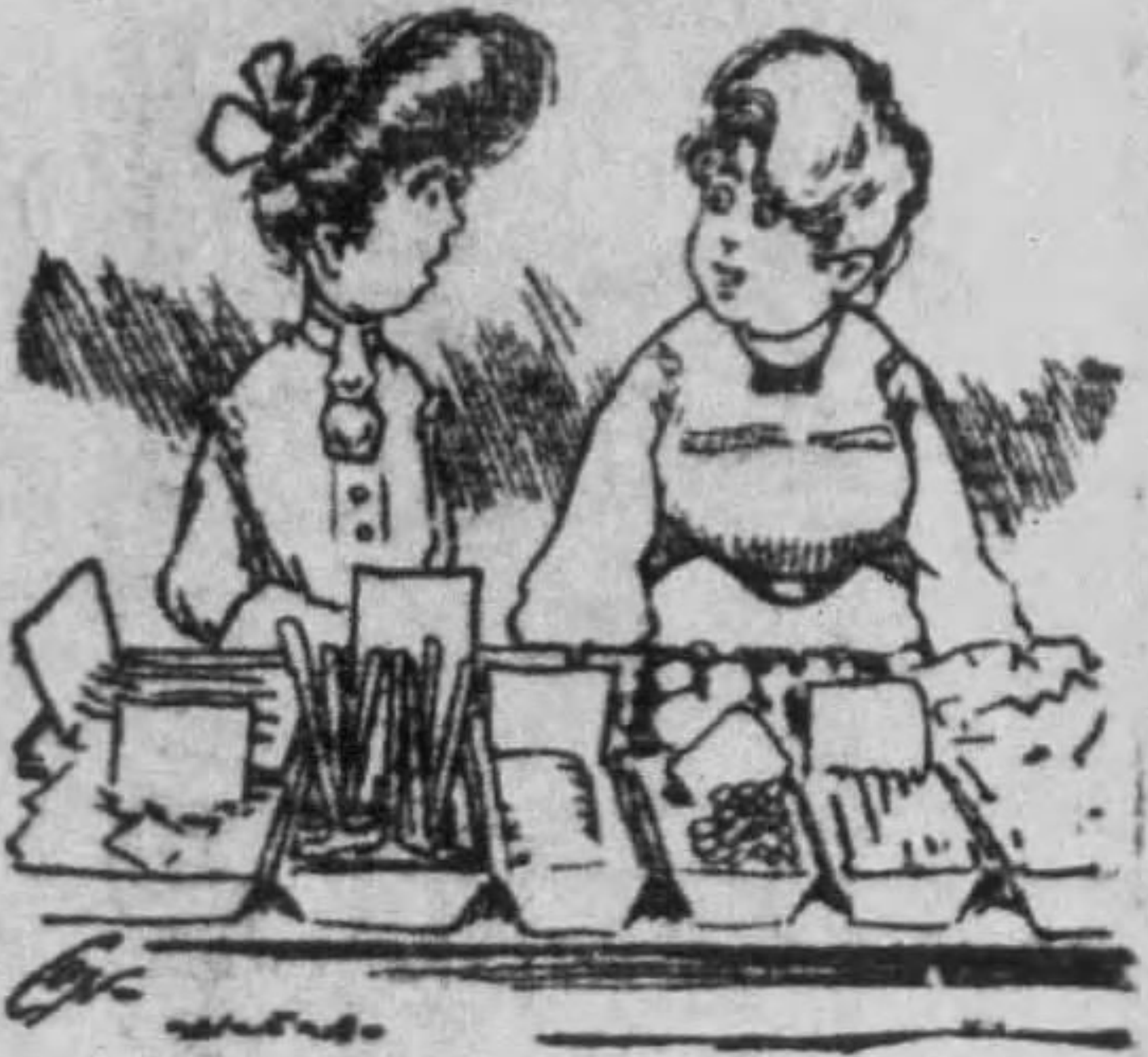


"A Lone Shark."



"The Manager Bounced the Soubret."

## In a 5-and-10-Cent Store.



"Say, Sade."

"Whatizzit, Liz?"

"Duzma ratshow?"

"Naw. Wheryubinslong?"

"Binprimpin."

"Lawzee! Thotyuwentomesick."

"Whatzituyu?"

"Nawthin. Onythmanjerwussaskinferyu."

"Aw emakesmesick. Imgointelthat fresh guysomthnsumday."

"Donlook. Thersomunatchercounter."

"Twontutrtumtwait. Gesswat, Edwasdowntoseemelastnight."

"Hones? Wattavtersafermself!"

"Aw, hegivemeasongandance bout notnownme that day atterpark."

"Thenervumim! Twascauswaswith Majones, thatsall."

"Courstwas. Itoldimso. Ivgotsensfidohafits."

"Hesapterquit cominainte?"

"Nottim. Ivgottim sose eleatoutama hand."

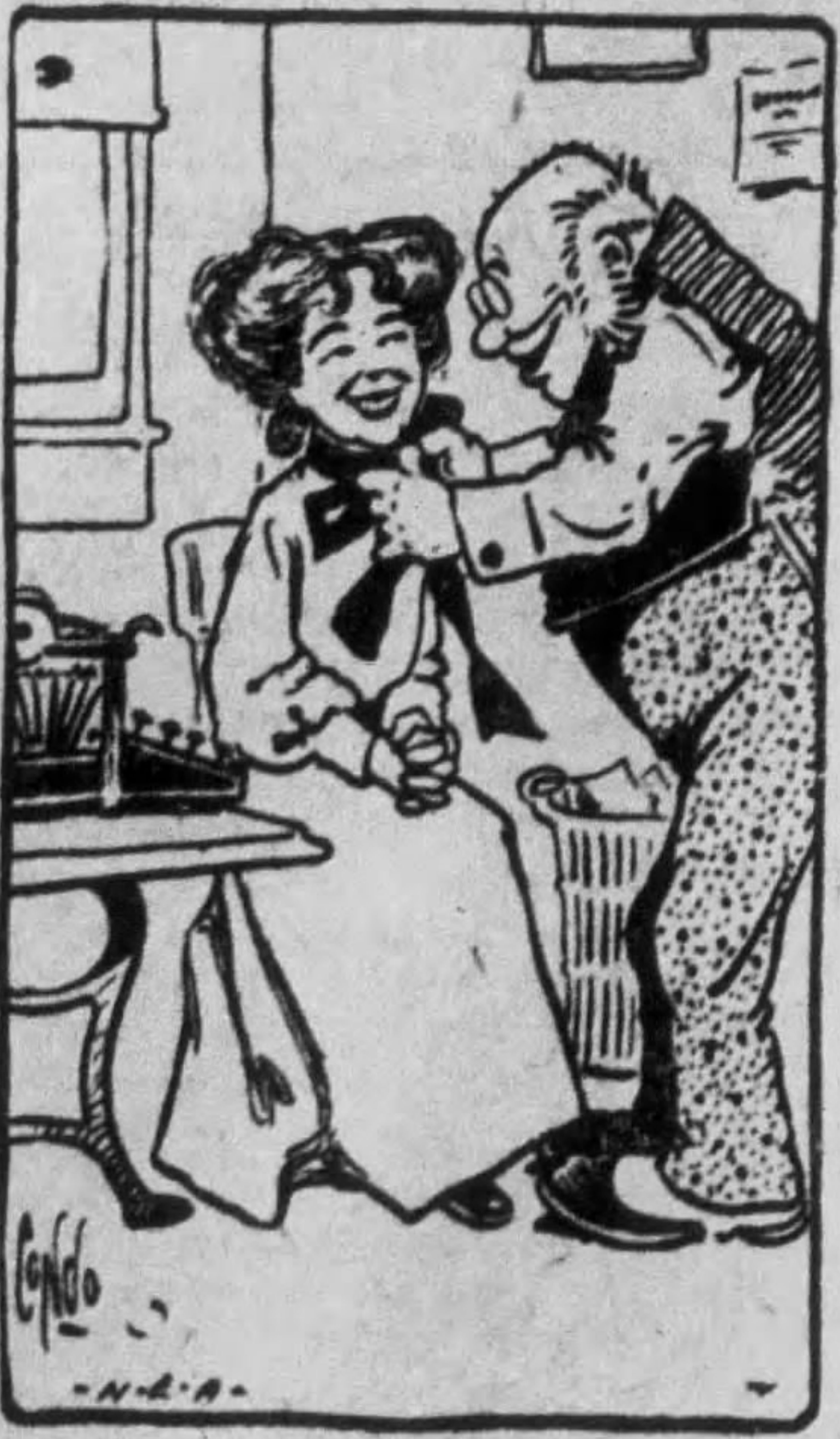
"Owelit'll teachimalesson."

"Itotter. Dyeverseeakidsoflip?"

"Cheesit, thmanjer."

"Anabodawaltenonyulady?"

## Journalism as 'She Is



PUTTING A NEW RIBBON ON HIS TYPEWRITER.